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THE CHRISTIAN ATHLETE

A Sermon Story

BY

AQUILLA WEBB

PASTOR FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



*Los Angeles, Cal.,
Commercial Printing House*

1902

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THIS STORY IS DEDICATED
TO
ROBERT IRVING FULTON

A MAN IN CHRIST JESUS
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP
IS
PRIZED ABOVE ANY EARTHLY
TREASURE

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P R E F A C E

This story was first read to my parish in Massachusetts. From the first the new method of presenting truth met with a hearty response, and instead of a few present the church was crowded evening after evening. The attendance after the story was finished continued almost the same. People thus became deeply interested in the Sunday evening services. At that time there were many requests for publication. A busy pastorate does not allow much time for such work, and the duties of the parish prevented further consideration of the story.

When called to my present field of labor the same problem of the Sunday evening service was present. The best sermons that could be prepared by the pastor, and the most excellent music of a consecrated choir, failed to attract the indifferent people of the community. In desperation the sermon story was re-written and given. Free use of the newspapers and special music secured a splendid attendance for the first evening. The congregations constantly increased, and the interest in the story was greater than when first given.

One chapter was read each Sunday evening, running through three months. Each reading was preceded by a ten-minute sermon on the text. The lessons were enforced in petition rather than exhortation.

Yielding to many urgent requests this story is now sent forth with the hope that it will work that which is good toward all men, especially toward them that are not of the household of faith.

CHAPTER I.

TREASURES ON EARTH.

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.”

The beautiful city of Cleveland slept on the shore of the great lake that swept far out into the still night. The restless waves broke upon the pebbled shore and the anchored boats were never at rest. While all seemed at first glance to be quiet, here and there a lone boat was dropping an anchor, here and there was a gleam across the dark waters. How like the restless waters was the life of that western city. The city seemed to be entirely wrapt in slumber, but here and there was a sentinel, a homeless wanderer, a gleam of light. One place especially—the great printing office of the Cleveland Plain Dealer—showed no signs of quiet or rest. The usual routine of news gathering and printing was commonplace and rather dull. On this night, however, every one seemed interested in the sheets as they came from the swiftly flying rollers. The work was completed just as the gray dawn came over the high hills of the east. As the hum of machinery ceased and the workers became quiet the singing of birds was heard. Then a little later came the rumble of an early wagon on the way to mar-

ket, then the sound of an electric car, then the tramp of the early workers, and ere long the city was to awake and to be taking its part among the great centers of trade. As the people passed the bulletin of the Plain Dealer, they looked up, as was their custom, to read the news. They read, rubbed their eyes, read again, then gathered in groups to discuss the news. The newsboys hurrying to the office for their papers saw the crowd before the bulletin and guessed that there was something unusual in the paper. They secured their bundles and read in large letters: "Bank Failure—The Savings Bank has failed."

On the street corners, in the counting houses, at the Board of Trade—everywhere, the news was flashed, and everywhere there was genuine surprise. The boys sold all their papers without effort, and then crowded and pushed each other at the office waiting for the next edition. One of the boys wished a bank would fail every day, but another little fellow said: "Well, I don't. 'Cause there'd be so many guys out of a job that some of them would have to sell papers, and I guess we've got more'n 'nuff now." The second edition came out and was soon disposed of.

The Savings Bank was one of the best known and most trusted institutions in the city. Thousands had their earnings in the bank, and were receiving a reasonable amount of interest. The president, Mr. McDonald, was among the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Cleveland. He had been president of the bank for twenty-five years, and every one had the greatest confidence in his honesty and business ability. Besides being president of the

bank, he held many positions of trust, and was an elder in the Bethany Presbyterian Church.

The hundreds who had placed their hard earnings in the Savings Bank could not believe the story. Many left their work and joined with the curious multitude that stood in front of the bank waiting for it to open. What an odd, what an interesting, what a pathetic sight! There was the news-boy, who had saved his pennies from selling papers and shining boots. There was the wash woman, who had been toiling away for years, denying herself many necessities, in order to have enough money to buy a little cottage of her own some time. There was the teamster in his blue clothes, sadly recalling how many days' work it had taken to lay up his small sum. There was the cripple who had invested his all and stood silently weeping over his loss, and wondering what would become of him. Despair was written on every countenance and spoke in every action.

In the midst of this confusion and pathos the carriage of Mr. McDonald drove up. Mr. McDonald climbed upon the carriage seat by his coachman. Tall, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven, faultlessly attired, he was such a figure as would command respect and deference on any occasion. Now as the pale-faced man suddenly appeared in their midst every movement ceased, every murmur was hushed; all waited in breathless expectancy. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began; "this failure is as much of a surprise to me as to you. As you know, I have been away for a few months attending to outside business interests and getting a little rest. When I returned I found affairs at home so involved that

the directors at once closed the bank. The cause of the failure I cannot explain, but a thorough investigation will be made." There was a moment of silence, and then one trembling voice from the crowd called out: "What about our money?"

"If you will be patient with me, I will tell you. I have made an assignment of everything I possess, and in due time every dollar will be paid. And now I advise you to return to your homes or your work, and not waste time here in front of the bank, as it will not be open for a few days."

There was considerable hesitation, grumbling and muttering, but slowly the crowd dispersed, and only the poor washer woman remained, still hoping against hope that the bank would open, notwithstanding Mr. McDonald's assurance.

The regular editions of the papers came out the next day giving assurances to the depositors that they would be paid in full.

The cause of the failure was given as "a mystery." Mr. Oscar Tupper, the cashier, was interviewed, but said he could not account for the failure. He said he could hardly think Mr. McDonald would gamble; still he might have done so. "Now," said he, "although I am not a church member, it is against my principles to gamble. Still, some church members have queer notions of right, and Mr. McDonald may have felt justified in his peculations." Yet, even while he spoke, he knew he was giving a most false impression.

When Mr. McDonald was shown Mr. Tupper's interview by a reporter, and asked what he had to say, he answered simply: "I have defrauded no man. The cause will ultimately be given to the

public. I have nothing more to say." Only Mr. McDonald could know how the unkind reflections had cut him to the heart. He had taken Mr. Tupper a penniless lad from a counting house and had helped him up step by step to the cashier's position. In the midst of his reflections, Mr. Tupper called him up by telephone.

"Hello!" said Mr. McDonald.

"Is this Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Tupper."

"How do you do, Mr. Tupper?"

"Very well, thank you. I called you up to assure you that the interview in this morning's paper entirely misrepresents me. I guess the reporter wanted something of a sensational nature and manufactured the story."

"I'm real glad to hear you say that," said Mr. McDonald, "for I knew you were not quoted correctly. The report in the paper is a very unfortunate one, as it puts me in a false position."

"It certainly does, Mr. McDonald, and I will do all I can to correct the matter."

"Thank you. I knew you would."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Yet Mr. Tupper was careful not to make the statement public in regard to misrepresentation. The reporter had not misrepresented his interview with Mr. Tupper. Mr. Tupper was anxious to have the public believe himself honest, and thus to retain his position.

The excited public was ready for some such charge, and accepted Mr. Tupper's insinuations as facts.

How dense was the gloom that settled over the McDonald house! Mr. McDonald, with broken voice, had explained to his wife and his two children, Hester and Everett, what was to come, and they were in some measure prepared for the sensation in the Plain Dealer. Not one seemed to realize what a crisis had come into their lives. They sat silent and looked dazed. They had no desire for food, and only cared to avoid the curious public. Hester had graduated from Wellesley College, and had been home but a short time from a trip abroad. She had been planning to enter society that fall, but all such plans were now forgotten. Everett was a junior in the Ohio Wesleyan University. He was at home on his spring vacation when the crash came. Of course, he could not now think of returning to finish his work.

Mr. McDonald, day after day, paced to and fro in his room, like a caged lion. He ran his fingers through his iron-gray hair, his large blue eyes gleamed with a fixed purpose. He had been robbed of his fortune and his good name. He meant to fasten the blame at once and send the guilty parties to swift justice. However, resolutions are more easily made than executed. In settling up the accounts of the bank, the McDonald home on Euclid Avenue was sold and the McDonalds moved into a small cottage on a back street. The blackness of darkness seemed to settle over the little family. How changed everything was. The servants were gone—all except Liza, an old colored maid, whose love was so great that she refused to be turned away. Hester's beautiful songs were hushed, and no one looked now for pranks from Everett. What matter

if the sky was blue, if the birds did sing, if the sun did shine—all was closed to them now.

Only Liza, the colored servant, did not despair. She hummed plantation melodies and encouraged every one as best she could. She took an especial delight in keeping the cottage tasty, and gathered wild flowers for the table. She would remain awake way into the night, wondering how she could tease their appetites. She was especially worried about Hester. Every night she knelt at her bed and prayed for the whole family, but invariably concluded her prayer by saying: "Good Lord, make Miss Hester eat." But Hester's trouble was deeper than the good servant imagined. Her frail system could not long hold up under such a strain. She was nervous. She was sleepless. She was feverish. The family physician came and gave her a tonic and warned her that unless she ceased worrying she would be down with nervous prostration. Liza heard the warning, and while she was not sure what the physician meant by "nervous prostration," she knew it must be something "pow'ful serious," and she made up her mind to do something extra for Miss Hester in the cooking line. After several vain attempts at coaxing Hester's appetite, and seeing how thin and pale she was growing, Liza resolved to change her tactics.

One afternoon she asked Hester if she would like to have her fortune told. Hester answered in an absent-minded way, and allowed herself to be led to the hammock out under the shade of the trees. Liza took the shapely white hand in hers and rubbed it as tenderly and lovingly as if it had been her own child's. Then turning it over she began to look at

the creases. "Was you ever in love, honey?" asked Liza.

"Yes, Liza; I'm in love now."

The answer gave Liza such a shock that she seemed to have trouble in framing the next question. She said to herself, "Maby that's just the cause of what the doctor said—those dreadful big words." But when Liza did collect her wits she overwhelmed Hester with questions. "Well, honey, tell yer old Aunty all about the gemmen you'se in love with. Is he young? I s'pose he's rich? Did you meet him at college or abroad? Is he comin' to see you soon? Did he ever write you any letters?"

Hester did not smile. Over her pale features came a deep earnestness, and her eyes grew larger and more pathetic.

"Yes, Liza, I'll tell you all about him, for he loves you, too." Liza was so startled at the statement that she could not utter a word.

"Yes, Liza, I'll tell you all. He is a young man and will always be young. He is not bothered about money. He has enough and to spare. He was born in a very humble place, but the place of birth does not determine our position in life. I am glad he was humbly born, for he knows how to sympathize with every class and condition. He thinks more of truth than he does of wealth, or position, or honor. He thinks as much of the poor as he does of the rich, for he said so—and O, I'm so glad he does, for if his love depended on riches, he would forsake me now."

As Hester paused a moment in deep reflection, Liza said: "How long have you known him, honey?"

“Don’t interrupt me, Liza; let me tell you all in my own way. I knew him in my childhood. He has always been good to me, but never so good as since Papa failed. I could not exist without him now.”

“Let me send him some of my cookies,” said the big-hearted listener. “I wish he was here so I could tell him I like him, too. He’s kind to you, and I like him. But go on, Miss Hester.”

“Well, the other night I was so discouraged, so heart-broken, and so lonely, I thought I would read some of his letters. And, Liza, you have no idea what a help they were to me. I had read them before, but I never knew he had said so much to me. I just cried to think I had so neglected him. But I will not neglect him any more. I got down on my knees and told him I wouldn’t”—and Hester turned her face to keep Liza from seeing the big tears that were rolling silently down her cheeks.

“O, Miss Hester!” said Liza, “you must never git down on your knees to any man; don’t do that any more, child. Let *him* git down if he wants, but Miss Hester, you mustn’t; no, indeed. You’re fine enough for any man in this world to kneel to. But perhaps you did treat him mean. I wish I could meet him. But ’scuse me, Miss Hester; go on.”

“Well,” continued Hester, “that night when I went to sleep I dreamed about him.”

“’Deed, I don’t wonder, honey, for I ’spect I will too, now; but go on.”

“Well, I was so weary and tired, and he came along and seemed to be so sorry for me that he took me with him.”

“Jest what he will be doing some of these days, I ’spect. That’s the way. But ’taint for me to say

no, 'cause you need some one to be good to you and love you; 'deed you do; but go on."

"Well, he took me in his beautiful carriage to a great ocean. I was too tired to get out, so he lifted me in his arms and carried me aboard the ship. The boat weighed anchor and we started out across the sea. The waves seemed to grow higher and higher. The light seemed to fade away. The crested foam dashed over us, and every timber in the ship creaked and groaned.

"Wasn't you dreadfully scared, Miss Hester?"

"No, Liza; he stood by me and said I need not be afraid. The boat rode on. I finally heard the waves breaking upon some distant shore. Then, as the darkness and storm gradually faded into daylight and calm, I saw a home on the distant hills. Such a beautiful mansion—I wish you could have seen it. Such beautiful jasper walls, great gates of pearl, and I think I never heard such sweet singing."

"Don't he need a servant?" eagerly asked Liza. "I wish I could live with you, Miss Hester. Does he like colored folks? Does he have any colored servants? Do you 'spose he'd like me?"

Even Hester seemed to forget that she was telling a dream, and said: "O, Liza, you know Papa, Mamma and Brother Everett need you now more than ever before! You stay with them a little while longer, and, if you are real kind to them, he has promised to give you a place."

"I'll bake a fruit cake for Mr. Everett every time he asks me, Miss Hester; 'deed I will, honey, and I'll not scold him any more if he takes it all; no, I won't. Just tell me what to do, Miss Hester, and 'deed I'll do it."

“Well, you see, Liza, this was only a dream about his coming; but really and truly he is coming, and I’m anxious to go. Do not repeat our conversation. Just be good, Liza, and everything will come out all right. You can go into the house, Liza, and prepare the evening meal. I will wait here.”

As Liza rose to go, she said: “Miss Hester, can’t I go and tell the man you love to come and see you? You look dreadful bad. I’s been praying for you, but ’deed I don’t know, you look mighty poorly. Can’t I go for him?”

Hester smiled faintly, shook her head and closed her eyes. Liza hurried into the house and soon had a very tempting meal prepared, but she noticed sadly that Hester minced at the food and really ate nothing.

As the days and weeks went by, Hester grew thinner and paler and weaker. The great strain was too much for her, and she became a hopeless wreck with nervous prostration. O, the days and nights of waiting and watching at her bedside. Finally the old family physician shook his head and said he had done all for her that he possibly could do. With blanched faces Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and Everett questioned him eagerly, but he shook his head. “Her case is serious, and I’d advise you to be prepared for any emergency. I’ll do all in my power, but I’m afraid she is beyond human help. I told her so, but she only smiled.”

Who can describe the deep grief that came with that warning? Who felt able to go into that room with a cheerful face? Could they keep back their sobs? No. And what a relief to their burdened hearts that they did not. They thought that they

had lost all when they lost their fortune. The world seemed to be cold and cheerless then, but now they realized that there could be a greater loss than that of money. They knew now that they could be happy in the humblest log cabin if Hester could only be spared to them. With hearts as brave as they could possess, they watched at her bedside. Hester rallied for a few moments and knew each one of them. "The physician has told me I cannot stay here. But don't grieve for me, for really, I want to go." The failing consciousness and drooping lids told too plainly that her wish was soon to be granted. What wonder that she smiled, even in that crucial hour! What wonder that she was anxious to go! In that hour the Man whom she loved, of whom she had spoken to Liza, came into the darkened room and took her tired hand in His. The hand that held hers now was not the kind hand of the colored servant, but it was a hand that had in it the nail prints. In His side was the mark of the spear. On His head was a crown of thorns. In the last rays of that summer's sunset He gathered her in His arms and carried her down through the valley that was no longer troubled, up the heights that were no longer steep, and gave her a home in that city of her dreams.

That night Liza told the grief-stricken family about her conversation with Hester, and all about the man she loved. The great truth came over them all. They found her Bible, worn and stained with tears, for she had indeed found consolation in the letters He had caused to be written to her. As they sat there and talked of Hester's dreams their hearts burned strangely within them, for He who walked

with the disciples on the way to Emmaeus was also with them.

They had confessed Christ, they belonged to His church, yet how they had forgotten Him in their hour of trouble until that moment. That night they thought not about earthly possessions, or the opinions of men, but opened the Book that had shed such light upon Hester's pathway and found the deep consolation of Christ.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"A friend loveth at all times."

Mr. McDonald swung, pendulum-like, from one extreme to the other. Yesterday his thoughts had been centered in his own interests. Today he was at the other extreme, and thought only of how long he would be compelled to wait until he could join Hester. While he thus stood heavenward gazing, he was recalled to earthward watching by the daily paper with its news. The Savings Bank had opened, and all the old officers were back in their places except Mr. McDonald. A new president had been selected. Of course, Mr. McDonald knew of the change, but somehow when it appeared in print it seemed more cold and cruel. There was no mention of the sacrifice he had made to pay every dollar. Also all his old friends and associates treated him in such a manner that he was anxious to avoid them. Some kept at a distance from him, while others who did meet him simply expressed their regret. Not one said, "I believe in your honesty and know you will yet be vindicated."

Not one? Yes, one; for in all the dark hours one man had never forsaken the McDonalds; one man had never believed the rumors of speculation

and gambling; one man was more often at the cottage than he had been at the mansion. Rev. Horace Carter, the Presbyterian minister, still firmly believed in Mr. McDonald's integrity and stood by the family. He insisted that the family come to church and occupy their old pew. He had never prayed nor asked to pray in the mansion, but now, without asking, he knelt down in the cottage. In his pulpit he prayed as a minister and preached as a prophet. Often people thought him cold and without sympathy, but in that cottage he was a tender shepherd. He gathered that family in his arms, and clasping them to his bosom, he carried them to the throne of grace. On one of these visits, when he was praying, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, Mrs. McDonald felt herself being carried up to the very gates of heaven and opened her eyes thinking she might see Hester's bright, radiant face. After one of these seasons of prayer the family promised to come back to church; to come back and occupy their old pew. They had some misgivings as they promised and yet they knew it was their duty. As Rev. Mr. Carter left he shook them warmly by the hand and said that he expected to have the pleasure of seeing them next Sunday morning.

Sunday came, bright and beautiful. Liza, the colored servant, was as pleased as the minister to think "her family," as she called them, "was going to meetin'." She was up early and called them in plenty of time to get ready. "Getting ready" that morning was very different from their "getting ready" in the past. They shined their own shoes and brushed their own clothes. Then when

they *were* ready there was no carriage waiting for them without. Greatest difference of all, one face was absent. As they stepped out upon the street each one had a feeling of regret and hesitation. But their promise had been given and they would go to church. It was a "clear bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn." They went early to avoid meeting many people and the surprised usher led them to their old pew.

Most of the members were astonished as they looked over the church and saw the ex-bank president with his wife and son in the familiar place. How dared they have the audacity to come into the church since Elder McDonald had been disgraced before the whole world! Didn't every paper mention the fact that he was an Elder in their church, and comment upon it? The other denominations had not said anything about it, but any one must know that they were inwardly chuckling over the cloud that had settled over the church as the result of Mr. McDonald's gambling. Then tomorrow the papers would be full of gossip about the McDonalds being in their old pew, that the church stood by him and thus proclaimed to the world that they believed in having a gambler as an elder.

The Rev. Mr. Carter saw the unusual undercurrent of excitement and conversation and guessed it all. A silent petition was going up to the loving Heavenly Father for greater power, for clearer insight, for more effective utterance.

The quartet must have been inspired by Dr. Carter's silent supplications, for they seemed to sing better than ever before. As they called in song

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,” it did really seem as if the portals were swinging open and “the King of Glory” was coming in. Surely the “King of Glory” would be pleased to come into that magnificently equipped church with that waiting congregation. Then when Dr. Carter prayed he seemed to clasp hands with the “King of Glory” and stand within the veil. How it seemed to humble him as with the eye of faith he looked into the heavenly city and saw the King in all his beauty and power. He saw the angels, the swift messengers of God, always ready for service. There, too, he heard music sweeter than that ever lisped by mortal tongue, and all had forgotten themselves in praising the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. When he looked at earth and saw what ruin sin had wrought, when he thought of the discordant tones of all earthly singing, when he thought of the limitations of human wisdom, when he saw the sinfulness and heartlessness of humanity, then it was that he took a firm hold upon the divine promises for help, then it was that he was ready to pray for Christ’s Kingdom to be on earth as it was in heaven. When the prayer was concluded many worshipers wiped tears from their eyes. Even the transient drummer who had come in to hear the excellent singing, straightened up and swallowed two or three times to get back to normal. After the congregation had joined heartily in singing, “What a Friend We Have in Jesus” the minister announced his text from Galatians, the sixth chapter and tenth verse. As he spoke of the text, of Christians, of Christians using opportunity to do good the people forgot the manu-

script and saw a fearless apostle inspired with a message. He saw that the audience was deeply moved, but he was especially anxious to put driving power behind their emotions as he spoke of the Christian's especial duty to them that are of the household of faith.

But it would be impossible to reproduce the sermon. To do so would require the presence of the man with his godly face, his flashing eye, his firm-set lip, his uplifted arm, and his effectual fervent prayer in closing.

When the service was over, the McDonalds tarried a few minutes until the people were well out of the church. A few friends came forward to greet them, but many shunned them.

One man who sat in one of the back pews was relieved when the benediction was pronounced. He had had no idea that Mr. McDonald would come back to the church, and when he saw him there he was restless, uneasy, irritated. What a difference in the position the two men held before that audience! Mr. McDonald, poor, despised, forsaken, yet with God's help ready to face a frowning world. Mr. Tupper, the new bank president, with plenty, courted by all, every avenue in society open to him, yet restless, uneasy and fearful to face a smiling world.

Although the morning service had been such a helpful one, the McDonalds were greatly relieved as they hurried out of the church and then sauntered leisurely down the shaded streets to their quiet little home. "That was a fine sermon," said Everett, "but I believe I could have enjoyed myself better some other place."

"I'm sure I could not have been helped as much any other place," said the mother.

"Well," said Mr. McDonald, "I did not feel quite like I used to, but still that is our church home. I have nothing to be ashamed of, and don't feel like dodging around to some little obscure church as though I was a culprit. Besides, when we are in trouble we want to hear a minister who knows our trials and can sympathize with us."

"You are right, father, but I felt that Dr. Carter was the only one who really wanted us present. The people who spoke to us seemed to do so from a sense of duty."

Everett was not far wrong in his judgment. In the vestry of the old Presbyterian church there was an unusual stir and excitement. Fifteen members had signed a petition for a church meeting. They were determined not to be disgraced by a gambling elder.

Dr. Carter saw that it was useless to argue with them in their blind excitement. He decided to have the meeting on Monday night. He then hurried to the newspaper offices, told them frankly about the matter, and asked them to suppress any account of the church trouble. Each editor promised to grant his request, and Dr. Carter had won his first victory.

Then the second struggle came in the afternoon as he walked to and fro in his study. He had served his people faithfully for twenty years. He had helped to build up the membership and had been instrumental in removing all debt from their magnificent new house of worship. What was it all for? Was the church not built to carry out Christ's plan to

help those who needed help? Had the work of all these years been given to establish an impetuous, ungrateful, unsympathetic church? Should he resign and seek another field? In anguish and prayer he debated the question until the deep shadows began to gather and reminded him of the evening service. Kneeling down in the quiet of his study, he prayed again for guidance. He heard as clearly as if a voice were speaking to him: "Thou man of God, this battle is the Lord's. Go forth in his name. Do not flinch and fly in the day of battle."

He arrived at the church a few minutes late. He went through the entire service in an absent-minded way, and seemed glad when announcing the closing hymn. As he was leaving the church one of the members noticed his pale face and asked, "Are you sick, Doctor Carter? You look so pale."

"I'm not very sick. A pain in my heart. That's all."

The next day many people called at the manse, but to every one the servant said courteously: "This is not Dr. Carter's day at home."

In the evening almost the entire membership had gathered in the vestry of the Bethany Presbyterian Church. The assistant pastor was in the chair as moderator and offered prayer. He then asked Mr. Herbert, who had circulated the petition for the meeting, to state the object. Mr. Herbert was one of those impetuous, well-meaning men who want to go with the crowd and are always ready to accept other people's opinions. Many in the congregation were anxious to get rid of Elder McDonald; yet they wisely selected a cat's paw to do the work. Mr. Herbert felt greatly elated because he had been

chosen to lead in the movement against an offending brother "Mr. Moderator," he began, "the call for this meeting has been signed by others, but I will speak briefly on the subject. I have been a member of this church for many years, and have always been proud of the fact."

