

yet he wants to preach to-morrow! He's so stubborn that I don't know how I can keep him at home. You had better leave some powders to put him to sleep, and we will keep him in a state of unconsciousness until Monday morning."

"Now, doctor, just listen to me a while. Mrs. Strong is talking for two women, as she agreed to do, and that puts me in a hard position. But I want to know how soon I can get to work again."

"You will have to lie there a month," said the doctor, bluntly.

"Impossible! I never lay that time in my life!" said Phillip, soberly.

Only the assurance of the surgeon that he might possibly get out in a little over three weeks satisfied him. Sunday came and passed. Some one from a neighbouring town who happened to be visiting in Milton occupied the pulpit, and Phillip had a quiet, restful day. He started in with the week determined to beat the doctor's time for recovery; and having a remarkably strong constitution and a tremendous will, he bade fair to be limping about the house in two weeks. His shoulder wound healed very fast. His knee bothered him and it seemed likely that he would go lame for a long time. But he was not concerned about that if only he could go about in any sort of fashion once more.

Wednesday of that week he was surprised in an unexpected manner by an event which did more than anything else to hasten his recovery. He was still confined to bed downstairs when in the afternoon the bell rang, and Mrs. Strong went to the door supposing it was one of the church people come to inquire about the minister. She found instead Alfred Burke, Phillip's old college chum and Seminary classmate. The first thing that Alfred said was:

"Old man, I hardly expected to

see you again this side of heaven. How does it happen that you are alive here after all the times the papers had you killed?"

"Bad marksmanship, principally. I used to think I was a big man. But after the shooting I came to the conclusion that I must be rather small."

"Your heart is so big it's a wonder to me that you weren't shot through it, no matter where you were hit. But I tell you it seems good to see you in the flesh once more."

"Why didn't you come and preach for me last Sunday?" said Phillip, quizzically.

"Why, haven't you heard? I did not get news of this affair until last Saturday in my far Western parish, and I was just in the throes of packing up to come on to Elmdale."

"Elmdale?"

"Yes, I've had a call there. So we shall be near neighbours. Mrs. Burke is up there now getting the house straightened out, and I came right off down here."

"So you are pastor of the Chapel Hill Church? It's a splendid opening for a young preacher. Congratulations, Alfred."

"Thank you, Phillip. By the way, I saw by the paper that you had declined a call to Elmdale, so I suppose they pitched on me for a second choice. You never wrote me of their call to you," he said, a little reproachfully.

"It didn't occur to me," replied Phillip, truthfully. "But how are you going to like it? Isn't it rather a dull old place?"

"Yes, I suspect it is, compared with Milton. I suppose you couldn't live without the excitement of dodging assassins and murderers every time you go out to prayer-meeting or parish calls. How do you like your work so far?"

"There is plenty of it," answered