

THE COMING

"Yes?"

"Well, sir, he said it was never too late to be a Christian. And he gave me a prayer book—he's a very nice gentleman—and told me to take it home and read it."

"Yes?"

"I've tried to read it, sir, but to be quite honest, I don't feel that I shall ever be much of a Christian."

"Well, Hickman—" suddenly Mr. Perry-Hennington found his voice—"always try to remember this: Jesus Christ came to us here in order that you might be with your dear wife and your dear boy in Heaven, and—and—we have His pledged Word—and we must believe in that."

"But how is a chap to believe what he can't prove?"

"We must have faith—we must all have faith."

"All very well, sir," said Hickman dourly, "but suppose He has promised more than He can perform?"

"In what way? How do you mean?"

"According to the Bible He was to come again, but as far as I can make out there doesn't seem much sign of Him yet."

Mr. Perry-Hennington was silent a moment and then he took one of the landlord's large hands in both of his own and said in an abrupt, half grotesque, wholly illogical way, "My dear friend, we are all members one of another. It is our duty to hope for the