

ay, sir. He saw 'em plainer nor I did mesil'. An' whyfore confess 'em? 'Twould be like sinnin' 'em over agin to tell 'em. I'll no confess 'em, the dirty, bloody things! I'll no think o' 'em. But what's it I'm sayin'? I'll no think o' 'em? Alack! they think thimsil's into me. They're likes to the crew o' dead men, with dead faces a-starin' out o' the riggin', an' up from the hatches, an' a-blinkin' in the ship-lights, an' a-moanin' down in th' hold—allers there!

"I don't mind a confession till ye, yer riv'rin', for though yer a 'oly perfishon, ye's got, maybe, a sin o' yer own, an' wadn't be too hard-thoughted on a sailor lad. Oh, it's a long wake o' sins John's got behin' 'im, an' it don't die down like, but stays there a-markin' me cruise. I can see it (mapping it with his finger pointing to the walls) like a great white sarpint, lyin' across both the great seas, an' kinkin' itsil' up into ivery port I iver dropped anchor in. An' th' Loard's a-lookin' at it too. Ye says th' Loard will forgie me? Nā! na! It's not raison He will. Isn't th' Loard juster nor me? But I'm no so bad a mon as iver I forgie mesil', an' how's th' Loard o' goodniss goin' to forgie John? I thank yer riv'rin' for yer intintion to coomfort a poor felly, but ye can't be manin' it; it's not raison-like."

An explanation of the doctrine of salvation through Christ, ending with a quotation from the Psalm, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us," brought David into temporary disrepute with the sick man. "But that sailor king was no' much of a sailor. He niver wint aroun' the 'arth, or he'd niver said nothin' 'bout the far o' th' aste an' th' wist. Ye cud no measure th' far that's betwixt 'em wi' all th' longitudes,

than y'd fathom th' ocean diphth wi' th' log-line."

The next day, however, he accosted his visitor with—"I've thought all th' night 'bout th' aste an' the wist. That Davy was a mighty navigator, sure. I axes pardon for suspicionin' 'im. An' thim words o' his has sailed all 'roun' me soul. Let me 'splain till yez the aste an' wist. D'ye list? Th' fastest ship what iver cut water, crowdin' her sails wi' harricane abame, or wi' stame or the divil in her biler, startin' in th' aste 'ud niver come till th' wist. Th' wist's a 'orizon what's allers a recadin' an' recadin' as ye goes afther it.

"Now list till I makes known till yez Captain Davy, his manin'. John's sins is like th' wist, all a-flamin' rid, as whin sun's goin' down, scarlet like as ye rid yister-day: an' John's th' ship a-drivin' afther 'em with 's conscience a-thumpin' an' all his soul a-creakin'; but th' Loard o' mercy's is a-drivin' 'em away! an' by'n by he'll plump 'em down out o' John's sight for-iver an' iver. I think, mister, as how's it was th' hangel told me that manin' last night, whin th' ole woman was sleepin', an' th' ile was gone; for it seemed day like, an' th' quiet, wi' not a rat a-gnawin', was spacheful like. Maybe I dramed it. But mightn't dyin' be dramin'? Now, yer riv'rin', ony time ye sees I'm unaisy an' frighted, jist say till me, 'Aste an' wist! John, aste an' wist!' For sometimes thim sins comes a-rushin' on me like seas astern, an' I'm anchored like wi' me bad feelin' an' can't ride 'em, an', as th' captin says, 'All th' billows goes over me.' Then I thinks, 'Taint seas like, John; it's aste an' wist like!' an' I falls to dramin' agin."

John had still a great trouble. He could not overcome the natural shrinking from death.

I talked to him of the resurrec-