



**EYES.**  
If you must depend on artificial aid to restore failing vision why not have the best? Many a person stumbles on through life with ill-fitting frames and cheap decentered lenses, never knowing that perfect vision may be given them by our thorough methods in examination, and subsequent fitting of proper glasses.

Right glass aid—that's what we offer.  
**Wennerlund,  
JEWELER and OPTICIAN.**

Mrs. P. M. Peterson came over from Atwater Saturday to visit with her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Rosequist, returning home Monday. Mrs. A. Stansberry of Willmar, who has been the guest of the Conkoff family, near town, for a few days, returned home Monday.—Raymond News.

**For Rent.**  
House for rent in First ward, No. 318, Tenth street. The house contains 9 rooms, 5 down stairs and 4 upstairs. Will rent whole or part. Barn in connection with room for 4 teams. Terms reasonable.  
L. C. HOLLAND.

**A Big Tree.**  
A. G. Anderson of Greenleaf related Saturday that he recently cut on a portion of the Dickson farm in Danilson what was probably the largest oak tree in Meeker county. The trunk at the place where cut was 27 feet in diameter. About 20 feet above the ground it branched into six parts, each limb being good for an average sized saw log. This tree had no doubt weathered the gales of several hundred years. It was still live and sound and it was a great pity to cut it down.—Litchfield Independent.

**Kerkhoven.**  
C. W. Johnson of Carlson transacted business in Willmar the fore part of last week. Charley told us that he has sold his tubular well machine to A. M. Knight, of Willmar. Axel Hedin of Willmar has put in a stock of clothing, cloaks, dry goods and shoes in the Soland store building and is now ready to supply the wants of the people of this vicinity in those lines. L. Larson returned to his home in town of Mamre last Saturday, after a two weeks' visit with friends in Grant county, S. D. Emanuel and Magnus Magnusson arrived here from Minneapolis Monday and went out to their home in town of Mamre. Magnus had one of his legs broken while working in a mine out in Montana several months ago, and is still using crutches. He was treated in a Minneapolis hospital.—Kerkhoven Banner.

**A Letter from Wesley Green.**  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1901.  
EDITOR WILLMAR TRIBUNE:—Since I came to this place I have wished for a paper that would give me the local home news. I have come to the conclusion that wherever I am I shall always take the Willmar Tribune. Will you therefore place my name on the list of subscribers and I shall remit the first opportunity I have of securing a money order. It may be news to you how I came to Brooklyn. Last month I graduated from Highland Park College in the Electrical Engineering Department and shortly after that I took the U. S. examination for mechanic in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Having passed all the examinations satisfactorily I received transportation as one to New York City not even giving me time to see my own folks. There were 30 applicants examined in Des Moines and only two passed the government's examination. We were passed over the N. & W. to Chicago, where we were allowed five hours. From there we took the B. & O. to Pittsburg, Pa. and as we left Pittsburg we had some splendid scenery through the Alleghany Mountains along the Wild River and into West Virginia. At Cumberland W. Virginia, we had twenty minutes for dinner. From there we passed through the Cumberland Mountain Ranges on to Harpers Ferry, the historic old place. Here could be seen still standing the old fort on the hill and the monument marking the spot where John Brown had his old fort near the waters edge.

The next place of importance we came to was Washington, D. C., and time enough was given us to go up and see the capitol, Cong. Library and Washington's monument. Then we passed on to Baltimore, Md., and here we passed through the longest tunnel in our whole trip, namely one and a quarter of a mile long. At this place also a good view can be had of the bay. We next passed through Philadelphia, the town of brotherly love, as Wm. Penn called it, and on to Jersey City. From the last named place we took the ferry across to New York City and then the Brooklyn avenue car across the famous Brooklyn bridge which connects Long Island with New York City.

I am now happily located in the Navy Yard here, where all I have to do to see the battleships as they come in to the harbor is to look through the window of the great machine shop.

The B. C. New York lies not more than a block from this building. She has undergone repairs and will go into commission on the 15th of this month sailing for European waters.

