

be attacked. There were other things which must be said. And so Phillip limped 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 institution he had held up to public condemnation 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 customary fiery appearance on the platform. Altogether that first Sunday of his re-appearance in his pulpit was a stronger sermon against the saloon than anything he could have spoken or written.

When the first Sunday in the next month came on, Phillip was more like his old self. He had gathered strength enough to go around two Sunday afternoons and note for himself the desecration of the day as it went on recklessly. As he saw it all, it seemed to him that the church in Milton was practically doing nothing to stop the evil. All the ministers complained of the difficulty of getting an evening congregation. Yet hundreds of young people walked past all the churches every Sunday night, bent on pleasure, going to the theatres or concerts or parties, which seemed to have no trouble in attracting the crowd. Especially was this true of the foreign population, the working element connected with the mills. It was a common occurrence for dog fights, cock fights, and shooting matches of various kinds to be going on in the tenement district on Sunday, and the police seemed powerless or careless in the matter.

All this burned into Phillip like molten metal, and when he faced his people on the Sunday already becoming a noted Sunday for them, he quivered with the earnestness and thrill that always come to a sensitive man when he feels sure he has a sermon which must be preached and a message which the people must hear for their lives.

He took for a text Christ's words, "The Sabbath was made for man!" and at once defined its meaning as a special day.

"The true meaning of our modern Sunday may be summed up in two words, Rest and Worship. Under the head of Rest may be gathered whatever is needed for the people, and healthful recuperation of one's physical and mental powers, always regarding, not simply our own ease and comfort, but also the same right to rest on the part of the remainder of the community. Under the head of Worship may be gathered all those acts which either through distinct religious service or work tend to bring men into closer and dearer relation to spiritual life, to teach men larger, sweeter truths of existence, and leave them better fitted to take up the duties of every-day business.

"Now it is plain to me that if Christ were here to-day, and pastor of Calvary Church, he would feel compelled to say some very plain words about the desecration of the Sabbath in Milton. Take for example the opening of the fruit stands and cigar stores and meat markets 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,—in order that the owners of these places may sell their goods and make money. They are not satisfied with what they can make in six days. Their greed seizes on the one day which ought to be used for the rest and