## DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATUKDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1899.



"Then, Philip, I don't see why you don't reply to their call and tell them

you will accept, and we will move at once to Eimdale and live and dle there.

It is a beautiful place, and I am sure

we could live very comfortably on the salary and the vacation. There is no vacation mentioned in the other call."

"But, on the other hand," continued

the minister, almost as if he were alone and arguing with himself and had not

heard his wife's words, "on the other

hand, there is Milton, a manufacturing

town of 50,000 people, mostly opera-tives. It is the center of much that be-longs to the stirring life of the times in

which we live. The labor question is there in the lives of those operatives. There are seven churches of different

denominations, to the best of my know-

ledge, all striving after popularity and power. There is much hard, stern work to be done in Milton by the true church

of Christ, to apply His teachings to men's needs, and somewhow I cannot help hearing a voice say: 'Philip Strong,

go to Milton and work for Christ. Abandon your dream of a parish where

you may indulge your love of scholar-ship in the quiet atmosphere of a uni-

versity town and plunge into the hard,

disagreeable, but necessary work of this age, in the atmosphere of physical

labor, where great questions are being

discussed and the masses are engross-

ed in the terrible struggle for liberty and home, where physical life thrusts itself out into society, tramping down

the spiritual and intellectual and de-

manding of the church and the preach-

er the fighting powers of giants of God

to restore in men's souls a more just

proportion of the value of the life of

"So, you see, Sarah," the minister

student life in a university town?

"Then," said the minister's wife, ris-ing suddenly and speaking with a

that I must go to Milton."

man on earth.'

think so, Sarah?"

## CHAPTER L

Philip Strong could not decide what s best to do.

The postman that evening had prought him two letters, and he had ust finished reading them. He sat with is hands clasped over his knee, leang back in his chair and looking out arough his study window. He was vidently thinking very hard, and the

we letters were the cause of it. Finally he rose, went to his study por and called down the stairs: sarah. I wish you would come up here. want your help.

All right, Philip, I'll be up in a min-" responded a voice from below. d very soon the minister's wife came

"What's the matter?" she said as she came into the room. "It must be nething very serious, for you don't call me up here unless you are in great distress. You remember the last time you called me, you had shut the tassel of your dressing gown under the lid of your writing desk, and I had to cut you loose. You aren't fast anywhere

now, are you?" Philip smiled quaintiy. "Yes, I am. I'm in a strait betwixt two. Let me read these letters, and you will see." So he began at once, and we will copy the letters, omitting dates:

Calvary Church, Milton.

Rev. Philip Strong: Dear Sir :- At a meeting of the Milton Calvary church, held last week, it was oted unanimously to extend you a call become pastor of this church at a ary of \$2,000 a year. We trust that will find it in accordance with the of the head of the church to accept

decision on the part of Calvary hurch and become its pastor. The hurch is in good condition and has the hearty support of most of the leading families in the town. It is the strongest in membership and financially of the seven principal churches here. We await your reply, confidently hoping you will decide to come to us. We have been without a settled pastor now for nearly a year, since the death of Dr. hearly a year, shice the detth of Dr. Brown, and we have united upon you as the person most eminently fitted to fill the pulpit of Calvary church. The grace of our Lord be with you. In be-half of the church, WILLIAM WINTER,

Chairman of the Board of Trustees. "What do you think of that, Sarah?" asked Philip Strong, as he finished the letter.

"Two thousand dollar is twice as much as you are getting now, Philip." "What, you mercenary little creature, do you think of the salary first?"

"If I did not think of it once in awhile, I doubt if you would have a de-



'Year Book" gives it 500 members last year, and it is composed almost entire-ly of the leading families in the place. What I can do in such a church re-mains to be seen. My preducessor there, Dr. Brown, was a profound sermonizer and generally liked, I believe. He was a man of the old school and made 40 attempt, I understand, to bring the church into contract with the masses, You will say that such a church is a poor place in which to attempt a different work. I do not necessarily think The church of Christ is in itself, I believe, a powerful engine to set in motion against all evil. I have great faith in the membership of almost any church in this country to accomplish wonderful things for humanity, and I am going to Milton with that faith very strong in me. I feel as if a very great work could be done there. Think of it, Alfred! A town of 50,000 workingmen, half of them foreigners; a town with more than 60 saloons in full blast, a town with seven churches of many different denominations all situated on one street and that street the mostfashionable in the place, a town where the police records show an amount of crime and depravity almost unparalleled in municipal annals-surely such a place presents an opportunity for the true church of Christ to do some splendid work. I hope I do not overestimate the needs of the place. I have known the general condition of things in Milton ever since you and I did our summer work in the neighboring town of Clifton. If ever there was missionary ground in America, it is there. I cannot understand just why the call comes to me to go to a place and take up work that in many ways is so distasteful to me. In one sense I shrink from it with a sensitiveness which no one except my wife and you could understand. You know what an almost ridiculous excess of sensibility I have. It seems sometimes impossible for me to do the work that the active ministry of this age demands of a man. It almost kills me to know that I am criticised for all that I say and do. And yet I know that the ministry will always be the target for criticism. I have an almost morbid shrinking from the thought that people do not like me, that I am not loved by everybody, and yet I know that if I speak the truth in my preach-ing and speak it without regard to con-sequences some one is sure to become offended and in the end dislike me. think God never made a man with so intense a craving for the love of his fellow men as I possess, and yet I am conscious that I cannot make myself understood by very many people. They will always say, "How cold and unap-proachable he is!" when in reality I

