

the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' There's ye, sir, as rich as the king, and as wise as a bishop—ye aren't *sure* that it is God's word at all; and here's us, as poor as my lamb Betty and not much wiser—we believe every word o' it, and takes it into our hearts, and makes it our meat and our drink. So, after all, begging yer pardon, we is richer nor ye. Only last night, when ye and yer company was feasting and singing at the hall father said he was amazed at the grace of God that made him and ye to differ. This poor cabin was a little heaven, sir, yesterday, when some of the poor people left the foolish mass to hear father read how Jesus came to preach the gospel to the poor, and to open heaven to them."

"Don't you think Dan would change places with me, boy, soul and body?" said the squire smiling.

"What, sir! sell heaven, where mother and the baby is, and give up Christ? Och! no, sir; ye haven't gold enough to buy the new heart out o' Dan O'Blane," answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

"How can these things be?" exclaimed the squire.

"Ye mind me, yer honor, o' the ruler o' the Jews, who crept to Jesus like a thief by night. He too asked, 'How can these things be?' when Jesus told him, 'Ye must be born again!'" said Patsy.

"How can you prove, boy, that a man is *born again*, as you call the change you talk about?" asked the squire.

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway ye don't bid him stop and prove to you that he was ever born, for ye know he was, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsy. "So, when ye see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, ye may know he's born again, widout him proving it to ye, sir."

The scoffer's smile faded from the lip of the gentleman, as he stood before this poor lad, who evidently pitied him. "Pat," he said, "there was a time when I wanted this same faith myself. I had nothing to ask for *here*, but I knew I could not carry my treasures to eternity; so I wanted something beyond. I asked God for this new heart, and he didn't hear my prayer as your father said he would."

"Och! sir, but ye asked amiss—all from selfishness! Ye war rich now, and ye wanted to be so for ever. But ye war'n't rich at heart, because ye had sinned against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have *him* glorified whatever became o' ye. Likes enough ye went to God feeling ye was Squire Phelan and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek his face. But ye'll never find the Lord so, sir," said the boy.

"How did you go to him, Pat?" said 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 baste before thee—ignorant of all that's holy, but wise enough in what's unholy.' 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 is to heaven I want to go, where Jesus is, and where there is 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 you