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## THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

Phillip Strong could not decide what was best to do.

The postman that evening had brought him two letters, and he had just finished reading them. He sat with his hands clasped over his knees, leaning back in his chair and looking out through his study window. He was evidently thinking very hard, and the two letters were the cause of it.

Finally he rose, went to his study door and called down the stairs: "Sarah, I wish you would come up here. I want your help."

"All right, Phillip, I'll be up in a minute," responded a voice from below, and very soon the minister's wife came up stairs into her husband's study.

"What's the matter?" she said as she came into the room. "It must be something 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 tassels 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?"

Phillip smiled faintly. "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 she will copy the letters, omitting dates:

CALVARY CHURCH, MILTON.

Rev. Philip Strong: Dear Brother—At a meeting of the Milton Calvary church, held last week, it was voted unanimously to extend you a call to become pastor of this church at a salary of \$2,000 a year. We trust that you will find it in accordance with the will of the Head of the church to accept this decision on the part of Calvary church and become its pastor. The church 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. 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 behalf of the church,

WILLIAM WYMAN,

Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that, Sarah?" asked Phillip Strong, as he finished the letter.

"Two thousand dollars is twice as much as you are getting now, Phillip."

"What, you mercenary little creature, do you think of the salary first?"

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

cent meal or a good suit 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. Philip Strong: Dear Brother—At a meeting of the Elm Dale 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 WELLS,

Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that?" asked the minister again.

"The salary is just the same, isn't it?"

"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 important thing."

"The salary is very important, though. But you know, Phillip, 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 Phillip, 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 concerned."

"Then why not accept their call, if that is the way you feel?"

"Because, while I should like to go to Elm Dale, I feel as if I ought to go to Milton."

ing. Did you think I was nervous? Did I preach well?" Phillip was not in the least. He simply put the question to satisfy his own exacting demand on himself in preaching. And 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 splendidly. I 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 impressed. It was very still at both services."

Phillip was silent a moment. And his wife went on: "I am sure we shall like it here, Phillip. 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 bobbies, Phillip. 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, Phillip," 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."

"Well," said Phillip, rousing up a little. "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 anxiously. She had perfect faith in Phillip's honesty of purpose, but she sometimes 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 congregation, Phillip?"

"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, Phillip, you know that isn't what I mean. Did you like the people's faces?"

"You know I like all sorts and conditions of men."

"Yes, but there are audiences and audiences. Do you think you will enjoy preaching to this one in Calvary church?"

"I think I shall," replied Phillip, but he said it in a tone that might have meant a great deal more. Again there was silence and again the minister's wife was the first to break it.

"There was a place in your sermon tonight, Phillip, 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 you with a question a good way from 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 a while 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, carrying on all that questioning with myself, while I tried to preach, causing a little embarrassment, as you kindly call it, in the sermon."

"I should think so! But how do you know, Phillip, that those people outside were in any need of your preaching?"

Phillip 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 cannot help thinking of what is the duty of the church in this place to the great crowd outside. Something ought to be done."

"I am sure your work here will be blessed. Don't you think so?"

"I know it will," replied Phillip, with the assurance of a very positive but spiritually minded man. He never thought his Master was honored by asking him for small things or doubting the power of Christianity to do great things.

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

The Sunday following Phillip made this announcement to the people: "Beginning with next Sunday morning, 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 responsibilities, its everyday life. I shall 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, I believe he would 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 our good. Of course I am but human in my weakness. I shall make mistakes. I shall probably say things Christ would not say. But always going 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 Phillip spent several hours of each day in learning the facts concerning the town. One of the first things he did to was buy an accurate map of the place. He hung it up on the wall of 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 unfeeling similarity, affected Phillip 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 12. There was a policeman on the corner as Phillip reached the crossing, and he inquired of the officer if he could tell him who owned the property in the block containing the saloons.

"I believe most of the houses belong to Mr. Winter, sir."

"Mr. William Winter?" asked Phillip. "Yes, I think that's the name. He is the largest owner in the Ocean mill yard."

Phillip thanked the man and went on toward home. "William Winter!" he 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 of the board of trustees and a leading citizen of the place! It does not seem possible!"

But before the week was out Phillip 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 saloons, gambling houses and dens of wickedness was owned in large part by several of the most prominent members of his church. There was no doubt of the fact. Phillip, 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 Phillip boldly stated the precise reason for his call and asked his member if it

"Is it right, my brother?"

was true that he rented several houses in a certain block where saloons and gambling houses were numerous. The man looked at Phillip, turned red and finally said it was a fact, but none of Phillip's business.

"My dear brother," said Phillip, 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 impudent 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, my brother?"

The man to whom the question was put made the usual excuses, that if he did not rent to these people other men would, that there was no call for the property by other parties and if it were not rented to objectionable people it would be empty at a dead loss, and so forth. To all of which Phillip 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 especially for a church member. But when Phillip pressed him to give up the whole iniquitous revenue and clear himself of all connection with it the property owner looked agnost.

"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 question for me to give them up. You are too nice in the matter. All the property 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 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 private business is meddled with."

Phillip 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, Phillip 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 believe it is not only my right but my duty to speak. I would be blamed 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," Phillip 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 matter? 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. Phillip 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, somewhat coldly, and Phillip went out, feeling 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 fitness 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 this 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 buried 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 veness the money had seen and heard which paid for the very desk at which he wrote his sermons.

