

A Modern Saint.

John Hurd's mother thought her son was a genius, and his father said he was a fool. Other people vacillated between the opinions of both parents. When John was graduated, without honors, from the Arts Course of his University, his father hoped he had sense enough to make a lawyer, while his mother determined that he should study medicine. To the arguments and persuasions of the worthy couple John listened with patient and bored politeness, and then quietly announced his intention to become a minister.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurd sat facing each other in amazement. After naming his chosen profession their only son had departed to bed, with the air of one glad to escape from the discussion of an uninteresting subject.

"William," faltered the mother, "I'm afraid you have been right all along. John is a fool."

"Myra," replied the elder Hurd solemnly, "I watched John sitting on the back fence at sunset to-night, and I began to think I might be wrong about him after all. His head was lifted, and he looked just like that fellow in the picture over the parlor mantel-piece,—the one tied to the tree with the arrows sticking in him. There's something more in that boy than you or I can make out. Perhaps he's a saint."

"Well, William Hurd," exclaimed that gentleman's wife, "it's easy to see where John's queerness came from."

"I suppose, John, you will want to go to divinity school," said Hurd, senior, at the breakfast table next morning.

John had drawn the sugar bowl towards him and was studying the figures of two Japanese ladies perilously balanced on the edge of a lily pond. He withdrew his gaze reluctantly.

"Er — what for?" he demanded.

"To study divinity, of course. Didn't you say last night that you intended to be a minister?"

"Well — er — I believe I did. What's that got to do with divinity school?"

"Why, good heavens, boy, what chance will you have as a minister without a divinity course? All the churches worth anything want trained men. I know some of the other kind,—starving in one