The moderator, who was of a very practical turn of mind, said: "Mr. Herbert, we all grant what you are saying; suppose you state at once the object of this call, and then we can discuss the issue more intelligently."

"Well, Mr. Moderator, I will state the question in a moment." He knew that it was a serious matter and then, too, he felt a little uneasy as he encountered the gaze of Rev. Dr. Carter, whose wish had not been considered in the movement. "Well," he continued, "as I said before, we want to guard the good name of our church. One of our members, Elder McDonald, has been displaced from his position in the bank, and everybody understands that it was because of speculation. Our church has always been respectable, and we do not want to be looked upon as a people ready to wink at acts of dishonesty. For our self-respect, for the good name of the church, for the cause of righteousness, we should take such action as will place us in the right attitude with the public."

Before a motion could be made in regard to the matter, the Rev. Dr. Carter stood up. Mr. Herbert quickly sat down when the pastor arose. As the pastor stood there, he seemed to be struggling with himself and endeavoring to be calm. Finally, in a quiet, firm voice, he said: "Mr. Moderator, I would like the privilege of asking a few questions."

“Certainly,” replied the moderator; “proceed.” The proceeding was just the thing that the indignant signers of the petition did not relish.

“First,” said the minister, “I understand, from the reading of the petition, who signed it. I am not going to conclude that they are the only ones who desired the meeting.” This general statement relieved the tension a little, because the signers were not anxious for battle at short range with the pastor. “But,” he continued, “did any one who signed the petition or any one who desired the meeting talk with the pastor before circulating the petition?”

In the awkward pause, one of the ladies who signed the petition said: “Well, Dr. Carter, the case seemed to require action at once, and really the thought didn’t occur to me.” The others remained silent.

“Well, Mr. Moderator, I want to ask another question or two. Was Elder McDonald given to understand that such a meeting was to be called?”

After a long pause, which grew more embarrassing with each tick of the clock, Mr. Herbert, somewhat red in the face, said: “No, we did not consider that necessary.”

“Well,” said the minister, “suppose I ask another question, Mr. Moderator. Have the people who desired this meeting any proof of the charge they do not specifically make, that Elder McDonald did lose his money through gambling? And, further, have they any evidence that a single person has been defrauded by any of his transactions?”

Another lady could not remain silent longer, and said: “Well, Dr. Carter, if you could hear what

the people say about Elder McDonald, you would sign a petition too, I think. And, besides, our next door neighbor says he will never unite with our church so long as we tolerate Mr. McDonald." As she sat down, the aged minister, who was worshipping with the church, feebly stood up. He had been taking an evening walk, and noticing the lights, went into the meeting without guessing the object. He heard with difficulty. Finally he concluded it was time for his aged advice, and he gave it. "Brothers and sisters, I have been listening to these speeches, and if you are talking about revising the Confession of Faith, I'd advise you to go slow." The moderator tried to stop him, but he continued: "I know you think I am old-fashioned, but the old confession is good enough for me. If the good sister who has just spoken is afraid her neighbor will not come until there is a revision, he had better stay away."

Several smiled at the old man's mistake, but Dr. Carter stood there as unmoved as if he had been carved out of marble. He asked if any one else wanted to answer his questions. No one moved.

"Then, Mr. Moderator, I have a few words on this subject for which I beg your indulgence. In all my ministry, this is the first time a meeting has been called without consulting my wishes. While I am deeply pained by such action, I shall cherish no ill feeling toward any one, for I believe you were moved by impulse to right what you thought a wrong. In your calmer moments I am confident you would first have talked with me about the situation.

"I have been pastor of this church for twenty

years, and you have had my undivided effort. I have refused calls to larger fields, as you well know. This I did because I loved each one of you as if you had been my own children.

“I have rejoiced with you in your joy, and wept with you in your sorrow. I have seen children grow into young manhood, young manhood into old age, and old age crowned in the hour of translation. Is this church any dearer to your heart than mine? Could her interests be more jealously guarded by you than by me? This church is a part of my life, and as God’s minister I will defend her. But why does this church mean so much to me? Is it because we have one of the choicest locations in the city? Is it because we have such a beautiful and costly structure? Is it because we have such a large and respectable membership? Such things may be desirable, but God forbid that I should be a minister of the gospel and seek those things as an end. No, a thousand times, no! We are not here simply to have a congenial society, a splendid choir, a polished sermon, a beautiful edifice. These are but the forms and the trappings of power. If our equipment passes as useless unless God’s power works in and through these. I believe in doing good unto all men as we have opportunity, and I also believe that especially we are to do good to them that are of the household of faith. When did Christ call men his sons? When they were in prosperity and were well spoken of? He called every one a son who believed on him, and then said, ‘inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.’ I insist, in our clearest revelation, that in dealing with Elder Mc-

Donald we are dealing with Christ. Shall we condemn Pilate and Herod, and the Roman soldiery and the blinded Jews for crucifying our Lord Jesus Christ, and then turn upon one of his acknowledged followers and condemn him without a hearing; without even so much of a trial as our Savior had? Have I been commissioned in Christ's stead to shepherd this flock and then desert a fallen sheep because the cry of wolf is heard? Am I a coward to flinch and fly when danger is threatening the fold? What do I care what the world may say of my sheep? 'They are my sheep,' says the Master of us all. Let adversity overtake any one in this presence, and you will find me by your side. Let public sentiment condemn without judgment or witnesses, and my voice shall not be silenced. Let the people hurl their anathemas, let them scorn, and curse, and ridicule; let them attempt to take by force, but they shall not have one from my fold.

"Who is the one against whom the wrath of the church is directed? Is he one who has been at open enmity to our interests in the past? Has his means been used on the side of our foe? Has he taken one cent from the poor, or ever been found enjoying the company of the sinner? No; the man is our brother in Christ Jesus. He has been identified with every interest of this church. He has always been ready with his means and personal worth to advance our cause. In his prosperity every one was glad for his presence and thankful for his support. Now a reverse has come into his life, and suddenly a fortune is swept from his hands. Along with the loss of wealth and position has come the heavier loss of his sainted daughter. In addition to all this

is the rumor of dishonest speculation. Not one word of proof has been offered of his guilt. Is the mission of this church to stand by people in prosperity and desert them in adversity? Even if our brother *were* guilty of unjust and unwise speculation, should we desert him? Should we leave him to be entirely destroyed by the enemy? Never! Never!! Never!!! If Christ, the great Master of us all, could endure the scorn of men, the agonies of Gethsemane and the suffering of the cross for sinners, surely we ought to be able to endure hardness as good soldiers in protecting one who is a Christian. Our swords may be hacked and twisted, our armor may be covered with scars, there may come blood upon our garments, but I beseech you to stand with the Master in caring for the sheep of this fold."

The eloquent divine broke down and sobbed like a child, and many sobbed with him. In the awkward pause one of those who had signed the call started and all joined in the song:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Dr. Carter lifted his arms, pronounced the benediction. He had won his greatest victory.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WISDOM.

“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding.”

The days of summer were slipping rapidly by, and the leaves were turning a golden brown. On one of these delightful autumn afternoons a fine-looking gentleman called at the McDonald cottage. It was Dr. Habsdorf, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Dr. Carter had been in correspondence with President Habsdorf in regard to Everett. The president knew Everett had refused to accept money from Dr. Carter with which to finish his course at the university. He had suggested to the president that Everett might be persuaded to return if an opportunity was given for paying his own way. Everett answered the knock at the door, and received one of his greatest surprises. “Well, President Habsdorf! I am glad to see you. Come in. How did you find us away out here? Just be seated and I will call father and mother.”

Everett hurried out into the arbor to find his parents, but they had gone out for a walk. Returning, he said: “I am real sorry, but father and

mother have gone out walking. They will return soon."

"Very well," said the president, deeply gratified, as he was anxious to have a confidential talk with Everett. "Everett, Mrs. Habsdorf and I have thought of you frequently. We are deeply interested in you, and are anxious to have you return and finish your course in the university."

"I would like to return. I have often thought of the old university, and of you, but I never dreamed you thought of me. Yes, I would like to return, but we have lost everything. I presume you know about our misfortune. No, I can't go back this fall."

"If it is simply a matter of money, Everett, I think that can be arranged satisfactorily."

"Yes, it is largely a question of money, but I will not borrow, because there is no immediate prospect of repaying a loan. I could not accept a gift because I am not ready yet to be an object of charity."

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way, although I would not hesitate to accept a loan to finish the last year of university work. But I'm not going to offer a loan. My proposition is a different one. As you know, Mrs. Habsdorf and I have no children. We have a large house. We need some one to take care of the furnaces. If you are willing to do such work, we will give you two rooms on the third floor, and also a scholarship in the university. You can board yourself and live very cheaply."

"I like the proposition," said Everett. "I'm not afraid of work; think I would enjoy it. But I must talk the matter over with father and mother."

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald came home about tea time, and found Everett all excitement. They were as much surprised to see President Habsdorf as Everett had been. The president accepted the invitation to dine with them. At the table Everett explained Dr. Habsdorf's mission, and for more than an hour the proposition was discussed over the tea-cups.

Before President Habsdorf left it was decided that Everett should return and finish his work. The college town had an unusual charm, and Everett said he felt sure the old sulphur spring would be to him the fountain of perpetual youth.

As Everett was to board himself, Mrs. McDonald and Liza the next day began to make jams and jellies for Everett to take with him. Everett sat on a stool watching them. His face grew serious as he said: "Mother, don't you think you will be rather lonesome without me? I want to go back, but still I do not fancy leaving you, and father and Liza too."

"Of course, I shall miss you, my son, but I want you to go back and finish your work. A good education no man can take from you—you have a bank account that will always pay good interest. Then, if we never recover our fortune, you will be able to care for us when we are old—won't he, Liza?"

"Law bless you, chile; de good Lord's gwine to be with us. 'Sides da's no use grievin' over spilt milk. I'se seed de time when I was not simply poor—I was a slave. I'se seen dark days, I guess. Some folks 'lowed as how we'd neber be free like de white folks, but God was just bidin his time. He seed us down da in de cane rows, he heard de

cry of his children and he called up Marse Lincoln, jes like he called up Moses, and we marched through anodder sea—a sea of blood. And I’s e had a vision. I saw some scoundrels tryin’ to choke us. Dey robbed us and done left us for sure ’nuff dead. And then I saw a man with a sword a flam-in’ like fire drivin’ out de rascals and handin’ back de money; and I declare before de Lord dat de gemmin looked like Everett. No use laffin, chile; you’ ole mammy’s had a sure ’nuff vision. I saw Marse John, de coachman, de odder day, and done tole him we’s e gwine back to de mansion some day.”

“Auntie, you are all right,” said Everett. “You are an old bundle of sunshine. If I only had you to do my cooking in the college town, run a newspaper to boom me, and to give me a million, I guess I’d have ‘a sure ’nuff vision too.’”

Liza laughed at Everett’s fun and stirred vigorously away at some apple butter. It had been many days since Mrs. McDonald had put up any fruit, and yet she thoroughly enjoyed the work. She was working for her son, and her unselfish face gleamed with deep satisfaction. She was explaining how to open the fruit cans when Mr. McDonald came in and asked Everett if he would like to take a walk. The suggestion came as a most welcome surprise, and Everett almost ran to get his hat.

As father and son passed out through the arbor arm in arm, Liza could not repress her feelings.

“Everett is gwine to be a great man, he is. I’s e had a vision, I has, and he’s gwine to take us back to de mansion.” Mrs. McDonald said she was not so anxious about going back to the old home. She

was only concerned that the *cause* of the bank failure be properly placed. Thus they talked on in their work.

Mr. McDonald and Everett walked leisurely away from the rush of the city to a quiet little nook by the lake. When they were seated, Mr. McDonald began to tell Everett about the bank failure. As he unfolded what he knew of the one suspected, Everett's face grew set and firm. His eyes flashed and the nails of his hands were pressed deeply into his palms. The sweat dropped from his face, and at last he rose from his seat and said firmly: "I must expose that man, father."

"No, no, my son. Sit down. Keep cool. When you have lost command of yourself you cannot command others. I am studying the situation continuously and carefully, and I feel confident that the truth will be known in due time. You may be needed later on. Nor is there urgent need now of outside help. I can make my own investigations, up to a certain point. Besides, I must use carefully what money I have left. Keep your own counsel, tell no one of our suspicions, finish your work at the university, and we will come out all right. Do not waste your time nor misuse your energy."

"I know, father, but I ought not to go back to the university and leave you alone in this work."

But as they walked slowly homeward Everett was persuaded that it was his duty to finish his education. He tried to be cheerful, he tried to act as though no great burden was on his heart, but he was eternally changed. His eyes gleamed with a new purpose. His lips became firm set with determination. He seemed to have grown taller, and

his shoulders broadened. That evening as he came to the table he gripped the chair as if he were strangling a serpent. After supper he slipped out to the book store and purchased a second-hand book.

A few days later he was up bright and early getting ready to go back to college. He did not wait, as was his wont, for his mother to pack his trunk. He packed everything himself. He did not wait for his father and mother to caution him about taking care of himself; he cautioned them. When he went to shake hands good-bye with Liza, he unconsciously took such a firm grip that the old servant declared "he had done smashed every bone in her body." With his parents he walked to the Big Four Depot. Mrs. McDonald had to rub her eyes several times to see if it was really Everett who was talking so much like a man. There were many things she expected to say to him, but felt such things useless in his manly presence. He boarded the train and stood looking back until his parents shrank to a speck. Then he went into the car and unwrapped his bundle. The bundle consisted of two books—one his sister Hester's Bible, and the other the second-hand book he had purchased—a copy of Blackstone. Rewrapping the precious Bible, he was soon lost in Blackstone. He had fondly hoped to enter an eastern law school after finishing his university course, but the plan was now abandoned. Yet, after the conversation with his father, he resolved to spend his odd moments on Blackstone, not that he now expected to be a lawyer, but he wanted to have some insight into legal proceedings when the great battle for his

father's honor was on. He did not notice the passing moments, and even forgot the dainty lunch his mother had prepared for him. He looked up in astonishment when the conductor called the name of the old college town. Slipping the book into his grip, he stepped off the train into the leafy city, but not the same jolly, easy-going lad of a year ago.

There were several club stewards watching for recruits. Nearly all knew Everett McDonald, and supposed, of course, that he was going to Englewood Hall. Yet one tall, dark-haired, broad-shouldered fellow from the shaggy hills of West Virginia, who had been out of school three years and had not known Everett, hustled up to him and asked him if he were a new student. The other students stood back of a truck and chuckled at Langly asking Everett McDonald if he were a new student. Then to ask him to board in a club was the richest joke of all.

"No," said Everett, "I'm not quite a new student. I've been here three years."

"O, I beg your pardon!" said Langly. "I am running a club to pay for my board, and I'm anxious to get all the fellows I possibly can."

"I never met you before. Have you been in college long?"

"Well, I was in four years ago, but I had to drop out to make a little money."

"Well," said Everett pleasantly, "I'm going to room and board with the president of the university. I wish you success in your work, and will be glad to meet you again."

When Everett had disappeared around the cor-

ner, the club stewards surrounded Langly and asked him over and over again what McDonald had said. They were simply astounded when Langly related the conversation, and especially were they surprised at the spirit in which McDonald had received him.

That evening at the clubs the whole conversation was about Langly's venture with McDonald. They had heard of the bank failure; still it was understood that Mr. McDonald had saved a snug fortune from the crash. They could not understand why McDonald was going to live with the president of the university. No one was more surprised than Everett's old chum and room-mate, Charles Haskell.

The next day as Everett was going to the university to enroll, he met Charles coming up the shaded walk with Miss Helen Day. He half wished they had not seen him. After greeting them Charles asked if he were not coming back to the hall. He had another room-mate, as he understood Everett was not coming back, but there were several single rooms left. Everett thanked him, but said he was very comfortably located in the president's home. Charles said "You have my sympathy living with the president. No such arrangements for me." Everett turned the conversation by asking Miss Day if she had had a pleasant vacation. Everett had always had a secret admiration for Miss Day; so had Charles Haskell. Miss Day had a host of admirers, but allowed no one to monopolize her time or attention. How beautiful she looked in her new suit! "There may be more beautiful and attractive girls," thought Everett, "but I doubt it. But what is the

use of my thinking of her, only as an acquaintance? I haven't money or time for such a quest." All this passed through Everett's mind in a moment, but as he looked at her he could not help asking if she had had a pleasant vacation.

"Yes, indeed I have. I spent my entire vacation in the White Mountains, and I gained continually in health."

"Just as if you were an invalid!" said Everett.

This little dialogue was not pleasing to Charles, and he asked Everett what studies he expected to take. Everett gave him his schedule of fourteen hours in the regular course and an extra of three hours in elocution. "What," said Charles, "going to take elocution? What do you want with that stuff? Do you expect to become a public reader? This is surely a rich joke! I have sixteen hours, and I'm not going to bother with such rot as elocution."

Everett did not reply to Charles, but asked Miss Day, with a smile, if she had elocution on her schedule. Miss Day had not yet decided what she would take. Bidding them adieu, Everett hurried in to register. After talking with one of the professors about his work, he walked out toward Foster Field, where over seventy men were practicing for the regular foot-ball eleven. As Everett stood there he had a longing for the first time in his life to play foot-ball. The hot fever in his veins made him as restless as a Derby three-year-old. He knew the captain, and he might get the loan of a suit for practice. It would at least be good exercise, and he made up his mind to try. That evening he was in the gymnasium for practice. Gymnasium work had always been a hobby with his old room-mate, and when he

entered he found Charles tossing the large rubber ball with a half dozen strong fellows. Charles invited Everett to join the circle. He accepted, and stepped into the circle next to Charles. The ball started around. As Everett tossed the ball to Charles, Charles said, "Put a little more muscle on the next time, old fellow." When the ball reached Everett again he pulled back the ball and it shot from his arms as straight and swift as if it had been hurled from a catapult. It struck Charles as he was about half turned, and sent him sprawling among the pullies. Every one held his sides in laughter. "Did that have enough muscle on it, old fellow?" asked Everett as Charles again took his place in the circle. Charles tried to laugh as though it were a huge joke, but down in his heart he secretly cursed Everett. He felt sure Everett was jealous of him because he had had an afternoon with Miss Day. Besides he still felt incensed because Everett had not replied to his drive about elocution. Everett finished his exercise, took a bath and then hurried to his rooms to prepare for his first recitations, not dreaming of the thought in his old chum's mind. Everett soon had his work done and his mind somehow dwelt on Miss Day's face. She was of an aristocratic family in Columbus, and although not rich, she had all her heart could wish. Before his father's failure Everett had some interest in Miss Day, but now he was poor, his father was disgraced, and he had taken a vow to clear his father's name. He could not for a moment turn aside from an avowed path of duty. With such thoughts in his mind he paced to and fro in his room like a caged lion. In the trying times

that followed he surely would have gone mad if he had not occupied his mind in his studies, his body in athletics, and his soul in his sister Hester's Bible.

Everett spoke to the president the next morning about being a candidate for the College Football Team. The president recommended the practice. After the interview the president called up the manager of athletics and suggested that Everett McDonald be asked to practice for the regular eleven. Before chapel exercises in the afternoon Everett received a football suit and a note from the manager asking him to come to Foster Field as a candidate for the regular eleven. With the suit tied up under his arm he trudged to the elocution class. When he took his seat in the class he did not look around to see who were in the room. He was lost in his text-book on elocution, and saying to himself, "If elocution is a science and an art, then I guess I'm not so badly off as Charles tried to make out. I do not care what others say, I am going to take this study. I'm no speaker now, but I'll have something to say later on. Suppose I only get the technique. I'll free the channels of expression and then if occasion ever demands I'll be ready."

In the midst of this reverie the professor in elocution began calling the roll. Everett eyed the professor with intense interest and said to himself, "I like his face; he knows how to stand up, and he knows how to articulate. I haven't missed a name yet. If I only learn to articulate I guess my time and money will be well spent."

Just then the professor called "Miss Helen Day." If the clouds had opened and a voice had spoken

in thunder tones Everett could not have been more thoroughly astounded. Just behind him he heard the familiar musical voice answer, "Present." Everett looked around and smiled. Helen leaned forward and said, "Are you going to take elocution? I'm surprised at you."

Just then the lecture began and Everett turned to his note book. His ears were fire red. He wondered if his collar was real clean. Was there any dust on his coat? Did that pesky lock of hair stick straight up on his head? How he did wish she was not directly behind him. No, he must dismiss such thoughts. He must keep to his mission, he must allow nothing to swerve him from his purpose. He had a few minutes after the lecture before the football practice, and he resolved to talk with Miss Day.

"Miss Day, have you a few minutes to spare? I would like to talk with you."

"Certainly, Mr. McDonald. Let us walk out under those elms."

They were no sooner alone than Everett plunged boldly into what was uppermost in his mind. "Miss Day, I feel that I ought to state frankly to you my situation at the present time. I have only a few minutes, and I'll be brief. You know my father failed in business last year, and I was compelled to leave the University. My father's failure was such a shock to my sister Hester that she died of nervous prostration. All the depositors in the Savings Bank were paid 100 cents on the dollar. It was alleged that my father had been gambling, but a more false statement never came from human lips. If he had been a gambler, if he had been dishonest, he could

have saved all his property ; but he paid every cent. We sold our home on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, and our home now is an humble little cottage on an obscure street. I did not go back to the hall simply because I could not afford to do so. Now, the real reason for my telling you this is to let you know that I cannot do in a social way what my heart would do. I'm not going out in society. I'm here to make every hour count. I expect to try for the football team, but that seems to be necessary. I should be on Foster Field now," he said, and bidding her adieu, he hurried to the gymnasium, and was soon ready for practice. All the candidates who knew young McDonald were rather surprised to see him with a football suit on. There would be some satisfaction in rolling his pride in the mud. Rolling Everett McDonald in the mud was no easy matter, as the boys soon discovered. In fact, they had never dreamed that he had such strength and was so willing to use it. The captain warned him several times not to play too fiercely. He was not fierce ; he was intense, and this intensity now characterized everything he did. When he studied, he studied with all his might ; when he talked, he talked business ; when he declaimed in the elocution class, he declaimed so loud and strong that the professor had continually to remind him to speak milder and lower ; and when he was on the athletic field, he forgot about all else except carrying the ball behind the posts. When the squad Everett was practicing with was in danger of losing the ball it was given to McDonald, and he was sure to gain ground. It was no surprise to the boys, therefore, when Everett was selected for the fullback on the regular eleven.

When he was selected for the regular eleven he was given a place at the regular training table. It was a very agreeable change, for he had not been a great success at cooking. Yet there was all the fruit and jams brought from home, and what was he to do with them? It was the first time since his father's failure that he had been embarrassed by plenty. That night, as he was about to retire, he unwrapped the precious book, as was his custom, and read. He had been reading very systematically in the Old Testament, and every day Moses had grown to be a larger man. He liked his fiery zeal, his fierce enterprise, still he would conclude by reading over those chapters that Hester's tears had stained, and retire praying for the mind of Jesus. The next morning he awoke with the first streaks of light, and was ready for his morning walk. He remembered, as he was about to leave his room, a poor family on the road out to the driving park. Somehow Christ's words came to him, "Feed my sheep." Still he did not imagine Christ meant for him to go to hunting out the poor and feeding them jellies. He must have had a deeper thought than that. No matter, a good glass of jelly might make that poor family feel happy, so he took a glass in his hand and started out on his walk. He soon came to the little hut and found the family up. He knocked on the door and was admitted into the poverty-stricken house. It was a bare, dirty room. The water had soaked through the roof and left dim outlines of ghosts on the walls. The two children held to their mother's dress and peeped out at the stranger. The husband and father was a degraded looking wretch. It was easy enough to guess that his hard-earned

money went for rum. Everett said that his mother had sent him some jellies, and he thought he would give them a glass if they would accept it. Of course they accepted. Everett tarried just a moment, and finally said: "You have no books, have you? Would you like a book? Well, I will bring you one tomorrow morning." The next morning Everett stopped with another glass of jelly and a book. It was Part I of the Twentieth Century New Testament. Everett read a little from the book, and then hurried on in his walk. The husband picked up the book and looked at it. Then he read a little in it. Finally he said: "Wife, this is an odd way of putting the Bible. I never cared to read the Bible before, but I can understand this. Suppose I read a few verses?" He read out of the magic book. There had been drunken oaths before in that house; now the voice of Christ was heard. He read four chapters in Acts. They ate their breakfast in silence, for both were thinking of the time in their lives when the Bible had been read in their homes, when their parents had family worship, and when they were happy. The curse of rum had come into their lives, they had fallen lower and lower, and at last in poverty and disgrace they were ready to curse God and die. The next morning when Everett came with a glass of fruit they told him their history. With tears in his eyes Everett took the little volume he had presented them and read from John—"If you love me, you will lay my commands to heart, and I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Helper, to be with you always—I mean the Spirit of Truth. The world cannot receive this spirit because it does not see him or recognize him, but you recognize him, because he is always with you, and is within you. I

will not leave you bereaved; I will come to you. In a little while the world will see me no more, but you will still see me, because I am always living and, you will be living also. It is those who have my commands and lay them to heart that love me; and those who love me will be loved by my Father, and I, too, will love them, and will reveal myself to them."

