

good, then if God calls you to something higher you will be able to rise to it.' God has called me to something higher to-night, and He helps me to rise to it." Then Edward knelt to pray. He had prayed before, but never like this. His soul lay like plastic clay in the hands of the Divine. God moved him, met him, blessed him there. He seemed to be in a furnace of love where all the base alloy of his nature was melted down, and in which all his soul was transformed into God-like fashion. When he rose up there was light upon his face not there of yore, and for life or death he devoted himself to the physical and spiritual salvation of Arthur Hardnut.

In that little hut, my lords and gentlemen, there is a sight worthy of your attention—there is, indeed. This young man kneels in the silent night, alone with his enemy, and fights the dreadful battle against *self*, against the *lower nature*, against the *evil that is in him*. What demons are there that can match the demons that nestle in the heart of each one of us? But, hard as they are to conquer, this young man conquered them, and emerged from the conflict into the light of God. And if your lordships and ladyships have not fought the same battle and won the same victory, who can expect you to sympathize with Edward Barton? But if you have, you will look upon that Australian hut as a veritable temple, and upon young Barton as a Christian giant!

By the most careful and loving attention the hard fight with disease was at last changed into victory, and Arthur Hardnut progressed toward recovery. His surprise at finding himself in the hands of such a nurse was great, as may be imagined; but his gratitude, the gratitude of a noble and generous nature, was unbounded. As he became able to converse that gratitude was often expressed. One day, as he lay awake with closed eyes, Edward, who thought him to be asleep, was occupying the moments in prayer, prayer for the man who now first became conscious that he was prayed for.

"Oh," said Arthur, "*this* accounts for his great change then. I could not make it out. But I'm sorry, it is such a pity for a fine young fellow like Edward to be spoiled by cant."

"Did you speak, Mister Arthur?" asked Edward.

"No," replied he, "but let us talk a bit. That very primitive doctor of yours said I might sit up to-morrow, and if so, there will be no harm in my talking to-day. How did I come here, Edward?"

Edward told him all he knew—namely, how Sandy found him lying against the door of his hut, and all that had followed. "Ah!" replied Arthur, "I remember. I had been ill for days, my money was all gone, and the night before you found me I lost my horse. Dazed, weary, and half-mad, I wandered on until at last I espied the hut. Here is a refuge, I said, but my heart sank within me when I saw the hut was empty, and I laid me down to die."

"You *were* in a bad way when I first saw you certainly," was the reply.