DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATUKDAY, JANUARY 6,



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united and determined.

Ly month drew near and he realized

that the battle was one that he must

wage single handed in a town of 50,000

he thought. There were many mothers hearts in Mliton that had ached and

prayed in agony long years that the Al-

mighty would come with His power

and sweep the curse away. But Philly had not been long enough in Milton to

pits and a few of the leading business

men, and the result had been almost t

convince him that very little help

could be expected from the public gen

erally. He was appalled to find out

men had on the busines sand politics

of the place. It was a revelation to him of their power. The whole thing

seemed to him like a travesty of free

government and a terrible commen-tary on the boasted Christianity of the

So when he walked into the pulpit

the first Sunday of the month he felt his message burning in his heart and

on his lins as never before. It seemed beyond all question that if Christ was

pastor of Calvary church He would

speak out in plain denunciation of the

whisky power. And so, after the open-ing part of the service, Philip rose to

speak, facing an immense audience that overflowed the galleries and in-

vaded the choir and even sat upon the

pulpit glatform. Such a crowd had

through the house like a prairie fire driven by a high gale. At the close 'he spoke of the power of the church

compared with the saloon and showed

how easily it could win the victory

against any kind of evil if it were only

nul.

church through its representative

what a tremendous hold the

He was not so destitute of support as

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAP-TERS.

Chapter I.-Philip Strong, a minister receives two calls, one to a college town, where he may live a quiet, scholarly life, to his liking, the other to a manufacturing town, where there is plenty of work to do among the laboring classes. He accepts the more active field. II and III.-Philip discovers that | know the entire sentiment of the peo a number of his wealthy parishioners | ple. He had so far touched only the field, II and III.-Philip discovers that have property rented for saloons and gambling houses. He interviews one of them and is advised that he had better not stir up the subject, and Mr. Winter, one of his most prominent parishioners, having property rented for such purposes, rises from his seat and walks out of the church. The next morning Winter calls on the minister and resents what he calls an insult to himself. then, threatening to withdraw his support from the church, retires in high dud. geon. The sermon creates great excitement, and the next Sunday a large crowd attends Phillp's church, expecting a sensational sermon, but Philip disappoints them, preaching on a different subject entirely.

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CHAPTER IV.

Pursuing the plan he had originally mapped out when he came to Milton, he spent much of his time in the afternoons studying the social and civic life As the first Sunday of of the town. the next month drew near, when he was to speak again on the attitude of Christ to some aspect of modern cocle ty, he determined to select the saloon as one of the prominent features of modern life that would naturally be noticed by Christ and doubtless be denounced by Him as a great evil.

In his study of the saloon question he did a thing which he had never done before, and then only after very much deliberation and prayer. He went into the saloons themselves on different occasions. He had never done such a thing before. He wanted to know from actual knowledge what sort of places the saloons were. What he saw after a dozen visits to as many different groggeries added fuel to the flame of indignation that burned already hot in The sight of the vast army of him. men turning into beasts in these dens created in him a loathing and a hatred of the whole iniquitous institution that language failed to express. He wondered with unspeakable astonishment

in his soul that a civilized community

years trailed its slimy folds through our homes and our schools.

"Citizens, Christians, church members I call on you today to take up arms against the common foe of that we hold dear in church, home and state. I know there are honest busi-ness men who have long writhed in secret at the ignomity of the halter about their necks by which they have been led. There are citizens who have the best interests of the community at heart who have hung their heads in shame of American politics, seeing this brutal whisky element dictating the government of the towns and parcel-ing out their patronage and managing their funds and enormous stealings o the people's money. I know there are church members who have felt in their hearts the deep shame of bowing the knee to this rum god in order to make advancement in political life. And i call on all these today to rise with me and begin a fight against the entire saloon business and whisky rule in Milton until by the help of the Lord

f Hosts we have got us the victory Men, women, brothers, sisters in the great family of God on earth, will you ly tamely down and worship the great ast of this country? Will you not rather gird your swords upon your thighs and go out to battle against this asphemous Philistine who has defied the armies of the living God? I have spoken my message. Let us ask the wisdom and power of the Divine to help us." Philip's prayer was almost painful in

its intensity of feeling and expression. The audience sat in deathly silence, and when he pronounced the amen o the benediction it was several mo ments before any one stirred to leave the church.

