

old settlers and charter members in the afternoon. In the evening, the young people crowded the church with their meeting, and when they adjourned, they went out in front of the parsonage and sang a hymn that one of their own members had composed in praise of the church.

The only sad feature of the day to Malcom was the presence of Mrs. Barton at the morning service. It was a sadness relieved by one great burst of joy.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk," said the old woman, bowed now with years and sorrow. "If Phil had only been saved! Thank God, I owe my other son to you." She went on to speak of Malcom's efforts which had made the saloon outlaw in Conrad these many years, and pointed with pride to her remaining son, who was a member of the church and one of Malcom's great friends. "He'd gone the way of Phil and his father if the saloon was here," she said, and wrung Malcom's hand and went out, but Malcom knew her heart was still hungry for her first-born.

Next day the citizens held a meeting in the courthouse, at which the mayor presided. Malcom was present as the guest of honor. He had tried to prevent any such expression towards himself. But when he found himself powerless, he seized the occasion to glorify the cause of God's kingdom. His speech was a splendid tribute to the power of righteousness. Throughout it all his modesty and unselfishness had never been more forcibly or beautifully illustrated to his townspeople. The citizens of Conrad remembered that address long years after countless political speeches had faded out of their memories.

It was, perhaps, significant of the peculiar esteem in which Malcom Kirk and Dorothy were held in Conrad that no attempt was made that week to present them with a gold watch or a tea set, or any physical token. The church at a business session voted to increase Malcom's salary, and there were very many flowers sent to the parsonage, but the people seemed to know that what would