

crowds the evening papers. He heard the singing, and went in.

He had never been in church in his life, so that the gospel of Christ fell upon virgin ground and at once, and amazingly, took root.

He shook Mr. Sunday's hand, and, in his own quaint phraseology, which I despair of reproducing, he told the worker who took his name that "dose guys" were all right, referring to the members of the party. As for the songs, he thought they were "grand."

After that we would see him, occasionally, and one day a policeman who had been converted the night before told a worker that the newsboy's persistent singing of "If Your Heart Keeps Right" had drawn him to come, himself, and see what the meetings were like.

"The boy has his stand near a corner which I frequently pass," the officer said, "and I began to notice a difference in him. He used to get into fights with the other boys, for he's Irish and quick tempered, but I saw that when he felt like a scrimmage he would begin to whistle instead and it would always be the tune, 'If Your Heart Keeps Right.' So we got to talking, and he told me that he had been converted, and asked me if I wouldn't come up to the Tabernacle when I could. So I did, thank