Philip went home completely exhausted. He had put into his sermon all of himself and had called up all his reserve power-a thing he was not ten guilty of doing and for which he condemned himself on this occasion. But it was past, and he could not re-

call it. He was not concerned as the results of his sermon. He had long believed that if he spoke the message God gave him he was not grow anxious over the outcome of it. But the people of Milton were deeply stirred by the address. They were not in the habit of hearing that kind preaching. And what was more, the whisky element was aroused. It was not in the habit of having its authority attacked in that bold, almost savage

manner. For years its sway had been undisturbed. It had insolently estabnever been seen in Calvary church be-Philip had not announced his sublished itself in power until even those ject, but there was an expectation on citizens who knew its thoroughly evi the part of many that he was going to character were deceived into the belief denounce the saloon. In the two months that he had been preaching in that nothing better than licensing it was possible. The idea that the saloon could be banished, removed, driven out Milton he had attracted great attention. His audience this morning repaltogether, had never before been adresented a great many different kinds vocated in Milton. The conviction that whether it could be it ought to be sup-Some came out of curiosl-Others came because the crowd pressed had never gained ground with any number of people. They had enwas going that way. So it happened that Philip faced a truly representative dured it as a necessary evil. Philip's sermon, therefore, fell something like audience of Milton people. As his eye swept over the house he saw four of the six members of his church who were up for office at the coming eleca bomb into the whisky camp. Before night the report of the sermon had spread all over the town. The saloon were enraged. Ordinarily they men For an hour Philip spoke as he had would have paid no attention to anynever spoken in all his life before. thing a church or a preacher might say His subject, the cause it represented, or do. But Philip spoke from the pul pit of the largest church in Milton. The whisky men knew that if the large the immense audience ,the entire occasion caught him up in a genuine burst of eloquent fury, and his sermon swept churches should all unite to fight them

they would make it very uncomforta ble for them and in the end probably drive them out. Philip went home that Sunday night after the evening servic with several bitter enemies. The whis ky men contributed one element. Some

"Men and women of Milton, fathers, mothers and citizens," he said, "this evil is one which cannot be driven out

these confused reports were finally set

at rest when those calling at the par-sonage brought away the exact truth. The first shot fired by the man from The first shot need by Philip in the behind the tree struck Philip in the knee, but the ball glanced off. the blow and staggered, but his next impulse was to rush in the direction of the sound and disarm his assailant That was the reason he had leaped into the street. But the second shot was better aimed, and the bullet crashed in to his upper arm and shoulder, shatter ing the bone and producing an exceed ingly painful, though not fatal, wound. The shock caused Philip to fall, and he fainted away, but not before the face of the man who had shot him was clearly stamped on his mind. He knew that he was one of the saloon proprie

tors whose establishment Philip had visited the week before. He was a man with a harelip, and there was no mistaking his countenance. When the people of Milton learned that Philip was not fatally wounded. their excitement cooled a little, A wave of indigation, however, swept

over the town when it was learned that the would be murderer was recognized the minister, and it was rumored that he had openly threatened that he would "fix" the cursed preacher so that he would not be able to preach again. Philip. however, felt more full of fight against the rum devil than eve

As he lay on the bed the morning after the shooting he had nothing to regre fear. The surgeon had been called at once, as soon as his wife and the alarmed neighbors had been able to carry him into the parsonage. The ball had been removed and the wounds dressed. By noon he had recovered somewhat from the effects of the operation and was resting, although very weak from the shock and suffering considerable pain.

"What is that stain on the floor Sarah?" he asked as his wife came in with some article for his comfort. Philip lay where he could see into the other room.

"It is your blood, Philip," replied his wife, with a shudder. "It dripped like a stream from your shoulder as we carried you in last night. Oh, Philip, it is dreadful! It seems to me like an awful nightmare. Let us move away from this terrible place. You will be killed if we stay here."

"There isn't much danger if the rest of 'em are as poor shots as this felreplied Philip. "Now, little wolow." man," he went on cheerfully, "don't worry. I don't believe they'll try it again.

Mrs. Strong controlled herself. She did not want to break down while Philip was in his present condition. "You must not talk," she said as she smoothed his hair back from the pale forehead.

"That's pretty hard on a preacher, don't you think, Sarah?, My occupa-tion is gone if I can't talk." "Then I'll talk for two. They say

that most women can do that." "Will you preach for me next Sun-

day' What, and make myself a target for saloon keepers? No, thank you. I have half a mind to forbid you ever preach-ing again. It will be the death of

you "It is the life of me, Sarah, I would not ask anything better than to die with the armor on, fighting evil. Well, I won't talk any more. I all right. suppose there's no objection to my thinking a little?"