went on after a little pause, "I want to go to Elmdale, but the Lord probably wants me to go to Milton." Mrs. Strong was silent. She had the love them with yearnings of heart. Now, then, I am going to Milton with all this complex thought of myself, and utmost faith in her husband that he would do exactly what he knew he ought to do when once he decided what yet, dear chum, there is not the least doubt after all that I ought to go. I hope that in the rush of the work there I shall be able to forget myself, and it was. Philip Strong was also silent a moment. At last he said, "Don't you then the work will stand out prominent as it ought. With all my doubts of myself I never question the wisdom of entering the ministry. I have a very positive assurance as I work that I am doing what I ought to do. And what can a man ask more? I am not dissat-"I don't see how we can always tell exactly what the Lord wants us to do. How can you tell that he doesn't want you to go to Elmdale? Are there not great opportunities to influence young Will isfied with the ministry, only with my own action within it. It is the noblest of all professions. I fell/proud of it every day. Only it is so great that it not some one go to Elmdale and be-come pastor of that church?" "No doubt there is a necessary work to be done there. The only question is, Am I the one to do it or is the call to Milton more imperative? The more I think of it, the more I am convinced makes a man feel small when he steps Inside Well, my wife is calling me down to

tea. Let me know what you do. We shall move to Milton next week, probably; so, if you write, direct there. As ever, your old chum.

mock seriousness that her husband fully understood, "I don't see why you lege chum what salary was offered him by the church at Milton. As a matter of fact, he really forgot all about everything, except the one important event of his decision to go to Milton. He regarded it, and rightly so, as the most serious step of his life, and while he had apparently decided the matter very quickly it was, in reality, the result of a deep conviction that he ought to go. He was in the habit of making his decisions rapidly. This habit sometimes led him into embarrassing mistakes and once in a great while resulted in humiliating reversals of opinion, that people who did not know him thought he was fickle and changeable. In the present case Philip acted with his customary quickness and knew very well that his action was unalterable. CHAPTER II. Within a week Philip Strong had moved to Milton, as the church wished him to occupy the pulpit at once. The parsonage was a well planned house next the church, and his wife soon made everything look very homelike. The first Sunday evening after Phillp preached in Milton, for the first time, he chatted with his wife over the events of the day as they sat before a cheerful open fire in the large grate. It was late in the fall and the nights were sharp and frosty. "Are you tired tonight, Philip?" asked his wife. "Yes, the day has been rather try-ing, Did you think I was nervous? Did I preach well?" Philip was not vain in the least. He simply put the question to satisfy his own exacting demand on himself in preaching. there was not a person in the world to whom he would have put such a question except his wife. "No, I thought you did splendid. felt proud of you. You made some queer gestures, and once you put one of your hands in your pocket. But your sermons were both strong and effective. I am sure the people were im-pressed. It was very still at both ser-

meant a great deal more. Again there silence and again the minister's wife was the first to break it.

"There was a place in your sermon tonight, Philip, where you appeared the least bit embarrassed, as you seem sometimes at home when you have some writing or some newspaper article on your mind and some one suddenly interrupts your thoughts. What was the matter? Did you forget a point?"

