

are only a poor herd's boy, after all, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?"

"Och! sir, that *cannot* be; for I have the word of God himself, and that can niver fail," replied the lad.

"But you may mistake the meaning of the word on which you build your faith," suggested the gentleman.

"Och! your worship, when it is so plain how could any one help comprehending it?" asked the lad. "Sure, doesn't it say just here"—and Patsy turned the leaves rapidly over until he came to the place he sought—"‘A wayfaring man though a fool’ (and I’m not so bad as that yet), ‘need not err therein?’"

"And how did you bring your mind to believe this first, boy?" asked the squire.

"Sure, I did not *bring my mind* at all, sir; I just read the words o' Jesus, and belaved them. I was lost, and he found me, and bid me follow him; and so I did, and that's all I can tell about it."

"And you feel quite sure you have a new heart, do you?" asked the gentlemen.

"I feel it's not all the same heart that used to beat in my bosom, sir. When I had the ould heart, sir, I hated everybody as war better off nor meeself. When I'd be trudging, could and hungry, through the bog, I'd often see your illigant young sons, and the heir o' Sir Robert mounted on their fine horses; then the ould heart in me would speak out almost aloud, ‘Bad luck to the proud young spalpeens! Why warn't I born the gintleman, and themselves digging ankle-deep in the bog, or herding the cattle?’ And once, I mind me, I looked after them as they dashed down the hill, wishing the royal grey would toss your heir, sir, over his head, and bring his pride down," added the boy.

"I never knew, Patsy, that there was so much malice in your heart," exclaimed the squire.

"Och! sir, and it's not all cleaned out intirely yet," answered the lad. "But I gives it no rest; for I'll niver shelter an inimy o' Jesus *here* in peace." And the poor boy smote his breast.

"And how do you feel towards my brave boys now, Pasty?" asked the squire.

"How do I feel now, is it? Och! sir, but I love the very sound of the hoofs that brings them fornit me. I cries out, ‘Lord love the jewels! Give them every blessing thou hast to give below, but don't be putting them off with earthly good; give them thy grace now, and after this a mansion better than the hall, that will be eternal in the heavens.’ ‘Deed, sir, I love the whole world now, and I’m just the happiest lad in all Kerry. I don't envy the young prince, nor anybody else, but mind my cattle wid a heart full of blessed thoughts. And, sir, if yer go to Jesus like the poor needy sinner ye are, *not like Squire Phelan*, he'll take ye, too, for his own, and then ye'll *know* what the new heart is like.—*Canadian Independent.*"

---

As Noah's dove found no footing, but in the ark; so a Christian finds no contentment but in Christ.