"Thinking is the worst thing you can do. You just want to lis there and do nothing but get well." "All right. I'll quit everything ex-

cept eating and sleeping. Put up a lit-tle placard on the head of the bed saying: 'Biggest curiosity in Milton! live minister who has stopped thinking and talking! Admission 10 cents! Proceeds to be devoted to teach sawho would have to stand on loon keepers how to shoot straight! Philip was still somewhat under the influence of the doctor's anaesthetic, and as he faintly murmured this absurd sentence he fell into a slumber which lasted several hours, fron which he awoke very feeble and realizing that he would be confined to the house some time, but feeling in good spirits and thankful out of the depths of his vigorous nature that he was still spared to do God's will on earth. The next day he felt strong enough to receive a few visitors. Among them morning. was the chief of police, who came to inquire concerning the identity of the man who had done the shooting. Philip showed some reluctance to witness against his enemy. It was only when he remembered that he owed a duty to society as well as to himself that he described the man and related minutely the entire affair exactly as it occurred. "Is the man in town?" asked Philip. "Has he not fled?"

them away! It will do no good to talk to this man!

Philip raised his hand in a gesture toward the man that made every one In the room feel a little awed. The officer, in speaking of it afterward, said: "I tell you, boys, I never felt quite the same except once, when the old Catholic priest stepped up on the

platform with old man Gower, time he was hanged at Millville. Somehow then I felt as if, when the priest raised his hand and began to pray, maybe we might all be glad to have some one pray for us if we get into a tight

Philip 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 want-ed to see you here for before you were taken to jail was to let you know that I do not bear any hatred toward you. The thing you have done is against the aw of God and man. The injury you have inflicted upon me is very slight compared with that against your own soul. Oh, 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. Oh, my Father," Philip continued, changing his appeal to the man by an almost natural manner into a petition to the Infinite, "make this soul dear to three, to behold thy love for him, and make him see that it is not against me, a mere man, that he has sinned, but against thyself-against thy purity and holingss and affection! my God, thou who didst come the likeness of sinful men 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, his hatred of men or of what I have said! Thou art all merciful and all loving. We leave all souls of men in the protecting, infolding embrace of thy boundless compas-

sion and infinite mercy." There was a moment of entire quiet in the room, and then Philip 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 Philip's appearance. The scene had been too much for his strength. She hastily commanded the officer to take his pris oner away and with the help of her friend cared for the minister, 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 Philip 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 lit-

"No. I never heard of thinking hurting people. I have generally consider-ed it a healthy habit."

"The reason I asked," continued Philip gravely. "was because my wife ab-solutely forbade it, and I was wondering now long I could keep it up and ool anybody.

"That's a specimen of his stubbornness, doctor," said the minister's wife, smiling. "Why, only a few minutes before you came in he was insisting that he could preach tomorrow. Think it, a man with a shattered should



heart?

"I hardly expected to see you again."

sassins and murderers every time you go out to prayer meeting or make par-ish calls. How do you like your work so far?' "There is plenty of it," answered

Philip gravely. "A minister must be made of cast iron and fire brick in order to stand the wear and tear of these times in which we live. I'd like a week to trade ideas with you and talk over the work, Alfred."

"You'd get the worst of the bar-

gain." "I don't know about that. I'm not doing any thinking lately, But now, as we're going to be only 50 miles apart. what's to hinder an exchange once in a while "I'm agreeable to that," replied Phil-

ip's chum; "on condition, however, that you furnish me with a gun and pay all surgeon's bills when I occupy your pupit. 'Done," said Philip, with a grin. And

just then Mrs. Strong forbade any more talk. Alfred staid until the evening train, and when he left he stooped down and kissed Philip's cheek. "It's a custom we learned when in the German universities together that summer after college, you know," he ex-plained, with the slightest possible blush, when Mrs. Strong came in and caught him in the act. It seemed to her, however, like an affecting thing that two big, grown up men like her husband and his old chum showed such tender affection for each other. The love of men for men in the strong friendship of school and college life is one of the marks of human divinity.

