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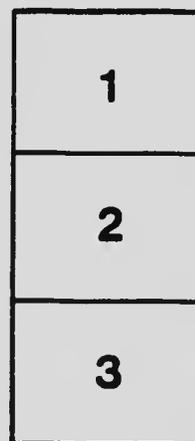
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**THE HEART OF THE WORLD**



# THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A STORY OF  
CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

BY  
CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS," ETC.



NEW YORK    CHICAGO    TORONTO  
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U.

# THE HEART OF THE WORLD

## I

### HIS SECRET

**T**HE REV. FREDRICK STANTON, D.D., Pastor of the Saint Cecilia Metropolitan Church, slowly took up his pen and wrote *finis* on the last page of a book manuscript. He then pushed his chair away from his desk and leaned back for a little in silence.

The clock in the church tower struck twelve. When the last stroke had sounded, the minister rose, walked to the window of his study, which overlooked the small strip of lawn beside the church wall, and stood there a moment.

Returning to his desk he kneeled in front of it, putting his face on the manuscript as he kneeled; when he raised his head his face was wet with tears and his lips still moved in an inaudible prayer.

The Rev. Fredrick Stanton was not yet fifty years old, and unmarried. He was handsome, intellectual, and lovable. There was no reason that could be given by any one in the parish of Saint Cecilia why the brilliant preacher of the most aristocratic church in Lenox did not marry one of the fair and rich mem-

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bers of his splendidly dressed congregation. But the fact remained that he did not, and no one had ever dared to ask him for the reason.

Two other qualities which made the Rev. Fredrick Stanton popular and esteemed were his unquestioned affection for little children, and a habit of sadness which gave, not a mournful, but interesting cast to features which were classical in repose and intensely modern in action.

The book which he had just finished was his first effort. Whether it be his best or not, an author's first book is an event which brings a particular and peculiar emotion to the heart and mind. He never has the same feeling for another effort. The minister looked at the last page of this manuscript with an affectionate regard. The experience was new to him. The moment was, however, significant for other reasons.

He was about to send his book out to a publisher under an assumed name. The volume represented to him the best ten years of his life. It represented more than that. It stood for his heart's faith, for the real conviction which, during the ten years of its construction, had risen in him into a tremendous passion that not a man or woman in all his parish dreamed of. To send the book out and withhold its real authorship was crucifixion to him. Yet, as he walked back and forth, he was not at any time in doubt concerning the matter—he knew what he was purposing to do and he knew just how he would act.

He had not yet given the manuscript a title. With

a deliberate but not a hesitating gesture, he now turned over to the first chapter which lay on the desk, and wrote across the upper part of the first page the following:

“THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.”

After another moment of silent contemplation of the manuscript, he wrote the following letter to the largest publishing house in the United States:

DEAR SIRs:

I send you by express, book manuscript entitled  
“THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.”

Very truly yours,

*Lenox, June 1, 1896.*

MARK BURNS.

He ran through the chapters, making a few slight changes. His handwriting was beautifully clear and strong, and the pages were, even to his own eyes, pleasant to look at. He then placed the chapters together again, put his letter on top of the first chapter, wrapped up the manuscript and directed it. The church clock struck the hour of one as he finished. The night was quiet. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton walked over to the window again and looked out. Then he came back to the desk, turned out his light and kneeled at his chair for a long time. If any one had been in the room during that time he would have been astonished to hear from the brilliant, digni-

fied, scholarly pastor of Saint Cecilia, a prayer full of broken cries, appeals for pardon, confession for grievous fault, and promises of making full restitution. And he would also have been no less amazed after the prayer ceased to behold the minister rise, with haggard face and apparently unsatisfied heart, and seat himself at his desk once more, resting his head upon it until dawn came in, to find him still there, the habitual sadness of his features marked by an added sternness of line, as the morning looked in upon his unrefreshed spirit.

That same day the manuscript was sent on to the great publishing house. Three days later a printed form came back stating that the book had been received, and would be examined in due time. Then two months of silence. 'The Rev. Fredrick from time to time employed on the beautiful grounds surrounding the manse two, and sometimes three, men. "Mark Burns," whose address was the street number of the manse, might have been one of the men.

When the minister opened the next letter to "Mark Burns" he was alone in the manse seated in his study. He had been out calling that afternoon in his parish. His last call was at the beautiful residence of Judge Rodney. Mrs. Rodney and her daughter, Miss Mildred, were at home, and the conversation had at last turned upon the great strike threatened by the mill operatives in South Lenox.

"The men don't know what is good for them," Mrs. Rodney spoke sharply. Mrs. Rodney was a large and

handsomely gowned woman, who wore several diamond rings and had limitless confidence in her own opinions of politics, business and the church.

Her daughter Mildred was not quite so positive as her mother, but she was a young woman with strong convictions and a natural leaning to the favored classes of society, and especially those classes that assembled within the strictly proper social atmosphere of the church of Saint Cecilia.

