

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOQUE

CHAPTER XV

Preston Martin's horoscope of the political future proved true, with the exception that the disaffected Old Courtiers of the Whig Party and the dissenting New Courtiers among the Democrats failed to accept with either philosophy or acquiescence the gubernatorial candidates selected by the majorities. The same strong, turbulent spirit, aggressive for the night, or what appeared to it as the right, marked Kentucky's politics from beginning; and then, as now, there were not wanting men who would appeal to the power of force when persuasion failed. The question which now divided friends, disregarded party lines, and threatened disruption to the young State was whether the decision of the Old Court which declared unconstitutional the "two years' replevin law" of the Legislature of 1890, or the opinion of the New Court which confirmed the act, should stand. It was a question upon which men whose patriotism and honor were above reproach were divided. It is doubtful, however, if the question would have proven a leaven to ferment the great masses, if its decision would not have affected other than political interests; and those other interests were the interests of the debtor and the creditor. The Relief party, which had made the replevin act possible, and which had now merged into the New Court, helped one class by ruining the other; and it was not to be expected that the other would submit tamely to injustice. Debtors naturally favored the new courts, creditors the old; and out of these private interests of the masses grew the great political imbroglio.

The New Court Whigs knew that in selecting George Martins for their candidate, they gave their leadership to one who would ride rough-shod over even the fair name of the State sooner than know the meaning of the word defeat; and when their opponents in the Democratic party named St. John Worthington, they felt secure of victory; for while George Martins held their banner, they would never go down before that hated foe. They had met and fought with him in the public arena, and he had not been the loser. If he lost now, it would be because Fate had come into the struggle to espouse Worthington's cause. The Democrats recognized the fact that the enemy might look for strength from the dissatisfied in their own ranks, while they could not expect a like support from the Whig's Old Courtiers. But it was a battle for the State's honesty against dishonesty of the individual on one hand, and a sincere but misconceived idea of that sacred principle, State right, on the other; and such a battle ought to be fought along patriotic not political lines. Worthington had not solicited the honor of leading his party in this conflict, but when the choice was made, he accepted it without reluctance. He knew that he was right as man and politician, and that his opponent, as both, was wrong. That he had a dear, private interest in entering the fight, and that it had made him fling away hesitancy and disinclination, is certain. Because of it he was more human, not less patriotic.

As the days wore on, the fight gained in intensity and bitterness. Bloody encounters were of almost daily occurrence for the lawless, and falling away from that standard lost even outward respect for it; and when they failed to enforce their opinions by reason, they openly resorted to force. It was useless to attempt to stem the passion of such men, and as the summer advanced, where was political difference in the beginning there was now the threatening of civil conflict. In vain the Old Court leaders and conscientious New Court adherents counselled peace, and appealed from violence to common sense and civic pride; for the people were being misled by the base supporters of both parties into the belief that their rights were being tampered with, and such being the case, they recognized that it was their duty to defend those rights for themselves and posterity. The well-known enmity of the two leaders also added to the heat of partisan hatred, and to previous friends and neighbors, St. John Worthington and George Martins became personal foes. This unreasonable course, pursued by the Major, Professor, and two of the students, succeeded in driving Worthington from Mrs. Halpin's hospitable roof, as it drew upon Preston Martins a hatred only second to that which his political opponents entertained for his father.

While it was impossible for a young man to remain inactive or indifferent at such a time, Preston Martins was too conservative to take a prominent position. A Whig he was, but of the type of Henry Clay, not of George Martins and his partisan followers. He was among the foremost of the few Whigs who were strenuously calling upon the people to meet the question of the hour with the dignity of reasonable men, instead of the ferocity of savages, to convince their opponents by calm words, not by bloody blows; and, as usual when the statesman appears, he was denounced and regarded by his opponents as a wolf in sheep's clothing. While the Democrats did not doubt the sincerity of their own leaders who were crying for peace, they