"No, I'll tell you. From where I stand on the pulpit platform I can see through one of the windows over the front door. There is a large electric lamp burning outside, and the light fell directly on the sidewalk across the street. From time to time groups of people went through that band of light. Of course I could not see their faces very well, but I soon found out that they were mostly the young men and women operatives of the mills. They were out strolling through the street, which, I am told, is a favorite promenade with them. I should think as many as 200 passed by the church while I was preaching. Well, after awhile I began to ask myself whether there was any possible way of getting those young people to come into the church instead of strolling past? And then I looked at the people in front of me and saw how different they were from those outside and wondered if it wouldn't be better to close up the church and go and preach on the street where the people are. And so, carry-ing on all that questioning with myself. while I tried to preach, caused a little 'embarrassment,' as you kindly call it,

in the sermon.' "I should think so! But how do you know, Philip, that those people outside were in any need of your preaching?" Philip appeared surprised at the question. He looked at his wife, and

her face was serious. "Why, doesn't everybody need preaching? They may not stand in need of my preaching perhaps, but they ought to have some preaching. And I can-not help thinking of what is the duty of the church in this place to the great crowd outside. Something ought to be

done." "Philip, I am sure your work here will be blessed. Don't you think so?" "I know it will," replied Philip, with the assurance of a very positive buty spiritually minded man. He never thought his Master was honored by asking Him for small things or doubt-ing the neuer of Orlegismity to do ing the power of Christianity to do great things.

And always when he said "I" he And always when he said 1 he simply meant, not Philip Strong, but Christ in Philip Strong. To deny the power and worth of that incarnation was, to his mind, not humility, but treason

The Sunday following Philip made this announcement to the people: "Beginning with next Sunday morn-

ing, I shall give the first of a series of monthly talks on "Christ and Modern Society.' It will be my object in these talks to suppose Christ Himself as the one speaking to modern society on its sins, its needs, its opportunities, its re-sponsibilities, its everyday life. I shall try to be entirely loving and just and try to be entirely loving and just and courageous in giving what I believe Christ Himself would give you if He were the pastor of Calvary church in Milton today. So during the talks I wish you would, with me, try to see if you think Christ would actually say what I shall say in His place. If Christ were in Milton today, and He would speak to us about a good many things. speak to us about a good many things in Milton, and He would speak very plainly, and in many cases He might seem to be severe. But it would be for fully understood, "I don't see why you called me up here to decide what you had evidently settled before you called me. Do you consider that fair treat-ment sir? It will serve you right if ing to the source of all true help, the spirit of truth, I shall, as best a man may, speak as I truly believe Christ would if He were your pastor. These talks will be given on the first Sunday of every month. I cannot announce the subjects, for they will be chosen as the opportunities arise." During the week Philip spent several hours in each day in learning the facts concerning the town. One of the first things he did was to buy an accurate map of the place. He hung it up on the wall in his study and in after days found occasion to make good use of it. He spent afternoons walking over the town. He noted with special interest and earnestness the great brick mills by the river, five enormous structures with immense chimneys, out of which poured great volumes of smoke. Something about the mills fascinated him. They seemed like monsters of some sort, grim, unfeeling, but terrible. As one walked by them he seemed to feel the throbbing of the hearts of five creatures. The unpainted tenements, ugly in their unfailing similarity, affected Philip with a sense of almost anger. He had a keen and truthful taste in matters of architecture, and those boxes of houses offended every artistic and homelike feeling in him. Coming home one day past the tenements, he found himself in an unknown street, and for the curiosity of it he undertook to count the saloons on the street in one block. There were over twelve. There was a policeman on the corner as Philip reached the crossing, and he inquired of the officer if he could tell him who owned the property in the block containing the saloons.

forth. To all of which Philip opposed the plain will of God, that all a man has should be used in clean and honest ways, and he could never sanction the getting of money through such immoral channels. The man was finally induced to acknowledge that It was not just the right thing to do and especially for a church member. But when Philip pressed him to give up the whole in-iquitous revenue and clear himself of all connection with it the property owner looked aghast.

"Why, Mr. Strong, do you know what you ask? Two-thirds of the most regular part of my income is derived from these rents. It is out of the ques-tion for me to give them up. You are too nice in the matter. All the prop-erty owners in Milton do the same thing. There isn't a man of any means in the church who isn't deriving some revenue from this source. Why, a large part of your salary is paid from these very rents. You will get into trouble if you try to meddle in this matter. I don't take offense, I think you have



"I am convinced that I must go to Milton.'

done your duty. And I confess it doesn't seem exactly the thing. But, as society is organized, I don't see that we can change the matter. Better not try to do anything about it, Mr. Strong. The church likes you and will stand by in giving you a handsome support, but men are very touchy when their pri-vate business is meddled with."

