

other follows carrying the round black hat and half entreating, half commanding the curious crowd to keep off and go away. Then the captive is taken round another corner and in through the dark basement door of a public building. The second policeman follows and closes the door. Then all go away quickly except me.

I wait for a time; the tallest policeman comes out and goes away, and soon afterward the burly attacker with his parcel; they hurry off as if to make up lost time. And after an interval the little preacher comes himself, alone and somewhat put to rights; goes quietly back around the corner, past the hospital and medical school and the park and on toward the corner where he was taken. But he seems to consider his work for this night done, for he does not stop but picks his way across the street of business and starts off northward as if beginning a long journey. I follow him curiously for two kilometers or more, but at last, concluding from the way he looks about when he passes under the street lights that he suspects he is being followed, I turn off and go my way.

Next night he is at his corner again, with a large crowd about him this time, for it is the gay free night before the Sabbath when the people have their wages for the week. Crowds are entering and leaving the brothels; loud cheery talk sounds everywhere, in the dark and in the cold blue light of the street lamps; and coins fall steadily into the hat by the hydrant. A tall spectacled friend, well dressed in fur cap and greatcoat with fur collar, accompanies the little preacher tonight and treats him disdainfully; but just as before, with the same bright earnestness, the little man tells simply of his "mission," of God's laws and God's promises, and urges obedience to God. Without dismay, even with some zest, he speaks of last night: "Let em come an git me again," he says, "Ah'll be right back. They'll have to carry me though," he adds quickly. "I ain't gwine to fight em. That's what makes all the trouble, men, folks always a fightin. You boys," he cries earnestly, "don't you ever go to fightin; don't you ever go off to no war and kill folks. If they try to make you, don't you care. Let em do what they can, but don't you care. The Lord said, 'Don't do it!' He does not wish you to do it! An God'll