Kneeling down on the bare floor, he lifted his voice to the Great Shepherd of the sheep and prayed for Christ to reveal himself to each one of them in convicting and converting power. When he concluded, the mother attempted to pray, but could only say "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner," and then sobbed aloud. No one attempted to arise. The children huddled closer to their mother and made no sound. A moment more, and the husband began a prayer that tore aside the fastenings of sin and enabled him to walk with Christ. "I am a sinful man, O, Lord. I have often thought of you, but still I was never before willing to get down on my knees. Forgive me for my stubbornness, pardon me for all the heartaches and poverty I have brought into my home. O, God, help me to live right and bring up these children as Christians. Now, O, God, I haven't the money to go to an institute to be cured of the drink habit; I know you can cure me without that. Now, God, help me never to take another drop of rum. I will never say another unkind word to my wife, and I will take my children to Sunday school every Sunday, and now I want you to bless this young man and help him to help others as he has helped us." Everett wiped the tears from his happy face and went forth rejoicing with the angels over that prayer meeting. He thought of the incident all day long. He thought of it when he got

his lesson. He thought of it when he recited. He thought of it on the athletic field when he pushed and tugged against his worthy opponents. What thought seemed to be with him most? Was it the fact that he had carried jelly and fruit to that poor family; was it the fact that he had given them a Bible and finally led them to Christ? No; it was the last sentence of that man coming out into the dawning light—"God, help this young man to help others as he has helped us."

Could he do it? Was he able to do such work? Did God really want him to do such work?

The president had a reception at his home that night, and expected Everett to be one of the guests, but he did not appear. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Habsdorf said she supposed Mr. McDonald had denied himself to get his lessons, so she took some ice cream, cake and a glass of lemonade up to his room. She did not trust the servant with the mission, but went herself. She rapped gently on the door, but there was no response. She waited a few moments and rapped again. "He must be out," she thought. Well, she would put the tray on his table, and perhaps he would return in time to enjoy her remembrance. She opened the door to step in, but could not enter. Everett McDonald had gone to sleep on his knees at his bedside with his tear-stained cheek on the open pages of sister Hester's Bible. Pulling the door gently to, she hurried down to the study.

That night there was rejoicing not alone in that cottage at the edge of the city, not alone in the president's home, for the angels in heaven had watched the young man with his disciplined mind and giant strength consecrate himself to Christ's work and sink down exhausted, saying, "I WILL."

CHAPTER IV.

A PRICELESS JEWEL.

“For her price is far above rubies.”

Helen Day stood for several minutes under the big elms, looking in the direction Everett McDonald had gone after telling her so frankly of his sorrow and embarrassment. The tears stood in her big brown eyes and she said to herself, “I wish I could have spoken and told him how sorry I am for him. Still, I’m glad he didn’t see my tears.” She walked slowly and thoughtfully to the Hall by a back street. Her sympathies had never been so deeply stirred before. She was wondering what she could do.

That evening her girls friends teased her about being so sober. Was she in love, or had she been disappointed in love, or was she studying whether or not to get in love? Helen only smiled at their jests. She studied over the matter all evening, and finally decided that it would not be improper to send Mr. McDonald a letter expressing her sympathy. The next day the following letter reached Everett in his lonely room:

“*Dear Mr. McDonald:—*

“I suppose you thought I did not appreciate your frank-

ness today when you told me of your grief and struggles. Indeed, I did; but you did not give me time to express myself. You have my deepest sympathy, and I trust you will not feel any embarrassment because of the lack of money. I shall be glad to walk with you any time you have the leisure. Believe me, very truly your friend,

“HELEN DAY.”

Everett read, re-read, and read again.

The next week was an eventful one in college life. The university eleven was to meet its great rival upon the athletic field. The day for the contest dawned bright and beautiful. Both elevens had met their minor opponents and had scored about equally against them. College spirit ran high, and even the old professor in Greek had two tickets for the game.

The great crowd filled every available seat. On one side of that vast amphitheatre was massed the loyal supporters of the home team, with their crimson and jet flags, their megaphones and willing throats, ever ready to aid in the college cheer. On the opposite side were the no less enthusiastic rivals, with their flags of blue and orange. The end stands were taxed to their fullest capacities, and the sea of mingled flags told plainly enough that there were few non-partisans. First came the eleven Titan rivals through the opening under the north stand. Their entrance was the signal for intense enthusiasm. In the midst of the cheers came the eleven braves of the home team. As the two teams ran to the center of the field, the entire audience of 20,000 stood upon their seats, waved hats, flags, handkerchiefs, blew horns and gave cheer after cheer. The toss was won by the home team and they chose the east goal, securing a slight advantage in wind. As

the two teams lined up the crowd sat down with fast beating hearts. The ball shot into the air, twenty-two men rushed in its direction, and the battle royal was on. The teams were more evenly matched than had been supposed. At no time in the first half of the game was either goal in danger. Notwithstanding the closeness of the game, every minute was thrilling. Not once did the spectators on the four towering tiers take their eyes from that battle of the giants. The elevens worked together as if they were mighty machines, pushing, tugging, weaving and never tiring. The first half ended with the ball in the center of the field, in the hands of the rivals.

In the second half both teams came back to the gridiron determined to win. The ball shot into the air again. After a fumble or two, the quarter-back of the rival team picked up the ball, quick as a flash, and started toward the coveted goal. The audience arose as one man. The little quarter-back covered ten yards without halting, ten more, twenty more, and it did seem as if the field was clear, but one fellow who had played back was fully awake to the danger. He brushed aside the interference, and like a swift panther of the jungle brought the quarter-back to the ground. Now thoroughly aroused by their gain, the rivals plunged through the center, then around the ends, a double pass, and before the home team could realize it the ball was planted behind the goal posts. The try for goal failed, and the score stood 5 to 0 in favor of the rival team. Then came the old contest over again in the center of the field. In one of the rushes one man sprained his ankle. While the ankle was being rubbed Everett McDonald looked up at the grand stand, not twenty

feet away, and saw Helen Day, with her father and Charles Haskell sitting on the second row. Helen motioned to him. As Everett hurried up, Helen said:

"Mr. McDonald, can't you win the game?"

"Not sure. We have made several gains lately, but the prospects are not very bright. We have the ball on the next try, but that team is like a stone wall."

"O! but you must win!" said Helen, excitedly. "Here is a red carnation," and then said in a whisper, so that only Everett heard, "for my sake, carry the carnation to victory behind the goal posts." The whistle sounded again, and the two teams struggled once more without a gain.

"Only five minutes left of the second half," some one said. Everett McDonald asked for the ball. On the next play it was snapped back to him. The two teams rushed together again, winding around as a mighty corkscrew. All at once McDonald shot out from that winding mass and toward the coveted goal. One man clutched at McDonald's side and went sprawling to the ground. Like baffled beasts of prey that moving mountain of muscle leaped into the path of that daring runner. Twice McDonald was hurled to the ground, but twice succeeded in gaining his feet. He fought toward the north, then changed to the south, leaving his path strewn with struggling gladiators. At last he was thrown on his opponents' fifteen-yard line. Before he could be pinned to the earth he had crawled five yards further toward the goal. One minute left, and ten more yards to gain. Both sides were desperate. The great multitude swayed and roared and howled

like the sea in a storm. Everett McDonald called again for the ball and an opening through left guard. As the ball shot back into McDonald's arms, his companions, with one last mighty effort, hurled their opponents from their footing, and the red carnation was planted behind the goal posts. The score now stood 5 to 5, with the home team to try for goal.

The captain of the team, lying prostrate on the ground, held the ball for McDonald's try for goal. The frantic multitude hushed into silence. Every eye was riveted on that sight. Every heart beat fast. Every spectator held his breath, and was as intent on that kick as if the fate of empires hung in the balance. McDonald drew back his foot, and that vast multitude leaned forward with every muscle set. He kicked, intentionally missing the ball. Everett laughed at his companions, who were shaking with nervousness. The great multitude seemed to relax a little. Then he stepped back, the smile faded from his face, his eyes gleamed with their familiar fire, and every muscle was drawn tight. Stepping forward quick as a flash, he kicked the ball as squarely between the goal posts as if it had been shot from a rifle barrel, and the home team had won. Who can picture the wild scene of joy that followed? As McDonald was borne on the shoulders of his shouting friends, he glanced in the direction of Helen Day, and smiled. Captain Day was a shrewd observer. He had seen his daughter give the red carnation. He saw the scowl on Charles Haskell's face as Everett was carried past, but could not help admiring the hero who had won the day. Still he was not entirely carried away, for he knew

that it took more than football skill to win in the great struggle of life. That evening, when he and Helen were alone at dinner, he asked about the hero of the day. Helen colored slightly and said that Mr. McDonald was one of her friends. She did not care to go into details, because her father was so very particular about her associates. He wanted her to go with no poor boys, and only the very best of the rich.

That evening, as he went back to the hotel, he met Charles Haskell going nearly the same direction. The thought at once occurred to him to ask particularly about the young man to whom his daughter had been such an inspiration.

Charles immediately saw a coveted opportunity for getting even with his ex-chum. His jealous nature was intoxicated by his chance.

"Well, Mr. Day, I don't know that I am a competent judge. I used to room with McDonald and we were warm friends, but he has acted so strangely since his father's disgrace that—"

"Disgrace!" said Captain Day, thoroughly astonished. "What do you mean?"

"Now, Mr. Day, I did not mean to tell you that part of it."

"Go on," said Captain Day. "What you tell me will be held in confidence."

"Well, Everett McDonald's father was president of the Savings Bank in Cleveland. He got everybody's confidence by being an elder in the Presbyterian church. He took the deposits for gambling and wrecked the bank."

"The rascal!" said Captain Day.

"Then," continued Charles, "for some strange rea-

son—I suppose sympathy—the president of the university has taken McDonald into his home. McDonald has some very poor relatives in this city. I don't see why he didn't go there."

"I presume," said the Captain, "he is ashamed of his poor relatives."

"O, no! If you will remain in this city until morning I can show you how he enjoys the company of those who are shunned by everybody."

Captain Day was deeply interested and aroused. Why should his daughter countenance such a fellow? While he could not say she regarded him other than as a friend, he felt quite sure, from all he had seen and heard, that the scamp was in love with Helen. He decided he would go with Charles the next morning.

Charles Haskell had discovered, by the merest accident, Everett's visits to the cottage, and had concluded that such regular visits could only be made to sympathetic relatives.

Early the next morning, according to agreement, Captain Day and Charles Haskell were ready for their inspecting tour. "It is just barely possible," said Charles, "that he may not take his usual trip after that hard work of yesterday." But just as they came within sight of the president's home they saw Everett go out of the side door and start out the well-worn path toward the driving park.

After a brisk walk they came to a sheltered spot from which they could easily watch the cottage where Charles said Everett was accustomed to visit. It was only a log hut, but stood in strange contrast to the other huts. There was a lawn, there were beautiful flowers, there were honeysuckles growing

over the door, there were curtains up at the window. Captain Day had hardly time to observe these things before the door swung open and young McDonald came out. The husband and wife, with their two children, stood in the doorway, the picture of happiness. As Everett went out the gate the children threw him kisses with their little dimpled hands. At the bend in the road, just before he passed from view, he turned and lifted his cap to the family in the doorway.

With scowling face Captain Day walked back to the hotel. He said little except to thank Charles Haskell very warmly for his kindness. He was vexed, yes angry, to think Helen countenanced such a fellow. And he was doubly mad to think that the president of the university was harboring him. He had neither wish nor time to talk with Helen, as he was in an ugly frame of mind. The next day he sent the following note from his office in Columbus:

“My Dear Daughter:—

“While visiting you I could not fail to notice your interest in young McDonald, who, through your gift, became the hero of that most interesting and exciting game. I made some very thorough investigations in regard to the young man, and I am warranted in warning you against cultivating his friendship. I am sure you will value a father’s advice and not accept his company at any time.

“Your loving father,

“J. W. DAY.”

Everett and Helen walked out of the elocution class together the day after the exciting game. As the football season was over, they walked not a half-hour, but two hours and a half. They sauntered down the long, shady lane to the bank of the stream.

The giving and receiving of that red carnation was fraught with deeper significance than that which the keen eye of Captain Day had observed. From that moment the shallow flow of sympathy between them changed into the ever-widening stream of abiding love. As they sat there on that mossy bank Helen listened to the familiar but never commonplace story. They tried to look into the future and count the cost.

The next day Helen received her father's note. The blood rushed to her cheeks and she bit her lips. Finally, she said, "Father will be reasonable, I know." On the next mail Captain Day received the following:

"*Dear Father:*— "Do not worry about me.

"Lovingly,

HELEN."

The days soon slipped by, and after the mid-year examinations Helen went home on her vacation. Captain Day had been informed that a very warm attachment existed between his daughter and Everett McDonald. When Helen reached home she found all plans formed for a sojourn abroad with her mother. She protested, and said she wanted to return and finish her year's work, but Captain Day said she must go with her mother. Nothing was said in regard to Everett McDonald, but Helen suspected the design of the trip. She went to her room and burst out crying. What should she do? After much thought she sealed a tear-stained letter to Everett and was ready to go.

Uncle Rufus, the old colored servant, was to accompany Helen and Mrs. Day on their trip. Captain Day said that Rufus was just the one to go. Rufus had been in the Day family for over fifteen

years, and he was especially fond of doing Helen's bidding. Captain Day had had several confidential talks with Rufus, and explained carefully what he was to do on the trip. He was a good servant and had never disobeyed his master. He had been thoroughly impressed with the idea that he was to save Helen by preventing her letters from reaching Everett McDonald. Rufus was given to understand that McDonald was the son of a rascal, was poor, and found his chief enjoyment in associating with the disreputable. This was sufficient. Mrs. Day was not so sure about her dislike to the young man whom she had never met. She simply allowed her husband to have his own way.

The day for leaving home was a miserably dreary one. Helen's pale face and red eyes told plainly that a burden was on her heart. Captain Day tried to be cheerful, but his levity passed away every time he encountered Helen's pathetic look.

The trip across the ocean was rather rough, and as Uncle Rufus was a poor sailor, he said several times that he wanted to go back. After several days on the water he was able to crawl on deck. He looked out over the wide stretch of the sea and remarked to Helen: "I neva 'sposed tha's as much wata in the wuld. I done believes dis ocean's as big as de state of Ohio. You don't 'spose thia's any danger of de vessel hittin' on de bottom? Is tha any life preservers on board?"

"Rufus, you have queer notions of Ohio. I'm not sure about the life preservers on this boat being able to float you, but there is another Ohio man on the ship, and perhaps you can get one of his inflated ideas and strap it around your waist. I know you will be safe then."

“’Deed, Miss Helen, Ohio ideas has been pretty good life preservers, don’t you reckon so?”

Mrs. Day thought they had better read the history of the countries they were going to visit instead of sharpening their wits for repartee.

It was a relief to all when they landed in London. It was agreed that they should visit in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and then go to the Holy Land. Helen was a puzzle to her mother. Everywhere they went she was completely absorbed in social conditions. She wanted to know especially about what was being done for the unchurched masses. With Rufus as her guard she went into the most dangerous places, into the homes of the poorest natives to find what was being done for their salvation. Leaving the panoramic mountains of Switzerland, they said, with Paul, “I must also see Rome.” Standing on a sacred hill in one of the matchless Italian sunsets, Helen read from the deathless words of that heroic apostle who was not afraid of a frowning world. Mrs. Day was willing to remain in Italy, but Helen said Italy was not the end but the beginning. She had a yearning she could only partly explain to see the sacred, the Holy Land. What a wonderful journey it was! Helen saw nothing commonplace nor uninteresting. They passed through Alexandria, the gateway into Egypt, and were soon amid the ruins of the oldest civilization of the world. The magic Nile, the towering pyramids—“memorials of the world’s youth,” the silent sphinx, the broken columns, and ruined cities, rose before them with their own strange story. But this was not all, for other visions came to Helen. She saw Joseph stand unspotted amid

the corruptions and idolatry of a mighty court; she saw Moses exchange a monarch's crown for a shepherd's staff; she saw the birth of history as an oppressed people moved out toward a promised land. Standing under an old tree at Heliopolis there rose before her vision the child Jesus as He once rested there with Joseph and Mary secure from the wrath of Herod. Then, becoming one of the Israelites, she moved from the bustle of the land of the Pharaohs out into the solemn grandeur and silence of the Sinaitic Peninsula. It did not seem strange now that God had chosen such a place as a training school for the Israelites. Especially did it seem fitting that such sublime creations as the Pentateuch, the 90th Psalm, and the poem of Job should have here shaped themselves into the leaden alphabet of human speech. Even Rufus took off his hat as they gazed up and up at the mountain where Sinai swung like a pot of incense in a sea of blue. After a rest under the famous oak of Abraham, about two miles from Gaza, they were ready for entrance into the land flowing with milk and honey. From the top of a hill, after some travel, they looked down on Hebron with its rich setting of vines and trees, its flowers and fruit; then they rode on over the "hilly country of Judea" and thought of David in his wanderings and Mary in her song. When they came to the pools of Solomon they knew they were not far from the cave in Bethlehem where the Savior of the world was born, not far from the place where the angelic choir sang to the shepherds of God's glory and earth's peace. Her pen trembled in her hand as she tried to write of her impressions while walking amid the surroundings and among the ruins of Jerusalem.

Churches, cathedrals and tombs; valleys, rivers and lakes, were to her the voices of sirens. Mrs. Day and Rufus followed her never weary feet through the Holy Sepulcher, across the Kedron valley, into the home of Martha and Mary, and finally to the Mount of Olives. She had a copy of Josephus and the Bible, but her eyes so filled with tears that the faithful mother was compelled to read for her.

One morning, as they were drinking in for the last time the wonderful scenes that swept before their gaze, Helen's mind wandered beyond the distant horizon, and she thought of the one whose life and plans were part of her own. It would have been a deep pleasure to have heard from him, and yet she was not worried by his silence. Her trip abroad had not been desired on her part, yet now in the quiet of her thoughts she knew God was schooling her in the lands of history and song and prophecy for the life she and Everett had pledged together that afternoon in the old college town. She looked away from the things of sense and time and saw the crucified and risen Savior. She again counted the cost of the life she had pledged, and falling on her knees, she again renewed her vows. As that lonely girl in that sacred land was kneeling among those gnarled olive trees, He who had there sweat the bloody sweat years before, stooped, and listened, and smiled.

CHAPTER V.

THE DIVINE WRESTLER.

“Waxed valiant in fight.”

Everett McDonald's activity did not cease with the close of the football season. Every morning, rain or shine, he took his run out to the driving park. If Captain Day and Charles Haskell had followed him out, week after week, they would have seen improvements going on at other cottages than the one they had observed, and they would also have seen that more than one family stood in the doorway to wave to the athlete as he turned the bend in the road.

His activity in the gymnasium was also marked. His intense nature found delight in wrestling, boxing and fencing. Even the instructors were forced to admit his superior ability. He had also become a great favorite among the Y. M. C. A. boys on account of his enthusiastic work. The boys, using a football phrase, said that when McDonald tackled one of the fellows, he always brought him to his knees. Before the close of the year every member of the famous football team was an active worker in the association. Everett had a manly, business-like

way of talking to the boys, and because of his own deep experience he usually prevailed.

In the class-room Everett's intensity was even more marked. Whether the problems were hard or the lessons long, he never complained. His only concern was to have his lessons when the hour arrived. He seemed to be entirely oblivious to the grumbling, shirking and cheating going on around him. He was not entirely lost to all things, however. One of the most promising fellows in the graduating class seemed to find his supreme difficulty in mathematics. He was accustomed to use unfair methods in reciting. One day, after class, Everett asked the struggling classmate if he cared to study with him for the next recitation. They worked the lesson out, and the next day the fellow recited honestly and with a happy face. From that time on not a dishonest act characterized that student's life. He never received a rebuke from Everett at any time during the year. Sympathy and a helping hand accomplished what rebuke never could have accomplished. Such wholesome, tactful Christianity made McDonald's life a holy inspiration to all his associates. Especially was he courteous and kind toward Charles Haskell. When the day came for the graduating class to elect commencement speakers, every one unanimously agreed that McDonald should be chosen the class orator. When the time came for his nomination and election, McDonald rose before anyone else could speak, and said: "Mr. President and fellow-classmates:—Some friends have spoken kindly to me about this position as class orator. It is a great honor to be chosen by one's fellows, and the honor should not be lightly put aside. But,

classmates, if you were kind enough to choose me, there are circumstances which will prevent my acceptance. I have in mind one, however, who has honored our class on other occasions, and I would like to present his name for your consideration. Four years ago I formed the acquaintance of one of the newcomers, and we became fast friends. Our lots were cast together, and I found him a scholar worthy of confidence and esteem. During the last year we have not been so intimate, simply because of my financial condition, but our friendship has not been impaired. If you wish to honor me you can do so by honoring my friend, Charles Haskell, as class orator." Charles received a unanimous vote. As he crossed the room to take Everett by the hand and thank him, the class rose as one man and cheered the two fellows. Tears trickled down Haskell's face as he said in a low voice, "Everett, I'm not worthy of such friendship." "Yes you are, Charles. God bless you in your effort."

On commencement day Everett sat on the back seat, perfectly contented. He did not tell any one but President Habsdorf why he could not take the place as class orator. His father and mother could not afford to come, and, furthermore, he was not able to invest in a new suit.

After commencement exercises were over, Everett packed his trunk and was ready for his journey home. He was to leave the next morning. That night there was a memorable prayer meeting out at the edge of the college town in that first cottage Everett had entered. Six other families had met for the last prayer meeting with this student friend. Who will ever be able to paint the picture of that

night? Seven families, redeemed through his efforts, looked up into his manly face and drank in every word of his parting exhortation. Great tears silently chased each other down their cheeks, and every heart was sending up a silent prayer.

As they knelt together they were all of one accord in one place. It was not necessary to have a beautiful mansion with walls of jasper and streets of gold to appreciate God's power. As the hundred and forty and four thousand surrounded the throne of God that hour, one sweet singer among the saints and angels sang with added power and sweetness, "Glory to God in the highest."

As Everett left the cottage the children clung to him with one hand, and with the other rubbed the big tears out of their eyes.

The president, the next morning, insisted on Everett's eating his last meal with them. They had family prayer. The president, Mrs. Habsdorf and Everett, each in turn, lifted up their voices to the great Shepherd of the sheep. They ate breakfast without speaking a word. The president and his wife, with dimmed eyes, watched him until he disappeared in the distance. He passed through the old college campus and stopped to take one deep draught from the old sulphur spring.

He boarded the last coach on the train and was ready for home. Either he was unusually anxious or the train was unusually slow. He moved up into the next coach in order to be a little nearer home, then the next and next, until finally he stood trembling in the baggage car. At the next stop he climbed up into the cab of the engine. "What do you want, young man?" asked the big-hearted engineer.

“Well, I’ve been away to college and haven’t seen my folks for almost a year, and I’m too restless to stay in the coaches. Can’t I ride here?” The engineer thought of *his* boy, hurrying home from a distant college, and although it was against the rules, he motioned Everett to a seat in the cab window.

Like a thing of life that powerful locomotive leaped over the shining rails, across valleys, through tunnels, and around dangerous curves. With every turn of the big drive wheels Everett became more anxious. Those fast flying pistons seemed with each succeeding motion to pump him fuller and fuller of restless anxiety.

He pulled his cap down tight on his head and leaned out of the cab window and peered into the distance to catch the first glimpse of home. When the engine swung into the big depot it was hard to tell who was the happier, Everett or his parents. The big engineer watched them a moment and then turned and looked out the opposite side of his cab. As they neared the little cottage home, Everett expected to see Liza, the colored servant, out at the gate with her big heart in her face. Liza had been out at the gate, but when she caught the first glimpse of Everett her heart got into her eyes ^{and} she rushed back into the house, stepping on the cat’s tail and upsetting a bucket of spring water. She was mopping up the water as Everett came in, and declared that the water flew into her eyes, which she hadn’t had time to wipe.

In the evening Mrs. McDonald took Everett into Liza’s room and showed him the letters he had written home. Liza insisted on keeping all the letters

that came so promptly and thoughtfully from him while he was in school.

