

THE HEAD COACH

the College Place Church, to take effect at the earliest convenience of yourself and your present parish."

Kingsland did not know what to say. Loyalty was one of his strongest qualities, and mere dollars could not have tempted him to consider leaving Mason Corners. But this splendid opportunity to work and to live shoulder to shoulder with three hundred young men, a field of endeavor which he loved best, and in which he had proved himself to be of signal service, was not to be disregarded. It beckoned him alluringly. He could not play the laggard with such a trumpet call as this. It was one of his dearest dreams come true. His voice was unsteady with emotion as he made answer:

"This is an honor that I had not looked for, gentlemen. I cannot make my decision at a moment's notice. I must consult my parish. A man never had better friends than I have gained in Mason Corners. Their interests are mine. I cannot desert them until a successor is found to their liking."

Shortly after this memorable interview, the deacons of the Mason Corners Church assembled in session extraordinary. Kingsland told them the tidings, and they sat mute and sorrowful, realizing that they must let him go from them, yet unwilling to face the issue. At length Deacon Ezra Stiles arose and said, as bravely as he was able: