

searched the house thoroughly, but found nothing. The servant and the minister's wife followed along at a respectful distance behind Phillip, one armed with the poker and the other with a fire-shovel, while he pulled open closet doors with reckless disregard of any possible man hiding within, and pretended to look into the most unlikely places for him, joking all the while to reassure his trembling followers.

They found one of the windows in Phillip's study partly open. But that did not prove anything, although a man might have crawled in and out again through that window from a wing of the parsonage, the roof of which ran so near the window that an active person could gain entrance that way. The whole affair remained more or less a mystery to Phillip. However, the letters and the knife were real. He took them down town next day to the office of the evening paper, and asked the editor to publish the letters and describe the knife. It was too good a piece of news to omit, and Milton people were treated to a genuine sensation when the article came out. Phillip's object in giving the incident publicity was to show the community what a murderous element it was fostering in the saloon power. Those threats and the knife preached a sermon to the thoughtful people of Milton, and citizens who had never asked the question before began to ask now, "Are we to endure this saloon monster much longer?"

As for Phillip he went his way the same as ever. Some of his friends and church-members even advised him to carry a revolver and be careful about going out alone at night. Phillip laughed at the idea of a revolver and said, "If the saloon men want to get rid of me without the trouble of shooting me themselves they had better

make me a present of a silver-mounted pistol; then I should manage the shooting myself. And as for being careful about going out in the evenings, what is this town thinking of, that it will continue to license and legalize an institution that makes its honest citizens advise new-comers to stay at home for fear of assassination? No. I shall go about my work just as though I lived in the most law-abiding community in America. And if I am murdered by the whiskey men I want the people of Milton to understand that the citizens will be as much to blame for the murder as the saloon men. For a community that will license such a curse ought to bear the shame of the legitimate fruits of it."

The trial of the man with the hare-lip had been postponed for some legal reason, and Phillip felt relieved somewhat. He dreaded the ordeal of the court scene. And one or two visits made to the gaol had not been helpful to him. The man had refused each time to see the minister, and he had gone away feeling hungry in his soul for the man's redemption, and realizing something of the spirit of Christ when he was compelled to cry out, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." That always seemed to Phillip the most awful feature of the history of Christ,—that the very people he loved and yearned after spit upon him and finally broke his heart with their hatred.

He continued his study of the problem of the town, believing that every place has certain peculiar local characteristics which every church and preacher ought to study. He was struck by the aspect of the lower part of the town, where nearly all the poorer people lived. He went down there and studied the situation thoroughly. It did not take a very great amount of thinking to con-