Mr. McDonald had not been idle during Everett's absence, but he had done all he possibly could do until he had more money. He knew he could be thoroughly vindicated and the blame placed if he only had the means.

Everett felt that he must go to work at once to earn the money. An unexpected opportunity came to go to Boston with a carload of fine horses. After considerable discussion in the McDonald cottage, Everett decided to go. If he could secure profitable employment he would remain awhile. If not, he would return in a few days. Everett no sooner arrived in Boston than he began to look for work. He went to one of the wharfs and was engaged at once for \$2.50 per day for the morning shift in loading ships. The men were not the kind Everett was used to associating with, but they were good-hearted if not cultured. They soon discovered that he was unused to manual labor, and played several pranks on him. One morning one stalwart fellow said he felt as though he could push any man's shoulders to the floor, and started for Everett. Instead of running, Everett wheeled quickly, and the burly opponent found himself in a grip of steel. Before he could make a creditable defense Everett pitched him upon his head and shoulders. The fellow took it good-naturedly, and all agreed that Everett was a royal good fellow.

Instead of going to one of the fine churches on Sunday, he went through the slums, wondering how he could be of use to the Master. He found a Baptist mission without a leader. The Baptist Society

had been paying \$30 per month for the work. Everett went to see the secretary of the society and offered his services. He said that he was not a minister, but that he knew how to work with the poor. He was so earnest and anxious that the secretary engaged him for one month. The room where the meetings were held was not very inviting. Everett began by scrubbing the floor and cleaning the windows. Then he asked for some clean hymn books and some new Bibles. He worked so faithfully the first week that he had a very fair attendance the first Sunday evening. The crowd was very rough and inclined to be noisy. One fellow was especially troublesome. He sat on the front seat with his hat on. Everett noticed that he was chewing tobacco. He requested him to remove his hat and also to stop chewing while in the room. "I guess I'll spit where I please, young fellow, and I've a right to wear my hat; it's paid for." As the fellow was under the influence of liquor and inclined to be ugly, Everett was in a quandary what to do. When Everett announced a hymn, the fellow called out, "Say! announce it a little louder, so we can all hear." Everett dropped his book on the stand and started for the disturber. He saw Everett coming, and struck at him with all his might. The blow missed the mark, and its force carried him half way around. Everett pinned his arms behind him and ejected him with such dispatch that the audience was completely surprised. As Everett came back from the door he saw another man with his hat on. Everett's blood was up, and he started for him. The frightened wretch jumped over two seats and out of the door in less time than it takes to tell it. After two or three other

such experiences, he had little trouble in maintaining order. His reputation for handling the unruly spread through the district and served as a good advertising medium for the mission. At the end of the first month he had demonstrated his ability for such work, and all anxiety was removed about the future.

In the afternoons Everett visited the various places of interest. One of the first places he visited was Harvard University. He was anxious to take some work in the divinity school. He found he could get exactly what he wanted in the afternoon, viz., Church History and Sociology. All arrangements were made, and on the opening day he was enrolled as a special divinity student.

The work at the wharf in the morning, the mission work on Sundays, and the studies four afternoons each week left him little time for play. As the sociology work was through every day at 4:30, he resolved to spend the following hour in the gymnasium.

Considerable freedom was allowed in the exercises. A man could take systematic training or he could roam about as he pleased. A new instructor in wrestling and boxing had been engaged, and the most of the students were enthusiastically at work in the new sport. As Everett was a newcomer and a stranger, he contented himself with being an observer. Finally, some one invited him to wrestle. He had no trouble in throwing his opponent. Then another and another wanted to wrestle with him, until he had thrown nine men.

The new instructor watched him with considerable interest, for he saw that McDonald was no

novice in the work. It amused him to think the students were so slow to comprehend the fact.

Finally, one of the fellows Everett had thrown made up his mind he would like to put on the gloves with Everett. Everett hesitated a little, but after some urging slipped on the gloves. It was amusing to see how anxious Everett's opponent was to land on him, and with what ease Everett side-stepped out of danger. After giving the fellow ample time to demonstrate all he knew, Everett sent him sprawling under the ropes. Another student wanted to put on the gloves, and Everett sent him out after a very few passes.

The boys grew more anxious every day to put "that divinity student" out, but after three weeks of the utmost endeavor in wrestling and boxing, they had to admit their inability to do so.

At one of the clubs one night, one of the boys said: "Say, fellows, I have a scheme for giving 'that divinity student' a lesson. Pat Dempsey, one of the greatest pugilists in this country, is giving exhibitions with his trainer at one of the theaters in Boston. He is to fight for the championship of the world in a few weeks. Suppose we get an interview with him, tell him of McDonald, induce him to come out to the gym., play "freshy," get McDonald to put on the gloves with him, and then eat him up."

The plan appealed to every one. The next morning they were in consultation with the pugilist and his trainer. The opportunity seemed too good to let pass, so Dempsey promised to be at the gymnasium that evening. There was considerable chuckling as they went back to their rooms. The

word was spread rapidly among those who could be trusted that Pat Dempsey, the great pugilist, was coming out that evening to take McDonald's measure.

When Everett came into the gymnasium that night he noticed the unusual crowd. He began to exercise with the dumb-bells, wondering what had called out so many students. The boys were in good humor, and with genuine college enthusiasm applauded and cheered the different fellows as they wrestled or boxed. Finally Pat Dempsey, in a pair of duck pants and a sleeveless undershirt, was pushed into the ring against one of the best boxers. He had to get one of the boys to show him how to fasten the mitts. His trainer stepped into the ring, similarly dressed, and said he would act as referee. Dempsey made his opponent promise not to hit him very hard. The boys were wild with enthusiasm over his clever acting. He was the personification of awkwardness. Even Everett had to laugh at the way he stumbled around and howled when he was hit. Notwithstanding his awkwardness, he finally managed to get the best of his man. Then, as he attempted to pull off his gloves, several fellows said, "Hold on, freshy, you must meet McDonald." Everett was pushed into the ring amid cheers and applause. Dempsey asked him not to hit him hard. When Everett promised he would not, the students almost had hysterics.

The time-keeper called time and the two men stepped to the center of the ring and shook hands. Everett had a feeling when Dempsey stepped to the center that he did not act so awkward in the ring as out of it. He had not been within thirty feet of

him before. Now he saw that the man was muscled like a Trojan warrior. He seemed to personify the courage and force of the king of beasts. Everett saw his heavy features, his muscular development and easy and graceful poise.

Nor had Dempsey had a good look at Everett until that moment. Everett presented a striking contrast, indeed. Dempsey saw before him the finely molded features of the student and the graceful lines of a Grecian wrestler. Somehow, as he looked into Everett's eye he made up his mind not to hurry matters too much. All this passed through the minds of the two men in a second. Everett at once assumed the defensive. He saw before him the greatest problem he had ever faced, but did not suspect who or what the man was. Finally, Dempsey, through his over-confidence, left an opening, and Everett's left hand shot through like a flash. This roused Dempsey. He decided to end the matter at once, but he had not properly reckoned with his opponent.

The first round ended with the points in favor of Everett. As Dempsey retired to his corner his second said, "Jack, better be careful. The youngster may get the laugh on you. Perhaps these students have tricked you up against the real article. Put him out the next time up."

With the second round Dempsey, now thoroughly aroused, sprang from his corner like an enraged lion and meant to crush his opponent with brute force. He rushed Everett to the ropes and tried to end the game with one of his powerful left swings. Before he could act or think Everett side-stepped out of the snarl and came up smiling in the center of the ring.

Baffled, astonished, perplexed, he turned and rushed again. This time he was more astonished than before, for the young fellow met him more than half way and drove him backward to the ropes. The end of the second round came just in time to save him from lasting mortification.

The next round both men came more cautiously to the center. Dempsey, with his great bulk of muscle, sinew and bone, swung and lunged and jabbed in vain at his wary foe. The trainer saw in the young man the greatest combination of strength and cleverness and aggressiveness he had ever seen in the ring. As he watched Everett's cunning and speed and generalship he was all the more astonished at the divinity student. Round after round was reeled off, with Everett more and more demonstrating the superiority of cleverness over brute force. Like a phantom he floated before his antagonist, touching him as he pleased. At last the referee said he guessed he would have to let the boys meet again to decide their superiority. The college boys could scarcely believe their senses. They said that Dempsey surely didn't do his best. At least they had seen a very clever exhibition of friendly boxing. Dempsey and his trainer knew, however, that the best had been given and walked out of the gymnasium bewildered. Dempsey's backer had been the most interested spectator present. He had seen many real contests, but he had never seen so brilliant an exhibition of strength and skill as young McDonald displayed.

He had all along had some doubt about Dempsey winning the belt from the champion that now held it. But he was the most likely man and he

had been backing him. As he watched young McDonald he saw a new star in the pugilistic world and he hadn't the slightest doubt about his winning the belt. He noticed that McDonald several times refused to put his opponent out when he had the chance. As Everett went out of the gymnasium that night he was accosted and congratulated by Mr. Kent, the backer. He went with Everett to his room and told him frankly with whom he had been boxing. Everett could not believe him at first. It frightened him to think he had faced so famous a boxer.

Mr. Kent was not long in reaching what was uppermost in his mind. As he unfolded his plan Everett could hardly realize that he was talking with one of the greatest followers of the ring and that he was being asked to enter the ring to battle for money and pugilistic honor. At first Everett refused to consider any such a proposition, but Mr. Kent was shrewd and determined. He finally made Everett the following proposition: If he would take one month's training and fight for the championship of the world against the present holder of the belt he should receive \$25,000; \$10,000 should be paid the moment Everett signed the contract. Then on the night of the contest, before he entered the ring, he should receive the remaining \$15,000. Mr. Kent would bear all expense of training and would take care of all other matters. To emphasize what he said he pulled out his wallet and counted out \$500 in cash and said "I will give you that to consider the proposition seriously until next week at this time."

"I will consider the matter, Mr. Kent," said Everett, "but I do not like to take this money."

“Never mind, McDonald, the money is yours. I want you to look up my standing and I will place a \$10,000 check at your disposal in the First National Bank of Boston and you may find out whether or not the check is good.”

Everett McDonald did not sleep that night. It seemed too much like a dream or a nightmare. He counted over the \$500 several times. The next day he went to the bank and found a check of \$10,000 waiting for him if he would sign the contract. He thought of how he could vindicate his father's honor with less than half that amount. He could buy them a home and make them comfortable the balance of their days. Then, too, he thought of Helen Day and how her father opposed him because he was poor. He was absolutely sure of the money if he would only fight. The offer was not made on the condition that he should win. But the question kept coming up before him, “Ought I to do it?” He knew how bitterly his father was opposed to prize fighting. He knew how his old minister, the Rev. Dr. Carter, had condemned such encounters. But surely it was not as bad as the act of the man who had defrauded his father and ruined their home. It was not stealing. It was not gambling. It was sure pay for so much of his time and skill. He did not need to fight another battle. He did not have to associate with the followers of the ring. Still the question kept coming up before him: what will father and mother say; what will Rev. Dr. Carter say; what will Helen say? In the midst of one of his reveries Mr. Kent entered and Everett spoke frankly to him about the matter.

“O,” said Mr. Kent, “if that is all that is troubling you we can easily fix that. You can fight under an assumed name; many boxers do that. As for your picture, I have several pictures that look nearly like you and we can have all cuts made from them.”

As Mr. Kent left he said that all he asked was that Everett should give the full week to his decision, unless he reached a favorable conclusion before that time.

Everett fought and struggled all through the week and the last day for the decision arrived. All through the day and into the night lasted that most intense struggle of his life. His immortal soul was wrestling with a supreme temptation. All other interests were forgotten as the mightiest forces for good and evil surrounded that struggling gladiator. The cloud of invisible witnesses forgot about great orators battling in the forum for the supremacy of certain ideas. The exciting contest of two great national parties contesting for every precinct and ward and county and state was forgotten. Even the two great nations with their floating forts of steel grappling in a life and death engagement were as nothing compared to the contest of this young man upon his knees halting between good and evil, between right and wrong. Satan and all his hosts of evil angels stand on one side with unutterable anxiety. That mighty host of wickedness attempts to rush into the arena and bear Everett McDonald away on their shoulders, but God's mighty arm holds them back and says that the young man shall have a fair chance.

Everett sees that evil host, but they have as-

sumed a pleasing form. He hears them send up cheer after cheer for his skill and sees them pushing great bundles of money into his hands, his pockets and his valise. They show him a beautiful home again, they show him the real robber of the Savings Bank, they offer him the fulfillment of all of his fondest dreams.

As he looks upon the opposite side he sees another great multitude. There are all the prophets and martyrs and holy men of old bending eagerly forward. He hears the voice of his college president. He sees the trembling lips of his old pastor. He hears Helen Day again pledge with him a life of sacrifice and service. He sees the pained look on the faces of his father and mother. Yes, and more, he hears his sainted sister Hester sobbing for fear he will play a dishonorable part. Notwithstanding all this he is almost ready to reach out and take the proffered wealth. As he does so he looks up once more and draws back his hand. It is not the face or voice of Dr. Habsdorf, nor the Rev. Dr. Carter, nor Helen Day, nor father or mother, nor his sister Hester. O, no! nor the radiant and triumphant faces of Abraham nor Moses nor Paul.

He sees another face, he hears another voice, he feels another influence. O, if he had only looked into that face in the beginning; if he had only remembered the promise he had given Him that night in the president's home; if he had only asked in the beginning for the mind of that one who was the fairest among ten thousand to his soul, how soon he could have decided. Once more his tear-stained cheek rested on the open pages of his sister Hes-

ter's Bible and once more he said, "I will." He leaped to his feet with the wildest joy he had ever known tugging at his heart. He sent the \$500.00 and his decision to the man who had for a moment come between him and his risen Savior, and went out in his poverty rejoicing with the angels.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNSEEN GUIDE.

“And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not.”

When Rufus went to call Helen he found her kneeling under the olive trees in prayer. The colored servant's trip abroad was a continual revelation to him. What impressed him most, however, was the deep consecration of this girl. She had talked to him from her childhood of fine houses, fast horses and fancy gowns. Now she never mentioned those things. Her constant thought was for the poor.

As he stood there and gazed upon her beautiful face upturned in prayer, he himself could not help having an unutterable sympathy with her in her consecration. He did not speak to her.

Mrs. Day becoming impatient went to look for Rufus and Helen. As she came in sight of them she, too, halted, stood for a moment and then retreated with a feeling of deepest satisfaction.

The three walked silently back to the hotel and were soon making ready to return to America. The trip home was interesting, but uneventful. Capt Day met them in New York and it was a happy

meeting indeed. Capt. Day had made a great effort to have the old home beautiful and attractive. The main hallway was banked with palms and ferns. Every room was filled with flowers. Helen's room was festooned in chrysanthemums. As they sat down at their own table that evening Helen said "It does seem so good to be home once more!"

Capt. Day acknowledged that he had been very lonely during their absence. After supper Helen played and sang for her father. Rufus possessed an unusually melodious voice and he was called upon for his share in that delightful evening. The fire in the big open grate blazed out its warmth and cheer. The large St. Bernard dog Prince, Helen's pet, stretched his paws at length on the rug and watched every move out of the corners of his eyes. It was almost midnight before they retired.

The next morning when they sat down to breakfast it was fully ten o'clock. A light lunch was served at 1 o'clock. Helen was a little fatigued from her journey, so she slept after lunch until 3 o'clock. Then she donned her neat traveling suit, as their trunks had not yet arrived, and was ready for the evening dinner. Before going down stairs she wrote a letter to Everett McDonald. As she came down stairs she said, "I guess I will go out for a little walk to the postoffice; I will not be gone long."

"Let Rufus mail your letters, Helen," said Capt. Day.

"O, I'll not trouble him," said Helen; "besides, I want the walk."

"Who have you written to, Helen," asked her father. Helen's face flushed a little as she said,

"I have written a note to Mr. McDonald. I haven't heard from him since we went abroad."

Capt. Day flew into an uncontrollable rage and thundered: "Didn't I warn you against that fellow? You shall not write to him. Give me that letter!"

Mrs. Day had been dreading such a crisis. She had decided with her husband that it would be best for Helen not to continue her correspondence with the young man. Still, if Helen had not forgotten him after her trip abroad with no news from him during all that time, she questioned the wisdom of opposing her.

Capt. Day stepped forward and with outstretched hand said, "Give me that letter!"

Helen had never opposed her father in her life. She had followed with a daughter's true devotion his every wish from her childhood. Now, however, when her father assumed that angry, imperious and indefensible attitude toward her every drop of her Puritan blood tingled with resentment.

She did not tremble, she did not grow faint, she did not manifest the least nervousness. Drawing herself up to her full height she said with a firm, clear voice: "Father, you do not understand me. You do not know nor understand Everett McDonald. He is one of the noblest young men I have ever known. I love him and he loves me, and I'm going to send this letter."

Capt. Day was every inch a soldier. His command was law. No one had ever before dared to oppose his fierce imperious will. Now as Helen drew herself up to her full height and with flashing eyes, said, "I am going to send this letter,"

his anger got control of his better nature and he said vehemently: "Helen, either give me that letter and renounce Everett McDonald, or leave this home forever."

"I will not renounce Everett McDonald and I'm going to send this letter," said the pale, determined girl.

"O, husband, husband!" cried Mrs. Day, flinging herself at his feet. "Do not drive our only child away from home."

"For de good Lord's sake, Cap'n, don't use Miss Helen dat way."

Capt. Day tore his wife's arms loose, struck the darky a crushing blow, and opening the door ordered Helen out, saying, "Never darken this door again." As Helen walked out he slammed the door after her. Rufus hurried out of the house with mingled feelings of fear and rage.

Mrs. Day fainted and had to be carried to her room. When she regained consciousness the awfulness of the situation dawned upon her. She refused to be comforted and would have gone out in search of her daughter if her husband had allowed her. At last she sank into a rocker and with broken voice called piteously, "O, Helen, Helen, Helen, my darling, my darling. Come back, come back. Husband, husband, what have you done? O, God, protect my precious child."

"Never mind," said the stern captain, "she will come back soon enough, and of her own accord. If she returns and promises to obey me, I will take her in—not before."

As the night began to deepen the muttering of a distant storm was heard. Blinding flashes of light-

ning were followed by the awful roar of thunder. Then came the drenching rain. The wild wailings of the wind, the steady downpour of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, and the terrific peals of thunder only added to the anguish of a parent's heart and brain.

Was Helen in some good resting place, or was she wandering distracted in that blinding storm?

Mrs. Day plead in vain for her husband to go in search of the homeless girl. She sat in her chair all night and rocked and moaned with the wind. O! that long, long night of anguish. The storm ceased with the day dawn.

Capt. Day had not slept during the night. Two or three times he raised upon his elbow and listened to hear if Helen was not knocking timidly, but it was only the branches of the great oak rubbing against the house in the fierce storm.

In the morning he was still not quite willing to admit that he had been too hasty or was at fault, but he was not so sure that he had acted wisely in the matter. Perhaps he had been a little hasty, but then Helen needed to know that his word was law.

After an unsuccessful attempt at eating breakfast he said, "Well, wife, I guess I'll have Rufus hitch up and I'll drive down to some of the hotels and see if Helen is stopping in one of them. If she is willing to change her decision I will bring her home."

A look of deepest joy came over Mrs. Day's face at this decision, and she said, "O, husband, do bring her home, for I cannot live this way."

Capt. Day went out to the barn and called:

"Rufus, hitch up the horse to the runabout." But no response came from Rufus. "Rufus, you black rascal, get up."

"He's sulking," said the captain to himself. "I'll show that sentimental brute how to sulk," and seizing a large strap, he bounded up the steps three at a time. He kicked the door to Rufus' room open and stood ready with the uplifted strap. He slowly lowered the strap, for the room was empty. Rufus had not slept there that night. The captain was white with rage as he slowly descended the steps and hitched the horse to the carriage. The dog Prince had gone also. "I'd like to get hold of that sulking negro for about two minutes," thought the baffled man as he drove out into the street.

Mrs. Day sat in the bay window with her pale face pressed against the pane and gazed long and anxiously in the direction her husband had gone. He returned late in the afternoon, but without Helen. A careful canvass of all the hotels in the city had not revealed her whereabouts. Advertisements were put in the papers, a reward was offered, detectives were at work, but at last it was agreed that the missing girl was not in Columbus.

A night watchman had seen a young lady with a large dog going down High street toward the Union Depot, but no one had noticed a young lady with a large dog in the depot. Days, a week, two weeks passed by and no news from the missing girl.

The Day homestead on Broad Street was closed and a grief-stricken mother, and a father roused at last to a consuming anxiety, started out into the too big world to find their exiled daughter. They

went to Chicago, but they soon found that they had very different ideas about searching for Helen. After much deliberation they resolved to divide their work. Capt. Day was to remain in Chicago a little longer and then travel westward, while Mrs. Day turned her face toward the East.

Captain Day was a thorough soldier. He had spent the most of his life in commanding on the tented field. When he began the search for his daughter it was natural that he should try to find her through the service of others. After his good wife started East he began to work upon his own theories. He secured a suite of rooms in a private house, then advertised in the daily papers for a negro servant. He gave minute particulars in regard to the experience needed, expecting Rufus to respond if he were in Chicago. As he read the advertisement in the several papers he chuckled to himself, "If Rufus is in this city he will surely be looking for work. When he sees this call he will drop everything at once. When I get my hands on that black rascal I'll thrash him until he tells me where Helen is. The brute, just wait till I get him."

Although Rufus did not see the notice many other negroes did. All day long the anxious fellows knocked at the Captain's door. At first he was amused, but as the day wore on and Rufus did not appear he grew sick and tired of black faces. He treated them rather discourteously. Finally one big fellow came to the door.

"What do you want?" gruffly asked the captain.

"I saw your ad. in the mornin' paper and I'd be glad to serve you, mistar."

"I suppose you've had plenty of experience like all the rest of your kind. No, I don't want a nigger at any price. Get out!"

"I'll git out, mistar, but when I see an ad. in the paper like you put in, I s'pose a gentleman put it in."

Capt. Day instinctively reached for his sword at his side, but his hand dropped limp, for the sword had been laid aside. As the large negro passed out upon the street the conviction came strongly upon him that he was now only an unknown soldier in citizen's clothes, and that he must meet exigencies as a common man.

Several days passed by, but Rufus did not appear. Then the thought occurred to him to advertise for a St. Bernard dog. Accordingly he advertised in the papers and gave as requirements an exact description of Prince. The paper was not out many hours before St. Bernard dogs began to arrive. He eagerly watched out of the curtained window as different dogs were brought to the house. Small boys in the neighborhood soon discovered the procession and gathered on the sidewalk. The yelling of the boys and the barking of the dogs made Captain Day almost wish he hadn't advertised.

The landlady, a nervous person, stood the annoyance as long as possible. Just as she was starting to inform her new lodger that he must stop such work or leave the house, two big dogs, led by small boys, got into a fight in the front yard. As the fight progressed three other dogs joined in the fray and fought backward and forward over rose bushes, shrubs and rare plants, destroying everything. Wagons of every description—grocery, milk, garb-

age, wreckage—blockaded the street. Heads popped out of neighboring windows. One wag sent in a fire alarm. The landlady had hysterics and declared she was ruined by such a disgraceful affair. Captain Day's mortification was complete when two burly policemen entered his room and demanded an explanation. He was only too glad to pay the damages and move to another part of the city.

The next morning he eagerly scanned the papers to see if there was anything in print about his unfortunate advertisement. He felt considerable relief at finding no mention of the affair. As he was about to throw aside one of the papers he chanced to see the advertisement of a detective agency. He read the advertisement over several times. The agency seemed to be just what he wanted—even mentioned "capturing runaways" as a specialty. He was soon at the place mentioned. One of the detectives answered his ring.

Captain Day was informed that the men in the employ of the agency were very busy and it was doubtful if any man could be spared. Finally, the speaker decided he himself could work on the case. He charged \$50 per day, payable each morning in advance. Captain Day paid the first \$50 and went out feeling greatly elated over securing the services of the man who managed the secret service agency. The second day the detective returned toward evening and informed Captain Day that he had struck a very important clew to the missing girl's whereabouts, but that he must have at least \$100 before he could go further. Captain Day paid the money with a great deal of reluctance. As the detective left the room Captain Day was so suspicious that he

resolved to follow the man. He shadowed him for a few blocks and saw him enter a saloon. Stepping up near the screen door, he heard the detective say: "Come on, boys; have one on me. I've struck a gold mine. An old fool down town wants me to find his daughter. He has plenty of rocks, and I'm going to get them."

