

against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have *Him* glorified, whatever became o' ye! Likes enough, ye went to God feeling that ye was Squire Phelan and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek His face. But ye'll niver find the Lord so, sir, said the boy.

'How did you go to Him, Pat?' asked the squire.

'Meself is it, sir? Like the poor, miserable, sinful child that I was. "I'm evil altogether," I said, "and as ignorant as a beast before Thee; ignorant of all that's hooly, but wise enough in what is unhooly. I sin in ten thousand ways, and has no claim on God's pity. If He send my soul to hell," I said "He'll do only right; but it's to heaven I wants to go, where Jesus is, and where there's no sin. If ye take me, Lord, it must be just as I am, for I can niver make meself a whit better."'

'Patsy, my boy,' said the squire, 'you talk like a bishop; but, after all, you are only a poor herd's boy, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?'

'Och, sir, that *cannot* be, for I have the word o' God Himself, and that can niver fail,' replied the boy.

'But you may mistake the meaning of the words 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 boy. 'Sure, doesn't it say just here—and Patsy turned the leaves rapidly over till 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 didn't *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 gentleman.

'I feel it's not at all the same heart that used to beat in my bosom, sir. When I had the ould heart, sir, I hated every body as war better off nor meself. When I'd be trudging, cold 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 gentleman, and themselves digging, a'kile 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 ~~take~~ ^{take} your heir, sir, over his head, and bring his pride down,' added the boy.

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

'Och, sir, and it's not all claned out intirely yet,' answered the boy. '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, Patsy?' asked the squire.

'How do I feel now, is it? Och, sir, but I love the very sound o' the hoofs that brings them finent 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, one that will be eternal in the heavens." 'Deed, sir, I loves the whole world now, and I'm just the happiest lad in all Kerry. I don't envy the young Prince nor onybody else, but mind my cattle wid a heart full o' 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.'

J. D. C.

THE WORM AT THE ROOT.

A young sapling, slender, fair, to the eye perfect and promising, stood in a nursery of peaches by the side of full-grown, fruit-bearing trees. It looked upon the downy, gold, and crimson peaches ripening above it in the autumn sun with