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of his determination to get out and occupy his pulpit the first Sunday of the next month Phillip was reluctantly obliged to let five Sundays go by before he was able to preach. During those six weeks his attention was called to a subject which he felt ought to be made the theme of one of his talks on "Christ and Modern Socie-The leisure which he had for reading opened his eyes to the fact that Sunday in Milton was terribly desecrated. Shops of all kinds stood wide open. Excursion trains ran into the large city 40 miles away, two theaters were always running with some variety show, and the saloons, in violation of an ordinance forbidding it, unblushingly flung their doors open and did more business on that day than any other. As Philip read the papers he noticed that every Monday morning the police court was more crowded with "drunks"

sweeter truths of existence and of God and leave them better fitted to take up the duties of everyday business.

'Now, it is plain to me that if Chris wore here today and pastor of Calvar church He would feel compelled to say some very plain words about the des cration of Sunday in Milton. Take, for example, the opening of the fruit stands and cigar stores and meat mar. kets every Sunday morning. What is the one reason why these places are open this very minute while I am speaking? There is only one reason-so that the owners of the places may sell their goods and make mon They are not satisfied with what th can make six days in the week. They greed seizes on the one day which ought to be used for the rest and wor. ship men need and turns that also into a day of merchandise. Do we need any other fact to convince us of the terrible seldshness of the human

"Or take the case of the saloons, What right have they to open their doors in direct contradiction to the town ordinance forbidding it? And yet this ordinance is held by them in such contempt that this very morning as I came to this church I passed more than half a dozen of these sections of wide open to any poor sinning hell, soul that might be entleed there Citizens of Milton, where does the r sponsibility rest for this violation law? Does it rest with the churches and the preachers to see that the f Sunday laws we have are enforced them, while the business men and police lazily dodge the issue and ca not how the matter goes, saying it none of their business?

"But suppose you say the saloons are beyond your power. That does not release you from doing what is in your power, casily, to prevent this day from being trampled under foot and made like every other day in fits scramble after money and pleasure. Who own these fruit stands and cigar stores and meat markets and who patronize them? Is it not true that church memoers encourage all these places by ourchasing of them on the Lord's day? I nave been told by one of these truit dealers with whom I have talked lately that among his best customers on Sunday are some of the most respected members of this church. It has also been told me that in the summer time the heaviest patronage of the Sunday ice cream business is from the church members of Milton. Of what value is it that we place on our ordinance rul-s forbidding the sale of these things covered by the law? How far are we responsible for our example for encouraging the breaking of the day on the part of those who would find it unprofitable to keep their business going if we did not purchase of them on this day?

"It is possible there are very many persons here in this house this morning who are ready to exclaim: "This is intolerable bigotry and puritanical narrowness. This is not the attitude Christ. would take on this question. He was too large minded. He was too far ad-vanced in thought to make the day to mean anything of that sort.'

But let us consider what is meant by the Sunday of our modern life as, Christ would view it. There is no disputing the fact that the age is material, mercantile, money making, Forsix eager, rushing days it is absorbed in the pursuit of money or fame or pleasure. Then God strikes the note of His silence in among the clashing sounds of earth's Babel and calls mankind to make a day unlike the other days. It is His merciful thoughtfulness for the race which has created this special day for men. Is it too much to ask that on this one day men think of something else besides politics, stocks, business, amusement? Is God

grudging the man the pleasure of life

when here He gives the man six days

in the nineteenth century would toler ate for one moment the public sale of an article that led, on the confession of society itself, to countless crimes against the law of the land and of God. His indignant astonishment deepened yet more, if that were possible, wher ne found that the license of \$500 a year for each saloon was used by the own to support the public school system. That, to Philip's mind, was an awful sarcasm on Christian civiliza-It seemed to him like selling a tion. nan on according to law and then taking the money from the sale to help the widow to purchase mourning. It fully as ghastly as that would be. He went to see some of the other ministers, hoping to unite them in a combined attack on the saloon power. seemed to him that if the church as a whole entered the crusade against the saloon it could be driven out even from Milton, where it had been so long tablished. To his surprise, he found the other churches unwilling to unite in a public battle against whisky men Several of the ministers practicable fended license as the only practicable of the ministers openly demethod of dealing with the saloon. All of them confessed it was evil, and only but under the circumstances thought it would do little good to agi-tate the subject. Philip came away from several interviews with the minsters sad and sick at heart.

He approached several of the prominent men in the town, hoping to enlist some of them in the fight against the rum power. Here he met with an unexpected opposition, coming in a form he had not anticipated. One prominent citizen said:

"Mr. Strong, you will ruin your chances here if you attack the saloons in this savage manner, and I'll tell you why: The whisky men hold a tremendous influence in Milton in the matter of political power. The city election comes off the middle of next month. men up for office are dependent for election on the votes of the saloon men and their following. You will cut your head off sure if you come out gainst them in public. Why, there's - and so on the named half a dogen men) in your church who are up for office in the coming election. They can't be elected without the votes of the rummles, and they know it. Bet-ter steer clear of it, Mr. Strong. The on has been a regular thing in Milton for over 50 years. It is as much a part of the town as the churches or ols, and I tell you it is a power!