"But I'll not be fooled again," said the Captain to himself, as he hurried back to his room. He changed his room to another street in order to be free from the rascal calling himself a detective.

Captain Day began to realize that if he found his daughter he must do so alone and unaided. He now began the search in his own strength. Day after day he eagerly scanned people in market places, ball rooms and theaters, but not once did he see a familiar face.

One evening as he was returning to his room, discouraged and almost ready to abandon further effort, he remembered what his wife had told him in regard to Helen's interest in the poor while she was abroad. Perhaps she was working among the poor and degraded. That night he began searching in the slums. He had never dreamed that people could sink so low in degradation. What surprised him even more was their evident satisfaction with such a lot. Night after night he traveled through the submerged portion of the city, visiting mission stations, Salvation Army tents, and small chapels. The one face he wanted to see was nowhere present.

One Sunday morning, as he was traveling aimlessly about and almost ready to sink with exhaustion, he saw a very respectable-looking church. He almost hated churches, because he felt that religious

sentimentalism had caused his daughter to turn against him. As the soft strains of music floated out on the still, clear air, a strange longing came to him to go in and find rest. Weary, footsore, heavy-laden, he walked into the beautiful church just as the organist finished playing the prelude. He sank down in a back pew and rested his aching head on his hand. The choir sang something. After listening for awhile, he muttered to himself, "Why don't they sing something one can understand." The minister hurried and stumbled over the Scripture lesson and offered a cold, intellectual prayer about resurrection. Captain Day shifted restlessly as the minister began preaching in a vague way about "The Sleep of the Dead." When an old familiar hymn was announced and sung to a most difficult new tune he could stand it no longer. He threw down the book and left the church with an oath upon his lips.

Out upon the quiet streets the thought came, "Why don't I leave this city?" He debated the question as he walked slowly along. Unconsciously he was nearing the Dearborn station. As he walked into the station he saw large posters advertising special rates to Southern California. After a few inquiries of the ticket agent he decided to go to Los Angeles. He made this decision not because he had hopes of finding Helen there, but because he wanted to get away from vexations and troubles.

The next night at 10 o'clock he boarded the overland train for the City of the Angels. After almost a week of constant travel the faithful train glided into the La Grande station of that far western city. Captain Day was astonished at the beauty and wealth of the city and at the culture and refinement

of the people. But the broken-hearted man cared little for the matchless surroundings. The Sabbath day dawned before he had a chance to search much for Helen. The day was not observed exactly as he had expected. There were great crowds bent on pleasure, hurrying to various beaches. Several saloons were openly selling liquor. Theaters were crowded to the doors. Many places of business were not closed. In some parts of the city men were even building houses.

While he was observing all these things the hours kept slipping rapidly by, and before he was aware of it the shadows of evening came stealing over the snow-clad mountains into the orange-scented valleys. As the sun gradually sank into the great ocean beyond the city, the moon and countless numbers of stars swung slowly into view. The great towering electric lights seemed almost unnecessary in that golden evening weather. Sauntering along palm-girt avenues he came to one of the large churches, but was informed by the sexton that there was to be no evening service. As he reached another house of worship he met a few people coming out and was told that the vesper service was over. Not far away he found another church well filled with respectable looking people. The minister was preaching about his work and his church and his denomination. Again the man, hungering and thirsting, turned away from church life, disgusted with its selfishness, its shallowness, its coldness, its forms and empty show.

A few days in Los Angeles convinced him that Helen was not there. He decided that after visiting a few surrounding villages he would go to San Francisco.

Several more days passed by, with no trace of Helen, and another Sabbath was drawing to its close. He stood in the gathering shadows of a little village, debating whether "to be or not to be." In his sorrow and anguish he looked upward to the stars and wished he could find rest. He started to walk out into the deep shadows, when a gentleman accosted him and asked him to go to church. "No, thank you," said the Captain; "not tonight."

As the stranger passed on, Captain Day changed his mind. "It's the first time I've been invited to a church. I'll go just once more. If I find no help then no more church for me."

Walking in the direction the stranger had gone, he came upon a little Methodist church. It was comfortably filled. The first hymn was "What a friend we have in Jesus." A kind-faced old lady handed him a hymn-book. As Captain Day followed the words he said to himself, "I wonder if the song is really true. A friend to bear sins and griefs. Helps in trials and temptations. Never discouraged." Thus musing along, he unconsciously joined with the congregation in singing:

"Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

The minister was an old man but seemed to be in the vigor of youth. He was no longer acceptable in large churches, because they said he wasn't up-to-date and couldn't preach for the times. The way in which he opened the sacred book, his unaffected manner in reading the Scripture lesson, and his simple yet powerful prayer won Captain Day's re-

spect. The sermon was a plain, forceful, powerful, overwhelming presentation of the inspired invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." As the minister closed with an earnest appeal for immediate, manly decision, Captain Day was almost persuaded to be a Christian. When the congregation began singing,

"I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind,"

Captain Day was altogether persuaded, and walking forward, he knelt at the altar in earnest prayer and "was every whit made whole."

CHAPTER VII.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

“She reacheth out her hands to the needy.”

Pale, beautiful, resolute, Helen walked out of the old home. “I have no home!” she said with trembling lips. Night was coming on and the rapidly gathering clouds with their constant rumbling and fitful flashes of lightning told her that a storm was coming with the night. She looked up into and beyond the darkness to the One who knew no night and asked Him to guide her feet. She had hardly noticed her constant companion, Prince, as he trotted by her side. “O, Prince, you are a dear dog! I am not entirely forsaken, am I?”

The dog seemed to know what she said for he walked still closer by her side. They wandered down the streets until they came to the big union depot. As they entered the depot she heard the train master call “All aboard for the limited express to Chicago, Denver and San Francisco.”

Without a moment's hesitation she and Prince got aboard and were soon being carried away from home and kindred. When the conductor came she inquired the fare to Chicago. She paid the amount

and was just settling back in her seat when the conductor said: "Madam, that dog will have to ride in the baggage car. It's against the rules for dogs to ride in the sleepers."

Helen looked at Prince, then appealingly at the conductor and said: "Can't he ride in here? He is the only friend I have with me."

The conductor said: "No, he will have to ride in the baggage car. Come dog." As he reached out to take Prince by the collar Prince growled so fiercely that he stepped quickly back.

"Well, madam, we will have to put the dog in the baggage car. He can't ride in here."

"He is a dangerous dog if he is aroused," she said, "and perhaps you had better allow him to ride a short distance and then I will see that he goes."

Before retiring she said, "Prince, I want you to go out and sleep in the baggage car, and in the morning you can come back. Go on, now."

Prince walked out of the car with the conductor as gentle as a lamb.

When Helen retired the flood-gates of her soul gave way and the hot tears ran in streams down her feverish cheeks. "Why didn't father reason with me? Why didn't he take me in his arms as he used to do and listen to my story?" She sobbed herself to sleep, saying the little prayer she had learned at her mother's knee.

As Helen boarded the train she had not noticed the stalwart colored servant get on the same train. Rufus could not think of allowing Helen to go out into the big world alone. He had always looked after her when she was a child and he was not willing to be rid of his trust. He could think of

her only as a child and not as a consecrated woman able to face the world alone. His conscience had all along troubled him about thwarting the correspondence of Helen. He was not sure he had done right. He had often wondered if there was not a better way of dealing with the affair. Then after Captain Day's behavior in driving Helen away from home he made up his mind that he would do what he could to right any wrong he might have done. He had a deep sense of honor and when once a conviction came to him he was ready to act. He followed Helen and Prince to the depot and when they boarded the train he climbed aboard also. He entered the dining car as the train started and asked for work. As one of the hands was sick Rufus was given work as a "dish washer." It went very much against his inclination to wash and wipe dishes. "Never mind," he said to himself. "Ise doin' this for Helen's sake."

The next morning he asked the Pullman conductor innocently enough who owned that fine dog in the baggage car.

The conductor said that a young lady who was going beyond Chicago was the owner.

"My!" thought Rufus, "she has some of the spirit of the Cap'n. Guess she means business."

When the train arrived in Chicago, Rufus watched Helen and saw her take the limited for San Francisco. He again secured passage in the dining car on the same train with his mistress.

Helen stepped from the train in San Francisco, and with Prince hurried out into the big city. She had no idea that any one had followed her. If Prince could have spoken he would have told his mistress who cared for him so well in the baggage car.

Helen went at once to the Salvation Army headquarters and they found her a very plain but comfortable room at small cost. Just as she finished her lunch in her room that night she heard a knock at the door. She opened the door and stood in speechless surprise. Rufus, too, in his embarrassment, was at a loss for words.

The overjoyed dog broke the spell and Rufus stepped into the room saying: "'Deed, Miss Helen, I couldn't 'low you to be druv out alone. I likes you, Miss Helen, 'deed I do. I jes' couldn' stay with the Cap'n. Don't drive me away. Ise come 'long to help you. Will you forgive me for comin', Miss Helen?"

As Helen looked at his bandaged eye, the result of his pleading for her, she could not send him away. She put her hand on his head and said: "Rufus, I will allow you to be my helper and friend if you will forgive father for that blow you received."

"Miss Helen, I done remember what de good book says and I forgive him. The Cap'n thought he was doin' sure nuff right for he hates de gemin you'se in lov wid. He done tole me you' gemin war a villain. I believes him at first. De journey we took was to keep you away from you' gemin, and Miss Helen, as you father's savent I was boun' to his orders. And Miss Helen, forgive me, but I done stole and burned all yo' letters to your gemin. I thought I was doing sure nuff right, Miss Helen till I saw yo' prayin' by de trees on Mt. Olivet and den I says, 'Miss Helen, can't be doin' wrong no-how. You see, Miss Helen, youse been treated wusser dan your father treated me. Can you forgive me? O Miss Helen, forgive me?"

"Rufus, did father ask you to do that?"

"He done ordered me to do it, but Miss Helen, he s'posed he was right and he done it for your good. Don't blame him. Ise to blame."

"Well, Rufus, I suppose both you and father thought you were right. I'll forgive you both if you will right your wrong. Go and find Everett McDonald and tell him why he has not heard from me. Do not tell him that I have been driven from home for his sake, because he has a work that must not be neglected at present. Tell him I am carrying out my plans here in San Francisco. Tell him I am contented and happy."

"Miss Helen, I will deliver you' message to Mister McDonald, provided. You' father done paid me plenty for all my work. Ise kept de most of de money." He drew a large roll of bills from his inside pocket and continued, "If you will take dis money I will go anywha' in de w'uld to find you gemin. No, don't refuse me, Miss Helen. You needs de money and I can git along widout it. I has a little left in my pocket. De money is all yours to do with jes' as you like."

The next day Rufus secured passage as a "dish washer" in a dining car and went forth in search of Helen's lover.

Helen turned her attention at once to the poor of the city. She made a careful and systematic study and soon found that the children were woefully neglected. One evening she found three homeless newsboys sleeping on beds of excelsior in a large store box. On another corner she found a little girl shivering in the evening dew. When Helen asked her where she expected to sleep that

night she said, "My father's drunk and he has driven me out from home. I don't know where to go." At the market place on another evening she found two children—the boy about 8 and his sister about 6—stealing an apple here, a turnip there, and a potato in still another place. After watching their systematic work for awhile Helen coaxed them to tell her what they were doing. She found that their mother had sent them out to steal and that they did not dare to go home without some fruit or vegetables.

Helen decided to do something for such children. She succeeded in interesting some of the ministers and business men. After considerable work she secured enough money to rent and equip a suitable house.

The street floor was used for a free kindergarten. Then the second and third floors were filled with children's beds. The first night the doors were opened twenty-two curious children knocked for lodging. They were given night gowns, compelled to take a good bath—an unusual thing for them—and then twenty-two little folks were tucked into twenty-two little beds with twenty-two little prayers from Helen.

The next morning they were given a dish of oatmeal and some bread and butter. Then Helen read to them about Jesus who had taken little children in His arms and blessed them. After prayer she sent them out with the injunction to be good children. Six of the little folks tarried for a few moments to romp with the big dog. Two little fellows led him by his ears, Helen held two on his back, one tried to drive with the tail, and another whipped

with his cap. Helen forgot all about her troubles in such romps.

As the boys got outside one little fellow said: "I like Miss Helen and her big dog. She said we could come back tonight, if we'd be good. She says she's going to let us stay all the morning with her after today."

The second night several new ones came to the "Friendly Inn," as Helen called the place. Prince followed her around and eyed each little tot as Helen tucked him in bed. Not one knew the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but each one repeated the prayer after Helen.

Helen soon saw that she would need help. One of the business men gave her an extra donation. She went to the Salvation Army headquarters and found two helpers. They agreed to help without pay. All they asked was their board and rooms.

Helen now went everywhere searching for the homeless wanderers. One night she was traveling through one of the worst districts of the city and came upon a little girl crying. "What is it, my little dear?" Helen asked, stooping down and brushing the tears out of the little tot's eyes. "Ise lost. Ise hungry. I want to go home." Helen carried the little one into a nearby restaurant. The restaurant was not very inviting, but it was the only one in the neighborhood. She bought some bread and milk and fed the child. She paid for the food and then started out to take the little one to the "Friendly Inn" for the night, expecting to find her home for her the next morning.

An ex-convict was eating a lunch in the restaurant when Helen entered. His feverish eyes saw

the money in her purse as she paid the proprietor. He moved out shortly after Helen left. He quickened his pace and soon came within sight of her. Helen was so absorbed in the little one that she did not notice the man following her. Prince trotted closely by her side and kept growling. Helen spoke to him and occasionally stroked his head but the dog would not keep silent. She looked around but saw no one. As they were about to emerge from the narrow and forsaken street she heard rapid footfalls and turned just as the figure of a man leaped toward her.

Before Helen could utter a cry Prince bounded at the throat of the ruffian and hurled him to the ground. Man and dog fought like demons in the darkness and rolled into the mud in the street. Helen hurried to the spot just as the man whispered faintly, "Help." Helen made Prince release his hold and bent over the limp human form.

She went to a drinking fountain not far away and wrenching the cup from its fastenings carried water to the fallen man. She raised his head and forced a few drops of water between his white lips. Then some more, and finally the man opened his eyes. He came slowly back to consciousness. As he looked up he saw Helen and he also saw the eyes of the dog glaring like balls of fire. "Don't let the dog at me, miss. I won't harm you," he said faintly.

"I'm not afraid of you," said Helen. "Can you walk?"

He attempted to rise but fell back with a sharp cry of pain. She found a cabman and took the injured man to the "Friendly Inn." A physician

was called and dressed the terribly mangled arm. When Prince leaped at the man's throat the man had thrown up his arm to protect himself and the dog's monster jaws closed down upon that arm like an inexorable steel trap.

The next morning, after the children had been fed, Helen took him some soup. As she fed him he asked in the greatest astonishment: "Aren't you going to have me arrested?"

"I haven't decided about that yet. Suppose you do not worry about arrest. Do you care to tell me your history?"

"Yes, madam. I'll tell you all. I was raised in a good home. I had access to the very best society—that is what was called the best. We often had wine and I soon formed the liquor habit. I went down and down until I was an outcast from home. One night when crazed by drink I assaulted an old chum. For this assault I was sent to prison for three years. I have been out of prison just three weeks. I meant to reform, but the world was against me. I was frank when I asked for a place and told my history. All I asked was a chance to earn an honest living. Every one drew back from me as though I had the smallpox. Not once did I receive a word of encouragement. I went to a minister and asked him to help me find work, but he had been imposed on so often that he was suspicious of me. Besides, he said it was Saturday and he had his sermon only half written. If the saloon-keepers hadn't helped me I would have starved. I tramped all day yesterday without a bite to eat. Last night I used the last cent I had to buy the sandwich I was eating when you entered the restau-

rant. The sight of your money crazed me. I wanted it. I meant no harm to you, miss, because you fed the child. There is no chance for me and it will be a relief when I am back in prison."

Helen quieted his fears by reading to him what the Master said about such conditions.

One morning as she passed by him he said: "Miss Helen, I've been reading the Bible and I've given my heart to Christ. I see you have some Salvation Army people here. I wonder if they would allow me to wear one of their uniforms and work in their ranks?"

When the man was able to be around again a Salvation Army suit arrived. As Helen handed him the suit she said: "We need some one to help wait on the children every morning and if you care to do so I will give you your lodging and breakfast and 25 cents every morning for your work."

"Well, Miss Helen, I will help you until you get some one to do the work, but the captain of the Salvation Army told me he would help me in looking after ex-prisoners and securing them work and I want to do that."

He went forth to his chosen work but every morning found him kneeling in prayer with the children in the free kindergarten.

While peculiar circumstances occasionally turned Helen's aid to a man or woman her chief interest was in the care of the children.

Many of the little ones who came to the "Friendly Inn" heard kind words for the first time in their life. No mother could have taken more interest than did Helen in those children. She darned stockings, patched pants and sewed on buttons as occa-

sion demanded. One evening as Helen was putting the children in their beds one little fellow said, as she rubbed the curls back from his forehead, "Miss Helen, after you get all the boys tucked in won't you come and rub my head again?" When Helen came back the little fellow was sound asleep dreaming of Miss Helen and her beautiful hands. She rubbed his curls back several times and offered up a prayer for his safe-keeping.

A few days afterward, when this same little fellow was crossing the street he was run over by a bicycle. Helen carried him in and placed him on a cot, but soon saw the need of a physician. She telephoned for the ambulance but when the men in blue uniforms attempted to carry him out his grief knew no bounds. "Don't let them take me away from you, Miss Helen. Please don't!" Helen carried him into the ambulance herself and went with him to the city hospital.

He plead so pitifully for Miss Helen to remain with him, but she told him she must go and put her children to bed. "I will let Prince stay with you until you go to sleep if you want him to." This satisfied the little urchin and he was soon in a fitful slumber. Prince was anxious to get back to his mistress and bounded away the minute the nurse opened the door for him.

Bright and early the next morning Helen was at the hospital with some flowers for little Ben.

She noticed that there were very few flowers for the other sick people. Her offer to bring flowers every morning was gladly accepted. The patients were overjoyed with her flowers and kind words.

It was several weeks before little Ben could sit

up. Every morning when the door was opened for Helen, Prince would bound into the room and race to the cot where his little friend was resting. Several mornings a lady and gentleman visited the hospital with Helen and talked with Bennie. One morning the lady asked Bennie if he would like to take a ride in her carriage. Bennie had never been in a fine carriage and he was delighted over the prospect. The physician smiled when Bennie asked to go. "Yes," he said, "and you may stay until you get ready to come back." The ride was delightful. They drove up to a beautiful house and Bennie was helped into the home. There was a place for him at the table, and a little bed for him at night in a beautiful room.

The next day Miss Helen came and asked him how he would like to live there. "O, Miss Helen, wouldn't it be fine! If I only had a dog like Prince I'd like it, for the lady is nearly like you."

The next day a St. Bernard puppy came from one of the dog kennels in the city and Bennie's happiness was complete, for Helen had found him a home.

Many, many little tots that came to the "Friendly Inn" soon found good homes through the efforts of Miss Helen—working and watching and waiting and never weary. At night after her work was done she prayed a child's prayer for her dear ones in the far east. She did not know what a change had come into her old home after she had been driven from its shelter.

One morning as Miss Helen left flowers at the hospital she asked if there were any new patients. She was told that a stranger had been brought in

in the night but that he was delirious and could not be seen.

For days the stranger's life hung in the balance and no one, not even the flower girl was permitted to see him. There was considerable mystery surrounding him, for there was nothing to indicate who he was or where he was from. As he had no money it was supposed he had been robbed. The fact that he was a fine looking man without a name naturally made his case a little more interesting than that of others. He seemed to be laboring under the impression that he was the chief of sinners. Every morning a large bunch of flowers was left at the stranger's door.

One morning the nurse gave to the flower girl a description of the patient. "A tall man about six feet, broad shoulders, big brown eyes, beautiful white teeth; yes, smooth face. His hair was gray."

As Helen left the hospital she said to herself: "I could not help feeling uneasy until she said his hair was gray. Father's hair is black. Besides, he could not be away out here penniless and unknown. Well, I suppose he is some one's father and I'll do all I can to cheer him."

In another week the patient had gained so rapidly that the physician said he was beyond danger. He cautioned the nurse not to ask any questions as it would be best for him to speak for himself. He said the flower girl could be admitted the next morning if she wished to arrange the flowers for him.

The next morning when Helen came the nurse told her she could arrange the flowers in room No. 5 if she wished.

She couldn't tell why she was so nervous when she went in. The patient was asleep with his face turned toward the wall. She saw his gray, curly locks and said to herself: "I wish I could talk with him, but I'll wait until the next time."

When the patient awakened he asked the nurse who had been so kind as to remember him with such beautiful flowers.

"While you were asleep the lady who has charge of the free kindergarten arranged the flowers. She is known here in the hospital as the 'angel of mercy.' I know you will be glad to talk with her for she is no ordinary girl. I think she came here from England. She is doing a wonderful work among the children. The children call her Miss Helen."

The patient rubbed his hand over his forehead and said: "Miss Helen—Helen is the sweetest name I ever heard. I know I will like her because her name is Helen. If I am asleep when she comes again wake me up, will you please?"

The next morning the "angel of mercy" came with a larger bouquet than usual. Prince had to be left outside because for the last three weeks he had barked so loudly every time he came to the hospital that he disturbed the patients. Accordingly he was now left in the hospital office. After the usual visits Miss Helen knocked at the door of room No. 5. The nurse opened the door and she stepped in to arrange the flowers. As she did so she gazed full into the face of the sick man. The flowers tumbled out of her hands as the man reached out his trembling arms and said: "Helen!" "Father!" said the sobbing girl as she knelt by the bedside with her head pillowed on the breast of the over-

joyed father. When he had ordered her from home she accepted his decree and went forth. Now when he held out his arms and his heart she again took him at his word. "Father and daughter wound their arms around each other and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them locked together."

When Prince was allowed to enter the Captain could not see him for the tears that surged from a thankful soul. He reached out his hand and rested it upon the head of the noble animal that had never forsaken the "angel of mercy."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMPOSTER UNMASKED.

“Good were it for that man if he had not been born.”

A young father and mother, in a neat little cottage, bent over their first born, a chubby-faced boy, and were supremely happy. Such a time as they had naming him—they looked through spelling-books, newspapers and dictionaries. Finally Mrs. Tupper said, “Oscar, I have decided that I like your name the best; let’s call him Oscar.”

Mr. Tupper felt very much complimented and agreed to the name. Oscar was a very bright little fellow. Two cloudless years hurried by and the baby was able to toddle to the window and chatter “dad da” as he saw his father coming home from work.

One evening the happy mother and sunny-faced little boy were waiting at the window for “dad da.” “Dad da” was late, an unusual thing for him. What could be keeping him! A half hour, an hour, two hours passed by and he did not come. A lamp was placed in the window for him.

Finally when “dad da” was brought home so still and white little Oscar could not understand why

his mamma cried. He cried with her continually asking why "Dad da" did not wake up. The unfeeling limited express had filled their happy home with darkest clouds.

The widow and orphan faced the future with brave hearts. Every night after the mother had rocked the tired child to sleep she knelt by his little bed and with her feeble arms lifted him up in prayer to the throne of grace. Although the little home had to be sold and they had to rent two small rooms sunshine was never entirely shut out from their lives.

As soon as Oscar was old enough he sold newspapers and blacked boots. When he returned to his mother with all his earnings he frequently felt a warm tear fall on his happy upturned face. Then, as he grew older he secured a place as office boy in one of the large manufacturing establishments of Cleveland. He took particular delight in handing all his earnings every week to his mother.

One evening as Mrs. Tupper finished reading the Bible she said, "Oscar, my dear boy, I have been consulting a physician about a growth in my side and he advises me to go to the hospital at once for an operation. He thinks I cannot live long unless I do go. There is considerable danger attending the operation but it seems the only thing I can do. I have decided to go tomorrow. There are some things I want to talk to you about before I go. Your father and I used to plan and plan what we would like to have you do when you grew up to manhood. But I remember a few nights before his death he said: 'Well, after all I am not particular whether Oscar is inclined to a trade or a profes-

sion just so he is upright and honorable in all things. I am anxious for him to be loyal to the church and Sabbath school.'

"I am going to leave my Bible with you when I go to the hospital. If I never come out alive I want you to read the Bible every day and remember that your father's chief desire is also mine."

Oscar took the Bible, but his eyes filled with tears and he sobbed aloud when he tried to speak. The next morning he kissed his mother good-bye at the door of the hospital.

Mrs. Tupper's fears about the operation were well grounded and one week after her advice to her son she was cradled by the side of her husband. That night as the grief-stricken boy went to his room alone he read his mother's Bible. Each Sabbath found him attending all the services of the nearby church.

