

They were high in the social scale and thoroughly accomplished. The Congregational Sunday-school of the church they attended was to have a picnic. The superintendent had sent me an invitation. I said to my mother that I was going. My sister said: "Then if he goes I shall not," and she walked out of the room. It may provoke a smile, but it cut me to the heart. I went to the picnic, and she didn't and for two years after conversion, my sisters wouldn't be seen walking on the streets with me, though long before that I was respectable as a citizen and a Christian. If I have thanked God for one thing more than another, it is that I have passed through this ordeal, for it has made me look not to friends but to God. I went on attending meetings, and telling about my salvation, and people got to have more confidence in me. Very soon they wanted me to preach. You know in our denomination they think that as soon as a man can say "Glory!" he is good enough to preach. I could about "Glory!" I was getting better looking since I quit whisky—the eyes more bright—lips no longer leered, face no longer bloated. They first wanted me to