Philip sat listening to this speech, and his face grew whiter and he clinched his hands tighter as the man went on. When he had finished, Philip spoke in a low voice:

"Mr. Bentley, you do not know me if you think any fear of the consequences will prevent my speaking to the members of my church on any matter where it seems to me I ought to speak. In this particular matter I be-lieve it is not only my right but my duty to speak. I would be shamed before my Lord and Master if I did not declare His will in regard to the uses of property. This question passes over from one of private business, with which I have no right to meddle, into the domain of public safety, where I have a right to demand that places which are fatal to the life and morals of the young men and women of the town shall not be encouraged and allowed to subsist through the use of property owned and controlled by men of influence in the community and especially by the members of Christ's body. My brother," Phillp went on after a painful pause. "before God, in whose presence we shall stand at last, am I not right in my view of this mat-

and reminded the congregation that, according to his announcement of a week before, he would give the first of his series of monthly talks on "Christ and Modern Soclety." His subject this morning, he said, was "The Right and Wrong Uses of Property."

He started out with the statement, which he claimed was verified every-where in the word of God, that all where in the word of God, that all property that men acquire is really only in the nature of trust funds, which the property holder is in duly bound to use as a steward. The gold is God's. The silver is God's. The cattle on a thous-and hills, all land and water privileges and wealth of the earth and of the seas belong primarily to the Lord of all the earth. When any of this property comes within the control of a man, he is not at liberty to use it as if it were his own and his alone, but as God would have him use it to better the condition of life and make men and communities happier and more useful.

happier and more useful. From this statement Philip went on to speak of the common idea which men had that wealth and houses and lands were their own to do with as they pleased, and he showed what misery and trouble had always flowed out of this great falsehood and how nations and individuals were today in the greatest distress because of the wrong area to which God's property was put by men who had control of it. It was easy then to narrow the argument to the condition of affairs in Allton. As he stepped from the general to the particular and began to speak of the ren-tal of saloons and houses of sambling from property owners in Milton and then characterized such a use of God's property as wrong and un-Christian, it was curious to note the effect on the congregation. Men who had been listening complacently to Philip's eloquent but quiet statements, as long as he confined himself to distant historical facts, suddenly became aware that the tall, pale faced, resolute and loving young preacher up there was talking right at them, and more than one mill owner, merchant, real estate dealer and even professional man writhed inwardly and nervously shifted in his cush-ioned pew as Philip spoke in the plain-est terms of the terrible example set the world by the use of property for purposes which were destructive to all the content of the terrible of the set true society and a shame to civiliza-tion and Christianity. Philip controlled his voice and his manner admirably. but he drove the truth home and spared not. His voice at no time rose abov a quiet conversational tone, but it was clear and distinct. The audience sat hushed in the spell of a genuine sen sation, which deepened when, at the close of a tremendous sentence which

swept through the church like a redhot flame, Mr. Winter suddenly arose in his pew, passed out into the aide and marched deliberately down and out of the door. Philip saw him and knew the reason, but marched straight on with his message, and no one, not even his anxious wife, who endured martrydom for him that morning, could detect any disturbance in Philip from the mill owner's contemptuous with-

drawal. When Philip closed with a prayer of tender appeal that the spirit of truth would make all hearts to behold the truth as one soul, the audience remained seated longer than usual, still under the influence of the subject and the morning's sensational service. All through the day Philip felt a certain strain on him, which did not subside even when the evening service was over. Some of the members, notably with tears in their eyes for the morn-ing message. Very few of the morn-talked with him. Mr. Winter did not come out to the evening service, al-though he was one of the very few

withdraw my support, and most of the influential, paying members will follow my example.

It was a cowardly threat on the part of the excited mill owner, and it roused Philip more than 1% he had been physically slapped in the face. If there was anything in all the world that stirred Philip to his oceanic depths of feeling. it was an intimation that he was in the ministry for pay or the salary, and so must be afraid of losing the support of those members who were able to pay largely. He clinched his fingers around the arms of his study chair un-til his nails bent on the hard wood, His scorn and indignation burned in his face, although he voice was calm enough.

"Mr. Winter, this whole affair is a matter of the most profound principle with me. As long as I live I shall be-lieve that a Christian man has no more right to rent his property for a saloon than he has to run a saloon himself. And as long as I live I shall also be-lieve that it is a minister's duty to preach to his church plainly upon matters which bear upon the right and wrong of life, no matter what is in-volved in those matters. Are money and houses and lands of such a charac-ter that the use of them has no bearing on moral questions, and they are therefore to be left out of the preaching material of the pulpit? It is my convic-tion that many men of property in this age are coming to regard their business as separate and removed from God and all relation to Him. The business men of today do not regard their property as God's. They always speak of it as theirs. And they resent any 'interfer-ence,' as you call it, on the part of the pulpit. Nevertheless I say it plainly, I regard the renting of these houses by you and other business men in the church to the whisky men and the corrupters of youth as wholly wrong and so wrong that the Christian minister who would keep silont when he knew the facts would be guilty of unspeakable cowardice and disloyalty to his Lord. As to your threat of withdrawal of support, sir, do you suppose I would be in the ministry if I were afraid of the rich men in my congregation? shows that you are not yet acquainted with me. It would not hurt you to know me 'better!"

