

give you His message: you say that yourself. Can you not love Him?"

"What did He do it for?"

"Because He loved you, and wanted you to go to heaven, and live with Him when you die."

"I could love Him for that," said the man, in a broken voice.

And then Mr. Stanhope knelt and prayed with them that this new hope might grow and strengthen until they were made fit for the Master's kingdom above. Finally, he ended his prayer with a thanksgiving, so earnest, so overflowing with feeling, that Minnie completely broke down, and sobbed aloud. And when at last they bade each other good-night, Mr. Stanhope said, with a smile, "I feel, with the disciples, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'"

The morning of the 12th of April was mild and warm, and as Minnie came out into the air it seemed to her that the spring was almost come. The buds were beginning to swell, and there was a fragrance in the air, as if the flowers were trying to break through the brown mould that had covered them so long. Minnie was very happy; it