

which I was drawn time and again by God's mercy?" said Stephen, as he sat down on his bench. "I'll do what I can; and when I can't do no more, then the Lord will put His hand to it Himself, I expect."

It would not be well to enter the wretched man's room, or lift the curtain which hid from all but these kind people the next few miserable days. It was enough to say that, at their close, John Morely, weak as a child in mind and body, found himself with the old battle before him again. If he could have had his choice, he would have had it all end there. There was nothing but shame in looking backward—nothing but fear in looking forward. He was helpless and hopeless. Why had Stephen Grattan troubled himself to save him from deeper sin and longer misery? There was no help for him, he thought, in his utter despondency.

As for Stephen, if his faith did not hold out for his friend now, no one would have guessed it from his prayers, or from his words of encouragement to Morely. According to him, it was the helpless and hopeless sort that the Lord came to save. He had done it before; He could do it again; and He would do it.

"I've been a sight deeper down in this pit than ever you've been yet. But, down or up, it's all the same to Him that's got the pulling of you out: There's no up nor down, nor far nor near, to Him. 'O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?' He's a-saying this to you now; and He's a-saying, too, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.' But *He* drove that kind out by a word,