Regarding my work and the thousands of men who work for the government here, I have not been here long enough to speak in any exact terms, hence I shall close awaiting the first copy of the Tribune.

W. E. GREEN,  
Brooklyn Navy Yard,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**JOHN T. OTOS,  
ABSTRACTOR AND CONVEYANCER.**  
Abstracts of Title to lands in Kandiyohi County furnished promptly.  
**REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE  
AND STEAMSHIP TICKETS.**  
Next door to Postoffice.  
WILLMAR, MINN.

**UNIVERSITY DEBATING CONTEST.**

**Kandiyohi County Boys Show Their Ability in a Hotly Contested Debate.**

Those who attended the Forum-Law debate Saturday evening were rewarded by hearing as spirited and hotly contested a debate as has probably ever taken place between two literary societies at the University. The question, "Resolved that from the present day organization of capital on a large scale there is reason to expect more of good than of harm," had the advantage of being one of live interest and when upheld by such men as represented the two sides could not help but hold the interest of the audience which impartially applauded every good point made on either side.

R. W. Stanford, in behalf of the affirmative opened the debate for the Laws. He was supported by C. T. Griffith and R. E. Sperry, the latter being especially strong in establishing his side of the case. The Forum Society in the persons of S. De W. Adams, O. J. Henderson and Bert Russell did their best to show why the decision should be given to the negative.

Besides having a better array of charts they also had the advantage of greater experience and more skill in placing their points clearly before the judges, but looked some of the fire of their opponents. The debate was very evenly contested throughout and until Prof. Sanford announced the decision of the judges there were few who would have cared to risk much on the decision.

The judges were Gov. Pillsbury, Prof. McDermott and W. F. Webster of East High School, and the vote was two to the negative, one judge not voting.

This first series of contests over the semi-finals will now absorb the attention of the various debating teams. In these contests, Minerva will meet the Shakopeans, and the Forums the Kents, the contests taking place about March 15. It is likely that about the same teams will represent the different societies, and interest will be intensified thereby. The Shakopeans have elected Messrs. Wedge, Dills and McLaughlin as their representatives.—Minnesota (University) Daily, Feb. 5.

**Public Auction.**  
As I have sold my residence in Pennington, I will sell at public auction on Tuesday, Feb. 26, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property:

1 span of mares, one 6 and one 7 years old; 1 3-year-old colt, 3 cows, 1 hog, 1 set of buggy harness, 1 working harness, 1 single buggy harness, 2 single set buggies, one with top; 1 new road cart, 1 wagon, 1 hay rack, 1 new mower, 10 tons of hay and some oats and barley, 3 new bedsteads, springs and mattresses, 1 dining room table, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms:—All sums of \$5.00 and under, cash; above that amount time will be given until November 1, 1901, on approved notes bearing 6 per cent interest.

HELMER MARTINSON,  
A. C. CRAWFORD, Auctioneer.

**Auction Sale.**  
As I have sold my farm in section 6, town of Harrison, I will sell at public auction on Thursday, March 7, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following described property:

1 working horse, 4 fresh milk cows, 2 heifers, 4 calves, 1 McCormick and 1 Deering binder, 1 Deering corn binder, 1 2-horse cultivator with six shovels, 1 Deering mower, 1 2-horse hay rake, 2 72-tooth harrows, 1 14-inch walking plow, 1 narrow tire wagon, 1 wide tire wagon, 1 2-seated buggy, 2 sets double harness, 1 single harness, 1 circular wood saw and jack, 1 forge, anvil and vise, and other tools, and all the household goods, too numerous to mention; a's & quantity of hay.

Terms:—All sums of \$5.00 and under, cash; over that amount, time will be given until Nov. 1, 1901, on bankable notes bearing 7 per cent interest.