"Of course," Mrs. Rodney continued, "I don't object to fair wages for the working people. But it is simply preposterous that they should demand so much. The recent disturbances in the labor world are due to envy of the upper classes. The mill operatives are becoming unbearable. They are no longer satisfied with comfortable homes. They begin to cry out for luxuries."

"Do you think mill operatives ought not to have any luxuries, mother?" asked Miss Mildred, looking first at her mother then at the Rev. Fredrick. When Miss Rodney spoke like that, the minister always gave her an inquiring glance, as if in doubt over something serious.

Mrs. Rodney waved her jeweled hand gracefully.

"Of course they are entitled to what they need. But where will their demands cease? Give them what they ask now, and in a year or two they will come back after more. I say it is getting to be preposterous. The working people are demanding as much as——"

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"As we do," suggested the Rev. Fredrick, with a faint smile, speaking to the mother but looking at the daughter.

"Of course there must always be classes in society," Mrs. Rodney continued. "The governing classes need certain things in the way of luxuries to minister to their state of development. The lower classes can and should be contented with less. I have always noticed, for instance, that when one of my maids begins to get ambitious for better clothes, for finer wall paper on her room, she begins to grow slack with her work, and invariably I have to dismiss her. The working people should be taught to keep their place. That is the reason I say this strike is unwarranted; and I agree with Judge Rodney, that the working people are their own worst enemies when they attempt to claim more than they are capable of assimilating."

"Mother subscribed for *The Ladies Repository* for our last cook," Miss Mildred spoke, looking out of an amused pair of gray eyes at the minister; "and what do you think the result was?"

"I have no idea," replied the Rev. Fredrick cautiously.

"The cook came to mother one day and wanted to know who her dressmaker was."

"I should call that a compliment to your mother," replied the Rev. Fredrick, without the hint of a smile on his expressive face.

"It was the height of insolence on the cook's part," Mrs. Rodney said, a little stiffly. "It was another

instance, and I have never known one to fail, of the mistake made when we attempt to elevate or encourage the working people. It makes them envious and dissatisfied. Let them know their place and keep it."

There was a little more talk along the same line, and the minister had at last come away after having listened more than he had talked, and bringing away with him, as he always did after meeting Miss Mildred Rodney, a very large interrogation mark in his mind concerning her real attitude toward life in general and his own life in particular.

Back in his study he found his mail on the desk where his housekeeper had laid it, and he noticed first the letter directed to "Mark Burns."

He opened it at once, and read with growing excitement the following:

MR. MARK BURNS, LENOX:

*Dear Sir*—I am happy to state in behalf of the house, that your manuscript, *The Christian Socialist*, has been approved by our readers, and we shall be pleased to publish the book at the usual terms of ten per cent. royalty. We shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience in regard to the matter, and if you accept our conditions for publication, shall also be pleased to have your suggestions as to cover design or illustrations.

Very cordially yours,

C. B. M., for the firm—

New York.

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In his reply to this note, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton wrote, accepting the terms made by the publishers, and enclosed a sketch of a cover design, leaving the matter of possible illustrations with the house. There was a glow of unusual pleasure in the thought that his book had been accepted by the firm. The only trace of disappointment felt at the time was a vague and undefined wonder at the absence of any criticism of the manuscript one way or the other. But he reflected as he penned his reply that it was a purely business transaction, and the editor could not be expected to make extended remarks of approval on the host of manuscripts received and accepted.

There followed now for several weeks the receipt and correction of proof-sheets of the book, and early in the fall of that year the book itself came out, and one of the keenest delights of his whole life was experienced by him one day in October, when he received from the publishers half a dozen complimentary copies of his first published volume.

The cover design was a striking emblem representing a gigantic hand squeezing the world, which was pictured as an orange from which ran drops of blood, which a closer examination revealed to the reader to be hearts, with despairing human faces on them, mostly of little children. The artist had put the design in colors of red and white. The vivid appearance of it as the book lay on his desk startled the Rev. Fredrick Stanton, and at first he questioned its good taste so strongly that he was tempted to write a letter

to the publisher, asking that if any further editions should be printed to have the design discontinued and the book issued in plain covers.

But, after thinking it over, he decided to wait and let the public judge of the matter, if, indeed, the public, in the shape of that uncertain quantity the "kind reader," should care enough about the book to look at the outside of it, to say nothing of actually buying and perusing it.

Within the next two months the Rev. Fredrick received from the New York publishers several newspaper book reviews of *The Christian Socialist*. They sounded to him suspiciously like advertisements sent out by the publisher, and although he was unfamiliar with such matters, he afterwards learned that his suspicions were correct. The book seemed destined to be unnoticed, unhonored and unread by the public, however, spite of the publisher's glowing reviews, and as the holidays drew near, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton buried his first-born in what he thought was an uncorrected state.

What was his intense surprise, therefore, to receive, a week before Christmas, a congratulatory letter from the publishers, which ran something like this:

"We are happy to state that the sale of *The Christian Socialist* has gone into the third edition, and the demand is daily increasing."

