

"Yes, I do. Now listen to me, Don. You meant it all when you came to Him the first time, and quit all this sort of thing, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you put up a hard fight, if I'm not mistaken."

"Yes, yes."

"Then since you tripped up and went down, you haven't felt very good over it, have you?"

"It's been Hell!"

"Then I'm here to tell you that He wants you back again. Oh, Don, He'll make a man of you. Never mind if you did fall once. He is ready to forgive it all."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Every word of it."

"Oh, if I could only believe it," said Donald tremblingly. "If I could only feel sure, I would stake my all on it, for I am at the end of everything."

"It is a sure thing," said Griswold solemnly. "'Though your sins be as scarlet.' You know the verse. That means you, doesn't it?"

"It sounds like it, and I guess I'll take Him at His word; I can do nothing else."

"Thank God!" said Griswold reverently.

During this conversation Sandy's face was a picture of suppressed excitement; a wonderful thought had come to him, which almost made him shout aloud. His eyes sparkled and his face glowed. Twice he half rose to interrupt, but the character of the con-