P. H. PARSONS, JR.,  
J. S. ANDERSON, Auctioneer.

**Auction Sale.**  
As I am getting old and have rented my farm, I will sell at public auction on my farm, about three miles south of Willmar, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, March 7, the following described property:

3 working horses, 1 3-year-old mare, 7 milk cows, 4 2-year-old heifers, 3 2-year-old steers, 4 calves, 1 new Deering mower, 2 drags—one 4-horse, 1 seeder, 1 wagon, 1 pair bobbleighs, 2 pair of working harness and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms:—All sums of \$5.00 and under, cash; over that amount time will be given until Nov. 1, 1901, on approved notes bearing 5 per cent interest.

E. ELLINGSON,  
J. G. MONSON, Auctioneer.

**DR. NIVEN**  
will be in New London Feb. 22 and the forenoon of Feb. 23, Grove City Feb. 26 and Atwater Feb. 27 and 28.  
All kinds of Dentistry.  
**Real Estate, Loans and Insurance**  
I will loan money at low rate of interest and on favorable terms. Will buy and sell real estate. Insurance written in reliable Insurance companies.  
SOLOMON PORTER,  
Willmar, Minn.

**MALCOLM KIRK**  
A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.

By CHARES M. SHELDON.  
Copyright, 1900, by the Advance Pub. Co.

[CONTINUED.]

"Dorothy could not remember how she came to be with the fighters on the prairie instead of with the water carriers, but it was undoubtedly her anxiety for Malcolm's safety that urged her out toward the fire. Her dress had caught on fire and she put out several times. Some one had thrown water over her, but she had hardly known it. It was nearly dark when she was conscious of a tall, awkward figure near her, looming up through the smoke, thrashing at the fire with powerful energy, a very incarnation of resistance and stubborn refusal to surrender.

"Malcolm" she cried, and faint as she was, she felt new life at the sight of him.

"Dorothy! Thank God, we got back with him just in time!"

"There was no time to say more. The danger was still great. Near together now, husband and wife fought on. The citizens of Conrad afterward bore witness to the way in which they fought.

"Say, did you see Mr. Kirk?" A group of men at the postoffice, several days after the great fire, were talking it over.

"These New England folks beat every other kind when it comes to never giving up."

"Yes, or fighting the devil. Our minister beats all the rest at that," said Carver, who spoke of Kirk as "our minister," although he had never been a member of any church and rarely went to hear even Malcolm preach. But it was a tribute to the hold Malcolm had secured on such men that they appropriated him somehow to themselves or to the best that was struggling in them.

It was near the middle of the afternoon that that eventful day that the people of Conrad, exhausted, burned, blackened, saw the great danger pass around them and the galloping whirlwind thundered off beyond the town, leaving a mighty and desolate expanse of black and smoldering prairie behind it.

Then it was that the severest trial of all came to Malcolm and Dorothy. They had come into the house of one of their parishioners, where the body of Philip Barton had been carried. He was living, but had received some injuries from falling out of the wagon probably when the team ran away.

They had come out of the house and were on their way home when some one in the street suddenly clutched Malcolm's arm and, pointing through the smoke, cried out:

"Look there! The church is on fire!"

The church and parsonage stood at the opposite end of the town from the prairie fire, and the danger had been the least in that quarter. That part of the town had been entirely deserted while the fight had been going on at the other end.

"If the church goes, the parsonage will go, too," thought Malcolm, as he and Dorothy ran through the street.

When they reached the parsonage, the roof had already caught from a flying timber blown off the church tower. The water of the town was exhausted. The well in the parsonage yard was already nearly empty. Malcolm rushed into the house and by desperate work, helped by several other men, succeeded in carrying out some furniture and a few of his books.

One of the boxes in Dorothy's room was blazing as he carried it out and threw it over, and a pile of papers in a portfolio was scattered. Dorothy, as she worked helping to carry some pieces of furniture to a place of safety, felt something blow against her face, and, putting up her hand, she caught a piece of paper.

Even in the excitement she saw what it was. It was the sketch that Francis Raleigh had drawn on board the Cephalonia three years before, the sketch of Malcolm holding the baby. Dorothy sobbed as she saw what it was. Her own baby! And now their home and nearly all the things they counted dear!

