

horse villages on five hundred a year. I did hope last night when you said you'd settled on something that a little sense was beginning to show through,"—here a distant whistle warned Mr. Hurd that he would be late at his office, and he stormed out of the room, while his son returned to his contemplation of the Japanese ladies on the sugar bowl.

At half-past nine the next Thursday evening, Mr. William Hurd, coming home from the monthly conference of the church, found his wife alone in the living room. He started to speak, then blew his nose hard, and taking a book from the table began to blow imaginary dust from its edges. Mrs. Hurd was no eighteenth century heroine, but she had her feelings, and now they were distinctly hurt.

"I must say, father, I hope you'll find the dust you're looking for. I went over every book in this room this morning."

"Tut, tut, Myra, don't be so touchy. Who said anything about dust? I was thinking of John."

"What has John done now?"

"Asked the church to let him have that old mission hall in the Bog,—wants to open it for preaching and Sunday School. And, Myra, he got what he asked for. More than that,—he's a licensed preacher of the Spring Street Church."

"William Hurd!"

"I don't wonder you're surprised, Myra. John didn't ask for a license, but Dr. Conrad said that if the mission was re-opened it should be under the watch-care of the church. If I tried meetings in the Bog I'd want them under the watch-care of the police. The doctor asked John if he would accept a preacher's license from the church, and John said he would if they'd let him run the mission in his own way and wouldn't interfere with his plans."

"But, William, I don't understand. After these terrible people in the Bog rotten-egged Mr. Dent, I thought it was decided that the church should not try mission work there again. Why should they change their minds in one evening, and for our John?"

"Well, Myra, the people who listened to our John to-night would have changed their minds in any way he wanted. Great Scott, what a lawyer that fellow would make! He didn't talk long, but when he had finished most of the women were crying, and every man felt that the Bog must be reclaimed. When the license question came up Deacon Hodge said the young brother should tell something of his Christian experience, but by that time John had that stupid