

look back on his face and wouldn't say a word. Then Dr. Benton said that the young man's zeal for the wretched people in the Bog argued a Christian experience that went beyond his depth, and he moved that the license be granted. Every one voted for it, even old Deacon Hodge."

"Why father, to hear you talk one would think you were pleased. It looks to me as if John was crazy. He never was a bit religious except for a week after he joined the church, when he was twelve years old. Why does he want to do mission work in the Bog?"

"Myra, we'd better let John alone. You always said he'd make his mark, and I begin to think he will, but it won't be your way or mine. Let him be a minister, and let him go his own way about it. A fellow who can carry a crowd like he did to-night won't stay at the foot of the ladder. Here's something you'll like to know,—he walked home with Mary Conrad. She sat beside me while John was speaking, and her big eyes never left his face. I don't wonder at that, for he looked more than ever like the chap with the arrows in him. I tell you, Myra, I believe the boy is a saint."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Myra, but at that moment her son entered, and the conversation was dropped. The young saint greeted his parents laconically, drew a wicked looking novel from his pocket, and sat down on the small of his back to enjoy it.

The next week John moved to the Bog, securing room and board in a house of doubtful reputation. He bought a typewriter, and declined his father's offer to continue his monthly allowance. To that gentleman's amazed query as to how he expected to live he muttered something about newspaper correspondence. He kept his latchkey, however, and sometimes surprised his parents by coming downstairs sleepily to breakfast. On these occasions it gave Mrs. Hurd a melancholy pleasure to see that whether genius, fool, or saint, her son was able to appreciate good doughnuts and coffee. Every evening he spent at the mission, but Sunday mornings he attended Spring Street Church, and after service walked home with Mary Conrad.

Meanwhile, strange reports of the doings at the mission hall in the Bog reached the church fathers. Dr. Conrad came in perturbation to William Hurd, and one evening the two went together to the mission.

"We got there about seven," reported Mr. Hurd afterwards to his wife. "We heard singing as soon as we turned off Lee Street. I told