

ago. The Squire was the donor of the living and it was rumored that he had presented it to one of his college chums. Again the village worthies were indignant. They had become so accustomed to the sight of their aged vicar's white head, and the hypnotic monotone of his voice, that the coming of a younger man seemed almost sacrilege. "We doan't want ony o' them new-fangled idees praiched i' Whitedale," said John, "that college larning is jes' what's a'spoilin' them young chaps; wot wi' theer long words we canna understan'; theer Greek an' Flosipy, an' goodness knows wot. I doan't see no sense on't."

In those words he had expressed the general opinion of the village. They had often grumbled at Parson Black's sermons, but this they forgot as they unanimously condemned beforehand the preaching of his successor.

Towards the little ivy-clad church in the hollow they were now wending their way in response to the cheery invitation emanating from its steeple. Soon the sacred edifice was filled, the bells ceased tolling, and the ringers took their places with a dignity befitting their important office. In a few minutes the door of the minister's vestry quietly opened, and their new vicar was standing before them.

As he took his place at the lectern he felt keenly conscious that he was the cynosure of all eyes, and as his gaze swept over his flock he thought that some of those eyes held an unfriendly look. In appearance he justified their expectations concerning his youthfulness, but as the sturdy miners and farmers looked, they confessed in their hearts that he looked every inch a man.

Ronald Drayton was indeed a man in the highest sense of the word. Of strong physique, his muscular arm had more than once helped his *alma mater* to victory on Regatta Day. His mind was as healthy as his body, and his high ideals and clean living had made him the greatest force in the University. His sense of duty was of the highest, and in response to its call he was in the parish church of Whitedale that day. Temptations had come with the offer of a larger field and more aristocratic parish, but he resolutely put them behind for the sake of those simple-hearted rustics now before him. He knew that he had difficulties before him and prejudices to overcome, but he steadfastly set himself to the task.

As the service proceeded the look of scorn gradually left the face of old John and a kindlier light came into many eyes as they felt