suspected the watchword when uttered by the enemy. The clouds rising in various parts of the State gathered and hung ominously over Lexington, the head and center of the conflict, and men waited the outcome in expectant fear. The day of the election was advancing, and the most optimistic could not but perceive that each side was drawing its supporters closer together, nor fail to note that the voices calling for calmness and peace were almost the only ones in his party, Preston Martins. "You are heading your head against a stone wall, Preston!" cried his father, as, with his chief advisers and nearest friends, he sat, one Saturday afternoon, in his spacious office, undisturbed, though down on the street beneath, sullen-faced crowds were angrily disputing, the menace of their voices growing in volume and fierceness. As Preston had passed between two such groups of men, a bold hand had hurled a stone after him; whereat, a voice from the opposite side had shouted, "The streets are full of such weapons! If the Democrats want the fight they won't have to call twice." In the silence that had followed, Preston turned to repeat his peaceful counsel; but a man, old and wiser, silently motioned him away. There is a moment when the words of the peacemaker are the clapping of hands that urge the bulldogs of passion upon each other. As he hurried to his father's office, he realized that unless some stringent measures were instantly adopted, the sun would set upon the party had influenced members of the party had led out the above words from his father. Scarcely were they uttered, when the door was broken open, and a man bounded into the room, shouting, "Great God, gentlemen! the riot's on! One man's been killed outright. Another's wounded. They are tearing up the stones on Broadway to supply the unarmed with weapons. The women and children are running from the houses. Before night the town will be in ashes!"

For a moment Preston Martins stood still. The appalling news drained his cheeks of their healthy color. His breath came short, almost in gasps. Then he drew himself up, and taking his hat, crossed the long office toward the door. "Where are you going?" cried the father, springing to his side. "To do what you and your henchmen could have done—save the town!" he answered quickly, thrusting aside his father's arm. "Are you mad?" shouted one of his father's friends. "They will ride you with bullets!" "They will not give you a chance to defend yourself!" "They will shoot you on sight!" cried the others in wild concert, pushing forward. "All men must die sometime," bravely answered young Martins, wrenching himself from their detaining hands. "Preston, my boy! don't court death like this!" pleaded the white-faced father. "Remember your mother!" "My mother would bid me go!" he hurled back.

"He is beside himself! Bar the door! Hold him back!" cried the father frantically, as a shot rang sharp along the street and a shriek followed. "Who tries to hold me does it at his peril!" thundered Preston, his eyes blazing, his whole frame quivering with fury, and, as if they had been children, he flung aside the men who intercepted his passage. Bounding to the door, he crossed the corridor and was out on the street. The spectacle that met his eyes stamped itself in fire on his brain. Shrieking women, clasping their children, sped past him; negroes went screaming to places of refuge; men, armed with death-dealing weapons, were hurrying to the assistance of their friends. Over all came the dull, repeated thud of the pick axes as the brick sidewalks and stony streets were being torn up by the infuriated mob. A short run took him to the place of riot. Men wounded and senseless lay on the ground, the sound of falling sticks and stones. Straight for the crowd of combatants and through it, went Preston Martins, unheeding and unharmed by the volley of missiles aimed at him. His walk brought him to the door of Worthington's office. He paused before it, lifted his voice, and shouted: "St. John Worthington! come down!"

Hurriedly deliberating with a party of friends what had best be done to allay the wild tumult of the town, that cry broke across the words of the Democratic leader. He sprang to his feet, asking, "Who calls me?" "Preston Martins," answered one of the window, looking out of the window. "You're not going down, St. John!" he expostulated, as Worthington moved quickly forward. "That whelp's the gang-leader in this fuss."

