

The Preacher and the Father

kissed me, and I've wanted to kiss you ever so often.'

The big man staggered back as if hit by a hammer. He found a chair and sat down. Jennie climbed up into his lap.

'Papa,' she said eagerly, 'come and kiss Chubb too. He'd like it most as much as me.'

The father rose unsteadily, and, led by his little girl, he went over to Chubb's bedside. The boy, in spite of his suffering, bravely smiled up at his father. The man took the boy's white face in his two rough hands and kissed it. Then, sinking to his knees, he cried out—

'Good God, what have I done? I've nearly killed my children and my best friend. God forgive me!'

'He will,' said the preacher, as tears of thankfulness sprang into his eyes, and the other eyes that beheld were by no means dry. 'He will forgive, bless His holy name!'

As if suddenly aroused, More struggled to his feet, and came over to the couch on which the young preacher lay.

'Mr. Hewitt,' he began, and his voice choked, 'when I entered this house I vowed