It was over soon, and in a little while the church and parsonage, the work of many a weary struggle for their little company of disciples, were dreary heaps of ruin. A hard fight on the part of the worshipping citizens had kept the other houses from being burned. The church and parsonage had stood in a large lot by themselves.

"After all," said Malcolm when it was all over, as he sat down by Dorothy on a trunk while a little group of neighbors stood by discussing the incidents of the fire, "after all, dear, we have a good deal to be thankful for."

"Yes," said Dorothy, with a smile. It was a little hard for her as she sat there to imagine that Dorothy Gilbert who once back in the old New England home had been noted for the elegance and refinement of all her ways and surroundings. Nothing but the great love she bore the man who had asked her to share his life now made her insensible to that former life before she was married.

Malcolm Kirk sat there gazing at the ruins of his home and his church, and deep down in his heart there was a mighty conflict going on. He had lost his books, nearly all that were of value, and the other losses were great. He was blackened and burned, his clothes hung in ragged rents about him, his great fists were bleeding, and here beside him was the woman who had left all for—what? To share such privations, dangers, losses?

For a moment he hardly heard what some of his parishioners were saying. They had been talking excitedly together.

"Mr. Kirk, we are of the opinion that this fire was incendiary."

"How is that?" asked Malcolm, rousing up a little.

"The first seen of it was in the tower. Now, the fire from the prairie could not possibly have caught up there. Some one must have set it."

The different ones began to whisper their suspicions.

The next day, while Malcolm and Dorothy were staying with one of the church members who took them into his home, the rumor grew that the fire was the work of the whisky men.

Down on the street excited groups of men gathered that evening, discussing the matter. Every one knew that Malcolm Kirk had fought the saloons from

the first day of his entrance into Conrad. He was feared and hated by the whisky men more than any one else. He had succeeded to a large degree in getting the other churches to act together in the agitation now going on all over the state. He was already noted for his leadership throughout the county and had written and spoken on every possible occasion for the proposed prohibitory amendment.

So there was reason in the suspicion held by the citizens. As the evening wore on proof of a certain saloon man's guilt seemed almost sure. Two or three persons had seen him coming out of the parsonage yard that afternoon of the fire. A child had seen the same man on the steps of the church a few minutes after Dorothy had left the parsonage.

It was now 10 o'clock. The crowd at the corner by the postoffice grew every minute larger and more threatening. Groups of men stood surrounding some speaker who urged lynching as the only satisfactory punishment for such a crime. The citizens were exasperated and nervous from the great strain of the last two days.

Malcolm Kirk came down town late that night to get the mail from the east bound express and walked into the mob just as cries of "Lynch the fire-bug" rose from many voices. As soon as the crowd saw him it surrounded him excitedly.

"Mr. Kirk, we've proof that 'Big Jake' set fire to your church."

Malcolm looked over the crowd a moment in silence. He had not been thinking so much about the loss of his church and parsonage as he came down town as about Dorothy and his future prospects. But the sight and sound of that mob of citizens brought his mind back to the situation not only in the town of Conrad but throughout the entire state. For the time, therefore, he let his own personal plans go as he faced the fact of a grave crisis in the temperance movement.

He had more than one Sunday evening held outdoor services at the very corner where the crowd now gathered. Dorothy had often helped him at such services by playing and singing. Every man in Conrad was familiar with the tall, homely, awkward figure that now towered over almost every head, and every man in Conrad respected him.

There was an empty dry goods box near one of the stores, and Malcolm Kirk asked some of the men to drag it out to the corner of the sidewalk. The minute he had mounted it the crowd became silent.

It is a rare gift to be able to speak to a great crowd of men out of doors and hold their attention. Kirk possessed that gift. His voice was a splendid instrument, and he knew how to use it. It is said that Gladstone in the days of his greatest power as a speaker people would linger in the corridors of the house of commons when he was talking simply to enjoy the sound of the tone of his voice, although they could not distinguish a word that was said. Something of this same quality made Kirk's voice a fascination for an audience.

Whatever it was it could truly be called a great gift of God.