The words were scarcely uttered when Colonel Preston, young Martins' uncle, bounded from his chair into the middle of the room, like a wounded tiger. "By the Everlasting!" he cried, "the man who applies that name to Theodore Preston's grandson, applies it to me!" and forgotten his Preston blood, he hastily said the other. "You could not forget it, sir, and speak his name!" angrily retorted the enraged uncle. "I said I forgot it, sir! Do you dare impugn my word?" "I dare to do anything, sir, but I won't to an insult to the memory of my

father!" he hurled back. The two rushed at each other, but St. John Worthington flung himself between them, crying, "Gentlemen! for shame! Is there not madness enough running riot in this unhappy town, without—"

"St. John Worthington, come down!" again cried Preston Martins. "I am coming!" cried back St. John. But a dozen bodies blocked his passage to the door. "It's a plot!" they cried. "You must not go down!" "Gentlemen," he said, and the dark gray eyes were now like leaping flames of fire, the face stern and set as iron. "I will go down! That man does not live whom St. John Worthington fears to meet! Stand aside!" And not one but obeyed. He ran down the wooden steps and passing in the doorway before Preston Martins, now surrounded by a number of men, demanded, "What will you have, sir?" "Your help to save this town from the passion our folly has engendered. Give me your arm, Mr. Worthington! For this hour, at least, let us set aside party hatred, and keep our homes from destruction, our State from dishonor!"

All anger and haughtiness had been swept from the face and form of Worthington. In the eyes was a beautiful tender light, which diffused itself over the whole countenance, as he stepped across the doorway with hand extended toward Preston Martins. As the young man clasped it, Worthington turned towards those standing near, and pointing to Martins, said: "Gentlemen, you here behold the true Kentuckian. In him, love for the fair name of his State and jealous pride to keep it from dishonor, are strong enough to rise above the animosity of party spirit and personal hatred. Mr. Martins," he concluded, "you honor me by your invitation?" So saying, he drew the hand he still clasped under his arm and they walked leisurely toward the crowd of frenzied, fighting men. Preston was the first to recover himself from the embarrassment of the moment when they found themselves alone. After a few steps, he said, with nonchalance, which relieved the situation of its dramatic aspect: "I trust that we shall not prove on our own persons that the reformer falls by the hands of those whom he would benefit. It may be a glorious death to die in a good cause, but I am somewhat fastidious as to the manner of its administration. Think of the 'quietus' coming down from a common brick, thrown by a dirty hand!" and he laughed lightly.

A man, on the point of hurling a stone, with the customary oath, hearing that laugh, paused in the act. At sight of the two, advancing, with linked arms, and in pleasant, friendly conversation, his hand fell to his side, the brick dropped from his unclosed fingers. His enemy across the way noted this sudden pause, also turned, and he, too, forgot to hurl his weapon of defense. Without giving them a glance, the walkers passed between the belligerents, St. John saying, with his marked Virginian accent: "Still you must admit, there is less danger in a brick than a sword? You are expected to dodge the brick, but you must stand up for the sword point."

"But your brick-thrower isn't aiming at anyone or thing in particular. By dodging you are more liable to come in contact with the missile than by walking erect," returned Preston. "Well," said St. John, laughing, "when we encounter yonder crowd of men, notwithstanding your theory, I've a conviction that you will obey the instinct which warns a man to duck his head."

"I do not think there will be any bricks thrown," remarked Preston. "You are too optimistic." "Not at all. I am ready to wager a dinner that the advance guard, which we have just passed, are shrinking away from the scene of conflict like whipped curs."

"Perhaps. But they are alone. They lack the moral—or in this case, immoral!—support the many give," returned St. John. "Someone here gave a shout and all eyes were directed toward the advancing men. At the sight, a silence fell over the raging multitudes. When the meaning of it broke over their passion-clouded minds, when they saw the nobility of those two men who had thus laid down personal and political hatred for their sakes, all anger and ill feeling died in their hearts; and their better natures resumed sway, and they flung down the bricks and stones, picks and axes, and a cry of admiration and young Martins took off their hats and waved them toward the crowd, and this acknowledgment of their greeting called forth another wilder, heartier outbreak of enthusiasm. The two smiled with their bow to this second salute, and then the thousand voices took up the names of Preston Martins and St. John Worthington, and shouted their praise, irrespective of political faith."