One day Mr. McDonald, the president of the Savings Bank, called on the president of the manufacturing company where Oscar worked, to inquire about some institution of which they were trustees. Mr. McDonald saw Oscar and took a fancy to him. When he heard his story from his employer he said, "We have a vacancy in the bank and I would like to have just such a fellow. I am sure I can do better by him than you can here if you will let me have him."

The next morning when Oscar went to the office he was sent to the Savings Bank. Mr. McDonald spent some time in conversation with him. In the course of his remarks he said: "I need a young man here in the bank that I can trust. The place is open to you. You may have this assurance that

if you are strictly honest and faithful I will advance you in position and salary as often as the opportunity arises."

It is needless to say that Oscar was pleased with his new position and the prospect before him. His accuracy and capability were rewarded year after year and he was regarded as almost indispensable. He was finally made cashier. As he was promoted from time to time and new faces came into the bank he was no longer called Oscar, but Mr. Tupper. He became acquainted with many young men and was with them a great deal after banking hours. He was prevailed upon to join a most excellent military company known as the "Cleveland Grays." The social life suited him and his genial disposition made him many friends.

One evening after drill he was informed that he had been elected to membership in "The Wigwam." "The Wigwam" was supposed to be the most aristocratic club in Cleveland, and Mr. Tupper naturally felt quite complimented. The surroundings were not always to his liking but he soon became accustomed to the tobacco smoke and the sight of cards. In fact it was not long before he found intense delight at the card and pool table.

One night when the ladies were invited in to dance he was uncomfortable because every other member of the club could dance and he could not. He made up his mind not to be a "dummy" the next time and so took private dancing lessons.

On one occasion he remained out so late at a dinner party that he forgot to read his Bible before retiring. "Well," he said to himself next morning, "I will make up for lost time on the Sabbath."

As Mr. McDonald was about to leave the bank one afternoon he said: "I would like to have two weeks' vacation, Mr. McDonald. I haven't missed a day since I began here. The fact is I am going to be married." Of course he got his vacation.

The wedding was a society event, as Oscar had married a most popular young lady.

Up to the night of his marriage he had been a total abstainer. Many things at the supper were flavored with rum. Finally his bride, in her vivacious way poured out a little glass of sparkling wine which he lifted to her health and drained. As he packed his valise that night for the wedding journey he took out the Bible and laid it aside, saying to himself: "I'll have plenty of time to read that when I come back. Besides, I suppose my bride would laugh heartily at me for doing such a thing."

The first Sunday morning on their trip Oscar said: "Well, I'm accustomed to go to church and Sabbath school. Suppose we go over to the Presbyterian church."

"O, Oscar, let us remain here until after dinner and then take a carriage ride. I'll go with you when we get back home. Please?"

For the first time since his mother's death he remained away from church and then for the first time in his life took a pleasure ride on Sunday.

He was warmly welcomed and congratulated at the bank on his return. Mr. McDonald said to him as they walked out of the bank that evening: "Oscar, I have been wondering where you were going to live. Have you a house?"

"No, Mr. McDonald, we expect to live at the hotel for awhile."

"Well, Oscar, you walk with me a few steps and I'll show you a bargain in one of the neatest little cottages in Cleveland. Here it is. A corner lot, a choice street, a new house and a fine barn. The man who built this failed in business just as the house was finished and the place must be sold. It is a great bargain."

"Well, Mr. McDonald, I like the place but I haven't enough to buy and equip such a place at present."

"If you want the place I'll loan you the money without interest. Suppose you talk with Mrs. Tupper and let me know in the morning. Here are the keys."

The next week the happy couple moved into their beautiful little home.

Mrs. Tupper was very fond of company and the little cottage was often the scene of delightful gatherings. Mr. Tupper was inclined at first to object to wine but yielded at last and drank with the rest.

One night he came home from "The Wigwam" and told his wife that some of his friends wanted him to try for the nomination as mayor in the coming convention.

Mr. Tupper said: "If Mr. McDonald had not gone away on a vacation, I could think better of the proposition. I ought to consult him about the matter." All these objections were overruled by his ambitious wife and at last he decided to try.

The campaign was entered into with all possible cunning and shrewdness. There was considerable expense which Mr. Tupper had not reckoned on. It took all of his extra money and nearly all of his wife's. Once in he was determined to win.

When the convention assembled it looked as if Mr. Tupper would surely secure the nomination. On the first ballot he led the other three candidates. After some slight changes the convention settled down into a deadlock and adjourned until the next evening. Mr. Tupper was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and took several glasses of brandy. One of his henchmen said that he felt sure he could swing the convention to Mr. Tupper if he only had \$2500. The contest had already cost so much money that Mr. Tupper said he did not feel like putting more in. Still he was urged to put up the extra money. He did not say he would but he did not give an emphatic answer.

That night he slept very little. What should he do? He had already used nearly all the ready money he and his wife had. In fact he had drawn all he possibly could at the bank. He asked his wife what to do. "Do! If your nomination depends upon that amount take it out of the bank. Certainly! Why not? The nomination is equivalent to an election. This is your chance. Take the money, you are in sole charge of the bank."

"My dear, you have left in the bank the amount I need why can't I take that?"

"No, I must have that to draw on. You can get the amount out of the bank. You are the cashier."

But Mr. Tupper was not willing to take the amount out of the bank. In fact he knew there were very serious hindrances to such an act even if he desired to do so. As he went to his work that morning he felt vexed at his wife because she could not see that the best way was to give him the last money she had. Finally he decided he would

forge his wife's name and draw on her account. It was wrong, he knew, but then he would not do it again. He could easily replace the amount after the election. After some hesitation he did the first dishonorable act in his business career.

The money was used in the convention but an unexpected thing happened. The three minor candidates combined and Mr. Tupper was defeated. The defeat was a very bitter one. He could only ask himself one question, "Why did I run, why did I try?"

Mrs. Tupper was so sorely disappointed at her husband's failure that she pouted and scolded and reproved him until he was almost distracted. As they sat down to the table the next day she said with considerable bitterness: "To think that in addition to your failure you spent nearly all of my money. I've always had plenty of my own; now you have spent all but my pin money."

The last statement stung Mr. Tupper to the very heart. He did not say one word in reply. He left his home earlier than usual. Something desperate must be done. As he glanced over the morning papers somehow he could not get away from the reports of the stock markets. He had a very intimate friend on Wall street, New York, who had grown quite wealthy through speculation. Why couldn't he regain his lost fortunes by investing through this friend? He was not long in deciding to do so and found a ready response from his friend, who advised investing in copper. He began in a small way in collusion with his accomplice in New York, to whom he sent drafts on the New York balances of the bank of which he was cashier signed

by himself. In addition to his stock speculations he became deeply involved in his club life. In his desperation to recoup his losses he secured a two weeks' vacation and went to New York. There, in drink and intense excitement he went to the gambling house. For a few times he was successful and then came the old story over again. He lost and kept losing. Finally the die was cast. To temporarily tide over the situation he issued the obligations of the bank signed by Alexander McDonald as president—a forgery by Mr. Tupper. The gamblers made inquiries and found that there was a Savings Bank in Cleveland and that Alexander McDonald was the president. They therefore accepted the obligations in liquidation of the amount so lost by Mr. Tupper. As the obligations were not payable for thirty days, Mr. Tupper hurried home determined to hold his position if possible, even to placing the blame upon his great benefactor.

When the obligations came due they were presented to the bank for payment. Mr. Tupper refused to pay until he had consulted the directors. There was no evidence on the bank books of such obligations. Mr. McDonald was still away on his vacation and could not be consulted. The directors decided not to pay the amount but adjourned until the next night. On consulting with an eminent attorney they found that the bank was liable because the president's name was signed to the paper. When they met again the next night Mr. Tupper presented Mr. McDonald's resignation which he alleged had been received that day. The directors at once accepted the resignation. Then they ordered the obligations paid. The bank was weakened so much

that the directors decided to go into liquidation but the public was to be informed that it was a temporary suspension. In order to recoup the losses of the bank it was decided to place an attachment upon Mr. McDonald's property.

Before the matter reached the public ear Mr. McDonald returned from his vacation. He knew nothing of what had been going on and was dumbfounded when informed that he was no longer president. He supposed of course that he had been summarily dismissed. The directors would have nothing to do with him and informed him that Mr. Tupper was the new president and he could talk with him. Mr. Tupper gave him little light. He told him that the bank was involved seriously and that there would be a temporary suspension at least.

Mr. McDonald's deep sense of honor asserted itself that night and he resolved that not a depositor should lose a dollar. When the morning paper announced the suspension of the bank the people could scarcely believe the report. One of the papers published an interview from the new president who said he could not account for the matter unless Mr. McDonald had been gambling. Shortly after the paper came out with the interview Mr. Tupper, it is true, had called up Mr. McDonald and declared that the reporter had misrepresented him. It was noticeable, however, that he did not deny the interview in a public way. Up to the time of the interview Mr. McDonald was completely at sea. His suspicion for the first time centered on his cashier. He wondered if Mr. Tupper had had him dismissed in order to get the position of president. Perhaps the difficulties of the bank were due to Mr. Tup-

per's action. But why should Mr. Tupper do such a thing? He had a good salary, he had a charming wife and a comfortable home, and he stood well in society.

One evening Mr. McDonald and Mr. Tupper accidentally met on the street. As Mr. McDonald looked at Mr. Tupper he felt more deeply convinced than ever that he had rightly placed the blame. Mr. Tupper was pale, nervous, rather glum and without his customary fearless gaze.

As Mr. Tupper went into his home that evening he was unusually nervous. He did not like the way Mr. McDonald looked at him. He did not like the way he was questioned by him. And above all, he was aggravated at what Mr. McDonald said as they parted: "The whole affair will come to light some time, for murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." Mr. Tupper said to himself: "I need not worry. I can hold my own tongue. Still, I wish I had not done the work. I have a little of that money and some day I'll get out of here and enjoy myself."

He did not sleep well that night. He had fitful dreams. He rolled and tossed but sleep seemed driven from his life. He heard a noise at the front gate and saw two policemen talking. He imagined that they had come to arrest him. A sickly fear came over him as he locked and bolted the door. When he peeped out again and saw them moving off on their beats he laughed at his foolish fears.

The next morning something went wrong at home and for the first time he cursed—cursed his wife. He felt in his heart that she was partly responsible for his wrong-doing and he hated her—hated her

beautiful eyes, hated her rosy cheeks, hated her costly gowns, hated her as he hated a slimy serpent. Her very presence made him unspeakably ugly in disposition.

One Sunday morning he resolved to go to church and try to live right. He would atone for his wrong doing by attending church, and giving liberally for its support. He went to hear the Rev. Dr. Carter preach. He slipped a \$20 bill into the plate as it passed by. But somehow he felt uneasy while Dr. Carter was preaching—especially as he was preaching about Judas. The sin of ungratefulness never seemed so awful to him before. As he went out he secretly cursed Dr. Carter for putting such a thought before him. Why didn't he preach on love or forgiveness or charity?

The next Sunday he resolved to go where the minister was supposed to preach every person into heaven. But when he went into the church he did not like the looks of the interior. He did not like the looks of the audience. He did not like the singing. Then when the minister preached on "Lifeless Creeds" he turned away in disgust.

The next Sunday he went to hear a famous evangelist. He believed just what the evangelist said about "Peace, the fruit of righteousness." As he went into his room that night he unbound his mother's Bible and wept over his lost condition. The conscious stricken man could not pray. He turned to his well thumbed copy of Hamlet and read aloud his own condition:

“O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven!

Pray can I not:

Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
 To be forstalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul deeds?
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the deed,
 My wealth, mine own ambition and my place.
 May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 There is no suffling,—there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give-in evidence. What then? What rests?
 Try what repentance can? What can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged! Help angels! Make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of a new-born babe!
 All may be well.”

The wretched man threw down the book and gazed long and earnestly out into his starless world.

Then he cursed himself to think that he was silly enough to try to repent. He picked up a striking novel and tried to read. He hated the principal character because he was honest. He hated him

because he refused to smoke and drink. He hated him because he told the truth. He did not read far enough to see how the villain turned out, he didn't want to know.

The next night he went to a theater and then another and finally at the end of the week he turned away from the theater cursing the gullibility of a fickle public and the hollowness of the cheap wit.

He went into his room and locking the door behind him resolved to drown his conscience in strong drink. The accursed poison was poured down his feverish throat until he sank in a stupor and remained there until morning.

At the breakfast table his wife expressed surprise at his haggard looks and bloodshot eyes. He flew into a rage and left the table.

Such treatment began to tell on her. She was no longer the happy, thoughtless girl of a few months ago. Her life was unhappy. When her husband first acted coldly towards her she did not mind it. She was not particular so long as she had all the money she wanted. But now in addition to his coldness and cruelty he refused to give so liberally, and even refused to see her except at the breakfast table.

One morning she made a pitiful appeal to her husband: "Oscar, what have I done that you hate me so? Tell me what I have done and I'll do what I can to right the wrong. I can't stand this kind of a life."

"Curse you," he hissed, "I hate you as I hate myself. You are no more to blame than I am. I married you because you were beautiful. You married me because you thought you would be benefited

in a social way. Help me? You have helped me to make myself accursed. There was a time when you could have helped me, but it's too late now. I hate you as I hate myself."

After Mr. McDonald's loss of home and position he was almost crushed. How could any one think that he had misapplied the funds of the bank. Mrs. McDonald's brother in Scotland learned of the troubles of his sister and her husband and kept sending a small amount each month for their support. At first Mr. McDonald rebelled against taking the money, but he did not want to face famine. He spent the most of his time brooding over his misfortune and wondering how he could vindicate himself. He watched Mr. Tupper's movements as closely as possible. He observed his associates and companions. Mr. Tupper had changed radically and was dissipating to a fearful degree but what puzzled him was to find where Mr. Tupper had used the large amount said to have been taken. He surely was in collusion with some one. Thus musing and wondering and suspecting, month after month kept slipping by and finally Mr. McDonald was ready to abandon the hope of ever being vindicated.

Mr. Tupper kept getting deeper and deeper into debt until one day he realized that he must surely lose his position by the end of the month. He was in disrepute in his clubs because of debts and dissipation. He hated his home, his wife, his associates, his native city. Why not take all the money he could get by fair means or foul and go to some foreign country to live in peace and plenty? What did he care for the depositors or the bank?

One morning the cashier and clerks were in a flurry of excitement. Mr. Tupper had gone, and with him the deposits. The papers chronicled Mr. Tupper's fall, and a large reward was offered for his arrest. The officers of the law went at once to Mr. Tupper's house.

Mrs. Tupper was completely dazed when the officers entered the house to arrest her husband. After searching the house one officer turned to her and said: "Madam, I'm sorry to be compelled to arrest you as an accomplice, but that is my duty."

Mrs. Tupper ran to the opposite corner of the room and stood like a wild animal at bay. As the officer approached her, her wild screams froze the blood in his veins. She was finally taken away a raving maniac, to beat her life out against the cruel bars.

There was almost as much excitement over Mr. Tupper's fall as there had been over Mr. McDonald's failure.

Every one seemed anxious for the capture of the faithless man.

Some one had seen the fleeing president in the big woods out at the edge of the city, and searching parties were soon scouring the country. One morning after a heavy rain had passed, Mr. Tupper crawled to the edge of a cave in which he had been hiding. He heard the deep baying of bloodhounds and a sickly feeling drove him back into the clammy darkness, where he stood petrified with fear. Finally the sound of the dogs grew fainter, and he again crawled out to steal some food from a nearby farm house.

One evening a searching party came very sud-

denly into view. Mr. Tupper hastily climbed a tree and hid among the thick branches. The party halted for a few moments under the tree and he heard their conversation.

The leader of the party was the man to whom he had given the \$2500.00 to secure him the nomination as mayor. Like a wild animal he glared down upon that man and hated him with all the hatred of his soul. He pulled his weapon from his pocket and drew a deadly aim upon the man—then he slowly pushed the weapon back into his pocket, saying to himself, "I'll not add that crime to my list."

One dark night a man stole silently into the great city of Cleveland. He found a newspaper on a pile of rubbish, where he halted for a moment and paused to read it. He was dazed as he saw the head-lines, "Mrs. Oscar Tupper Dead! Dies a raving maniac, after being arrested as her husband's accomplice!" He crushed the paper and moved out and on to the little cottage once called home. The house was dark. There was no sign of life. He went to the barn and crawled into it. Groping around he found and lighted a lantern. With a trembling hand he wrote a letter to Mr. Alexander McDonald. Every step was given in his fall. He explained his anguish over his treachery. He told of his last plan to escape to another country. As he wiped the cold sweat from his brow he concluded with these words—

"I cannot blame any one but myself. When I read in a paper I found this evening about the unhappy end of the woman who bore my name I felt I could not let the blame rest upon her. While it is true she was not much

help to me, she was not a partner in my crimes. It will not be necessary for the officers or those who once professed to be my friends and helped me into crime to search for me.

Your unworthy servant,

OSCAR TUPPER."

Putting out the light, he crawled out of the barn and moved cautiously to Mr. McDonald's home and placed this confession in the mail box by the door. Then he glided from one street to another until he paused on the shore of the great lake. Unfastening a boat, he floated silently out and disappeared forever in the restless waves.

CHAPTER IX.

HARMONY IN DIVERSITY.

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.”

Rufus left Helen in San Francisco with many misgivings. He wondered how she would get along all alone. Yet his fears were quieted every time her face rose before him as he had seen it in the Holy Land. He prayed nearly every hour in the day. “Good Lord take care of Miss Helen.” He secured employment on an excursion train as far as Chicago, but could not go further unless he would promise to go to Boston. He couldn’t do that because he had orders to stop at Cleveland. He expressed his disappointment to one of his companions, who said, “Why don’t you tell them that you will go to Boston and then get off when you reach Cleveland.”

“No, sir,” said Rufus. “I’se not gwine to tell a lie. No, indeed. I’se asked de good Lord to look after a friend of mine, and I’m sùre he doin’ it. Do you s’pose I’d go back on de Lord? No, sir!”

A new man took the place of Rufus when the special arrived in Chicago. Rufus felt sorely disappointed as he walked out into the great city. He

had a little money left, but he did not want to use it until he was compelled to do so. He traveled for days in the great city seeking employment. At last, foot-sore and weary, he despaired of getting work. One evening he noticed a cut-rate ticket office sign, "To Cleveland for \$1.00." Rufus went in, purchased a second-class ticket, and was soon happy on the way.

On arriving in Cleveland he at once consulted a directory and found that there were several McDonalds. Running down the list, he found Everett McDonald's name and address. After much walking, he came to the little cottage and rang the bell.

Liza answered the bell. As she opened the door and saw one of her own race she said with considerable importance, "Well, sah!"

"I has a message for Mista Everett McDonald. Is he here?"

"No, sah! He is not home. Do you want to leave the message with me?"

"De message am for Everett McDonald. I cannot give it to any one but jes' him. When will he be in?"

"Well, sah, he done went away some time ago, and we are not expecting him back to supper to-night."

"Will he be here tomorrow, do you s'pose?"

"Of course, he won't. What do you suppose? He is in de East."

"What place is he visitin'?"

"Visitin'! Mr. Everett's workin'."

"Well, wha' is he workin'? I'd like to know, case I has an important message for him."

"Now, what can be so 'portant dat you can't

tell me? I'm his ole Aunt, and he depends on me for his news."

"I has a message from one of his best friends, and it will mean a heap to him. I'se not goin' to tell you. If you don't tell me whar he is and he's kept in ign'ance on you' account I imagine his old aunt will see sure nuff fire in Mr. Everett's eyes when she does see him."

"Have you had your supper?" asked Liza, growing a little more friendly, and not quite sure about what she should do. "The folks am out, and there is plenty left."

Rufus gladly accepted the invitation, and stepped in. Liza gave him a splendid supper, and again asked him what he wanted with Mr. Everett.

Rufus was firm in his refusal. As he started to leave the house he said, 'Is you a Christian?'

"Yes, indeed!"

"You believes in de good Lord den?"

"Guess I do."

"Well, if you don't want a pow'ful jedgment brought down on you' head you'd better done tell me whar Everett McDonald is, sose I kin help him."

"Well," said Liza, hesitatingly. "Well, sah, his folks am gone, and he is in de East in mission work."

This was all Rufus could learn from her, and he went away, crestfallen. He visited the cottage several times, but Mr. and Mrs. McDonald could not be seen. For some strange reason, Liza was afraid Rufus wanted to harm Mr. Everett, and gave him no further information than he received on the first visit.

At last Rufus secured passage on a steamer to

Buffalo. After searching through Buffalo he decided to go further. When he had obtained enough money he went to New York City. He felt sure he would find Mr. Everett there—but after looking through all the mission stations he decided that Mr. Everett was not in New York.

Finally, he had an opportunity to work his way to Boston on a steamer. He had never been in Boston, and as he started out he was somewhat puzzled over the directions of the streets. He inquired of a policeman about "mission stations."

The good-natured Irishman looked at Rufus and said: "Are ye a missionary from Chiny?"

"No," said Rufus, "I'se jest come from Ireland."

"Begorra, ye look like ye came from Cork," said the amused policeman, as he gave him directions.

Rufus tried to follow the instructions. After winding and twisting for a couple of hours he came upon another policeman that looked very familiar. He asked him about misson stations.

"Well," said the policeman, "Oi think ye are the missionary from Ireland Oi directed a couple of hours ago, aren't ye?"

Rufus looked at the officer, and then up at the Union station. Sure enough he had been traveling in a circle.

The policeman directed him again, and again he started out. He walked and walked, rested and then started out again. At last, thoroughly mystified, he touched a policeman on the shoulder to inquire again.

As the policeman looked up, he saw the same fellow who had inquired of him twice before.

"I can't tell wha the trouble is, wid me or de

streets of Boston," said Rufus, in answer to the policeman. "I'se been in large cities, but I'se never been so twisted in my life."

"Oi don't wonder at yer gettin' bewildered," said the officer. "Oi've lived here all me life and be-gorra Oi have to carry a chart and compass and lunch wid me when Oi'm off duty. Oi'm off duty in a half hour and if ye'll wait Oi'll steer ye to a bunk for the night."

In a couple of days Rufus got over his twisted feeling by remembering how Washington Street ran and where the State House stood.

At last he had all the mission stations located and after visiting several of them, came to the Baptist Mission where Everett McDonald was laboring. A good lady passing by informed him that there would be no service in the chapel until Sunday morning.

On Sunday morning he went to the mission station and saw a tall, handsome young man in the pulpit. He had a wealth of wavy black hair, a smooth-shaven face and big blue eyes. His voice was not of a very low pitch, but it was full of melody. As Rufus listened to the helpful and charming talk, he said to himself, "If dis is the gemen Miss Helen loves I don't blame her. But my! how kin I ever git up enough grit to give him de whole message? But I hasn't toiled across de country to be a coward."

After the service was over, Rufus went forward and shook hands with Everett McDonald and said:

"I'd like to chat wid you after dese folks has gone."

"Certainly," said Everett, "take a seat."

The people tarried quite a while to visit with each other and talk with their spiritual leader.

At last all were gone but one degraded looking fellow to whom Everett had been earnestly talking. The fellow was under deep conviction, and Everett finally persuaded him to kneel in prayer.

Rufus knelt with them. Everett prayed so simply and earnestly and powerfully for the struggling sinner, that Rufus could not help raising his head to look at the sight. The light was reflected full in Everett's uplifted face. One hand was resting on the repenting sinner and the other was lifted to heaven. As he continued in supplication the tears rolled like sacred sparkling diamonds down his cheeks.

As Rufus looked on that sight he remembered another tear-stained face he had gazed upon, and pressing his head into his hands he prayed, "O, Lord, if you'se can light up a face in dis mission house as well as upon Mt. Olivet, come into my black face!"

The penitent prayed, and as he concluded Rufus unconsciously sang in his melodious and consecrated voice:

"I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find."

As he sang the last verse—

"In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified."

the penitent leaped to his feet a free man and praised

God for a full salvation. It was difficult to tell which one of the three was the happiest. Finally the redeemed man went out and Rufus and Everett were left alone.

"What can I do for you?" said Everett as he wiped the happy tears out of his eyes.

"Mr. Everett, I has done you a wrong and I'se traveled across de continent to right de wrong."

Everett was amazed at such a statement, for he had never seen the colored man before.

Rufus continued: "I was for a long time a servant in de Day home in Columbus, Ohio."

"Is Helen alive and well?" quickly asked the excited listener.

