

wards, there came from the leader of the meeting an invitation for those who would like to learn the way to Christ, to rise, that they might be especially remembered in prayer, the old lady touched her arm and whispered : —

“Won’t you stand up, dear? It will help you ever so much.”

Then Ruth turned toward her a radiant face, in which smiles were mingling with falling tears, and shook her head as she whispered back : —

“I know the way. Isn’t it glorious?” But she could never give a very lucid account of that noon prayer meeting.

There were other gentlemen who entered the same carriage with them, and there was opportunity for only an exchange of smiles between her husband and herself, until they reached a hotel, and he had ordered and secured a private room. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, his face indicating too deep feeling just then for words.

“It is a long story, my dear,” he said, when they were calmer, “or rather, it has been a long, long battle on my part, and could be summed up in a few sentences. It began, oh ! long ago, but it has been marked by a few very decisive incidents. That Sunday afternoon meeting — I never forgot it, Ruth, nor your way of putting the facts ; you were logical, and your conclusion was inevitable, and I was angry that it should be so. I silenced