

May 27th.

Well, when I went over to my friend's house, he was watering his yard, and hurried to turn off the hose and sit at his cushioned seat by the garden table. He was relaxed and even happy-looking. He did not look like a worried, stricken man; but like a confident, serene and noble man. Something had happened over-night to inspire and comfort him. "I saw a picture in my imagination", he said. "It was the hand of Abraham poised, with a knife in it. Then God's hand clasped his arm just above the hand, and stayed him. Mark my words, that is what is going to happen with this church. Don't worry. You have done what you could. Now, let others take up. I wouldn't send that letter, if I were you. It would only make them mad, and would do no good. That reference to blood being upon their heads in the Bible, that was used in reference to our Lord and Savior, only. As for my wife flaring up last evening, - she likes me. I liked her when I married her, and I still like her. You had a right to come down my path. It is my path. Nobody can keep you from my path if I want you to come down it."