

myself praying "Dear Lord he is a good boy, don't let him go up with the Sinners."

After a time, the Preacher, finding only embarrassed stolidity, went farther along the aisle and I began to breathe again.

Finally the number of Sinners who wished to be saved dwindled down. A last hymn was sung, the blessing given, and the Congregation filed out.

Harry and I had little to say. The evening had worn us both down. The following week I had a new steady. His horse and buggy weren't nearly as handsome as Harry's, but he was a Congregationalist!