"What!" cried Philip, in unbounded astonishment, "do you tell me, you, eading citizen of this town of 50,000 nfinite souls, that the saloon power has its grip to this extent on the civic and social life of the place, and you are willing to sit down and let this crime and ruin throttle you devil of and not raise a finger to expel the Is it possible? It is not in monster? Christian America that such a state of affairs in our political life should be endured." "Nevertheless," replied the business

"these are the facts. And you man, will simply dash your own life out against a wall of solid rock if you try to fight this evil. You have my warn-

'May I not also have your help? cried Philip, hungry of soul for companlonship in the strugggle which he saw was coming.

"It would ruin my business to come out against the saloon," replied the frankly man

"And what is that ?" cried Philip ear. nestly. "It has already ruined far more that ought to be dear to you. Man, man, what are money and businese compared with your own flesh and blood? Do you know where you compared with your own flesh own son was two nights ago? In on of the vilest of the vile holes in this city, which you, a father, license to an-I saw him there myself child! and my heart ached for him and you It is the necessary truth. Will you no with me to wipe out this curse in society'

The merchant trembled, and his lips quivered at mention of his son, but he

inless the Christian people this place unite to condemn it and fight it regardless of results. It is too firmly established. It has its clutch on business, the municipal life, and even the church itself. It is a fact that the churches in Milton have been afraid to take the right stand in this matter. Members of the churches have become involved in the terrible entanglement of the long established rum power, until today you witness a condition of affairs which ought to stir the rightous indignation of every citizen and father. What is it you are enduring An institution which blasts with its bisonous breath every soul that enterds it, which ruins young manhood. which kills more citizens in times of peace than the most bloody war ever slew in times of revolution; an institu-tion that is established for the open and declared purpose of getting money from the people by the sale of stuff that creates criminals; an institution that robs the honest workingman of his savings and looks with indifference on the tears of the wife, the sobs of the mother; and institution that never gives one cent of its enormous wealth to build churches, colleges or for the needy; an institution that has the brand of the murderer, the harlot, the gambler burned into it with a brand of the devil's own forging in the furnace of his hottest hell. This instituon so rules and governs this town of Milton today that honest citizens tremble before it, business men dare not op pose it for fear of losing money, church members fawn before it in order

gain place in politics, and ministers of the gospel confront its hideous influence and say nothing! It is high time we faced this monster of iniquity and drove it out of the stronghold it has occupied so long.

"I wish you could have gone with me this past week and witnessed some of the sights I have seen. No! I retract that statement. I would not wish that any father or mother had had the heartache that I have felt as I contemplated the ruin of young lives crumbling into the decay of premature debility, mocking the manhood that God gave them in the intoxicating curse of debauchery. What have I seen? O ye fathers! O ye mothers! Do you known what is going on in this place of 60 saloons licensed by your own act and made legal by your own will? You, madam, and you, slr, who have covenanted together in the fellowship and discipleship of the purest institution of God on earth, who have sat here in front of this pulpit and partaken of the emblems which remind you of your Redeemer, where are your sons, your brothers, your lovers, your friends? They are not here this morn-The church does not have any hold on them. They are growing up to disregard the duties of good citizen-They are walking down the broad ayenue of destruction, and what this town doing to prevent it? seen young men from what an called the best homes in this town reel in and out of gilded temples. oaths on their lips and passion in their looks, and the cry of my soul has gone up to Almighty God that the church and the home might combine their mighty force to drive the whisky demon out of our municipal life so that we might feel the curse of it again never more. "I speak to you today in the name of

my Lord and Master. It is impossible for me to believe that if that Christ of God were standing here this morning He would advise the licensing of this corruption as the most feasible or expedient method of dealing with it. annot imagine Him using the argument that the saloon must be licensed or the revenue that may be gained rom it to support the school system. cannot imagine Christ taking any ther position before the whisky power than that of uncomptomising condem nation. He would say it was evil and only evil and therefore to be opposed every legal and moral restriction that society could rear against it. In His name, speaking as I believe He ould speak if He were here this mo ment, I solemnly declare the necessity



This time Philip fell.

of his own church members made up another. He had struck again at the same sore spot which he had wounded the month before. In his attack on the saloon as an institution he had again necessarily condemned all those members of his church who rented property to the whisky element. Again, as a month ago, these property holders went from the hearing of the sermon angry that they as well as the saloon were under indictment.

