

drift at the time, but I wonder if the missionay meant rest of thought. If Christ could satisfy a man here, it would be worth while attending to His teachings. I am weak to-night! The first principles of my theory of life seem to be breaking up. I wonder if all men have periods of restlessness when they question the very principles by which they have shaped their lives."

His thoughts ran on, now on the rain and wind, now on some new aspect of the question that troubled him. The more he thought, the more distinctly he saw that he was not at rest. He had broken loose from his mental moorings and drifted helplessly about. His own questionings wearied him.

"Yes," the missionary must have meant just this, for now I remember a sentence that he repeated with peculiar emphasis, and as though he had singled me out for its application. 'Men make themselves believe they can rest in agnosticism, but it is a terrible self-deception, for a healthy mind cannot rest short of certainty.' Certainty? A large word here indeed. 'But to attain it a man must love truth.' Yet that is just what I attempt to do. 'No man, wearied with doubt, ever knocked at the gate of the temple of truth without receiving a response.' What is the kernel in this figurative shell?

How it rains! Was that a voice I heard? Surely there is no one out-in such a night! There was nothing. I am getting nervous. This excitable mood is growing on me; I must shake it off. But there was a voice!"

The rain and wind came dashing against the house, making so much noise that he remained in uncertainty for some time, until to satisfy himself he finally rose and went to the door. Upon opening it he saw a little fellow not more than ten years of age, with a dripping cloth about him, standing shivering in the blast.

"My lord, your honor's Seetamma is dying at the Padre's home and they sent me to call you."

The doctor caught hold of the little fellow, asking him what he meant.

"My lord," he wailed out, as he struggled to free himself from the doctor's close 'grip, "your honor's Seetamma