

"All right," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. I used to have a Negro working for me who had a liver as strong as two Georgia mules; now, if you will pray me into a well man with a liver like that old Negro, I'll read your books and join your church!"

Father Barry smiled. "I knew there would be a trick in your change of heart. I can't pray the good Lord to give you a new liver. He gave you a splendid one when you started out in life, just as good as your old darkey friend's, but you are the one that ruined it. But I can pray for you, and I will pray for your soul."

The priest left the books on the table by Carl's side and went away.