All the time Philip was talking his manner was that of dignified indignation. His anger was never coarse or vulgar. But when he was roused, as he was now, he spoke with a total dis-regard for all coming consequences. For the time being he felt as perhaps one of the old Hebrew prophets used to feel when the flame of inspired wrath burned up in the soul of the messenger of God.

The man who sat opposite was com-pelled to keep silent until Philip had said what he had to say. It was impossible for him to interrupt. Also it was out of the question that a man like Mr. Winter should understand a nature like that of Philip Strong. He was white to the lips with passion and so excited that his hands trembled and his voice shook as he replied to Philip:

'You shall answer for these insults sir. I withdraw my church pledge, and you will see whether the business men in the church will sustain such preach-ing." And Mr. Winter flung himself out of the study and down stairs, forgetting to take his hat, which he had carried up with him. Philip caught it up and went down stairs with it, reaching him just as he was going out of the front door. He said simply, "You forgot your hat, sir." Mr. Winter several of the mothers, thanked him took it without a word and went out, Philip turned around, and there stood

cent meal or a good sult of clothes," replied the minister's wife, looking at him with a smile.

"Oh, well, that may be, Sarah. But let me read you the other letter," he went on without discussing the salary matter:

Chapel Hill Church, Elmdale. Rev. Phillp Strong: Dear Brother:-At a meeting of the

Elmdale Chapel Hill church, held last week Thursday, it was unanimously voted to extend you a call to become pastor of the church at a salary of \$2,-000 a year, with two months' vacation, to be selected at your own convenience. The Chapel Hill church is in a prosperous condition, and many of the members recall your career in the college with much pleasure. This is an especially strong center for church work, the proximity of the boys' academy and the university, making the situation one of great power to a man who thoroughly understands and enjoys young men. as we know you do. We most earnestly hope you will consider this call not as purely formal, but as from the hearts of the people. We are, very cordially yours, in behalf of the church,

PROFESSOR WELLMAN,

Chairman of the Board of Trustees "What do you think of that?" asked the minister again. "The salary is just the same, isn't

"Now, Sarah," said the minister, "if I didn't know what a generous, unselfish heart you really have, I should get very vexed at you for talking about the salary as if that was the most im-

portant thing." salary is very important "The though. But you know, Philip, I would be as willing as you are to live on no salary if the grocer and butcher would continue to feed us for nothing. I wish from the bottom of my heart that we could live without money

"It is a bother, isn't it?" replied Philp, so gravely that his wife laughed heartily at his tone.

Well, the question is, what to do with the letters," resumed the minister. "Which of the two churches do you

prefer?" asked his wife. 'I would rather go to the Chapel Hill church as far as my preference is con-cerned."

"Then why not accept their call, if

that is the way you feel?" "Because, while I should like to go to Eimdale, I feel as if I ought to go to Milton."

"Now, Phillip, I don't see why, in a choice of this kind, you don't do as you feel inclined to do and accept the call that pleases you most. Why should ministers be doing what they ought in-stead of what they like? You never

please yourself." "Well, Sarah," replied Phillp, good naturedly, "this is the way of it. The church in Elmdale is in a university town. The atmosphere of the place is scholastic. You know I passed four years of student life there. With the exception of the schools, there are not

It will serve you right if those biscuits I put in the oven when you called me are fallen as completely as Babylon. And I will make you eat half a dozen of them, sir, to punish you. We cannot afford to waste anyyou. We cannot a thing these times.'

"What," cried Philip slyly, "not on \$2,000 a year! But I'll eat the biscuits. They can't possibly be any worse than those we had a week after we were married-the ones we bought from the bakery, you remember," Philip added hastily

"You saved yourself just in time, then," replied the minister's wife. She came close up to the desk and in a different tone said, "Philip, you know I believe in you, don't you?"

"Yes," said Philip simply. "I am sure you do. I am impulsive and im-practical; but, heart and soul and body and mind, I simply want to do the will

of God. Is it not so?" "I know it is," she said, "and if you go to Milton it will be because you want to do His will more than to please yourself.' "Yes. Then shall I answer the letter

tonight?" 'Yes, if you have decided, with my

help, of course." "Of course, you foolish creature, you know I could not settle it without you.

And as for the biscuits"— "As for the biscuits" — "As for the biscuits," said the minis-ter's wife, "they will be settled with-out me, too, if I don't go down and see to them." She hurried down stairs, and Philin Strong, with a smile and a sigh

Philip Strong, with a smile and a sigh, took up his pen and wrote replies to the calls he had received, refusing the call to Elindale and accepting the one to Milton. And so the strange story of a great hearted man really began.

