

picked up the book, and again seated himself. This time he chanced upon the verse reading:

"So, then, every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

The Squire mused. "That's good clear sense," said he; "who wrote that? Paul— I might have known it—Paul always had a level head. I don't know what would have become of the Church if it wasn't for Paul. 'Every one shall give an account of himself to God'; if that means anything, it means that Lem has to be responsible for his own condition; and so, of course, it means that I haven't got anything to do with it. I wish the doctor was here now—I'd just like to see him try to get around Paul with his new-fangled notions. I wonder if the doctor's really sound in the faith himself?—he got past the examin'in' committee more on his face an' good manners than on his evidence, I really do believe."

And so musing the Squire instinctively turned to one of the imprecatory psalms; this he read with great feeling, and remarked:

"Ah! David was the man, after all; he's the one for a troubled heart to go to. I don't wonder they called him the sweet singer of Israel, and a type of the Messiah. But even now I have not found how to fix this matter about Lem without it's costin' me too much money, or else makin' bad feelin' against me. 'The righteous shall suffer persecution.'"

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE SQUIRE ATTEMPTS STRATEGY.

The Squire soon learned that to satisfy the public mind was not an easy task, for the public was more inquisitive and less under the Squire's control than his own obedient and obliging conscience. The doctor had talked; that is, having known how powerful was the influence the Squire could exert and how provoked the Squire was with him for disturbing the status of the Squire's household and mind—knowing all this, the doctor, after recovering from the erratic attack of courage under whose influence he had addressed the Squire so plainly, determined to fortify himself against the insidious attacks he expected. He accordingly told Bill Fussell what he had done, and Bill told his legal partner. As Fussell & Ball had never been called upon to assist the Squire in the collection of bad accounts, there was no business reason why they should not express honest opinions on the subject of the Squire's treatment of Lem, and they liberally availed themselves of their liberty and ability in

respect. The doctor also unbosomed himself to each of the Squire's business competitors, and these gentlemen, in exchanging views with their customers, alluded to the matter in that painfully non-committal manner which is above all others damaging to the person spoken of. The doctor's patients, most of whom had attended the temperance meeting, asked questions, and thus gave the physician an opportunity to say what he would, and the doctor improved it in so good-tempered, Christian-spirited a manner that his remarks carried conviction with them. From several different sources the story reached the Squire's pastor on a single day, and so forcibly aroused that good gentleman's conscience that he called upon his parishioner and administered some advice and counsel, which were not received in the spirit with which they were given.

For the Squire was not too blind to see when the period of conciliation was past. He had always freely admitted, in season and out of season, that he was conscious of the indwelling of considerable Old Adam, which warred against the Spirit; now, he prepared to make a public demonstration thereof. To many of his fellow-townsmen it did not seem to be the first occasion on which the Squire had manifested a spirit which he could not hope to carry with him into the better world, and these persons hinted that the Squire was at his old way again. The Squire interviewed his own lawyer, who speedily instructed the opposition; the Squire also laid his case before his own customers, and among these there were many who found reasons for taking sides with the old merchant. The case speedily supplanted in the minds of local politicians the famous Martin Kozsta case, which was then the most popular question before the general public, and was argued with such industry that (as in the case of Kozsta himself) no one could find time to depart from abstract questions long enough to pay any attention to the original cause of the whole excitement.

Lem grew steadily feebler, as the doctor had predicted. All his duties dragged, somehow, though he never seemed to be idle. The Squire deprived the doctor's party of as many arguments as possible by keeping his man employed within doors, where no one could see what he had to do. He even visited him frequently at his work, carrying a pinch of tea with him, or telling a funny story, of which latter kind of stimulant the Squire had accumulated a good supply. But still Lem grew paler and more stoop-shouldered; finally he groaned from his room one morning that somehow he couldn't get up.

Then the Squire grew thoroughly frighten-