As Phillp entered on the week's work after that eventful sermon he began to feel the pressure of public feeling against him. He began to realize the bitterness of championing a just cause alone. He felt the burden of the community's sin in the matter, and more than once he felt obliged to come in from his parish work and go up into his study, there to commune with his Father. He was growing old very fast these first few weeks in his new

narish Tuesday evening of that week Philir had been writing a little while in his study, where he had gone immediately after supper. It was nearly o'clock when he happened to remem ber that he had promised a sick child in the home of one of his parishioners that he would come and see him that very day.

He came down stairs, put on his hat and overcoat and told his wife where he was going.

"It's not far. I shall be back in about half an hour, Sarah." He went out, and his wife held the loor open until he was down the steps She was just on the point of shutting the door as he started down the side walk when a sharp report rang out close by. She ser amed and flung the door open again, as by the light of the street lamp she saw Philip stagger and then leap into the street toward an elm tree which grew almost opposite the

When he was about in the parsonage. middle of the street, she was horrified to see a man step out boldly from behind a tree, raise a gun and delib-erately fire at Philip again. This time Philip fell and did not rise. His tall form lay where the rays of the street lamp shone on it, and he had fallen so that as his arms stretched out there he made the figure of a huge and prostrate cross.

CHAPTER V. As people waked up in Milton the

Wednesday morning after the shooting of Philip Strong they grew conscious of the fact, as the news came to their knowledge, that they had been nursing for 50 years one of the most brutal and cowardly institutions on earth and licensing it to do the very thing which at last it had done. For the time being Milton suffered a genuine shock. Long pent up feeling against the whisky power burst out, and public sentiment for once condemned the source of the cowardly attempt to mur-

'I think I know where he is," re plied the officer. "He's in hiding, but I can find him. In fact, we have been hunting for him since the shooting. He is wanted on several other harges.

Philip was pondering something in silence. At last he said:

"When you have arrested him, wish you would bring him here if it can be done without violating any ordinance or statute. The officer stared at the request, and

the minister's wife exclaimed: "Philip, will not have that man come int the house! Besides, you are not well enough to endure a meeting with the wretch

"Sarah, I have a good reason for it. Really, I am well enough. You will bring him, won't you? I do not wish make any mistake in the matter. Before the man is really confined under a criminal charge of attempt to murder I would like to confront him here. There can be no objection to that, can there? The officer finally promised that, if

he could do so, without attracting too much attention, he would comply with the request. It was a thing he had never done before. He was not quite easy in his mind about it. Nevertheless Philip exercised a winning influence over all sorts and conditions men, and he felt quite sure that if the officer could arrest his man quietly he would bring him to the parsonage.

This was Thursday night. The next evening, just after dark, the bell rang and one of the church members who had been staying with Mr. Strong dur ing the day went to the door. There stood two men. One of them was the chief of police. He inquired how the minister was and said that he had a man with him whom the minister was anxious to se

Philip heard them talking and guess ed who they were. He sent his wife out to have the men come in. The of ficer with his man came into the bed room where Philip lay, still weak and suffering, but at his request propped up a little with pillows.

"Well, Mr. Strong, I have got the man, and here he is," said the officer, wondering what Philip could want of him. "I ran him down in the 'crow's nect' below the mills, and we popped him into a hack and drove right up here with him. And a pretty sweet specimen he is, I can tell wou! Take your hat and let the gentleman have another look at the brave chap

who fired at him in ambush." officer spoke almost brutally The

oner's hands were manacled. Rememering it the next instant, he pulled off the man's hat, while Philip looked calmly at the features. Yes, it was the same hideous, brutal face, with the which had shone up in the harelip, mays of the street lamp that night. There was no mistaking it for any other

"Why did you want to kill me?" asked Philip after a significant pause. "I never did you any harm.' "I would like to kill all the cursed

preachers." replied the man hoarsely. "You confess, then, that you are the

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 on his delivery And yet he wants to preach tomorrow! He's that stubborn that I don't know that I can keep him at home. You would better leave some powders to put him to sleep, and we will keep him in a state of unconsciousness until Monday

> "Now, doctor, just listen to me awhile. Mrs. Strong is talking for wo, as she agreed to do, and in the month he cast out of his reckonthat puts me in a hard position. But I want to know how soon I can get to ing all thought of the consequences. His one purpose was to do just as, in work again. his thought of Christ, He would do

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

"Impossible! I never Hed that time in my life!" said Philip soberly.

