

THE HEAD COACH

preach more convincingly on this day than ever before in his life.

The foot-ball team waited for him outside the church, and Joseph Pumpelly, as spokesman, voiced the common sentiment:

"You can preach as well as you can coach, Mr. Kingsland, and that is saying an awful lot. I never saw the side lines—I mean the pews—so full of students before. Can't you get off and come back for a Sunday or two this winter? If you don't, the team is going to run over to Mason Corners some Sunday and surprise you."

Kingsland was more grateful for this ingenuous praise than if he had won a dozen foot-ball championships, and said so.

"You are coming back to coach next year?" anxiously asked two or three of the players at once.

"I don't know. I can't promise. I ought not to be away from my parish for so long again."

"Jameson can't get along without you next season," declared Joseph Pumpelly.

A fortnight after Kingsland's return to Mason Corners, the village was invaded by no less dignified a body than that same "ministerial committee" from Spindle Falls which had once journeyed to New Haven in search of a pastor. These worthy gentlemen were just a trifle sheepish, as if they had seen