look into it carefully, and see if I have not been telling you true."

After earnest prayer that Jesus himself would be present, and guide this poor boy to give up his heart, I said, "Willy, when Bartimeus cried out, Jesus stood still to listen; and I am sure Jesus is beside us now, looking into your heart, and listening to know your wants. He is saying to you, 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?'"

"But, please, ma'am, what does 'He calleth thee' mean?"—"It means that Jesus has written us this Bible to tell us his will, to tell us how we can be saved; and he wants every one who reads it to come to him. He wants you to come to-day, Willy. Can you see, Willy, what casting away his garment means?" The boy thought a moment. With his Bible open, he seemed to be drinking in every word. Presently he joyously clapped his hands and said, "I have it, I have it. I have seen the black men, when they wanted to go fast, take off their sheet; and I can guess what it means for us," said he in a more solemn tone; "it means, does it not, that, if I want to be made one of Jesus' flock, I must put away my bad words and my crossness. It means, we can't come to Jesus, and keep our own ways too, both at once."

"Yes, Willy; and now when Bartimeus had come, what did Jesus say to him?"— "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

"Yes, he had prayed for an earthly blessing, and it was granted him; and so you and I may take each little want to God. But if we seek blessings for our souls, he will certainly grant them."

"Thank you, ma'am; now I see how pretty the story is both ways."

"But, Willy, I do not want you only to think it pretty; I want you to come as the blind man, to the Lord Jesus."— "Well, ma'am, there's no saying but I may."

"But now, Willy, at once; I want to have you ask for mercy before I leave you."—"I can't yet; I'll try to by and by."

"But if you should die first?"—"Oh, I don't think I shall die; the fever's gone down pretty considerably, the doctor says."

"But, Willy, I'm afraid to leave you until you have come to Jesus. I should be so miserable if you died without hope."

"But I can't now; I can't pray to nothing. It seems like speaking to the air as you do it; only you seem to see some one as you pray."

"Yes, Willy, by faith I see Jesus. I know he is listening to us, and willing to receive us as his own forever. May I pray with you, believing the promise, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?'"—"Yes, please."—"And, Willy, pray with me;" and so we pleaded together that light might shine into his heart, and that he might receive his sight.

"Do you think you have really come to Jesus, Willy?"—"I've tried to wish what you prayed; but I still seem to think it strange to pray into the air. I don't feel as if God were near. But your praying does me more good than talking; it seems, as you pray, that I can feel something is moving my feelings."

"Well, Willy, I must go now; God willing, I will come again to-morrow."—"Oh stay, please, a little while longer. The only chance of my getting to see Jesus is by your praying and reading his words to me."

"Oh no, Willy, the Lord is always near you; and if you will but try to look up to him, and believe that he died for sinners, he will give you to know the joy and peace of his love."

"Please, pray just once more, and I will wish very hard to find him." His voice joined mine in once more pleading the promises.

When I came up to his bed the next morning, he clapped his hands, and gladly exclaimed, "I've found him! I've found him!"

"Found whom, dear boy?"—"Found Jesus; I know now what you meant about my heart being blind. I couldn't sleep all night, my poor leg ached so dreadfully; but as I was crying—for I hardly could bear the pain—it came to my mind, all the story of the cross on the hill; and I thought how bad it must be to be hung up by nails—it would drive me mad, I think.— And I thought, if Jesus bore it all gladly to save us, I ought to be glad of my pain, as it makes me care for nothing but religion. And then it seemed as if I understood how my sins had helped to nail