When he had finished writing these two letters, he wrote another, which throws so much light on his character and his purpose in going to Milton that we will insert that in this story as being necessary to its full understanding. This is the letter:

My Dear Alfred:-Two years ago, when we left the seminary, you remember we promised each other in case either of us left his present parish he would let the other know at once.

did not suppose when I came that I should leave so soon, but I have just written a letter which means the begin. ning of a new life to me. The Calvary church in Milton has given me a call. and I have accepted it. Two months ago my church here practically went

out of existence through a union with the other church on the street. The history of that movement is too long for me to relate here, but since it took place I have been preaching as a supply, pending the final settlement of



affairs, and so I was at liberty to accept a call elsewhere. I must confess the call from Milton was a surprise to me. I have never been there (you know I do not believe in candidating for a place), and so I suppose their church committee came up here to listen to me.

Philip was silent a moment. And his wife went on: "I am sure we shall like it here, Philip. What do you think?"

"I cannot tell yet. There is very much to do

"How do you like the church building "It is an easy audience room for my

voice. I don't like the arrangement of the choir over the front door. I think the choir ought to be down on the platform in front of the people, by the side of the minister." "That's one of your hobbles, Philip.

But the singing was good, didn't you think so?"

"Yes, the choir is a good one. The congregation didn't seem to sing much. and I believe in congregational singing, even when there is a choir. But we can bring that about in time, I think." "Now, Philip," said his wife, in some alarm. "you are not going to meddle with the singing, are you? It will get you into trouble. There is a musical committee in the church, and such committees are very sensitive about any interference. 'Weil," said Philip, rousing up a lit-

tle, "the singing is a very important part of the service. And it seems to me I ought to have something important to say about it. But you need not fear, Sarah. I'm not going to try to change everything all at once." His wife looked at him a little anxlously. She had perfect faith in Phil-

ip's honesty of purpose, but she some-times had a fear of his impetuous desire to reform the world. After a little pause she spoke again, changing the subject. What did you think of the congrega-

tion, Philip? "I enjoyed it. I thought it was very attentive. There was a larger number out this evening than I had expected."

'Did you like the looks of the people They were all very nicely dressed. "Now, Philip, you know that isn't what I mean. Did you like the peo-

"I believe most of the houses belong to Mr. Winter, sir." "Mr. William Winter?" arked Philip.

"Yes, I think that's the name. He is the largest owner in the Ocean mill yonder.

Philip thanked the man and went on toward hime. "William Winter!" exclaimed. "Is it possible that man will accept a revenue from the renting of his property to these vestibules of hell? That man! One of the leading members in my church! Chairman of the board of trustees and a leading citlzen of the place! It does not seem possible

But before the week was out Philip had discovered facts that made his heart burn with shame and his mind rouse with indignation. Property in the town which was being used for sa-loons, gambling houses and dens of wickedness was owned in large part by several of the most prominent mem-bers of his church. There was no doubt of the fact. Philip, whose very nature was frankness itself, resolved to go to these men and have a plain talk with them about it. It seemed to him like a monstrous evil that a Christian believer, a church member, should be renting his property to these dens of vice and taking the money. He called on Mr. Winter, but he was out of town and would not be back until Saturday night. He went to see another member who was a large owner in one of the mills and a heavy property owner. It was not a pleasant thing to do, but Philip boldly stated the precise reason for his call and asked his member if it was true that he rented several houses in a certain block where saloons and gambling houses were numerous. The man looked at Philip, turned red and finally said it was a fact, but none of Philip's business,

"My dear brother," said Philip, with a sad but winning smile, "you cannot imagine what it costs me to come to you about this matter. In one sense it may seem to you like an impertinent meddling in your business. In another sense it is only what I ought to do as pastor of a church which is dearer to me than my life. And I have come to you as a brother in Christ to ask you if it seems to you like a thing which Christ would approve that you, his disciple, should allow the property which has come into your hands that you may use it for His glory and the building up of His kingdom to be used by the agents of the devil while you reap the financial benefit. Is it right,

ter? Would not Christ say to you just what I am now saying?"

Mr. Bentley shrugged his shoulders and said something about not trying to mix up business and religion. Philip sat looking at the man, reading him through and through, his heart almost bursting in him at the thought of what a man would do for the sake of money. At last he saw that he would gain nothing by prolonging the argument. He rose, and with the same sweet frankness which characterized his opening of the subject he said: "Brother, I wish to tell you that it is my intention to speak of this matter next Sunday in the first of my talks on 'Christ and Modern Society.' I believe

it is something He would talk about in public, and I will speak of it as I think he would.'

