

friends to come to Sunday-school next Sunday."

"I will, sir," she answered, not having the faintest idea what the minister meant, but willing to go any place her deliverer would suggest.

For weeks Mr. Morrow worked in one way and another, getting into the good graces of the people of Shilo. There was something about the man that checked the oaths on the lips of the rough men at the "Eagle." The children flocked to him to hear his Bible stories on Sunday afternoon. At first the Sunday-school was out under the trees, but soon in the living-room in Mary's home.

Mr. Morrow tried in various ways to get the large room in the court-house for his services, but was unable to obtain this favor until he was called upon to preach a funeral sermon there. After that the place was at his disposal, for he preached to his large audience with such earnestness and power many wanted to hear him speak again.

But, alas! no one offered to pay for the services of a pastor, and the young man's money was almost gone. This was known when the minister appealed to Bill Hawkins for a job with the axe. That evening Hawkins held counsel with his friends.

"He can't chop with 'em thin, white hands. Don't want to fool away a good axe on 'im, but he's a good chap to have around. It sort o' gives a fellow a good send-off to have a sermon or a prayer at his funeral. Seems like buryin' a dog our old way," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

"The women like his meetin's, an' the Lord knows they 'ave little enough up in the woods. Some of 'em 'ave had better things. He cheered up Sallie when her husband died, an' he keeps little Mary's father sober, the devil only knows how," said one.

"Oh, he's got stuff in 'im. It don't matter what trade a man follers, if there's stuff in 'im he'll succeed. Says I to 'im, 'It's none of your business whether I cuss or not.' Says he, 'It is jest my business to keep men from dishonorin' my Master, jest as it's yours to see your logs 'ave your master's mark an' git down to 'im.' But he ain't one of your whinin', graveyard kind. He can laugh with the rest. Now, he hasn't a blamed cent to winter on. We've got to git up a blow-out an' do the handsome by him. I'll see that plucky boy through, or I'll go

to ——" No matter what Bill named as the terminus of the route, he appointed himself first steward of the new church and set about raising the preacher's salary according to the light he had.

The next excitement was a big dance in the court-house. Great preparations were made. The bare walls were decorated with branches of flaming autumn leaves. No city decorator could have excelled in the color effects made by the mingling of scarlet, purple, and gold, and varied shades of green furnished with lavish hand from the vines and trees of the surrounding forest. A new supply of beer was brought from more civilized regions in ox-carts, and every fiddle in miles around was pressed into service. Settlers came in from their claims, and business was practically suspended for the dance. There were a few pretty girls from the new clearings to vie with the village belles, and the young woodsmen almost drew pistols over these fair partners.

The preacher was dragged to the scene of festivities, but did not stay long. He knew it was useless to rail against these rude ideas of social enjoyment. He watched their heavy footfalls and noisy merriment with the same thoughts that later he viewed the wild Indian dance around the camp-fire. He knew the time would come when these people would be educated to a more refined and uplifting way of recreation, so said nothing. Bill Hawkins assured the minister there would be no drunkenness or fighting, and the young man went to his room.

The next day, after Mr. Morrow had paid his week's board and incidentally given his last penny, he was surrounded by a crowd on the tavern porch. The men stood near him, but there were women and children in the rear, and all were looking with eager expectation towards Bill Hawkins, who stood before the minister with something in his extended hand.

"I ain't much on a speech, Elder, but I'm elec' to make one. The upshot of it all is, us folks want a preacher. The kind that showed up here afore was easy scairt, or starved out, an' not wuth usin' good powder on, but you air too blamed plucky to git scaired at the Old Fellow hisself, an' not lazy enough to starve, an', anyway, we like the samples you carry. Men ain't so anxious to go to a worse world as they let on. We'll hear what you have to say 'bout the path that has been blazed towards the sky, an'