But Phillip Strong was not one to give way at the first feeling of seeming defeat. He did not too harshly condemn his members. He wondered at their lack of spiritual life; but, to his credit be said, he did not harshly condemn. Only, as Sunday approached, he grew more clear in his own mind as to his duty in the matter. Expediency 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 do not drive away the most influential members."

To all this plea of expediency Phillip 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 necessary 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 consequences?" Phillip asked the question honestly, and after long prayer and much communion with the Divine he said, "Yes, I believe he would." It is 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 been a courageous, true minister. But this is the story of Phillip 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 Winter, the chairman of the trustees, as he had not returned home until very late Saturday night. Phillip saw him come into the church that morning, just as the choir rose to sing the anthem. He was a large, fine looking man. Phillip admired his physical appearance as he marched down the aisle to his pew, which was the third from the front, directly before the pulpit.

When the hymn had been sung, the offering taken, the prayer made, Phillip stepped out at one side of the pulpit 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 Society." 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 everywhere 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 duty bound to use as a steward. The gold is God's. The silver is God's. The cattle on a thousand 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.

From this statement Phillip 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 the great falsehood and how nations and individuals were today in the greatest distress because of the wrong uses 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 Milton. As he stepped from the general to the particular and began to speak of the rental of saloons and houses of gambling 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 Phillip'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 withdrew inwardly and nervously shifted in his cushioned pew as Phillip spoke in the plainest terms of the terrible example set the world by the use of property for purposes which were destructive to all true society and a shame to civilization and Christianity. Phillip controlled his voice and his manner admirably, but he drove the truth home and spared not. His voice at no time rose above a quiet conversational tone, but it was clear and distinct. The audience sat hushed in the spell of a genuine sensation, which deepened when, at the close of a tremendous sentence which swept through the church like a red-hot flame, Mr. Winter suddenly arose in his pew, passed out into the aisle and marched deliberately down and out of the door. Phillip saw him and knew the reason, but marched straight on with his message, and no one, not even his anxious wife, who endured martyrdom for him that morning, could detect any disturbance in Phillip from the mill owner's contemptuous withdrawal.

When Phillip 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 Phillip felt a certain strain on him, which did not subside even when the evening service was over. Some of the members, notably several of the mothers, thanked him with tears in their eyes for the morning message. Very few of the men talked with him. Mr. Winter did not come out to the evening service, although he was one of the very few men members who were invariably present. Phillip noted his absence, but preached with his usual enthusiasm. He thought a larger number of strangers were 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 Phillip extended.

"Certainly. Will you come up to my study?" asked Phillip quietly.

The two men went up stairs, and Phillip shut the door, as he motioned Mr. Winter to a seat and then sat down opposite.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Becoming a British Subject.

It is an easy thing to become a British subject. All that an alien has to do is to declare his intention to reside within the British dominions on leaving his own country, and forthwith he takes out his naturalization papers, issued to him by the secretary of state upon his taking the oath of allegiance.

These papers invest him with the rights and privileges of a Britisher, except that he is barred from becoming a privy councillor or a member of parliament and also barred from accepting office under the crown. But if an alien be naturalized by special act of parliament passed for his own benefit then he becomes as much a British subject and has all the rights and privileges as though a native.



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

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 would have induced me to go to Milton. Today it seems perfectly clear that the Lord says to me, "Go." You know my natural inclination is toward a quiet, scholarly pastorate. Well, Milton is, as you know, a noisy, dirty, manufacturing town, full of workmen, cursed with saloons and black with coal smoke and unwashed humanity. The church is quite strong in membership. The "Year Book" gives it 500 members last year, and it is counted almost one of the leading families in the place. What I can do in such a church remains to be seen. My predecessor there, Dr. Brown, was a profound sermonizer and generally liked, I believe, by a man of the old school and made no attempt, I understand, to bring the church into contact with the masses. You will say that such a church is a poor place in which to attempt a different work, and I am going almost untried in it. 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 Christ, 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 workmen, half of them foreigners; a town with more churches of many different denominations all situated on one street and that street the most fashionable 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 had 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 criticized 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 preaching and speak it without regard to consequences some one is sure to be offended and in the end dislike me. I 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 unapproachable he is!" when in reality I long for the warmest of hearts. Now, then, I am going to Milton with all this complex thought of myself, and yet, dear church, 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 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 dissatisfied with the ministry, only with my own action without the ministry, so that I shall be able to do it. It is the noblest of all professions. I feel proud of it every day. Only it is so great that it 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,

PHILIP STRONG.

It was characteristic of Phillip that in this letter he said nothing about his call to Elm Dale and did not tell his colleague 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, so that people who did not know him thought he was fickle and changeable. In the present case Phillip acted with his customary quickness and knew very well that his action was unalterable.

CHAPTER II.

Within a week Phillip 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 Phillip 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, Phillip?" asked his wife.

"Yes, the day has been rather try-



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

cent meal or a good suit 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:

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Rev. Philip Strong: Dear Brother—At a meeting of the Elm Dale 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 WELLS,

Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"What do you think of that?" asked the minister again.

"The salary is just the same, isn't it?"

"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 important thing."

"The salary is very important, though. But you know, Phillip, 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 Phillip, 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 concerned."

"Then why not accept their call, if that is the way you feel?"

"Because, while I