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"From what?" the fair-haired young man inquired. "Sunday School and all that stuff. Let the women and girls go in for religion, if they like it so much. They needn't try to interfere with us." And Jim struck a match in an exceedingly grown-up, masculine fashion, and lighted another cigarette, while Leonard regarded him admiringly. Jim must have been thirteen at least—every day of it! "So you think religion isn't for boys and men?" the clerk inquired. "Never heard of a real, big, brave man that had any use for religion?" "Nope," said Jim. "Not a one." "Well, I wonder what you'd think of a man that got mixed up in a howling mob of crazy ruffians that were going to kill him, and he never flinched once, and faced them down till the soldiers came and carried him off to the fort?" "Indians, was it?" Jim demanded, visibly interested. "Was that out West where you were last year?" "Another time this same fellow was making a speech just perfectly peaceable, to a set of the same kind," the clerk went on paying no attention to the interruption. "And that time there weren't any soldiers on hand, militia nor regulars either, and I guess the police weren't any account. Anyhow, the crowd got him, and dragged him off, and threw stones at him until they thought he was dead. But he came to, and do you reckon he was scared out? Not much. He went right on, travelling and making speeches and trying to set things straight." "Political man, was he?" asked Jim. "Another time he had to go on the ocean—yes, going to Europe, he was; you guessed right that time, only he didn't start from New York—and his ship was wrecked, and they drifted in an awful storm for days and days, and he never showed the white feather—not once! Cheered up the captain and the whole crew, and showed them what to do, and by-and-by they all got safe to land." "Say, I know who that was," Leonard burst out, so proud of his knowledge that he forgot Jim's forthcoming sneers. "You're talking about St. Paul. It was in our lesson yesterday." "Yes, and this is his day, too," the clerk

said. "It jumped into my mind when I looked up at the calendar there a minute ago, and I heard this chum of yours say that men hadn't any use for religion." "Aw, you've been telling Bible stories!" Jim exclaimed, with inexpressible scorn. "I thought you said it was a fellow you knew out West. I don't take any stock in those old yarns." "You don't, don't you?" said the clerk. "Well, I'll tell you another one, then, about a fellow I did know out West. And that's mixed up with St. Paul's Day, too, as it happens." Old Mr. Wise came in just then for a pound of coffee, and the boys had to wait until he had bought it and shuffled away with his package and his change. "This fellow I knew was a missionary out there in the heart of the Rockies," the clerk went on, when he was at leisure again. "A young chap he was, not very long out of college, and he'd been a famous athlete, too. Stood six feet in his stockings, strong as an ox. Always laughing and joking; and religion was just his business in life. Well, I knew him two years; and he was at it, winter and summer, travelling in all sorts of weather, going into the wildest, roughest places—shot a grizzly once, when he was going on snowshoes over Bald Mountain; and another time he went in, bare-handed, and broke up a row between two of the toughest miners in Dry Gulch, that were just pulling their shooting-irons on each other. "And on St. Paul's Day, that's three years ago now, he was in the Gulch when the smelter burned; and the charge-floor broke through with five of the men that were trying to fight the fire from there; and we all thought they were gone for sure. But this fellow—now, remember, Len, your chum here says he wasn't a brave man—he jumped in and got a few others to follow him—I reckon the good Lord is the only one that knows how he did it, but they got those men out, terribly burned and bruised, but they all lived. Only the missionary—he must have been a no-account chap, Jim says, because he'd grown up minding his mother, and gone to Sunday Schools, and started them, too, out there, dozens of them—well, he was burned so that he lost the sight of both eyes." "Oh!" said both boys; and Jim let his cigarette fall. "Didn't give up, even then. Went back East, and settled down to learn Polish or Bohemian or something, I forget which—and he's gone to work in a settlement in a big city, trying to help somebody yet. He can play the organ, and poke his way from house to house with a stick; and he's going to keep right on fighting in the Lord's army till he's mustered out." "Well, I ain't saying—," Jim began and stopped. "You go right on and do what your folks want you to do, Len," the clerk advised. "I don't know where it was that Jim had asked you to go but if your big sister said No, its ten chances to one you shan't lose much giving it up. And don't you ever believe for one minute at a time that you can't grow up to be a big, brave man without lying and smoking and swearing, and disobeying. This day

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is a pretty good day to begin thinking about the kind of man you really want to be; and if you remember the two men I've been telling you about, you won't be fooled by some other people." Leonard straightened up and pulled his hands out of his pockets. "It's five o'clock, isn't it?" he said. "Guess I'll walk down to the office and come home with father. No, thank you, Jim; I don't believe I'll go with you to-day!"—Mabel Earle, in *The Christian Young Soldier*.

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