

of the Scriptures—perhaps because so many of them were unable to read it themselves—consequently the sound was infrequent enough to be welcome. Then Mr. Howard gave out, two lines at a time, the good old hymn, "Rock of Ages," and three-fourths of the group joined in singing. Thus having prepared the way for his message, he, with ready tact, requested the men to protect him from the annoyances of the younger portion of the audience—a request which instantly converted each man into something like a special constable for the nonce, and immensely gratified their self-esteem.

The text was the wondrous invitation recorded above; and Mr. Howard pressed it home solemnly and kindly upon each conscience. To the young, to the fathers and mothers bearing the burden of life, to the old men and women, drooping beneath the load of infirmity, the evangelist commended this generous offer; and so earnest and winning was he, that ere he had done, even Harry Baynham stood, all attention, drinking in the wonderful words. His free-and-easy companion, Jim Noble, nudged him to be going; but no, Harry wanted to hear all that the preacher had to say, and he stayed till the last word was spoken.

"Come on, now," said Noble. "I see three or four of our chums going into the Brown Cow. They be up for a lark. Let us go."

"Let them go," replied Harry, angrily. "I'll stay just as long as I like."

Jim was silent. The concluding hymn was that precious one commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood;" and Harry, though rather out of time, inasmuch as he was ignorant of psalm-singing, joined lustily in it. Then followed the closing prayer—short, but earnest—and the benediction; and the little assembly dispersed. Mr. Howard, after thanking those who had assisted him by maintaining order, bade them farewell, and went home, to pray over the seed he had sown that day.

Harry Baynham did not go home, but he went, instead,