

been spoken contrary to the heart and spirit of our dear Lord."

If Phillip's sermon two months before had made him enemies, this sermon made him even more. He had unconsciously this time struck two of his members very hard. One of them was part owner in a meat market which his partner kept open on Sunday. The other leased one of the parks where the base-ball games had been played. Other persons in the congregation felt more or less hurt by the plain way Phillip spoke,—especially the members who took and read the Sunday paper. They went away feeling that while much that he said was true there was too much strictness in the minister's view of the whole subject. This feeling grew as days went on. People said Phillip did not know all the facts in regard to people's business and the complications which necessitated Sunday work, and so forth.

These were the beginnings of troublous times for Phillip. The trial of the saloon-keeper was coming on in a few days and Phillip would be called to witness in the case. He dreaded it with a nervous dread peculiar to his sensitive temper. Nevertheless he went on with his church work, studying the problem of the town, endearing himself to very many in and out of his church by his manly, courageous life, and feeling the heart-ache in him grow as the sin burden of the place weighed heavier on him. These were days when Phillip did much praying, and his

regular preaching, which grew in power with the common people, told the story of his night vigils with the Christ he adored.

It was at this particular time that a special event occurred which put its mark on Phillip's work in Milton and became a part of its warp and woof,—a thing hard to tell, but necessary to relate as best one may.

He came home late one evening from some church meeting, letting himself into the parsonage with the night-key, and not seeing his wife in the sitting-room where she was in the habit of reading and sewing, he walked on into the small sewing-room where she sometimes sat at special work, thinking to find her there. She was not there. Phillip opened the kitchen door and inquired of the servant, who sat there reading, where his wife was.

"I think she went upstairs a little while ago," was the reply.

Phillip went at once upstairs into his study and to his alarm found his wife had fainted away. She lay on the floor in front of his desk. As Phillip stooped to raise her he noticed two pieces of paper, one of them addressed to "The Preacher" and the other to "The Preacher's Wife." They were anonymous scrawls, threatening the lives of the minister and his wife. On his desk, driven deep into the wood was a large knife. Then said Phillip, with a prayer, "Verily, an enemy hath done this."

ANOTHER YEAR.

Again Time's dial doth remind
Us all, that we have left behind
Another year.

Its memories fain would linger yet,
Its blended joy and sad regret,
In the great past its sun hath set—
Another year.

What friends shall with us still remain,
What higher gifts shall we attain
Another year?

Lord, help us all to do and dare.
If we are only in Thy care—
What matter whether here—or there,
Another year?