

Jonas's frank nature, and eager aspirations leapt at the tidings to a sudden height of joy. They fell again at times when he remembered his past shortcomings, his forgetfulness of God in his days of health and strength, but was not God's mercy as wide as that stretch from east to west, across the moving water field which his sick room window commanded? Would it not be worst sin of all to mistrust that mercy?

He spoke more openly to Harold than to Hope on these subjects, often mingling with his speech a few words of earnest counsel to the lad.

'Serve God now, my boy, it is best and happiest,' he often said. 'My greatest grief lying here is that I did not give Him of my health and strength—very little at least,' he murmured. Jonas was very sincere; he would not even condemn himself beyond what he felt to be true.

And again, one day, 'Don't leave all to the last, Harold. When you come to die, like me, you won't be able to kneel to God as a judge, but you can put out your hand to Him as a friend.'

Always childlike and simple-hearted,

Jonas, if he feared, would not doubt, and in those last days a blessed peace possessed his spirit. He did not see that Hope's calm looks and measured words covered a rebellious heart, nor realise that Harold's easily bent knees and sweet singing were the mere outcome of a good-natured desire to gratify a sick man's wishes at any price. He would lie for hours now, not sleeping but musing it seemed, dwelling principally on the joys of that heavenly city he might so soon be permitted to behold.

There was a celebration of Holy Communion for him one day in his quiet room. Mari and Hope alone knelt by the bed, but Harold held up the sick man, and another figure stood, with covered face, in the doorway, the kind, little preacher from Conway. He had come over to say good-bye to his old acquaintance, and asked leave to remain during the service, which Mr. Allison gladly granted.

There were no local adieus to grieve poor Jonas's tender heart at the end. He died a day or two later in his sleep, Hope, who sat by, unaware when the gentle breathing sank into silence.

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

IV.—S. CYPRIAN.

AMONG the heroes of the early Church it is impossible to pass over the name of Thascius Cyprian. His life is so full of noble incidents and so closely bound up with the fortunes of the Church of his day as to afford us much profitable instruction.

Born at Carthage about the year 200, he passed forty-five years of his life as a heathen. He was distinguished for his learning and eloquence, and, as a teacher, exercised no small influence over the public mind. If we may believe his self-accusations in after life, his early years were deeply stained with the sins of the heathen world.

At forty-five, however, Christ crossed his path, and he was converted to the Christian Faith. It was no half-hearted conversion. He became a changed man. Like S. Paul, he faced round about and started afresh.

This is how he himself afterwards described this crisis in his career: 'Light from on high was shed abroad in a heart freed from guilt, when I breathed the Spirit of God and was changed by the second birth into a new man. That lay open which before had been close to me; that was light where I had seen nothing but darkness; that became easy which before was