

reticent, but the old mans communicative humor proved infectious and she presently told her story: i was sitting alone with the poor little boy, like well i do not know what like you must find a comparison for yourselves. i was comforting myself with the reflection that the key was on the inside and the door locked, for i was getting frightened as the monks began to sing in the yard below, one part going off to the left, as it were, and the other part to the right. did you ever see two drunken men walking arm in arm, and lurching first to one side and then to the other you may laugh, but by the nine muses it was just like that. then papias grew tired and cross and kept asking where agne was, till at last he began to cry. when i asked him what he was crying for, he said he had forgotten, i really am patient you must all allow that i did not do anything to him, but, just to give him something to play with, i took out the key, for there was nothing else at hand that he could not break, and gave it to him and told him to play a tune on it. this delighted him, and he really did it quite prettily. then i looked over my burnt dress and was horrified to see how large the holes were, and it struck me that i might turn it, because when you turn a thing the spots, you know, do not show. you have invented that this very minute, cried orpheus laughing. we know you. if you can only turn the laugh against yourself no, really, cried dada, the idea flew through my head like a bird through a room; but i remembered at once that a hole burnt through shows on both sides, so i threw the dress aside as past mending and sat down on the low stool to peep through the wicket by the door out at the yard; the singing had stopped and the silence frightened me almost as much. papias had stopped his piping too, will be disclosed to him, as to whether he shall be an angel of heaven or a demon in hell. and we shall all stand before the judgment seat of christ. it is not to be wondered at that felix trembled under the weight of this great truth. gods word will be the basis of judgment. says our lord: he that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath one that judgeth him: the word that i spake, the same shall judge him in the last day. as man liveth by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of god, so does every word of his truth point to that great day for which all other days were made. all the parables and miracles of our lord, full of instruction as to heart and life, point, like so many guideposts, to this great central truth of mans experience and existence. but, friends, let us imbibe no erroneous views and impressions regarding the judgment to come. let us not regard it as being an occasion for the display of gods wrath; but let us rather look upon it as the sublimest manifestation of his love. draw a comparison here. good human laws are not a terror to the good. a jury is impaneled. a criminal is arraigned before it. testimony is received and evidence drawn from it respecting the innocence or guilt of the accused. the balance of testimony is altogether in his favor. he is acquitted. that trial is a joy to that criminal, because it sets him right as to character before the world. but suppose he is found guilty. is it a joy then it is not. it is a grief. why because his sin has found him out. his real character is laid bare. but in their consignment of him to the punishment prescribed by law, do the jury and the judge act from wrath they do not, but from a love of good will to all. the law that condemns may have the appearance of wrath to the condemned; but never to the innocent. judgment and swallowed him. there we stood, marcus and i, face to face. he was quite agitated; i really believe the poor fellow was trembling, and i did not feel very confident; however, i asked him what it was that he wanted. then he recovered himself a little: i wished, he began; so i went on: thou wishedst, and it might have gone on to the end: he wished, we wished and so forth, like the children at school at rome, when we were learning greek; but, papias came to the rescue, for he ran up to marcus and asked him to toss him up high, as he used to do on board ship. marcus did as he was asked, and then he suddenly broke out into such a torrent of words that i was quite terrified. first he said so many fine things that i quite expected a declaration of love, and was trying to make up my mind whether i would laugh him out of it or throw myself into his arms for he really is a dear, good, handsome fellow and if you would like to know the truth i should have been very willing to oblige him to a certain extent. but he asked me nothing, and from talking of me listen to this father karnis and saying that the great father in heaven