"He has saved the town!" cried one of the watching friends to George Martins, as the crowd began to disperse and retire peacefully with shamed faces and bare heads. George Martins needed not, if he heard the words. This act of his son boded ill to himself. When they reached the termination of the street, the walkers paused and regarded each other in silence; then, Worthington asked, in his gentlest tones: "We came out here together. How, sir, shall we return? His voice was winning, his eyes and face wore their tenderest light; but against

the man's call for his friendship, Preston felt the jealousy of the lover leap forth. To accept friendship was to sethopes from him forever and forever: for while he was in honor bound to give his rival, who was his enemy, only an equal opportunity, he could not be equal the rival's friend. But the instinct of the gentleman was superior to the feelings of the man. So he met the smile with one as frank as it was winning, and looking into the dark eyes, said: "If your desires are the same as mine, Mr. Worthington, we shall return as we came—together."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S

By Germaine Smith in the Extension

In a certain city far down among the busiest bustle of that city's busy life there stands a church. Externally the church is a tiny architectural gem. It is built in the shape of a cross, and there is not from the tower of its heaven aspiring tower to the lowest layer of its foundation, an inartistic stone to be found.

Inside, in the soft light that filters through its costly windows of stained glass, there is an atmosphere of repose and peace and prayer. There is an altar there, with a light in a red lamp burning constantly before it, and beyond, a rood screen of exquisitely carved oak, surmounted by a crucifix of priceless old ivory. The air is always heavy with incense, and the general effect of the whole is like that of an old world cathedral, somewhat softened, perhaps, with an air of homeliness—and dwarfed, as if one were surveying such a cathedral through the big end of a telescope. It is said that the two devoted missionary priests, reaching the city late one morning, hunted frantically in the neighborhood of their station for a church in which they might obtain permission to say Mass. They happened, at last, upon this one. To their joy they discovered that a service was even then in progress. Reverently they stole in and knelt in a rear pew. A figure in priestly vestments was before the altar; he chanted some something vaguely to the good father's ears. Suddenly the figure turned to the congregation, hands extended, eyes raised heavenward. "Let us pray," he intoned. The missionary fathers did not wait to obey this precept. Instead they fled.

Such, shining amid its sordid surroundings like the proverbial good deed in a naughty world, artistically perfect, deceptively Catholic in appearance, is the certain church—which we may call St. John's. There was a time when St. John's was a normal, proper and fashionable Protestant Episcopal church, and the vestry of the city's met one day to choose a rector. They selected a young man, well known for his eloquence, his splendid social connections, and the brilliant scholastic record he had made in one of the large Eastern universities. There was only one thing about the candidate that the gentlemen could complain of, and that was the fact that he was unmarried. Even this objection was done away with, however, when it was learned that the young clergyman was engaged to a charming young lady, the daughter of a prominent Eastern capitalist.

The call was extended, and, in the course of time, the young man arrived. The vestry felt that their choice had been fully justified. The new minister proved himself to be a brilliant preacher who never disturbed the consciences of his hearers with bothersome questions of ethics or dogma, but lulled them gently to rest with his flowery language and perfect Harvard English. In all respects he seemed the ideal man for the place. Then suddenly came a change. A horribly discordant note was sounded in the well-tuned symphony of St. John's parish life. The stain of a crime lay dark across the threshold of the church itself. The rector's fiancée, who was visiting relatives a few doors from the church, was robbed and murdered on her way home alone from a late vesper service.

For some years the story of the minister's grief passed current among the members of his flock. How he had slung himself in his study at the close of the funeral, where for two days and nights he had paced to and fro like a madman; how, at the close of the second day, he had opened the door and strode forth past the frightened servants, who gazed, hushed and awestricken, at his haggard face; how he left the rectory and plunged, hatless and coatless, into the night, and how the servants, coming at last to their senses, and fearing for his reason and his life, had searched for him frantically and vainly, throughout the night.

