

A change came. Tommy's enthusiasm was transferred to the mission over the way. The singing band at the street corner had reached his savage soul. Tunes of childhood days and the truth so long disregarded held up the mirror to his brawling, brute-like life. Enthusiasm! He sang, and he did it now as heartily in the Mission-house as he had formerly done it over at the "Dew Drop." With the hymns of later years, however, he was not fully familiar and so the little choir often found that their new leader on the front row of seats led them to jangling discords. During the sermon his large body swayed from side to side. He often punctuated the discourse with a deep, strong, whisper audible throughout the room. "Aye, man," "That's it, lad," or a vigorous clap and rubbing of his large hands. It was in the after-meeting, however, that he found a full vent. The fame of his prayers and exhortations soon spread so that up-towners and people in the neighborhood, never classed as church-goers before, began to make regular appearances at the mission services, amusement rather than edification being the object. With the long-forgotten phrases heard in chapel in his boyhood's home, with scraps of oaths of later years and his present struggling, surging joy, he made out a prayer, that when it reached the final stages was of dramatic intensity and he ended by lifting up the chair before which he kneeled, and setting it down with a bang. When he spoke it was with a richness of originality, of homely imagery and a power of crude eloquence that was irresistible, despite its disregard of any shadow of grammar and the humor that knew no reserve. Once, I remember, he pictured our final change. He compared our present life to his work in the coal "pit," the dropping pick and shovel to grasp a golden harp, discarding his pit cap (the meanest part of a working miner's poor garb) for a crown of pearls, and the flaring, smoky light of his greasy, miner's lamp, turned into the perfect light of eternal day. Yes, there was a great change, and some "who came to scoff, remained to pray" at the mission. The wild beast of the brawl had become an eager disciple.

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Another change. Tommy Howson was now his own banker. His money grew, and after six months, though he was liberal, he had a bank account. Then he spent various odd sums on Widow Harrison's little