

and now feared that he had gone back to the saloon.

'Let us pray for him,' said Francis Luke.

The two men knelt in prayer for James and for the other members of his family. But James had not returned to the saloon, he had taken the shortest road to his own home, and hastened over it as fast as he could walk.

He hurried into the house, and was about to speak when he fell in a faint.

'Father!' exclaimed Wistaria, as she jumped to his rescue. She brought water, bathed his face and soothed him, while her mother coolly came up, looked at him and loosened his neckband.

She had almost cursed her husband after what he had done to Wistaria, but her daughter had pled with her not to say an unkind word and not to mention to any one what he had done. But it was hard for the mother to restrain her indignation. Now that her husband had returned, she thought that he was only drunk, and that when he awakened there would be other disgraceful scenes.

'Little Witch, Little Witch,' said the father, struggling to regain his consciousness.

'Yes, father dear; what can I do for you?'

'God—for—give—me.'

'He will, father; He has forgiven me.'

'Little Witch, will—she—forgive—me?'

'Yes, father; she holds nothing against you.'

'He's raving,' said the doubting mother.

'Oh, mother, do not doubt,' pleaded Wistaria.