

was one of the saloon proprietors whose establishment Phillip had visited the week before. He was a man with a hare-lip, and there was no mistaking his countenance.

When the people of Milton learned that Phillip was not fatally wounded their excitement cooled a little. A wave of indignation, however, swept over the town when it was learned that the would-be murderer was recognized by the minister, and it was rumoured that he had openly threatened that he would "fix the cursed preacher so that he would not be able to preach again."

Phillip, however, felt more full of fight against the great rum-devil than ever. As he lay on the bed the morning after the shooting he had nothing to regret or fear. The surgeon had been called at once, as soon as his wife and the alarmed neighbours had been able to carry him into the parsonage. The ball had been removed and the wounds dressed. By noon Phillip had recovered somewhat from the effects of the operation and was resting, although very weak from the shock and suffering considerable pain.

"What is that stain on the floor, Sarah?" he asked, as his wife came in with some article for his comfort. Phillip lay where he could see into the other room.

"It is your blood, Phillip," replied his wife, with a shudder. "It flowed like a stream from your shoulder as we carried you in last night. O Phillip, it is dreadful! It seems to me like an awful nightmare. Let us move away from this terrible place. You will be killed if we stay here!"

"There isn't much danger if the rest of 'em are as poor shots as this fellow," replied Phillip. "Now, little woman," he went on cheerfully, "don't worry. I don't believe they'll try it again."

Mrs. Strong controlled herself.

She did not want to break down while Phillip was in his present condition.

"You must not talk," she said, as she smoothed his hair back from the pale forehead.

"That's pretty hard on a preacher, don't you think, Sarah? My occupation is gone if I can't talk."

"Then I'll talk for two. They say that most women can do it."

"Will you preach for me next Sunday?"

"What, and make myself a target for saloon-keepers? No, thank you. I have half a mind to forbid you ever preaching again. It will be the death of you."

"It is the life of me, Sarah. I would not ask anything better than to die with the armour on, fighting evil. Well, all right. I won't talk any more. I suppose there's no objection to my thinking a little?"

"Thinking is the worst thing you can do. You just want to lie there and do nothing but get well."

"All right. I'll quit everything except eating and sleeping." Phillip was still somewhat under the influence of the doctor's anaesthetic, and as he faintly murmured this absurd sentence he fell into a slumber which lasted several hours, from which he awoke very feeble, and realizing that he would be confined to the house several weeks, but feeling in good spirits and thankful out of the depths of his vigorous nature that he was still spared to do God's will on earth.

The next day he felt strong enough to receive a few visitors. Among them was the chief of police, who came to inquire concerning the identity of the man who had done the shooting. Phillip showed some reluctance to witness against his enemy. It was only when he remembered that he owed a duty to society as well as