And he used it now in a godlike manner. He began by calling attention to the fact that the people of the state were trying to abolish the saloon by legislative amendment to the constitution. At such a time as that, for the temperance people to act in a lawless manner toward even the enemies of the home and the church would be an act of folly so great that it might endanger the entire movement for prohibition.

"I am perhaps," continued Malcolm, "the most interested person in this whole matter. It is my church that has been burned and my home that has been destroyed. And yet I say to you men that if you attempt to use violence toward 'Big Jake' or any other saloon keeper on the ground of this circumstantial evidence and take the law into your own hands I will defend him from such violence at the risk of my own life. Let us act like men in this matter—like men who see further than personal vengeance and are determined that our fight shall be directed not against the saloon keeper so much as against the business he represents. That is what we want to fight for in behalf of all our homes and churches and our state and country."

He got down off the box after he had spoken and appealed in a quiet but powerful manner to some of the more influential men in the crowd not to let the men act in this way. His speech and appeal had their effect. A small group of men on the edge of the crowd gathered further up the street, and after Kirk had gone home they marched up to "Big Jake's" saloon, only to find it closed and the proprietor fled.

**CHAPTER X.**  
**DOROTHY PROVES HERSELF A HELPMATE.**

Next day Malcolm Kirk had the melancholy pleasure of taking Philip Barton out to "The Forks." He had recovered sufficiently to be moved, and Malcolm borrowed a spring wagon and placed him in it comfortably. He explained of feeling queer in his back, and the doctor told Kirk before he started that it would not be at all unexpected if Barton should be paralyzed. "In fact, Mr. Kirk, my examination makes it almost certain that the boy will probably never recover so as to use the lower part of his body. It seems probable that the wheels of the hay wagon passed over him after he fell out."

The prairie was one vast burned stretch of plain, with the road gray and distinct through it. Philip Barton lay back on the cot that had been arranged in the wagon box and looked up at Malcolm with a white, strained face as he drove slowly along over the smooth, elastic prairie road.

At first Malcolm drove on silently. The boy seemed to be quite comfortable, but unwilling to talk, and during the first two miles hardly a word was spoken. Then Malcolm stopped the horses and bent down to arrange some part of the cot. When he had finished and gathered up the lines to go on again, young Barton spoke.

"You were one of the men that found me and brought me into the town, Mr. Kirk?" The boy had asked it twice before.

"Yes," replied Malcolm, smiling. "You can't imagine what a great joy it was to me when we found you."

"And Carver was the other man?"

"Yes."

"That seems queer to me. How did

he happen to go with you?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. He seemed eager to go."

"Was he—had he been drinking?"

The question came with evident painful effort.

"Yes, I think he had," replied Malcolm frankly. "But he was sober enough when we found you."

There was silence, and Malcolm gathered up the lines again and started on. The day was very still, and there was a great cloud coming up in the southwest which promised rain before night.

"It was a great thing for you to do," said Philip slowly. "I'll never forget it, Mr. Kirk."

"It was a very little thing, my boy, compared with what was done for me once," said Malcolm gravely.

"What was that?"

"I was lost once in a great wilderness and surrounded with wild beasts. I was sick and starving and unable to save myself. Night was coming on, and every minute added to my danger. Just when I had given myself up for lost and the wild beasts had gathered around me in the growing darkness a friend suddenly appeared. He saved me, but in doing it he lost his own life. That is a good deal more than I did for you."

"Philip had listened intently. But something in Malcolm's manner kept him silent.

"That wilderness where I was lost," continued Malcolm softly as his early life before he entered the seminary came back to him, "was the wilderness of sin, and the wild beasts were my passions, and the friend who saved me was Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the lost, who gave himself a ransom for many."

There was not a particle of cant or attempt at preaching in what Malcolm had said. It was so simple, so natural, that the boy on the cot hardly realized at first what the minister had said.

When it dawned upon him that Malcolm had spoken of his own conversion, he closed his eyes, and his face twitched under his emotion. When he looked up again, Malcolm had turned and was looking down at him.

"Do you mind if we pray here?" said Malcolm.

