

mister, yer much larnin' decaives ye: for ye see there's ividence in's manner o' spaich that 'im what wrote it was a sailor lad, or may's like a 'venturer on the wather. Now list! 'Their soul's milted because o' trouble.' It's it 'zactly. I'se niver frighted in the storm; but me soul's jist milted mony's the time. 'At their wit's ind!' an' Cry till the Loard! Ye see, mister, I didn't know nothin' 'bout the Loard, an' av' tol' 'im to damn me oftin, because I didn' b'laive ther' was ony Loard. But when the soul's milted ye 'opes as 'ow ther' may be a Loard lookin' after yez in the storm, but not thinkin' it worth's while to a-follerin' o' ye whin yez only foolin' an' profanin', an' don't mane what yez sayin', but only askin' o' 'im to damn yez play-ful-like."

From that time David was treated with all the confidence of an intimate friend by John, who was ready to hear what the "seafarin' king" had to say.

Another biblical acquaintance was introduced to the sick man in a similar manner by the reading of the story of St. Paul's shipwreck. It happened that John had often "fared 'long" that same north coast of the Mediterranean, and been "driven up and down in Adria." Once he had expected the ship to go to pieces at the base of the Taurus.

"We driv through the blackness, an' the white foam was like divil's fingers a-reachin' out o' it; divils a-roarin' in the timpist an' a-scrachin' in the riggin'; but there must ha' bin a hangel somewhere, for in the mornin' the ship stood as livil as the risin' sunbame. But, mister, me ole craft's goin' down this time. An' was ye arnist when ye said a hangel would git on board o' me now likes? Loard o' mercy, sind th' hangel, for John's at 's wits' ind!"

After this he was always anxious

to "hear a bit o' what said the lad what saved the ship," meaning St. Paul.

In response to the reading, "Not one doeth good, no, not one," he confessed that he had been a bad man.

"But why's the not, sir? Ye can't make posies grow in ship's ballust, an' sailor lads ain't saints nat'ral like. But, mister, I'll no beman mesil' before ye, for though I'm no good un, it's honest I am whin I testifies till ye that John niver sthiffened nobody what wasn't worser nor 'im, 'cept's maybe whin the shore-grog was in."

But John could not feel self-complacent. "D'ye know what troubles me? It's a-thinkin' of that sailor king and t'other lad, as clane souls in this wicked worl' as yon sun-peep on the dirty floor, an' the one o' 'em a-sayin', 'Me sin's iver afore me,' an' t'other sayin', 'I'm no more clane nor a dead corpus, than a body o' death,' an' all acause them gem'men had scen like it was the face o' God! an' maybes how I'll see the face o' God, too! an' maybes how He's a-lookin' at me now, an' a-readin' me log, an' a-taking off me flesh, so's to git a look clane through me soul."

The visitor quoted the Bible promises of forgiveness to such as are sorry for, and confess their sins.

"Sorry for 'em! But divil was I sorry for 'em when I did 'em, an' I feel kind o' mane to say as how's I'm sorry for 'em now, when I can't do 'em no more. Mayhap, mister, if that in the bottle there 'ud make me stout an' handy the morrow, I'd no be sorry for 'em. An' don't the Loard know that John don't know hissil' when he says as how's he's sorry? O Loard! is it sorry, or scared I am? An' confess 'em? How 'ud that diffrence the Almighty? He knows 'em allriddy. Doesn't Davy say he did 'em 'in Thy sight'? Ay,