"It would serve him right to perform a surgical operation on him for that, wouldn't it, Mrs. Strong?" the surgeon appealed to her. "I think he deserves the worst you

con do, doctor.

"But say, dear people, I can't stay here a month. I must be about my Master's business. What will the church do for supplies?"

"Don't worry, Philip. The church will take care of that.

But Philip was already eager to get to work. 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 neighboring town who happened to be visiting in Milton occupied the pulpit, and Philip had a quiet, restful He started in the week determined to beat the doctor's time for recov ery, 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 down stairs 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, Philip's old col lege chum and seminary classmate Strong welcomed him heartily, Mrs. and in answer to his eager inquiry con cerning Philip's condition she bro ugh him into the room, knowing her pathe difficulty of getting an evening con-gregation. Yet hundreds of young tient quite well and feeling sure the sight of his old chum would do him more good than harm. The first thing Alfred said was:

"Old man. I hardly expected to see you again this side of heaven. How does it happen that you are allve here after al the times the papers have had population, the working element con-nected with the mills. It was a comyou killed?"

"Bad marksmanship, principally, 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?" asked Philip "Why, haven't you heard? I did not get news of the affair until last Sat-

urday in my western parish, and I was just in the throes of packing up to come on to Elmdale." for their lives. "Eimdale?"

"Yes; I've had a call there. So we shall be neighbors. Mrs. Burke is up there now getting the house straightened out, and I came right down here "So you are pastor of the Chapel Hill church? It's a splendid opening for a young preacher, Congrautiations. Alfred.

head of rest may be gathered what-ever is needful for the proper and healthful recuperation of one's physi-"Thank you, Philip. By the way, saw by the papers that you had declin-ed a call to Elmdale, so I suppose they cal and mental powers, always regarding not simply our own ease and compitched on me for a second choice. You WAP W

and "disorderlies" than on any other day in the week, and the plain cause of it was the abuse of the day before. In the summer time baseball games

The people in Milton thought

covered sufficiently to preach he

the first Sunday Phillp appeared in his

saloon again. But when he finally re-

termined that for awhile he would say

nothing in the way of sermons against the whisky evil. He had a great hor-

ror of seeming to ride a hobby, of be

ing a man of one idea and making peo-

ple tired of him because he harped on

one string. He had uttered his de-

nunciation, and he would wait a little

ower was not the only bad thing in

Milton that needed to be attacked.

There were other things which must

be said. And so Philip limbed into his

pulpit the third Sunday of the month

and preached on a general theme, to the disappointment of a great crowd

almost as large as the last one he had

faced. And yet his very appearance

was a sermon in itself against the in-

stitution he had held up to public con-

demnation on that occasion. His knee

wound proved very stubborn, and he

limped badly. That in itself spoke eloquently of the dastardly attempt on his life. His face was pale, and he

had grown thin. His shoulder was

stiff, and the enforced quietness of his

delivery contrasted strangely with his

day of his reappearance in his pulpit

was a stronger sermon against the sa-

oon than anything he could have spo-

When the first Sunday in the next

month came on. Philip was more like

his old self. He had gathered strength

enough to go around two Sunday after-

noons and note for himself the dese

cration of the day as it went on reck

him that the church in Milton was

practically doing nothing to stop the

people walked past all the churches

every Sunday night, bent on pleasure.

going to the theaters or concerts or

parties, which seemed to have no trou-

cially was this true of the foreign

occurrence for dog fights,

fights and shooting matches of various

kinds to be going on in the tenement

district on Sunday, and the police

All this burned into Pailin like

molten metal, and when he faced his

coming a noted Sunday for them he

quivered with the earnestness and

thrill which always come to a sensitive

man when he feels sure he has a ser-

mon which must be preached and a

message which the people must hear

He took for a text Christ's words,

"The Sabbath was made for man," and

at once defined its meaning as a special

Sunday may be summed up in two words-rest and worship. Under the

The true meaning of our modern

seemed powerless or careless in

people on the Sunday which

in attracting the crowd.

As he saw it all it seemed to

All the ministers complained of

Altogether that first Sun

customary flery appearance on

platform.

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ken or written.

before he spoke again.