Philip moved his head, and in his eyes a look of expectant wonder grew. Malcolm stopped the horses. The prairie was wide and desolate and black, not a sign of life anywhere; the atmosphere was still; the sun shone over all the town lay distinct in the rear distance. And somehow it seemed as if Kirk spoke to God close by. He sat with his hands on his knee and looked out into the life of the horizon.

"Father in heaven," he said, "we do not know what it all meant when the Lord came to this earth and lived and suffered and died, but we know enough to feel sure that love for us was what made him do it—love for sinners. We are always asking something, Father, but what we want now is what thou dost want. Save another life—this one here that is in so much need. His body has been saved for a little while from physical death. Save his life for all time, from eternal loss. His mother is praying for him. All heaven is anxious for his salvation. If thou wilt show us what more we can do, dear Lord, we will do it. But lead him to thyself, for we cannot forgive his sins or keep him from them. Thou canst do it if he will let thee. For the great love of Jesus to us we give thee all we have, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. Amen!"

He gathered up the lines and went slowly on, and for the next mile not a word was said. Then Malcolm, hearing the boy move to change his position a little, turned and looked down at him.

"Do you believe that, Mr. Kirk?" he asked, while his lips quivered.

"What?"

"That 'all heaven is anxious for my salvation?'"

"Why not? The book says 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' Why shouldn't heaven be anxious to have us repent?"

"I don't know, but—"

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son. He cares as much for you as for any soul on earth," said Malcolm gently.

Philip was silent after that during the rest of the drive. He lay with his eyes closed, and Malcolm did not think it wise to talk any more to him, but a continual prayer went out of his heart for another sheep gone astray.

When they drove up to the house at "The Forks," Mrs. Barton came running out. She helped Malcolm lift Philip into the house, and as the boy was being lowered upon a bed he reached up his arms and put them about his mother's neck. The poor woman sank on her knees and with her face buried on the breast of her boy sobbed out her heart's joy at his homecoming.

When Kirk was ready to return to Conrad, she held his hand, reluctant to have him go.

"Heaven bless you, Mr. Kirk. I owe you more than I can tell. The fire carried off our grain stacks in the field out there, and we lost several of our sheds, but I would gladly go out into the world a beggar if Phil would only turn to God and give up the drink. And you and Mrs. Kirk have your great burden. I am selfish to add mine to it."

"Bear ye one another's burdens," quoted Malcolm and added instantly, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." So he left her standing there, looking after him, comforted.

He went back to Conrad and faced the situation there with a courageous heart and an outward cheerfulness for Dorothy's sake more than anything else. There was no attempt on the part of either of them to disguise the fact that the prospect before them was one that would try all their Christian courage and faith. The winter was coming on, the crops had been almost a total failure owing to the hot winds, and the little boom of which Wilson had spoken in his letter had collapsed, leaving the town in a wrecked condition financially. The fields that had been planted to corn stood dry and hard, unfit for fall plowing, and even the storm that broke over the town that night was only local and had no far-reaching result on the general situation.

It was also a new and in some respects a terrible condition that faced Dorothy. For the first time in her life she knew that she was poor. Malcolm Kirk had never known anything else. Poverty was a heritage to him, and while it was full of discomfort and pri-

vation it had no terror. But Dorothy had for the first time on coming to that Home Missionary field felt the touch of grim and stern economy. Her little dowry saved from the wreck of her father's failure had been added to Malcolm's small salary, but the illness of the baby and the constant calls on their little fund, and it was gone. Dorothy's aunt would gladly have helped, but her own resources were shortened by business failures within the three years that Dorothy had been west. Now the loss of the parsonage with nearly everything it contained was added to all the rest.

"Little woman," said Malcolm that evening after he had been to "The Forks," "we have very little left except our good looks, and the balance is in your favor."

They were sitting in the little room kindly offered them by one of their church members and had been talking over the situation with the frankness that had always characterized their married life.

"I used to read in the novels," said Dorothy, with a peculiar smile, "about the girl who married the poor but gifted young man and spurned the rich and highborn suitor, but I never thought I should be material for such a story myself."

