

We did so. I prayed that He might see Jesus, as his own Saviour. As I finished, he cried out, "Lord Jesus, my sins, forgive my sins!"

"They are forgiven," I said; "you have only to believe it."

"Lord, help me to believe it!" he cried.

One day a friend explaining about faith, said, "It is the hand that receives the gift."

"Yes, that's it," he replied; "I've been stretching out my hand to the priest, and the Virgin, and the sacraments, unsatisfied. I've been striving to cling with both hands to these things; but now Jesus has me by one hand, quite safe. He says, 'I will hold thee by thy right hand.'"

Thus, gleams of peace and joy came to this poor man, and then again the struggle. One day he said, with tears in his eyes, "Tell me, ought I not to have confidence in God? I can't help feeling afraid of Him."

"That comes from the old religion," I replied. "You have been taught that God is an angry Judge, watching to catch you doing something wrong, to mark down in His book."

"Why, yes," he said, "just so; and instead of that He is full of love, watching me to do me good."

One day he told me he had passed a wretched night. The struggle raged fiercely. Was this new and beautiful religion right? or was he forsaking the only way of salvation? He felt he must go to the priest and confess all to him; but it was night, and that was impossible. He fell on his knees, and wrestled with God for light and peace, and the voice of Jesus came sweetly through the storm, "Be not afraid." "I will help thee."

I read for him the 23rd Psalm. It was new to him, and he enjoyed it greatly.

"Oh, I can say it for myself," he said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He was greatly pleased with "For His name's sake." "He will keep me for His own sake as well as mine," he said. "Oh, I'm quite safe."

I turned to the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and read the parable of the lost sheep. He listened with intense earnestness, and remarked, with a beaming face, "It's wonderful! the joy seems all the Shepherd's. He is gladder to save us than we are to be saved."

On asking him one day if he had the sense of forgiven sin, he said, "I'm right sure the blood of the innocent Jesus has washed all my sins away. It's God's justice that saves me."

But again the struggle was renewed; temptations assailed him. One morning he seemed worse than usual. "I was out half the night," he said. "I went out for a little air. I was walking along the canal, my mind in a tumult, this way and that; I hardly knew where I was. I thought I ought to have faith in the Church; but then God says, 'Come to Me; trust in Me; I will give you rest.' I cried out, 'I

will have done with it, my God, I will trust in Thee.' I got hold of Him, and I could have shouted for joy."

Speaking of heaven one day, he seemed lost in wonder. "Oh, I want to see it," he said; "I want to get in at the gate, and make sure of it; but I am sure of it. God cannot lie. I can wait."

Two years thus passed away; then he came back to Dublin; his end seemed hastening on. His last days were spent in the Adelaide Hospital. There was no struggle now. A deep calm peace pervaded his soul. "The battle was fought, the victory won," and he could look forward to the call so surely coming with joyful expectation.

## WHAT DO YOU GET FOR NOTHING?

"So you won't give me anything?"

"You needn't have put it in that way: I've got nothing to give. Nobody gives to me; I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks. You should go to them as you may say get plenty for nothing, and have more than they want."

Old Allan Barrow leaned his elbows on his garden wicket, and, turning away from the person he spoke to, looked up the road that led from his cottage, as it to see some fresh company coming.

The person he spoke to was a grey-headed man, in workman's clothes, by name Silas Pyne. He carried a little book in one hand, and the other held a pencil ready to write.

"You have told me of two sorts of people," he said, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want."

"Very like," said Allan, "but there's some of both in the world, for all that. I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want." Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What d'ye shake your head at?" asked Allan, gruffly.

"Why, at the mistake you are in, friend," answered Silas, "in thinking you pay for everything."

"Make it out that it's a mistake, and I'll give you leave to put me down five shillings in your book," said Allan.

"Thank you," said Silas, with a laugh now; "but before I begin to do it, will you just give me a draught from your well? It's the best water in the parish."

"That it is," answered Allan, fetching a cup for him; "and it's a prime thing for me, that can't drink much of anything else."

"Ay; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep draught, "when you come to think how it comes into all the things that keep life together?"