But the Rev. Joseph Allen had more manhood about him than those who had listened to his ornate sermons had ever suspected. He appeared at the rectory the next morning, dusty and footsore from his night's wandering, having in tow a dirty, tramp-like specimen of humanity, whose evil face showed evident marks of slow starvation. The minister's lips were set in a firm line and there was a deep light of purpose in his tired eyes. He ordered breakfast for two, and, to the horror of the housekeeper and the butler, seated the stranger opposite him at his perfectly appointed table. The adoption of the unknown man—whom he installed as janitor in the church and to whom he assigned a room in the servants' quarters of the rectory—marked the beginning of a new era in the parish. From that time the rector's sermons ceased to be models of elaborate rhetoric and became simple, heartfelt exhortations to charity and repentance and prayer. An early morning communion service was introduced, and, little by little, people in shabby clothes and wearing the unmistakable stamp of poverty began to mingle with the fashionable members of the congregation. From the status of a rich man's parish St. John's became a church home to any wayfarer who wished so to claim it. And as its democratic began to resemble that of the great Roman Catholic cathedral in the next block, so did its ritual approach its neighbor's. St. John's, with its rector, and (such was the tact and magnetism of the man) almost its entire congregation, grew gradually "high church."

But such changes do not come about in a moment. It took years of steady endeavor to effect the transformation, and the Rev. Mr. Allen's hair was as white as his freshly ironed surplice when he beheld the crowning glory of his long struggle—the thing he had worked for and dreamed of and prayed for—the installation of a confessional in the back of the church, and this additional footnote appended to the weekly church calendar: "The rector will be in the church on Saturday afternoons and from 7 until 8 o'clock on Saturday evenings, to hear confessions or to confer with any one wishing advice or help." It was the last blow to the old-time fashionable, comfortable life of the parish, but it fell on a congregation in some wise prepared for it. Some few members departed for other churches, but the greater number remained loyal. Some even availed themselves of the opportunity the footnote afforded, and the rector added to his already onerous burden of parish duties, long hours on Saturday afternoons and evenings, when he waited in the silent church, sometimes being sought by a penitent or a visitor, oftener growing weary at heart and discouraged over those of his flock who never came.

He looked back through the years of his life with a pardonable amount of pride. Only he and his God knew how hard the struggle had been at times, and how bitter the pain; but he felt that he had fought the good fight. He had built for himself an enduring monument in the parish of St. John's. He had found the people careless; he would leave them zealous. He had found them ignorant of the essential facts of Christian faith; he would leave them well-instructed in religious matters. Yes, looking back on his life he could not but feel that it had been well lived.

There was only one thought that left him troubled, and that was a thought too tortuous to be often entertained. When it came to his mind now he bowed his head on his hands on the study table (he was seated in his study on this particular Saturday afternoon, with the door open into the church to make him accessible to any chance comer), with a gesture of physical shrinking. Still, the thought persisted. It began with the memory of that morning when they had found her—her for whom his heart still bled, even though her loss had made a man of him—and led him through a sort of anguished dyed mental panorama in which he was conscious of a silent figure lying still and cold on the green lawn of a neighboring house; of clumsy, well-meaning hands leading him away; of a flower-covered coffin resting there in the aisle—and back of it all, sinister, vague, a mistlike demon, without shape or substance, hovered her slayer, that unknown monster whom it was his duty as a Christian to love and pray for. Then came the question: Did he love him? Could he pray for him? Even now, with the memory of a life long attempt to do his duty, could he say in his own heart that he forgave him? "God pity him," he groaned, but his heart did not echo the words.

There was a movement on the other side of the study table. He started and raised his eyes. Then he drew a sigh of relief. It was only his protégé, the janitor, who had seen his

paroxysm of weakness. He selected a book from the table and fixed his eyes on a page selected at random, waiting for the man to finish his errand and go away. But the janitor did not go away. Instead he continued to stand in his place on the other side of the table, and the Rev. Joseph Allen felt the intruder's eyes unblinkingly fixed on his face. It was no unusual thing for the janitor to watch him narrowly, in fact, the man, with his evil, leering face (whose expression those long years of comfort and respectability had done little to soften) had come to seem, somehow, like the rector's evil genius. He had an unpleasant habit of dogging his footsteps like a shadow and turning up unexpectedly in the most unlikely places. It was a tribute to the rector's power of self control that he had never uttered an unkind or impatient word to the man; nor had he, having once taken him into his service, ever entertained the thought of sending him away.