"You must do your duty, of course Mr. Strong," replied Mr. Bentley, some-what coldly, and Philip went out, feel-ing as if he had grappled with his first dragon in Milton and found him to be a very ugly one and hard to kill. What hurt him as much as the lack of spiritual fineness of apprehension of evil in his church member was the knowledge that, as Mr. Bentley so coarsely put it, his salary was largely paid out of the rentals of those vile abodes. He grew sick at heart as he dwelt upon the disagreeable fact, and as he came back to the parsonage and went up to his cozy study he groaned to think that it was possible through the price that men paid for souls.

"And this because society is as it is!" he exclaimed, as he burled his face in his hands and leaned his elbows on his desk, while his cheeks flushed and his heart quivered at the thought of the filth and vileness the money had seen and heard which paid for the very desk at which he wrote his sermons. But Philip Strong was not one to give way at the first feeling of seem-ing defeat. He did not too harshly condemn his members. He wondered at their lack of spiritual life; but, to his credit be it said, he did not harshiy condemn. Only, as Sunday approached, he grew more clear in his own mind as to his duty in the matter. Expe-diency whispered to him: "Better wait. You have only just come here. The people like you now. It will only cause unpleasant feelings and do no good for you to launch out into a crusade against this thing right now. There are so many of your members involved that it will certainly alienate their support and possibly lead to your being compelled to lose your place as pastor if it does not drive away the

most influential members." To all this plea of expediency Philip replied, "Get thee behind me, satan! He said with himself, he might as well let the people know what he was at the very first. It was not necessary that he should be their pastor if they would none of him. It was nec-essary that he preach the truth boldly. The one question he asked himself was, "Would Jesus Christ, if He were pastor of Calvary church in Milton today, speak of the matter next Sunday and speak regardless of all conse-quences?" Philip asked the question honestly, and after long prayer and much communion with the Divine he "Yes, I believe He would." said, possible that he might have gained by waiting or by working with his members in private. Another man might have pursued that method and still have been a courageous, true minister. But this is the story of Philip Strong, not of another man, and this is what he did:

When Sunday morning came, he went into his pulpit with the one thought in mind that he would simply and frankly, in his presentation of the subject, use the language and the spirit of his Master. He had seen other property owners during the week, and his interviews were nearly all similar to the one with Mr. Bentley. He had not been able to see Mr. William Win-ter, the chairman of the trustees, as he had not returned home until very late Saturday night. Philip saw him come

men members who were invariably over the fact of Mr. Winter's walking present. Philip noted his absence, but preached with his usual enthusiasm. He thought a larger number of strangers was present than he had seen the Sunday before. He was very tired

when the day was over. The next morning as he was getting ready to go out for a visit to one of the mills, the bell rang. He was near the door and opened it. There stood Mr. Winter. "I would like to see you for a few moments, Mr. Strong, if you can spare the time," said the mill owner, without offering to take the hand Phil-

ip extended, 'Certainly. Will you come up to my study?" asked Philip quietly. The two men went up stairs, and Philip shut the door, as he motioned Mr. Winter to a seat and then sat down opposite.

CHAPTER III.

"I have come to see you about your sermon of yesterday morning," began Mr. Winter abruptly. "I consider what you said was a direct insult to me personally."

"Suppose I should say it was not so intended?" replied Philip, with a good natured smile. "Then I should say you lied!" replied

Mr. Winter, sharply. Philip sat very still. And the two

men eyed each other in silence for a moment. The minister reached out his hand and laid it on the other's arm, saying as he did so: "My brother, you certainly did not come into my house to acuse me unjustly of wronging you? I am willing to talk the matter over in a friendly spirit, but I will not listen

to personal abuse. There was something in the tone and manner of this declaration that sub-dued the mill owner a little. He was an older man than Philip by twenty years, but a man of quick and un-governed temper. He had come to see the minister while in a heat of passion, and the way Philip received him, the clamness and dignity of his attitude, thwarted his purpose. He wanted to find a man ready to quarrel. Instead he found a man ready to talk reason. Mr. Winter replied, after a pause, during which he controled himself by a great effort: "I consider that you purposely select-

ed me as guilty of conduct unworthy a church member and a Christian and made me the target of your remarks yesterday. And I wish to say that such preaching will never do in Calvary church while I am one of its members.'

"Of course you refer to the matter of renting your property to saloon men and to halls for gambling and other evil uses," said Philip bluntly. "Are you the only member of Calvary church who lets his property for such purposes ?"