Malcolm looked at her, and deep in his heart there was a battle going on that he hardly dared to analyze. He only knew that he longed somehow to be able to strangle a physical, tangible something and fling it for Dorothy's sake and prove to her that he could be more than a poor man.

"Malcolm," Dorothy said as she came over and sat down on a stool near by and put her hands in his great brown coat, looking up at his sober, anxious face.

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He went back to Conrad and faced the situation there with a courageous heart and an outward cheerfulness for Dorothy's sake more than anything else. There was no attempt on the part of either of them to disguise the fact that the prospect before them was one that would try all their Christian courage and faith. The winter was coming on, the crops had been almost a total failure owing to the hot winds, and the little boom of which Wilson had spoken in his letter had collapsed, leaving the town in a wrecked condition financially. The fields that had been planted to corn stood dry and hard, unfit for fall plowing, and even the storm that broke over the town that night was only local and had no far-reaching result on the general situation.

It was also a new and in some respects a terrible condition that faced Dorothy. For the first time in her life she knew that she was poor. Malcolm Kirk had never known anything else. Poverty was a heritage to him, and while it was full of discomfort and pri-

vation it had no terror. But Dorothy had for the first time on coming to that Home Missionary field felt the touch of grim and stern economy. Her little dowry saved from the wreck of her father's failure had been added to Malcolm's small salary, but the illness of the baby and the constant calls on their little fund, and it was gone. Dorothy's aunt would gladly have helped, but her own resources were shortened by business failures within the three years that Dorothy had been west. Now the loss of the parsonage with nearly everything it contained was added to all the rest.

"Little woman," said Malcolm that evening after he had been to "The Forks," "we have very little left except our good looks, and the balance is in your favor."

They were sitting in the little room kindly offered them by one of their church members and had been talking over the situation with the frankness that had always characterized their married life.

"I used to read in the novels," said Dorothy, with a peculiar smile, "about the girl who married the poor but gifted young man and spurned the rich and highborn suitor, but I never thought I should be material for such a story myself."

Malcolm looked at her, and deep in his heart there was a battle going on that he hardly dared to analyze. He only knew that he longed somehow to be able to strangle a physical, tangible something and fling it for Dorothy's sake and prove to her that he could be more than a poor man.

"Malcolm," Dorothy said as she came over and sat down on a stool near by and put her hands in his great brown coat, looking up at his sober, anxious face.

"When it dawned upon him that Malcolm had spoken of his own conversion, he closed his eyes, and his face twitched under his emotion. When he looked up again, Malcolm had turned and was looking down at him.

"Do you mind if we pray here?" said Malcolm.

Philip moved his head, and in his eyes a look of expectant wonder grew. Malcolm stopped the horses. The prairie was wide and desolate and black, not a sign of life anywhere; the atmosphere was still; the sun shone over all the town lay distinct in the rear distance. And somehow it seemed as if Kirk spoke to God close by. He sat with his hands on his knee and looked out into the life of the horizon.

"Father in heaven," he said, "we do not know what it all meant when the Lord came to this earth and lived and suffered and died, but we know enough to feel sure that love for us was what made him do it—love for sinners. We are always asking something, Father, but what we want now is what thou dost want. Save another life—this one here that is in so much need. His body has been saved for a little while from physical death. Save his life for all time, from eternal loss. His mother is praying for him. All heaven is anxious for his salvation. If thou wilt show us what more we can do, dear Lord, we will do it. But lead him to thyself, for we cannot forgive his sins or keep him from them. Thou canst do it if he will let thee. For the great love of Jesus to us we give thee all we have, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. Amen!"

He gathered up the lines and went slowly on, and for the next mile not a word was said. Then Malcolm, hearing the boy move to change his position a little, turned and looked down at him.

"Do you believe that, Mr. Kirk?" he asked, while his lips quivered.

"What?"

"That 'all heaven is anxious for my salvation?'"

"Why not? The book says 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' Why shouldn't heaven be anxious to have