The Rev. Joseph Allen looked up, slipping a finger between the pages of his book. "Well?" he inquired, gently. The other man shuffled his way uneasily to the door, closed it, locked it with elaborate care, and walked slowly back to the chair. Then he drew up a chair opposite the rector's and sat down. "D'ye mind askin' me to come to communion some time back?" he inquired. "Yes," said the rector in surprise. He remembered that he had not been able to elicit a word from his queer servant in response to that request at the time that it was made. "You should, you know. You tell me that you were baptized and confirmed in the Church of England."

I was. There was a silence. The rector laid down his book and fixed his eyes on the view from the study window. Instinctively he knew that the man had something of importance to say to him, and the instinct of a physician of souls prompted him to make the saying of it as easy as he could. "Do you mind readin' last Sunday that if there was any as wanted to come to the holy table and had anything on their minds as troubled them, let them come to you or some other worthy minister of God's Church (he slipped unconsciously into the sing-song pulpit voice of the rector himself), and so on?" "Yes," said the rector, softly. "But 'ow is a body to know that you'll keep it to yourself?" "The seal of the confessional—"

began the rector. The janitor interrupted him rudely. "Ere now," he whined, "I hain't no bloody Papist. I hain't talking about the confessional. Supposin' I tell you something now, man to man, will ye keep your mouth shut about it?" The minister was silent for a moment. For some reason his whole body was shaking. He was obliged to moisten his dry lips with his tongue before he answered. Then he said, slowly: "If you consult me as a clergyman and your spiritual guide, I shall certainly regard whatever you say in the light of a sacred trust. I should no more think of speaking of it than I would, if I were a physician, think of speaking of the physical ill of one of my patients."

"Hall right." The man settled back in his chair, apparently satisfied. "D'ye mind the night ye took me in?" The rector nodded. He had good reason to remember that night. "You were wandering about on the river bank," he said, "and I fancied that you were thinking of throwing yourself in. I had just been making some resolutions in regard to active charity, so I spoke to you. Then I saw that you were penniless and starving, so I brought you home with me."

The man grinned assent. He was not embarrassed. There was an expression of enjoyment in his thin face. The rector felt that he would have looked much the same, if, in a frenzy of passion, he had been torturing some poor, dumb thing that could not strike back. "I didn't know 'ow ye was or I'd not 'ave come," he said grimly. "Though, after all, it was the safest place I could 'a' been. 'Owsumever, I come, and 'ere I've stayed. But ye was wrong on one thing; I wasn't broke."

He plunged a grimy hand into the bagging pocket of his overalls and brought forth a handful of jewelry, which he flung heavily onto the table. There were several pieces; some rings, quaintly carved in the fashion of half a century ago, a lady's purse, and a pair of earrings. "I wasn't broke," he concluded, "an' I wasn't goin' to jump in the river. I was just wonderin' 'ow to get rid of this ere."

The rector had not heard the last sentence. His eyes, fixed on the jewelry on the table, had grown big and wild. His face changed from white to red and from red to purple. He sprang to his feet with a sudden revival of his college day vigor, and stood over the other man like an avenging fury. Yet his voice, when he spoke, was calm. "You killed her!" he said. The other covered before him. Evidently he had never expected anything like this from his gentle benefactor. He made an attempt to rise to his feet, but the rector's hand lay heavy on his shoulder. "You killed her," continued the rector, slowly, "and now—"