"Yes, Mr. Everett. Jes' wait and I will tell you all. Helen's father is de best Cap'n dat has ever been stationed in Columbus. Besides bein' a fine soldier he is also a man of heaps of money an' style. Helen is de only child, and he wants her to marry some gemen of very high standin'. After a trip to de University whar you were attendin' he comes back pow'fully decided dat Miss Helen should not go wid you."

"Well, I know all that. Go on," said Everett.

"Den he 'lows dat he will send Miss Helen abroad wid her mother. I was sent along to keep any of her letters reachin' you or any of yours reachin' her. And, Mr. Everett, I beg you' pardon for I did it."

"Never mind that, go on with your story. I want to know about Helen, not about your faults. Of course, I forgive you; go on."

"Well, de next mornin' after we gits home from abroad Miss Helen writes a letter to you and is

gwine to send it. No—Mr. Everett, I can't tells you all, but Miss Helen is all right."

Everett leaped to his feet and, with flashing eyes, said, "Go on, tell me all."

"Well, Mr. Everett, Capt'n Day done ordered her to give him de letter and go back on vou. Because she would not, he druv her away from home. I couldn't think of her goin' away alone, so I followed her 'til she landed in San Francisco, where she is now. I tole her 'bout what I had done, and she 'mediately sent me out to find you."

"Poor Helen! Has she any money?"

"O, yes, she has money, and tole me to be sure and tell you dat she's happy. She didn't want you to change any of you' plans for her sake."

Everett plied Rufus with questions until he had every detail from the time Helen had left school until Rufus had left her—except that Rufus did not tell that he had given her his savings and was himself penniless.

Finally Everett said: "Rufus, you must go back to Columbus and see Captain and Mrs. Day. Find out if they will give me an interview. I cannot think of having a home broken up on my account. Captain Day does not understand me. Do not tell him where Helen is; do not write Helen that I am going to Columbus. Just ask Captain Day if he will give me an interview. If he does not, then I will go to Helen."

Rufus left two days afterward for the Capital City. Everett was restless and anxious. Saturday night came, and still no news.

The next morning was Communion service in the chapel. The place was crowded and a few stood at the back part of the room.

The services, always impressive, seemed doubly so that morning. The theme of the discourse was "The Loneliness of Jesus." The minister tore aside the drapery of Scripture and the Lord Jesus Christ stood before that audience. They saw Him in the manger, in the carpenter shop, they saw Him cast out from His home and kindred. They saw Him driven by misguided men from one place to another, and all wept with Everett as they saw Him nailed to the cross for their sakes. Then he applied the subject and asked how many were driving Jesus from their hearts and homes. He said too many people forgot that this same Master had said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." As he was applying the last thought with dramatic power a very well dressed lady in the back part of the room fainted away. She was taken into the vestibule and soon revived. She persisted in going back to the service, saying: "The air was a little oppressive. I will be all right now."

Everett asked the communicants to come and kneel at the altar. The little altar was crowded for the fifth time. As the last offer was made five more came forward. Everett gave an unconscious start as the well dressed lady approached and knelt at the altar. Had he ever seen her face before? Where? As they arose he could not give them any words of comfort and guidance. He simply said, "Go in peace."

After the service, Everett was about to go out when the woman stepped into the room and said, "You are Everett McDonald, aren't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"I am Helen Day's mother. O, Mr. McDonald, if you could only tell me Helen was alive and well I would be the happiest mother on earth." She sank at his feet with uplifted hands and agonized countenance. Everett took her by the hand and said: "I have just learned of Helen's whereabouts. She is alive and well."

The tired, weary, overjoyed mother sank unconscious to the floor. Everett picked her up in his strong arms and laid her gently on a seat. He placed his coat under her head and stood fanning her with his hat. When she revived she looked strangely around, and then everything came back to her as she saw Everett McDonald's anxious face.

"I'm all right," she said, "only I am so weak and nervous. It has been so long since Helen left home, and I have suffered so much that I have little strength left. Is Helen with you? Her father and I both love her and would gladly welcome her back to the old home. O, may I see her?"

"She is not with me, Mrs. Day. I only learned the facts in the case a little less than a week ago." He then told her what he had heard from Rufus.

"Dear, dear Rufus!" said Mrs. Day, again and again. "And so Helen is in San Francisco?"

Then Mrs. Day told Everett about the search she and Captain Day had been making, how they had left their old home, and how they had finally decided to search separately.

As Everett listened to her pitiful story, his heart was deeply pained. The veins stood out like whipcords on his forehead, and the cold perspiration came in every pore. Finally he said: "Mrs. Day, you are too weak to walk back to the hotel. You

rest here a moment and I will hail a cab." He soon had a cab at the door and went with Mrs. Day to the hotel.

He then sent the following telegram:

"Miss Helen Day, San Francisco, Cal.

Care of Salvation Army:

"Your mother is here with me. Can you return to your old home? There is a warm welcome for you. Answer at once.

"EVERETT McDONALD."

The next day Everett McDonald received the following:

"Everett McDonald, Boston, Mass.:

"Father is here with me. He is unable to leave at present. Send mother here at once.

"HELEN DAY."

Everett never forgot the look of joy that came into Mrs. Day's face as he read the message to her. "Isn't God good?" she said, as she brushed the tears from her cheeks.

Everett walked over to the window and stood silent for several moments. Then he said, "Mrs. Day, you will have just three hours to get ready for the train that runs through without change to San Francisco. You will arrive there Saturday morning at 10:30. I purchased your ticket on the way up here."

Mrs. Day was soon ready but refused to ride to the station. Outside in the crowded street she took Everett's arm, and they walked slowly to the depot. She tried to persuade Everett to go with her, but he said, "O, no, you go. I can't leave now. Wait and see what Mr. Day says."

Of course, the train seemed to go slowly, and yet it was the overland limited hurrying forward

with the greatest speed possible. Across prairies, around hills, through valleys and under mountains—on the train sped until Saturday morning, when it swung into the San Francisco depot.

Helen and Prince were waiting with intense anxiety, for it seemed that even Prince knew Mrs. Day was coming. As Mrs. Day stepped from the train Prince was beside himself with joy and barked with wildest delight. Mrs. Day was hysterical and it was some minutes before she could regain her usual composure.

“Where is father?” she asked.

“He was quite sick when he reached San Francisco, and had to be taken to the hospital. He is very much improved, and will soon be able to be out. I told him that I had heard from you and that you were all right. The doctor thinks we had better not excite him too much. You can see him in a day or two.”

Mrs. Day went around with Helen through her wonderland, and seemed to grow young again as she watched Helen take care of the little tots. As the children were about to retire each one would kneel by his little bed and repeat a prayer, and invariably conclude, “Bless Miss Helen.”

Mrs. Day said as they retired at night, “Helen, it is no wonder you were protected when all those dear little children were praying for you.”

One day as Helen carried some flowers to the hospital for her father she said, “Mother is coming out to San Francisco to the hospital before long.”

“I am so glad,” said the weak man, “for I am so anxious to see her. That is the one thing I lack to make me supremely happy.”

The next day the one thing Captain Day lacked was supplied, for some one besides Helen arranged the flowers and ministered to his wants.

As soon as Captain Day was able to be out of the hospital he had some delightful drives about the city. One day he learned all the facts about Everett McDonald from Mrs. Day. Then a letter was forwarded in the large mail that had been waiting for months at Columbus that made him see Everett McDonald in a still clearer light. It ran thus:

"Dear Capt. Day: I write you at the earliest possible convenience in regard to some things I have learned about my former room-mate, Everett McDonald. The poor family in the college town where we saw Mr. McDonald go was not related to him in any way. He was the means of bringing not only that family but six others into the Christian life. Mr. McDonald is a far nobler man than I ever dreamed he was. Besides I have also learned that his father did not defraud one person out of a penny. Although the family is poor, they are all honorable. What I did was what I believed to be right, and yet it all savored somewhat of jealousy, which I am happy to say does not now exist.

Believe me very truly your friend,

CHARLES HASKELL."

One evening Captain Day handed Helen a message, and directed her to send it. "Read it aloud, Helen," and Helen read:

"Everett McDonald, Boston, Mass.:

"I appreciate fully all you have done for us. When we are in a position to do so we will gladly welcome you to our home.

CAPT. DAY."

"And I shall send this," said Helen.

"Yes, my daughter. I have been misled and I have done wrong. All I can do to right the wrong will be done."

Helen took her father around to see what she had been doing. Captain Day was perfectly amazed at Helen's work. As he saw the devotion of the little ones to Helen he said, "If I had an army that was as loyal to me as these little ones are to Helen I could conquer the world."

The second week after being able to be out, he was by Helen's side for the worship in the Friendly Inn. He had listened several mornings to Helen as she read the Holy Book and prayed for the children. This morning the horny hand of the stern soldier became gentle as he took in his hand instead of the sword of steel the sword of the spirit. As he began to read he felt more and more that the great things of this world could be accomplished not by might nor by power, but by the Lord's spirit of love. His hair was gray, but his face was young and it beamed with the gentleness of a true soldier of the cross. He closed the book with a tender touch and knelt among the children. As Helen for the first time heard her father lift his voice in praise and thanksgiving to the giver of every good and perfect gift her intense joy found expression in a flood of happy tears.

CHAPTER X.

A CLOUDLESS MORNING.

"We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfill all thy petitions."

The decision of Everett McDonald in regard to the prize fight was not followed by any regret. He asked himself the question many times: "Why did I entertain such a proposition for a moment?"

The Harvard boys who had arranged for Everett's overthrow were at first dumbfounded. They could not believe Dempsey had done his best, yet they had to confess that McDonald handled himself remarkably well. Finally one of the fellows named Bob for short decided to see Dempsey. As he was ushered into the presence of Dempsey he felt a little uneasy, and yet he proceeded at once with his inquiry.

Dempsey said: "Never get another professional to face that fellow. He is the hardest proposition I ever faced. I did my best to put him out, but the fact of the matter is he got the best of *me*. I am satisfied, and so is my backer, that he could have put me out several different times if he had desired to do so. My manager has offered him a big purse to

fight for the championship of the world, but he refuses to enter the ring. He is preaching in a Baptist mission station, and I tell you he's a comer. If he knows how to handle men physically he also knows how to handle them spiritually. He invited me to the chapel and I went for the fun of the thing, and, sir, before I left he had me on my knees—the first time I went there of my own accord since mother's death. I had a thousand objections, but he smothered every one of them. Then when he spoke of mothers' prayers for their boys and how some were looking over the battlements of heaven with anxious faces, he struck me over the heart and brought me to my knees. And Bible! that fellow knows the rules, I tell you."

"Are you going to preach?" said Bob, with a smile.

"O, no; I don't intend to preach, but I'm going to quit the ring just the same. My contract runs out after ten more exhibition nights, and then I'm done with the ring. I get \$250.00 a night for exhibitions, and that isn't so much, but it's a great deal when you are going to stop for \$5.00 per day. I'm to have a place as instructor in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. 'Tisn't much money, but it's like your divinity student says, I'll have more money in the long run."

"Well," said Bob, "I don't see why you have to quit the exhibition business to be a Christian."

"How can I pray, 'lead me not into temptation' and then go hunting temptation? My manager says I'm foolish, but I'm not in my new role for compliments and bouquets. I don't care what other people say. Are you a Christian?"

This question brought a negative answer from Bob and a hasty retreat. He hadn't come to be interviewed on the question of religion. He simply wanted to know if Dempsey had done his best that night in the gymnasium. He went back to the boys with the news—all except Dempsey's conversion. Dempsey had done his best. Dempsey's manager had offered McDonald a large sum to fight for the championship of the world and McDonald had refused. The boys overwhelmed McDonald with congratulations. He was courted and dined and lionized after student fashion. Bob was especially enthusiastic over Everett. The more he saw him the better he liked him. He invited Everett up to his rooms and asked him to room with him.

"I can't do that, Bob. I have a very small income."

"Never mind about the money. I have plenty, and besides the rent is all paid in advance."

"Would you object to my reading the Bible and praying every night?"

"Certainly not. I'm not a Christian myself, but I don't object to other people being Christians if they wish. I expect to be one myself some day, but not now. You will come, won't you?"

Everett decided he would. His room in the city was not a very comfortable one, and since he had quit work on the dock he could room in Cambridge very conveniently. Besides, here was an opportunity to do good.

He moved in and found Bob a very fine fellow. Everett and Bob soon became real chums. They wrestled together, boxed together, rowed together, and even on Sunday Bob went with Everett to the Mission.

The subject of religion was not mentioned except at night, and then only to read the Bible and pray. When Everett reached for his Bible Bob always laid aside his work and knelt when Everett knelt. Bob was thoroughly impressed with Everett's fearless and manly religion. Bob was also deeply impressed with the fact that he had never heard Everett apologize for his religion.

He began to say to himself: "If I could have that kind of religion I would be happy."

One night Everett read about Nicodemus. Then he explained so clearly to Bob's mind the way to be saved. As they knelt together Everett prayed earnestly for all those who had not given their hearts to Christ.

When Everett arose Bob remained upon his knees. Everett knelt by his chum and again explained the way and again prayed.

As Bob arose he said: "McDonald, my dear fellow, it's all clear. Give me your hand. I'm going to write to the old folks at home. They have been praying for me for years. And the old minister, too. I must write to him." Bob not only told his experience to the old folks and the old minister, but also to his classmates and the people at the mission.

Everett's work at the Mission grew constantly in importance. The little room would no longer accommodate the people who came to worship. Everett placed the matter before the missionary society. They had observed the prosperous condition of the Mission but had no funds to build a new chapel.

"When does the Baptist State Association meet?" asked Everett of the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

"Next month—the tenth, in Tremont Temple," said the Secretary.

"I wonder if I could have about fifteen minutes to present the work and need of city missions?"

"Try. It would be a capital idea and I'll help to get you a chance."

The Program Committee was found, and after much pleading Everett McDonald was assigned a place on the program. He was to have the last fifteen minutes before adjourning for dinner—the most undesirable place on the program, as the people would be restless and uneasy about that time. Still Everett felt elated over having any place assigned him. Since his ordination Everett had never spoken before his brethren. He felt uneasy about speaking before the State Association, but the need of the mission must be presented.

He told Bob of his fears and tremblings. Bob said: "Brace up. Don't worry. Tell them about the needs of the Mission, not about yourself. I'll sit in the audience and pray for you."

The tenth of the month arrived and the State Association assembled in the Temple. Everett was so nervous and restless he could not sit still. Bob kept saying, "Keep your nerve, old fellow. You'll come out all right."

Several of the speakers had used a few minutes more than their allotted time, and they were running a full half-hour behind the schedule on the program.

"You don't suppose they will shut me out of my fifteen minutes, do you Bob?"

"No! Of course they won't. You'll get a hearing."

Just then the last speaker concluded a rather tiresome but scholarly address on "Foreign Missions."

The audience moved uneasily, and a few left the room. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, "please remain seated for a few minutes. There is one speaker yet to be heard. As we have run considerably over our time, I will ask the Rev. Mr. McDonald to use five instead of fifteen minutes in presenting the "Need of City Missions."

Everett rose, pale and trembling. He bowed to the chairman and then turned his eyes to the sea of faces before him. He was frightened for a second, and then he saw Bob's face, and the small "mission station" rose before him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "if I were to present the needs of Tremont Temple I would not need even five minutes—this grand Temple is hallowed by holy memories that crowd in upon us and our tongues remain silent while our hearts speak."

As his clear, earnest voice rang out, the great audience grew strangely quiet and a few on the way out returned to their seats.

"But," he continued, "I am to speak neither of Tremont Temple nor of the multitudes who worship here. I speak to you of an unknown 'Mission Station' where the common man has not a place to bow his knee before the God who can help him in his struggle. The little place is too small to accommodate the poor people who are hungering and thirsting for righteousness. The Missionary Society heartily approves the mission and agrees that the mission holds a strategic position, yet they are unable to provide a larger building.

“The little Mission is as obscure and almost as objectionable as the manger at Bethlehem, yet like that manger sacred memories cluster about it and for it the angels have often tuned their harps. We have not the stately columns nor ivory halls nor golden candelabra, but God’s almighty power has there enabled the prodigal to leave his husks, the beggar his rags and the harlot her sins. I plead for enough money here and now, so that the poor of our city will not have to be shut out from God’s presence and worship. Let us pray for such a collection,” and Everett lifted his voice and arms to the most High God for help. If he had riveted the attention of every one by his impassioned speech, he now won them by his powerful and prevailing prayer.

At the conclusion of the prayer the pastor of Tremont Temple took his hat and started for the collection. A half-dozen other ministers followed his example. Some of the collectors were compelled to crowd down the bills to keep them from falling out of their hats.

As the men came back with enough to build and equip an ideal mission station, Everett stood up to thank the people, but he could not. His tears fell upon the offering and consecrated it as he lifted his face and said, “Thank God.” The inspired audience arose and sang, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

It seemed almost like a dream when all the money was handed over to him. “It is all yours to build a house of God,” said the chairman.

Everett turned to the Secretary of the Home Missionary Society and said: “I will make you my

banker and will call on you for such amounts as we need from time to time." He was kept busy for over a half-hour shaking hands with those who pressed forward to wish him Godspeed in his work.

He suddenly wondered where Bob was. He looked around, but didn't see him. He put on his hat and hurried out. As he was about to go out the side entrance he ran into Bob, who stood there wiping his eyes. "I'm no Methodist," said Bob, "but if I hadn't got out of there I guess they would have thought a whole camp meeting had broken loose. Say, can you lend me enough to get back to Cambridge? I had over a hundred dollars before you made that speech."

Everett and Bob lunched together and then Everett loaned him some money. As Bob took the money he said: "If I am as successful before juries as you were before that audience, I guess I'll be more than satisfied."

Everett purchased an ideal spot that afternoon for his mission house, and engaged an architect. As he had his mind pretty well made up what kind of a building he wanted, the architect's work was simplified and soon done.

The building seemed to rise almost by magic, and Everett was one of the happiest of men.

One evening a committee from one of the strongest Baptist churches in the state called on Everett in his new place of worship and the chairman said: "Mr. McDonald, our church is without a pastor, and after hearing you at our state convention and here in your mission a few times, we decided last night to extend to you a unanimous call to be our pastor at a salary of \$3500.00 and a furnished par-

sonage. We will give you full charge, and if you want to do mission work our place is sadly in need of that."

"Well, Mr. Chairman and brethren, I hardly know what to say. I never aspired to anything like that. I know something of your field of work and it is an inviting one, but I cannot give you an answer now."

"You will consider the matter, then, will you?" said one of the committee.

"Yes, if you will give me one month."

"Certainly," said the chairman, and the committee went away happy.

Everett was talking over the matter with Bob when a telegram came from Cleveland. Everett turned pale and his hands trembled so he could hardly open the message. What could have happened at home to cause them to send a message? He opened the message and read:

"Dear Everett:—My honor has been thoroughly vindicated. Come home at once.

"ALEXANDER McDONALD."

Everett acted like an Indian gone mad. He turned a double handspring with a yell, and the messenger boy, in his anxiety to get away, missed a step and tumbled head over heels down the stairs. He hugged Bob until Bob was purple in the face. He threw pillows, turned somersaults and hand-springs until he was almost exhausted. Finally Bob called from behind the closet door: "Smash everything but my sweetheart's picture, and keep out of here."

"Come out, Bob; I'll be good."

After considerable work they had the room in

fairly good order, but Everett was so happy he did not get to sleep until long after midnight.

The next day, after Everett had arranged affairs for a few days' absence from school and the mission, he boarded the train and waved adieu to Bob, who stood calling, "Be sure and come back."

Both father and son were deeply moved as they greeted each other at the depot. Everett heard the wonderful story of the forgery and dramatic ending of Mr. Oscar Tupper as they walked arm in arm to the little cottage. Then his surprise was complete when his mother told him of the fortune that had come to them that week from her brother in Scotland.

Of course Liza knew all the time that they were going back to the mansion. "I am not so sure," said Mrs. McDonald, "that I want to go back to the mansion, as Liza calls it. A cottage just a little more convenient than this one will suit me."

"Nor I," said Mr. McDonald, "although the man who purchased our old home offered to sell it to me at a reasonable sum. We've talked the matter over considerable of late and decided to arrange our plans to suit you, Everett."

"Well," said Everett, "I'm sure I have no desire to go back on Euclid Avenue, although it is a beautiful place. I have decided to give all my time to the ministry as soon as I pass my final examinations in theological work. But I guess you had better plan independent of me, for I doubt if the class of work I want to do in the ministry would suit you."

"Just what kind of work will you do? You will go into the Presbyterian Church, won't you?" eagerly asked Mrs. McDonald.

"Well, Mother, you ask me two pretty big questions at once. My work at the University town with the poor, and then my work at the Baptist Mission in Boston, makes clear to me that I am called to work among the poor and the neglected."

"We can't object to that," said Mr. McDonald, "for I'm sure we know how to sympathize with those who are poor and in trouble and forsaken. If Dr. Carter hadn't stood by us I do not know what would have become of us. But, by the way, a man in such a place as Dr. Carter can do a tremendous amount of good."

"Yes, I know, father, but if you were in a community where there was not simply one, but a thousand families needing sympathetic help, you could do more good, couldn't you?"

"O, don't understand me to be objecting to your desires. No, indeed, if you feel called to that kind of work, I'll never object."

"But you'll be a Presbyterian, won't you, Everett?" asked Mrs. McDonald.

"Mother, you make me laugh about your old Scotch Presbyterianism. You know I have been working in a Baptist Mission in Boston and that I have been ordained by the Baptist denomination."

"Praise de Lord," said Liza, "you'se a Baptist. I likes de Presbyterians but I'm by nature a Baptist."

"And not only have I been ordained by the Baptists, but I received a call just before I left Boston to a Baptist church paying \$3500.00 salary and a furnished parsonage."

"Of what church is Miss Day, of whom you have written so much, a member? Is she a Baptist, too?" asked the mother.

"No; her folks are Episcopalians. She was confirmed in that church several years ago. I do not know what her parents think about mission work. I imagine Captain Day will bitterly oppose such a move."

"What does Miss Day say for herself?" said Mr. McDonald.

"Well, when we were engaged I explained fully to her my desires. She agreed that she could be happy in such work. We did not talk about denominations; we talked about the Lord's work."

"Suppose we drop the subject tonight and talk the matter over with Dr. Carter tomorrow," said Mr. McDonald.

The next day Mr. McDonald and Everett called on Dr. Carter. The old minister was overjoyed to see Everett. "Your father has told me of some of the noble work you have been doing. I'm so glad you have been a true Christian. What are you going to do now?"

"That is our mission here this morning, to discuss my future. Of course I am going to preach and I have also decided to work with the poor."

"Well, that is a capital resolution and I hope you will never change your plan. Some will have to preach to the well-to-do, but we never lack for preachers there. My heart aches when I think of the thousands of poor people in this city who never go near a house of worship. I'm too old now to begin such a work, but I've been praying that God would raise up some strong man, some Moses to lead our enslaved poor from the houses of bondage."

"I have often thought of the poor people in

Cleveland, but there isn't a church in Cleveland to my liking. A Baptist church near Boston has extended me a call and the field is the most desirable I have seen yet and still that field does not exactly suit me."

"You're a Presbyterian, aren't you? By the way, I have a request from a magnificent Presbyterian church in New York to name a successor to the minister who has just resigned. If you want a good church that is a far better one than the one you describe and I'll gladly recommend you."

"O no, Dr. Carter, I thank you; but I don't want that kind of a church. Besides, I'm not sure I am a Presbyterian. I haven't gone back on the old Westminster Confession, but I have a few things in addition."

"Well, what is your position?" said Dr. Carter, "I'm always glad for new ideas."

"To state my position and belief I will have to describe what kind of a church I want to preach in. I want a church to begin with that will have arrangements for seating comfortably all who wish to come. That can be done. Then I want a good library, a first-class gymnasium and a well-equipped hospital in connection with the church. I don't mean separate buildings. I mean all under the same roof. I also want enough room for a home for little wanderers."

"To be sure, there is no such church here to my knowledge and very few in existence. What denomination would you have such a church fellowship with?"

"I believe in the old Confession of Faith, somewhat revised. I also believe in immersion if the

people want to be immersed. And I want the Methodist altar."

"You could do that and still be a Presbyterian."

"Well, to be frank, I want to throw the doors open without a creed or confession. All I want is that the people coming in shall believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and confess him publicly as their Savior. I will be frank, I think this can be best done as an 'Independent church.'"

Dr. Carter smiled and said: "I guess the 'Independent church' is where you belong. That's a little too free for me."

"I have great respect for creeds and confessions of faith, but I don't want perishing souls kept out of my church if they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior and are willing to confess Him before men. I want a life-saving station, where we do not ask whether a struggling seaman is a Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist or Episcopalian—I want to be able to throw out the life line, as Jesus did."

