

SOMETHING BETTER THAN FOOT-BALL

one quick glance he read in her face a confidence and encouragement that knew no doubts. She was not afraid for him. Her presence was an inspiration. Timidity and awkwardness forsook him, and he felt that he was braced to say what was in his mind, with no faltering or stumbling. When it was time for him to begin his sermon, he spoke with simple, direct sincerity, forgetting himself, anxious above all else to convince these hundreds of young men that what he said was true and vital, and to be lived in word and deed, if they were to make the most of themselves. His own creed was summed up in the text he had chosen:

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised.

"And let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and good works."

The sermon was not notable for eloquence or elegance of diction. It lacked the ornate flourishes of Jared Whittaker's discussion of the Higher Criticism, but it was builded upon the bed rock of personal conviction and it went straight to the hearts of men. To the listening students, the speaker was one of them, and they had seen him tested. The pulpit was not a barrier to them nor this kind of religion something set apart. And their elders felt refreshed and strengthened to meet their daily toil and temptations. Kingsland realized that he had been given grace to