

Phillip raised his left hand in a gesture toward the man that made every one in the room feel a little awed. Phillip spoke directly to the man, whose look fell beneath that of the minister.

"You know well enough that you are the man who shot me Tuesday night. I know you are the man, for I saw your face very plainly by the light of the street lamp. Now, all that I wanted to see you here for before you were taken to gaol was to let you know that I do not bear any hatred against you. The act you have committed is against the law of God and man. The injury you have inflicted against me is very slight compared with that against your own soul. O my brother man, why should you try to harm me because I denounced your business? Do you not know in your heart of hearts that the saloon is so evil in its effects that a man who loves his home and his country must speak out against it? And yet I love you; that is possible because you are human. O my Father," Phillip continued, changing his appeal to the man, by an almost natural manner, into a petition to the Infinite, "make this soul, dear to thee, to behold thy love for him, and make him see that it is not against me, a man merely, that he has sinned, but against Thyself—against thy purity and holiness and affection. O my God, Thou who didst come in the likeness of sinful man to seek and save that which was lost, stretch out the arms of Thy salvation now to this child and save him from himself, from his own disbelief, or hatred of me, or of what I have said. Thou art all-merciful and all-loving. We leave all souls of men in the protecting, enfolding embrace of Thy boundless compassion, of infinite grace."

There was a moment of entire

quiet in the room, and then Phillip said faintly: "Sarah, I cannot say more. Only tell the man I bear him no hatred, and commend him to the love of God."

Mrs. Strong was alarmed at Phillip's appearance. The scene had been too much for his strength. She hastily commanded the officer to take his prisoner away, and with the help of her friend cared for the minister, who after the first faintness rallied, and then gradually sank into sleep that proved more refreshing than any he had yet enjoyed since the night of the shooting.

The next day found Phillip improving more rapidly than Mrs. Strong had thought possible. She forbade him the sight of all callers, however, and insisted that he must keep quiet. His wounds were healing satisfactorily, and when the surgeon called, he expressed himself much pleased with his patient's appearance.

"Say, doctor, do you really think it would set me back any to think a little?"

"No. I never heard of thinking hurting most people; I have generally considered it a healthy habit."

"The reason I asked," continued Phillip gravely, "was that my wife absolutely forbade it, and I was wondering how long I could keep it up and fool anybody."

"That's a specimen of his stubbornness, doctor," said the minister's wife, smilingly. "Why, only a few minutes before you came in he was insisting that he could preach to-morrow. Think of that!—a man with a shattered shoulder, who would have to stand on one leg and do all his gesturing with his left hand! a man who can't preach without the use of seven or eight arms, and as many pockets, and has to walk up and down the platform like a lion when he gets started in on his delivery! And