

I was able to do a bit towards helping him and his wife during his illness, and I felt that it was no more than I ought, considering all things. But perhaps it was that which made him take me up so very short, when I said something like begging his

waiting my turn to go up to the altar for the sacrament one Sunday, not long after that night, that a notion came to me that gave me something to think about. I don't know whether I'm right, but it seems to me, that may be the Lord loves us all *more* since He



pardon for all the bad things I'd ever thought and said about him.

We're very good friends now, and I don't grudge him his wife, nor anything else that's good.

It was when I was kneeling in church,

gave His life for us. And so He knew that if He gave me the chance, and put it into my heart to risk my life for Fred, it would be the death of all my bad feelings. It seems like it, anyhow, so I think I don't do wrong to be thankful. HELEN SHIPTON.