

There was genuine assurance in the missionary's reply:

"You bet he will, Bertha. He's winning every day. Even though he were on the road again, away from you, he would win!"

"I wouldn't want him to go away again," she returned quickly. "But what makes you mention that?"

"Don't be alarmed," he laughed. "You'll never see Ward a traveler again. His firm and his sales force need him too badly. But I was thinking how other drummers, as foolish as Ward ever was, and who never had a divine scolding either, are changing their ways, by the hundreds; and when I say their ways I mean their views, their thought. There must be a great educational force working among them. I guess it is all a part of the light, knowledge and truth, that is sweeping over the earth. . . . But there I go on my hobby again."

"You and your hobbies are wonderful——" she began.

But along came something so much more wonderful to her that she quite forgot Ansom's presence and left her sentence unfinished.

He watched the three of them go down Jack's garden-path together, then closed his eyes and summoned the vision of that love he hoped to know Beyond; a love which mortal madness should never destroy.

THE END.