His right hand stole to the man's bearded throat and his fingers clinched the fleshy flesh. There was a silence in the study that was broken only by the heavy breathing of the two old men as they struggled, the rector fiercely, with the renewed vigor of his athletic days, the other feebly, with the air of a man who knows himself beaten. It was well for the janitor that a crucifix hung above the study door. Just in time, the rector's eye rested on the bowed head of the Christ. His fingers loosened their hold and his hands fell limply to his sides. His victim made weak effort to rise, but the minister pushed him back into his chair. Then the Rev. Joseph Allen crossed the room to the door, took out the key and dropped it into his pocket, after which he came back to the table and sat down waiting for the other man to get his breath. Two thoughts were uppermost in his mind as he sat there—the one, horror at the realization of how near he had come to taking vengeance into his own hands; the other, not the old hatred and loathing for the man who had murdered, but sort of divine pity for the man whose panting body lay limply in the chair before him—pity and the knowledge that he could give the wretch no other than human aid. Within himself there was no consciousness of the power to forgive such a sin as this man had committed—as he himself had so narrowly escaped committing.

The guttural voice of the janitor broke in upon his meditation. The man had been regarding him for some moments with something like respect, and his tones were far more deferential than they had ever been before. "Wot ye goin' to do with me? Hand me over to the police?" "No," said the rector, softly; "I am going to talk to you."

And he talked. What he said he will never know, for it seemed as if some other spirit than his own had taken possession of his body and were speaking through his lips. But he knew that he talked, sitting there with his eyes resting alternately on the crucifix and the bowed figure of the man in the chair, until the shadows lengthened in the study and the Angelus sounded from the cathedral tower. Then he rose and swept the jewelry into his pocket. "I shall take these," he said, "for keepsakes."

The janitor eyed him anxiously. He had been sobbing a moment before, but his voice had recovered its old note of sneering as he asked: "Do ye want me to go to communion—now?" The rector shuddered. "You say you are truly sorry for what you have done," he said at last. "Well, obey the voice of your own conscience. I shall be rector here no longer."

He opened the study door and passed slowly down the dim aisle of the church, noticing with relief that no one else was waiting there for him. He did not genuflect before the red altar lamp, though he stood silent for a moment, as if bidding farewell to a cherished dream that he had awakened to find untrue. Then he passed on out into the early dusk. He walked on to the door of the neighboring cathedral, ascended the broad steps and entered. Before the high altar he fell upon his knees, hiding his face with his hands. In time there came to him, through the deserted church, his lifelong friend, the gray-haired pastor. He knelt beside him and placed a sympathetic hand on his arm. The Rev. Joseph Allen lifted a face, deathly pale but peaceful, and smiled.

"God has been very good to me today," he whispered. "He has shown me that I am not a priest. I am ready to make my submission whenever you wish."

The pastor grasped his hand in a viselike grip. "Haven't I always said so?" he whispered, with boyish enthusiasm. "I knew it would come at last. I've been praying for it for years."

And this is the reason that, over the very ritualistic services of St. John's, a young rector presides.—Extension Magazine.

ON BEING CHEERFUL

"The greatest troubles I ever had were those that never came to pass," is the summing up of ripe experience with worry. Ours is not yet a world devoid of troubles and unhappiness, but many of our griefs and sorrows are mere hallucinations of what might be. If our saddest words of tongue or pen are these: It might have been, certainly the expectation of some impending danger makes "it might be" loom up big as a candidate for second honors in the sad class. Our imaginations, if permitted to run wild, will present an array of griefs and miseries and misfortunes which seem very real and will destroy that happiness which it is every person's privilege to enjoy. There is, of course, much sorrow and cause for sorrow in this old world, but so many of our griefs are founded on expectation of what never happens that it is well before permitting ourselves to be borne down by despair to look at things as they really are rather than as we expect them to be.

Most of our imaginary griefs are the result of placing higher valuations on things which we believe are necessary to our happiness and which in large part, may be dispensed with entirely. Many of those things which we look forward to as certain to effect us vitally more than likely

to be so, are often things which we can do without. We are often disappointed because we expect too much. We are often disappointed because we expect too soon. We are often disappointed because we expect too late. We are often disappointed because we expect too far. We are often disappointed because we expect too high. We are often disappointed because we expect too low. We are often disappointed because we expect too much, too soon, too late, too far, too high, too low.

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