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The whisky

spent their evenings in card

with that subject.

for labor and then asks for only one day specially set apart for Him? The objection to very many things com-monly mentioned by the pulpit as were played in Milton on Sunday. In the fall and winter very many pe harmful to Sunday is not an objection playing necessarily based on the harmfulness of the things themselves, but upon the or aimlessly strolling up and down the main street. These facts came to Philfact that these things are repetitions ip's knowledge gradually, and he was not long in making up his mind that of the working day and so are distracting to the observance of the Sunday as a day of rest and worship, undis-Christ would not keep silent before the facts. So he carefully prepared turbed by the things that have already plain statement of his belief in Christ's for six days crowded the thought of standing on the modern use of Sun-day, and as on the other occasions men. Let me illustrate. when he had spoken the first Sunday

"Take, for example, the case of the Sunday paper as it pours into Milton every Sunday morning on the special newspaper train. Now, there may not be anything in the contents of the Sunday papers that is any worse than can be found in any weekday edition. Granted, for the sake of the illustration, that the matter found in the pulpit he would naturally denounce the Sunday paper is just like that in the Saturday issue-politics, locals, fash-ion, personals, dramatic and sporting news, literary articles by well known writers, fatailty, etc., anywhere 20 to 40 pages—an amount of reading matter that will take the average man a whole forenoon to read.

"I say, granted all this vast quantity of material is harmless in itself to moral life, yet here is the reason why t seems to me Christ would, as I am doing now, advise this church and the people of Milton to avoid reading the Sunday paper, because it forces upon the thought of the community the very same things which have been crowding in upon it all the week and in doing this necessarily distracts the man and makes the elevation of his spiritual nature exceedingly doubtful or difficult. I defy any preacher in this town to make much impression on the average man who has come to church saturated through and through with 40 pages of Sunday newspaperthat is. sapposing the man who has read that much is in a frame of mind to go to church. But that is not the It is not a question of press point. ersus pulpit. The press and the pulpit are units of our modern life which ought to work hand in hand. And the mere matter of church attendance might not count if it was a question with the average man whether he would go to church and hear a dull sermon or stay at home and read an interesting newspaper. That is not the point. The point is whether the day of rest and worship shall be like every other day; whether we shall let our minds go right on as they have been going, to the choking up of ave-nues of spiritual growth and religious service. Is it right for us to allow Milton the occurrence of baseball games and Sunday racing and evening theaters? How far is all this demoralizing to our better life? What would Christ sav, do you think? Even sup-posing He would advise this church to take and read the big Sunday daily sent in on the special Sunday train that keeps a small army of men at work and away from all Sunday privileges: even supposing He would say it was all right to sell fruit and eigars and meat on Sunday and perfectly proper church members to buy those th things on that day, what would Christ say was the real meaning and purpe this day in the thought of the Divine Creator when he made the day for man!

cannot conceive that He would say anything else than this to the people of this town and this church: would say it was our duty to make this day different from all other days in the two particulars of rest and worship. He would say that we owe it to the Father of our souls in common gratitude for His mighty love toward us that we spend the day in ways pleasing to Him. He would say that the wonderful civilization of our times should study how to make this day a true rest day to the workingman of the world and that all unnecessary carrying of passengers or merchandise should stop, so as to give all men. If possible, every seven days' one whole day of rest and communion with something better than the things that perish with the using. He would say that the

forgetting for a moment that the pris-

replied: "I cannot do what you want. Mr. Strong, but you can count on my sym-once in open battle against the saloon will this detrand until the detrand until the saloon once in open battle against the fort, but also the same right to rest on the part of the remainder of the com-munity. Under the head of worship may be gathered all those facts which, strong, but you can could on my sym-pathy if you make the fight." Philip finally went away, his soul tossed on a wave of mountain proportions and prowing more and more crested with of the foul viper which has so many parish calls in company with his whe and that she had been wounded by a pistol shot herself. It was also said that he had been shot through the heart and instantly killed. But all him with a gesture of appeal, "send he said, a little reproachfully. "It didn't occur to me," replied Philchurch and the church member and the ip truthfully. "But how are you go-ing to like it? Isn't it rather a dull old Christian everywhere should do all in either through distinct religious servhis power to make the day a glad ice or work or thought, tend to bring powerful, useful, restful, anticipated 24 hours, looked forward to with pleasmen into closer and dearer relation to "Yes, I suspect it is, compared with spiritual life, is teach men larger, (Continued on page twenty-two.)