

"You almost shock me by your sudden transitions," answered Phoebe. "We are pleasantly discussing the attire of the genus, mulier, and lo, you launch upon me Job and Shakespeare."

"Your recipe," said Frances.

Phoebe replied by saying: "Take for your guidance—since you persist in desiring to be a religieuse—the text of Mr. Duncan for this afternoon: And herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men. Exercise yourself spiritually."

Frances responded: "Your directions are not explicit, Phoebe."

"If you are serious," answered Phoebe, "I will reply in kind. Decide for Christ. Accept Him as your personal Savior. Lead a new life."

"You advise me, then, to turn a new leaf," said Frances. "But can one turn the leaf without assistance, and keep it turned?"

Phoebe replied by saying: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Frances resumed: "Your recommendations are acute, Phoebe, and dovetail in a manner to suggest that you have warned fellow creatures before to-day. But permit me to confess myself unsatisfied. Luke represents John the Baptist saying: One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Or, as translated by Jerome, it reads: *Veniet fortior me, cujus non sum dignus solvere corrigiam calceamentorum ejus; ipse vos baptizabit in spiritu sancto, et igni.* John promised to all; the original has *apasi*. Is this baptism for me, Phoebe? Is not this the new birth?"

"These experiences come afterward," replied Phoebe.

"But why should one enter the vineyard, till prepared for labor?" inquired Frances. "For this experience the apostles waited."

To this Phoebe made no reply, and Frances resumed: "Will you pardon me, Phoebe, if I ask: Were you ever baptized in the Holy Ghost? *in spiritu sancto? en Pneumati Agio?*"

Phoebe replied: "I have at many times been blest, Frances. I think such blessings might be called baptisms."

By this time the damsels had come to a corner, and now they stopped thereon, and Frances said: "When Christian, in his journey from this to the other world, surveyed the wondrous cross, he felt his burden of sin dropping from his back. Did you ever, Phoebe, feel your sins to fall from you. Tell to me, my friend, that I may know what my own experience should be."

Phoebe replied: "We must not trust our feelings, Frances. We must believe that God's word is true, and that our sins are forgiven when we have accepted Christ. You should trust him, Frances, for a performance of these things. Rely upon the promises."

"I am not wholly convinced by your argument, Phoebe," observed Frances; "but I am constrained to admire your spirit of christian patience that has enabled you to bear with my bold inquiries. Yet inform me, Phoebe, how you distinguish the love between God and man from the love between husband and wife."

Phoebe took the left hand of her friend, and separating a finger, turned upon it a ring, saying: "This stone of saffire tells to me what your lips leave unsaid. You cannot love God ritely, if too much concerned for a human lover."

But Frances answered: "I confess that Rodney is my all, and that this stone of saffire does not misrepresent; but I trust that sometime I may love my Savior, tho my heart should be filled with human love. For