Dr Carter smiled again and said: "Well, Everett we don't disagree as much as you think. You are cut out for a good evangelist and I say Godspeed to you in your effort to save men. I don't believe Presbyterians are the only Christians that are going to heaven, but in all my years I have learned that God does not despise a good Presbyterian. I exchanged with a Methodist a few Sundays ago and as I spoke of the pathway growing brighter as the years went by one man on the front seat said 'Amen!' I looked down at the old man, and as I saw the tears trickling down his happy face I said to myself 'Thank God for the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'"

As father and son arose to go the faithful old prophet of God placed his hand on Everett's shoulder and said: "God bless you, Everett. I hope the Lord will open the way here in Cleveland. We need you here."

As they walked back home Mr. McDonald said, "Everett, what would such a church as you speak of cost?"

"I don't know exactly, father, but I'll figure on it. It would cost at least \$350,000.00. Of course, to conduct such a church successfully there would have to be an endowment."

Very little was said about the interview that evening. Mr. McDonald said that they had had a very pleasant and profitable time together. Everett said that he would decide later. He went to bed early that night as he was to return to Boston the next day to take his final examinations in theology.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald sat up late, very late. They were discussing Everett's plans and trying to arrive at a conclusion. Finally the mother said, "I'm sure, we cannot put our money to any better use. I haven't any doubt about Everett's being able to take charge of the work. He is surely capable of handling such an enterprise. We need not hesitate about the denomination if membership is conditioned on believing in and confessing publicly our Lord Jesus Christ."

"I think you are right, mother. As Dr. Carter says, we need just such a church for the poor of this city."

The next morning after breakfast and prayers, Everett was treated to a genuine surprise.

"Everett," said Mr. McDonald, "your mother

and I have decided to furnish the money to build such a church as you desire, here in Cleveland. We will work with you for the success of the Master."

Everett's tongue lost its cunning and his eyes overflowed with tears.

"Yes," said the mother, "we will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners and may the Lord fulfill all thy petitions."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LOVE-WROUGHT MASTERPIECE.

"The length and breadth and the height are equal."

Everett's mind was all in a whirl as he boarded the train for Boston. Joy and sadness strangely mingled as he thought of leaving the mission in Boston for the new field in Cleveland. He wondered how he would be able to tell the workers at the Mission of his decision to leave. Then, too, there was the Baptist church that had extended him a call and was expecting a decision on his return. Would the committee continue to feel friendly when he declined their invitation? Would the Days be pleased? Where would he get enough money to endow the church? He pondered over such questions all the way to Boston.

Bob was delighted when Everett walked into the room. "Hello, McDonald! My, but it has been lonesome since you left. You had a good time, I know. Did Cleveland look natural?"

"Yes, Bob, I had a splendid time, but was so very busy that I did not have time to look at old landmarks."

"Busy! Holding Evangelistic meetings I suppose. Why didn't you rest?"

"You will be surprised when I tell you what I've decided to do."

"I'll venture that you are going to Cleveland to live."

"Going back to work, Bob. My father and mother have decided to build a church according to my own ideas and I believe it is my duty to go." After Everett had explained fully what was to be done, Bob said: "I suppose it is for the best, but I had hoped you would remain a little longer in old Boston."

"Well, Bob, you will be leaving here in another year. I wish you would locate in Cleveland when you are through with your law course. You haven't decided yet where you will open an office, have you?"

"No, I haven't. It would be a capital idea to open an office in your city. Ohio is a great state. Do you think my chances for the Presidency of the United States will be increased if I go to Ohio?"

"If you will locate there I will do all I can to get other people to see you as I do and then I'm sure you will be made President."

"How about your examinations?" said Bob, changing the conversation. "I'm almost swamped with work. I'll be glad when I am through."

"I'm not sure that I am ready for mine either. Besides the regular tests I am to pass examinations on some extra work. If I am successful I'll be able to get my degree by doing the balance of the work in absentia."

After examinations were over Bob said: "Well, my exams were easy. I answered all the questions satisfactorily—i. e. to myself at least."

"My tests were not so easy but I am well satisfied with the result."

With the work at the Divinity School over Everett set about arranging affairs so that he could leave Boston.

The committee from the Baptist church came to the Mission station one evening at Everett's request to receive his decision. As Everett related to them his history and then explained to them fully the opening in Cleveland, the committee saw plainly enough that they could not expect him to accept their call. They themselves said that the opening in his native city was far better than anything they could offer him. As they were about to leave, the chairman said: "Mr. McDonald, can't you come out and preach for us next Sunday? We want our people to hear you once. No pressure will be used to have you accept our call. We will have it thoroughly understood that you have refused our invitation to the pastorate and we agree that your decision is the wise one."

After some hesitation Everett said, "I will preach for you next Sunday morning, but I want to preach here at the mission in the evening."

"Very well, that will suit us. We will get a minister to supply your pulpit in the morning and the same man can preach for us in the evening."

Everett preached in the Baptist church the next Sunday morning. He also gave a half hour talk in the Sabbath school. The people received him so enthusiastically that he said to Bob as they went back to the city, "That's a fine opportunity. It makes me feel badly not to accept their call."

"You can't preach everywhere at the same time,"

said Bob. "What is the use of feeling sad; you didn't ask them to consider your name. They made all the advances. Then, too, didn't they say you were wise in your decision."

"That's so," said Everett, more cheerfully. Then he thought of the Mission and how hard it would be to leave the work.

"I don't blame you for feeling sad at the thought of leaving the Mission. It's just as the Missionary Secretary says, they will not find another McDonald soon. But even the secretary don't blame you for going to Cleveland. He said you were just fitted for such a field and looked upon the opening as a providential one. You have a great chance there, old fellow."

"Bob, I'm afraid I can't preach tonight. Just think, my last sermon in the Mission. It almost breaks my heart to think of it."

"You must brace up and preach your best. You don't want your last effort to be a failure. Besides, you have selected your own successor and you know he is a good man."

Despite Bob's exhortation to "brace up" Everett broke down two or three times as he was preaching the last sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon he introduced his successor to the audience and concluded the service with one of his powerful prayers for God's blessing upon "the man and the Mission."

As Everett packed his trunk to leave, Bob didn't say anything about "bracing up." In fact, he was not saying anything at all. He was kept busy swallowing and trying to keep down the tears. When he and Everett knelt together for the last time in

their room Bob broke down completely. Everett prayed a few audible sentences, but was so overcome with his emotions that the remainder of the prayer was inaudible. Bob's lips did not move, but he, too, was sending up an unselfish petition.

Everett had many misgivings as he left old Boston, yet he was delighted to think that he was going back to his native city to work in a field with such wonderful opportunities for doing good.

The Cleveland papers published some news that week in regard to Mr. Alexander McDonald, the Presbyterian Elder, that caused almost as great a sensation as the news of his failure, as great as the dramatic ending of Mr. Oscar Tupper. Elder McDonald had declined a unanimous election to his old position as bank president. He gave as his reason that he had decided to use his time and money in building an "*Institutional Church*" for the poor people of the city. His son Everett, who had been studying in Boston, was to have charge of the church. It was to be thoroughly evangelical, but would not be identified with one denomination more than another.

The newspapers welcomed such a worthy enterprise and the various ministerial meetings passed commendatory resolutions, pledging their heartiest support.

A large lot in the most desirable location in the city for such a building was purchased. A deluge of letters came from architects anxious to draw the plans for the building. Everett selected the most excellent architect that had drawn the plans for the Mission Station in Boston. The task this time, however, was a far more difficult one. After

many days and nights of the most arduous labor the plan was nearly complete. As Elder McDonald was studying the drawings one evening, he said: "Well, Everett, I am thoroughly satisfied now; what is your opinion?"

"I am about satisfied, but there is one thing lacking."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. McDonald, deeply interested.

Everett colored slightly as he said: "I want to discuss the plan with Helen before we make the final decision."

"Well, Everett, you will have to travel to the Pacific coast to consult with her. Still if you think best we can wait."

"No, father. I have just received a letter from Helen, stating that she, with her father and mother, will arrive in Columbus next week."

"By all means then talk the matter over with her," said the mother.

The few days that had to pass before Everett could meet Helen dragged unusually slow. At last the day dawned and Everett was up bright and early ready to go to the Capital city.

As Liza watched "her boy" brushing his new suit of clothes she said, "I don't blame you for bein' so pow'ful particular. D'y' 'spose you honey 'll be glad to see you?" Everett patted her on the back and said, "Liza, I've had a 'sure 'nuff' vision and she'll be glad."

All aglow with enthusiasm Everett hurried to the depot with his plans and was soon speeding on one of his happiest journeys. At the depot in Columbus he was surprised to see the beaming face of Rufus.

"Well, well, Rufus! How do you do? I am glad to see you."

"Mista Everett, sure nuff! I'se powful glad to see you. You see, afta I left you I done had a telegram. I was plumb scared to pieces when dat message comes for I was 'fraid Miss Helen was tellin' me dat she's dead. Well, would you believe it, de cap'n was askin' me to stay hear and git de old place ready for a home comin'. He said dey'd all be home soon, an' dey'l be hear inside a few minutes. Glory, I kin hardly wait 'till dey heave in. The ole Cap'n has done change his mind, kaze Miss Helen says he's got a big likin' fer——" But before Rufus could finish the sentence the great train came swinging into the depot with its precious burden. Rufus made for the baggage car for he knew Prince would be there. The loud barking of the dog told the happy quartet outside that Prince was speaking to an old friend.

Rufus had the old home all aglow with life and welcome.

"Rufus," said Capt. Day, "you have done well. Everything looks natural. You haven't lost your cunning."

"No," said Mrs. Day, "he hasn't lost his cunning. Rufus, we never can repay our debt of gratitude to you."

"'Taint me youse need to thank. 'Taint me as what's done this. De good Lord, he's the gemin to remember," said the old servant, as he turned and hurried from the room to conceal his tears.

After a delightful hour over the tea cups Capt. and Mrs. Day, Helen and Everett gathered around the study table in the east room to inspect the

plan for the new church. All were delighted with the general outline of the building. Then, as detail after detail was explained, "delight deepened into a veritable ecstasy."

"Perfect! Perfect!" said Capt. Day. "What pleases me most is the admirable way you have arranged for Helen's work."

"I do not see," said the mother, "that the plan lacks one thing."

"Well, it does lack just one thing," said Everett; "Father and Mother will furnish as much as is necessary for the building, but we need an endowment. The people we are to work with have small incomes, some are even beggars, and they cannot contribute enough money to minister as will be necessary. We have been hoping and praying that some one will endow the work. Then the whole enterprise will be reasonably sure of success."

"I wouldn't worry about that," said Capt. Day, as he nudged Mrs. Day with his knee.

"No," said Mrs. Day, "that will come when it is needed."

"I wish I could have those little tots in San Francisco housed in such a building. They loved me so much," said Helen.

"Well, Helen," said the mother, "I shouldn't grieve over their situation. They will be well cared for by those loyal ladies of the Salvation Army."

"Besides, Helen," said Capt. Day, "the opportunity you will have in this new church will be far superior to your opportunity in San Francisco."

"Of course," said Helen, as she gave a sly glance at Everett's flushed and happy face, "I'm satisfied."

"Satisfied!" came from every heart. Not only were the Days, the McDonalds and a host of others satisfied, but God himself was satisfied when, a few days later, Capt. and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. Habsdorf, Dr. and Mrs. Carter and a large number of the evangelical ministers of Cleveland gathered at the spot where a bridegroom without ornaments and a bride without jewels were to break the ground for the erection of the temple of God.

Helen had the honor of turning the first shovelful of dirt, then Everett, then all used the shovel except Liza. When the faithful servant's turn came she said, "No, indeed, I'm not goin' to begin that kind of work now."

"Here, Rufus," said Helen, "suppose you turn Liza's share." Rufus did as requested and received a generous amount of applause and laughter.

The contractor, after promising to push the work with all possible speed, ordered over a hundred waiting workmen to begin their labors and the work began in earnest.

None were more interested in the building of "Union Temple," as the new church was to be called, than Liza and Rufus. At first they disputed a great deal as to which was "the bestust"—"Mista Everett or Missus Helen." But by and by disputes ceased and they became deeply interested in each other. One day, in a confidential mood, Rufus told Liza his history. "Yes, Liza, Ise been thinkin' of what's youse tole me and guess youse 'bout right. I'll tells you. One time I makes up my mind to go down to Alabama wha I was raised. One day on de boat while I was peelin' potatoes a voice

kinda comes to me dat says, 'Rufus, you ought to settle down, git married and git 'ligun.' Well, after I got to de ole place I got a job. Den I got to lookin' round, see, to find de right kin' of a gul. Well, sah, I couldn't fin' no one to suit me no wha. Finally one of de boys wants me to meet a gul. When I meets her I likes her and fo long I tells her dat she's my kind. I tells hur dat I has a good job and ready to wuk for hur. Well, we got married, see. She'd bin tryin' to git ligun for mo'n a week. One night I comes home and she meets me at de do and says, 'Rufus, I wants you to promise me to pray every day.' I says I will. Now, she say, 'Rufus, don' you promise less'n you mean it.' I means it, I says. Well, in about a week she gits ligun, an' she seemed so happy she'd shout, I tells you. After awhile well, we had a nice little home and I furnished it up nice as you please. But by and by I notice she's changed. She don't act right and while I couldn't splain it, every night I comes home and looks at hur I feels a pain in my heart. Finally I knows she goes out wid anoder man at de church. When I talks wid hur she yells loud and I can't do nuthin'. You know how 'tis if two people gits into trouble and one b'longs to church, de church people allus stands by de church member. Well, I works hard, too hard, and gits de rheumatism in my right arm and leg. I has to go to de hospital. When I comes back to de little home everybody tells me my wife wa'nt doin' right. Now, when eight or ten people tells you sompin' youse boun' to believe it, ain't you? Well, I couldn't work, and my heart was akin, I tells you. I wants hur to help me cause I'd run out o' money. No, sah,

she wouldn't help me. I had to git some money from my frien's, or I'd starved. Well, things keep gitin' wuse. When I tries to talk wid hur in a quiet way she yells so loud everybody hears hur. I can't reason wid hur. I goes back to work, but I can't live wid hur. She wants me to git a divorce, but no sah, I can't. No, sah, I likes hur and Ise ready to do anything for hur. Well, on a Saturday I goes to de little home I fixed up. De snow was piled up everywhar. I goes into de house and sees hur lookin' kin' a pitiful like, and I knows she needs coal. I says, 'Do you need anything?' 'No, sah,' she says, 'I don't need nuffin'.' 'Well,' I says, 'I send you coal.' So I sends her coal and food. But she won't treat me right nohow.

"Finally she gits sick and I spend 'bout \$60.00 on hur and den I thought sure nuff she'll be all right, but, no sah. Well, one evenin' an officer of de law comes wid some papers dat says my wife sues me for a divorce. I goes to de jedge and talks wid him. De jedge says, 'she charges you wid drinkin' to excess and she's 'fraid to live wid youse.' You see, she done tole a lie. Well, I felt mighty bad, but I wanted to please hur, so I didn't pear 'gainst hur and she gits a divorce. Den she goes and marries de man she'd been runnin' wid. I got my week's earnin's and bidden' good-bye to de folks, I came north and got a place wid Cap'n Day. But I couldn' pray. No use, I couldn' pray. Still I wants to git ligun. Well, by and by I goes wid Miss Helen cross de sea and one night on de Mount of Olives I sees Miss Helen prayin'. I wisht I could pray, too. I says, 'Good Lord, f'give me my sins. Blot out my sins fo de sun goes down.' I keep

on prayin' and de sun keep gittin' down. Finally de sun gits down and I says to myself, 'De sun gone down and I'se still a sinner.' Den I heard a voice a-sayin, 'Look at you han's, Rufus.' I looks at my han's and dey looks white. I looks at my arms and my feet and dey shines and I looks up toward de sky so full ob stars and I says, 'Praise de good Lord, for I'se got ligun, sure nuff.' "

As Liza listened to the trials of Rufus her sympathies were deeply stirred. As she hurried back to her work she admitted that Rufus deserved far better treatment. They had many opportunities for sympathizing with each other, for Capt. Day and Elder McDonald were building cottages near Union Temple.

Liza low'd Elder McDonald's cottage was "pow'ful handy and convenient." Rufus didn't dispute her, but said, "The Cap'n has one about as nice as any person kin want."

One day Rufus asked Capt. Day, "What youse buildin' dat ar house down on de odder street fa?"

"O, I'm building that just to have something to do," said the Captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

When "dat ar house down on de odder street" was completed and furnished, Capt. Day took Rufus and Liza to the cottage and said, "Here, Rufus, is the exact amount of money you gave Helen in San Francisco, and Liza, here is the deed for this home which is the interest on the loan."

"I couldn't keep your secret," said Everett, as he and Helen stepped from behind the curtain.

"No, nor we didn't want him to," said Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, stepping from another corner.

"Well, we'll never let Mista Everett marry us again," said Liza, as bashful as a school girl.

The marriage of Rufus and Liza was a delightful little incident in those busy, anxious days of building the temple. The work seemed to be moving very slowly to all but the contractor. He was getting along faster than he had expected.

The laying of the corner-stone had been carefully discussed and it was finally decided to have a very simple ceremony and no invited guests.

One beautiful sunny morning just as the sun came peeping over the eastern hills, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Capt. and Mrs. Day, Rufus and Liza, Everett and Helen stood at the corner of the temple, where the huge derrick held the large stone that was to cap the corner-stone.

Everett stepped forward and placing his sister Hester's Bible in the little pocket in the stone, prayed that the temple might have as firm a foundation as Hester's faith, and the work went on.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GIANT IN THE PULPIT.

“And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh. And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit. And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

Everett and Helen were not idle during the building of the temple. Everett soon became acquainted with hundreds in their homes. He held services every Sunday in a big tent as long as the weather would permit. When the vestry was finished he spoke there.

Mr. McDonald's business experience was almost indispensable and he was delighted with handling the financial part of the work.

Captain Day was absorbed in the work of Helen among the children. The children took kindly to Captain Day and he soon had a small army drilling every evening in the big lot back of the temple.

At last the work on the temple was almost completed. Just as the spring beauties came peeping

through the ground and the singing birds were heard in the land, the large windows in memory of Hester were placed in the temple.

The Evangelical Association soon completed arrangements for the installation of Everett and the dedication of the temple.

The day for the services was set for Thursday and the services were to run throughout the day.

Rev. Dr. Habsdorf was chosen to preach the installation sermon in the morning, and other parts were assigned among the local ministers.

The Rev. Dr. Carter was chosen to deliver an address on the "Need of the Poor," in the afternoon.

But when they came to decide upon the evening service the association did not agree at once. Everett said that some noted Congregational minister should preach in the evening. The committee decided, however, that Everett himself should preach in the evening. His objections were overruled and he finally consented.

The dedication day arrived clear and beautiful. The poor people had decided to have a holiday and attend all the services.

Everett had read his simple statement of belief and answered the questions of the Evangelical Association, and the association was ready for the installation.

Dr. Habsdorf preached a powerful sermon on "Love, the Supreme Builder." The other parts were taken by the local ministers and the service was deeply impressive.

The large auditorium was completely filled again in the afternoon to hear the masterly sermon of the Rev. Dr. Carter on "The Need of the Poor."

The chief interest, however, centered in the evening service. Everett McDonald was an unknown quantity. He had planned the temple, with its magnificent equipment, but was he the providential leader for such a field? Was he not a little egotistic to think he could fill such a large auditorium with people Sunday after Sunday? Was he a fanatic and a dreamer? Yet as these questions came up, even to Everett's friends, all were compelled to acknowledge, as they looked at the simple grandeur of the temple, with its faultless arrangements for the free kindergarten, its splendidly equipped gymnasium, its ample and well selected library, its hospital of unequalled excellence, all paid for and sufficiently endowed—all were compelled to acknowledge that the young man possessed some of the essential qualifications for leadership. He was to preach in the evening, and they would have a chance to judge better at that time about the future of the temple.

An hour before the time for the evening service the great auditorium was packed to its fullest capacity.

A number of Presbyterians in the audience wondered why Elder McDonald had not persuaded his son to be a Presbyterian. Such a church would be a credit to their denomination.

Some Baptists, after having looked at the finest baptistry they had ever seen, wondered why the temple couldn't have been a Baptist temple. The new minister was ordained by the Baptists and he got his start in their church.

The Methodists said to themselves as they looked around from their seats: "Well, he has the Methodist altar; pity this couldn't have been a Meth-

odist church." Some Congregationalists wondered why the temple couldn't have been affiliated with their denomination.

Over in another section a select few thought it strange that the minister's wife hadn't prevailed on him to be an Episcopalian—"she was confirmed in our church."

A number of saloon-keepers who wanted to "size up the minister," as they said, sat in one of the back rows. The temple was so attractive that they knew many customers would thus be drawn away from them. Then the fearless way the new minister had of talking to them face to face in their places of business made them admire him and yet at the same time fear and hate him.

There were also a number of young men present who had grown up with Everett McDonald, ready to have a good time.

Though many hoped young McDonald would be able to fill such an auditorium Sunday after Sunday, only one in the entire audience had ever seen Everett's ability tested before such a multitude. Yet even Bob was anxious for the service to begin.

Everett had been restless and uneasy and anxious all day. Helen's hand on his shoulder seemed to quiet his fears but as soon as he was away from her he worried. Just before he went out of the parlor to the little study where those who were to sit on the platform were gathering Helen took a red carnation and pinning it on his coat, said: "This is not my cause, but the Lord's that you are entrusted with tonight. Can't you forget yourself and think of our great Master?"

Although there had scarcely been a minute during

the day in which they had not been praying, they knelt together and Helen offered up a petition that heaven stooped to hear and then went out into the audience and took her seat by the side of Capt. Day, who sat satisfied in the midst of "Helen's soldiers" as he called the children.

In the study those who were to sit on the platform knelt together and the man Everett had led to Christ in the log cabin of the old college town prayed again for "the Lord to help this young man to help others like he has helped us."

The entire audience arose and the Chautauqua salute was given Everett McDonald as he led the way on to the platform.

Everett's face was very pale as he stepped to the front of the platform and bowing his acknowledgments, said to himself as he took his seat, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

As the elocution professor took his seat beside Dr. Habsdorf he said, with considerable feeling and anxiety: "I hope the young man will do as well with his own speech as he used to do in my classes with other men's speeches."

The audience joined heartily in the opening services. As they finished singing "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," Everett McDonald in a calm, dignified, determined way stepped up to the pulpit. A hush came over the audience and there was not even the rustle of a fan. Everett opened the Bible at II Corinthians, 2d chapter, and read his text in a clear, distinct voice that reached and impressed every one in the room, "For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Closing the Bible with a reverent touch he stepped out near the front of the platform. His face so white and immovable before, now began to kindle with life and glow with light as he unfolded his text.

As he proceeded he carefully threw the chain of his thought around every listener and the current of his oratory grew stronger and more powerful until he held them spell-bound.

Under the intense earnestness of his theme, untrammelled by narrowness or conventionality, he gradually rose to the highest pitch and throbbed and glowed like a mighty furnace sending his fiery thoughts into the leaden alphabet of human speech.

The audience gradually lost sight of the rhetorical skill, the dazzling imagery, the profound logic, the theological insight, the striking gestures, the flashing eyes, the heaving bosom, the giant's strength as that Christian Athlete placed before them the *living Christ*.

The temple, the denomination, the man were forgotten as the majestic personality of the Christ spoke to every soul.

The professor in elocution forgot about his own profession and clutching the arms of his chair swayed to and fro under the magic of overwhelming eloquence.

The saloon-keepers crawled down in their seats quaking in terror before such a display of divine power.

Helen, in the beauty of holiness, wiped joyful tears from her radiant face.

Capt. Day rose from his seat and stood, the restless soldier that he was, waiting the command to lead the vast multitude to the help of Christ.

Had Everett McDonald's masterly intellect solved with credit every problem presented to him, had he with herculean strength bowled down mountains of opposing muscle in college contests, had he with cunning craftiness and titanic strength sent to defeat one of the monsters of the prize ring, had he wept with fatherly tenderness over the struggling sinner in the cabin—all, all of this power now admirably adjusted and finely proportioned focused itself into a burning, an overmastering appeal for the salvation of the sinful.

Under the momentum of that appeal fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, saints and sinners crowded around that Methodist altar and became one in Christ Jesus.

That night was but the beginning of the continuous outpouring of the Holy Spirit on pastor and people where God's kingdom comes and His will is done on earth as it is desired in heaven.

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