"It is not a preacher's husiness to pry into the affairs of his church mem-bers!" replied Mr. Winter, growing more excited again. "That is what I object to.'

"In the first place, Mr. Winter," said Philip steadily, "let us settle the right and wrongs of the whole business. Is it right for a Christian man, a church member, to rent his property for sa-loons and vicious resorts where human life is ruined?"

life is ruined?" "That is not the question." "What is?" Philip asked, with his eyes wide open to the other's face. "The super-superquestion is whether our business af-fairs, those of other men with me, are to be dragged into the Sunday church services and made the occasion of per-

sonal attacks upon us. I for one will not sit and listen to any such preaching

"But aside from the matter of private business, Mr. Winter, let us settle whether what you and others are doing is right. Will you let the other matter rest a moment and tell me what is the duty of a Christian in the use of his

property?" "It is my property, and if I or my agent choose to rent it to another man in a legal, business way, that is my afin a legal, business way, that is my af-fair. I do not recognize that you have anything to do with it "

"You shall answer for these insults, sir."

out of the church during the service and had anticipated some trouble. Philip related the facts of Mr. Winter's visit, telling his wife some things the mill owner had said.

What did you say, Philip, to make him so angry? Did you give him a piece of your mind?"

"I gave him the whole of it," replied Philip, somewhat grimly, "at least all of it on that particular subject that he could stand.

"Oh, dear! It seems too bad to have this trouble come so soon! What will Mr. Winter do? He is very wealthy and influential. Do you think-are you sure that in this matter you have done just right, just for the best, Philip? It is going to be very unpleasant for you.

"Well, Sarah, I would not do differ-ently from what I have done. What have I done? I have simply preached God's truth, as I plainly see it, to my church. And if I do not do that, what business have I in the ministry at all? business have I in the ministry at all? I regret this personal encounter with Mr. Winter, but I don't see how I could avoid it."

"Did you lose your temper?"

"No.' "There was some very loud talking. I could hear it away in the kitchen."

"Well, you know, Sarah, the more fn-dignant I get the less inclined I feel to 'holler,' It was Mr. Winter you heard. He was very much excited when he came, and nothing that I could conscientiously say would have made any difference with him."

"Did you ask him to pray over the matter with you?"

"No. I do not think he was in a praying mood.'

Were you!" Philip hesitated a moment and then replied seriously: "Yes, I truly believe I was-that is, I should not have been ashamed at any part of the interview to put myself into loving communion with my Heavenly Father."

Mrs. Strong still looked disturbed and anxious. She was going over in her mind the probable result of Mr. Winter's antagonism to the minister. It looked to her like a very serious thing. Philip was inclined to treat the affair with a calm philosophy, based on the knowledge that his conscience was clear of all fault in the matter,

"What do you suppose Mr. Winter will do?" Mrs. Strong asked. "He threatened to withdraw his financial support and said other paying members would do the same." "Do you think they will?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder if

"What will you do then? It will dreadful to have a disturbance in the church of this kind, Philip. It will

a thousand people in the village, a quict, sleepy, dull, retired, studious place. I love the memory of it. I could go there as the pastor of the says to me, "Go." You know my "You know into the church that morning, just as the choir rose to sing the anthem. He was a large, fine looking man. Philip admired his physical appearance as he marked down the aide to his pay And the minister's wife suddenly You know I like all sorts and condirouner broke down and had a good cry, while Eimdale church and preach to an au-dience of college boys eight months in scholarly pastorate. Weil, Milton is, "Yes, but there are audiences and au-The man to whom the question was marched down the aisle to his pew, which was the third from the front, di-rectly before the pulpit. When the hymn had been sung, the Philip comforted her, first, by saying two or three funny things and, second-ly, by asserting with a positive cheer-fulness which was peculiar to him doing what is harmful to the comput made the usual excuses, that if he munity and the church?" 'You have no business to meddle in diances. Do you think you will enjoy the year and to about 88 refined scholas you know, a noisy, dirty, manufacdid not rent to these people other men ariy people the rest of the time. I turing town, full of workingmen, cursed preachin could indulge my taste for reading and with saloons and black with coal smoke church? would, that there was no call for the preaching to this one in Calvary our private affairs!" replied Mr. Win-ter angrily. "And if you intend to pur-sue that method of preaching I shall and unwashed humanity. The church?" <sup>o</sup>I think I shall," replied Philip, but is quite strong in membership. The he said it in a tone that might have would lie empty at a dead loss, and so offering taken, the prayer made, Philip stepped out at one side of the pulpit writing and enjoy a quiet pastorage there to the, end of my days." (Continued on page 22.)