

Phillip, 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 bargain."

"I don't know about that. I'm not doing anything lately. But say, we're going to be only fifty miles apart; what's to hinder an exchange once in a while?"

"I'm agreeable to that," replied Phillip's chum; "on condition, however, that you furnish me with a gun and pay all surgeons' bills when I occupy your pulpit."

"Done," said Phillip, with a grin; and just then Mrs. Strong forbade any more talk. Alfred stayed until the evening train and when he left he stooped down and kissed Phillip's cheek. "It's a custom we learned when we were in the German universities together that summer after college, you know," he explained 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, school and college life is one of the marks of human divinity.

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 Society. The leisure which he had for reading opened his eyes to the fact that the Sabbath in Milton was terribly desecrated. Shops of all

kinds stood wide open. Excursion trains ran into the large city forty miles away, two theatres 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 Phillip read the papers he noticed that every Monday morning the police court was more crowded with "drunks" 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 base-ball games were played in Milton on Sunday. In the fall and winter very many people spent their evenings in card-playing or aimlessly strolling up and down the main street. These facts came to Phillip's knowledge gradually, and he was not long in making up his mind that Christ would not keep silent before the facts. So he carefully prepared a plain statement of his belief in Christ's standing on the modern use of Sunday, and as on the other occasions when he had spoken the first Sunday in the month, he cast out of his reckoning all thought of the consequences. His one purpose was to do just as in his thought Christ would do with that subject.

The people in Milton thought that the first Sunday Phillip appeared in his pulpit he would naturally denounce the saloon again. But when he finally recovered sufficiently to preach again he determined that for a while he would say nothing in the way of sermons against the whiskey evil. He had a great horror of seeming to ride a hobby, of being a man of one idea and making people tired of him because he harped on one string. He had uttered his denunciation and he would wait a while before he spoke again. The whiskey power was not the only bad thing in Milton that needed to