This was, as stated, a week before Christmas. During the next three weeks the papers began to call attention to the new and startling story called *The*

*Christian Socialist*. Magazines wrote long literary reviews of it. Religious journals bitterly, and in most cases savagely, criticised it. People talked about the book at social gatherings. They discussed it at religious conventions, they read it on the cars, they took sides for and against its teachings, and on all sides asked concerning its authorship.

Even the conventional parish of Saint Cecilia caught the contagion of the public mania for *The Christian Socialist*. It actually read the book through, and even went so far as to discuss it. On nearly every library table in the elegant homes of his rich parishioners, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton grew daily accustomed to the familiar design of the gigantic hand and the blood-red orange world.

There was practically only one opinion in the parish of Saint Cecilia concerning *The Christian Socialist*, and it was voiced emphatically by Mrs. Rodney one afternoon in the latter part of February, while the pastor of Saint Cecilia was making a parish call.

"The most dangerous book ever written!" Mrs. Rodney declared, tapping the volume decisively with the tips of her jeweled fingers. "It will, to my mind, go far towards inflaming the public mind to deeds of violence. I should not be surprised if this book led to a bloody revolution. I actually saw a copy of it in the hands of one of the strikers this afternoon, as I was coming back from South Lenox in the trolley. He was discussing it in a very excited man-

ner with another man beside him. The author is evident——”

At that moment Judge Rodney came into the drawing-room. All the parlors in the parish of Saint Cecilia were “drawing-rooms.”

He greeted the minister cordially and looked inquiringly at his wife.

“I was just saying,” Mrs. Rodney continued, “that this book is the most dangerous book ever published, and, in my opinion, it will inflame the public mind to deeds of violence.”

“Oh! *The Christian Socialist*,” Judge Rodney exclaimed, with an air of interest. “A remarkable book, Mr. Stanton. But I agree with Mrs. Rodney—most dangerous. It attacks the foundations of society. Of course you have read the book. What do you think of it?”

“We have been looking for a sermon on the book,” Mildred interrupted. “Nearly every other minister in Lenox has preached on it.”

“You know I seldom preach book reviews,” said the minister with a smile, and at that moment Judge Rodney was called out of the room by a messenger, and the Rev. Fredrick did not answer his question. Mrs. Rodney, however, repeated it.

“What do you think of the book, Dr. Stanton?”

“I am not a very good judge of such books, Mrs. Rodney, and do not know that I am capable of giving an opinion.”

“You are too modest,” Mrs. Rodney replied, a

trifle sharply. If there was one unpardonable sin to her it was the sin of not having positive opinions. "At heart you will agree with Judge Rodney and me that the book is dangerous in the extreme." She took the minister's silence for consent, and added, "If I were the Russian government in this country I would suppress this book by law."

"And you would get it read by more people than are reading it now," said Miss Mildred carelessly.

"Oh, as to that, I differ. To my mind the only way to deal with heresy is to stamp it out with a strong hand."

Mrs. Rodney mixed her metaphors as a toper would mix a drink, for her own sake alone and regardless of any one else's tastes. After expressing herself thus she suddenly excused herself to answer some call from a servant, leaving the minister and Miss Mildred alone together. It was not the first time, and the Rev. Fredrick did not seem to be disturbed over it.

"What do you think of *The Christian Socialist*, Dr. Stanton?" Miss Mildred asked, as her mother went out of the room.

"Is my opinion worth anything?"

"In this case, yes."

"I think the story is interesting."

"That is not an opinion."

"What is it?"

"Merely a statement."

"What do you want me to say?"

"What you believe, of course."

"Does it make any difference whether I answer or not?"

"It is for you to judge," Miss Mildred answered; but there was a flash in her eyes that the Rev. Fredrick could interpret in any or of several ways.

"Well, then, Miss Rodney, I am not prepared to express an opinion on the book."

"You mean you cannot?"

The minister was silent.

"Or you will not?"

The Rev. Fredrick was silent still, yet his silence did not seem discourteous.

"Or you dare not?" Miss Mildred shot the last arrow in her quiver, and it went home.

"It is for you to say," he finally answered, looking at her gravely.

"I do not claim the last word, Dr. Stanton."

She picked up the book from the table where her mother had laid it when she went out, and turned its pages as if the minister were not in the room. He did not break the silence, as if he knew she would speak. Finally she began to read aloud.

"Page 127. 'Janet accepted him as her lover and husband without a single question. Although he had lived a life of conscious cowardice and she knew it, at this crisis in his career she forgot and forgave so utterly that her act was redemptive for him, and he permitted the sacrifice on her part without remonstrance.'"

Miss Mildred Rodney lifted her eyes from the book and looked steadfastly at the minister.

"No woman like Janet Arnold could ever love a coward."

"How do you know?" he asked unexpectedly.

She seemed confused by the question and did not answer at once. The Rev. Fredrick had never before seen the fair Miss Mildred lose her self-possession.

"A girl like Janet Arnold would not," she repeated weakly.

"But to my mind," the Rev. Fredrick said slowly, "the character of Janet Arnold in the book seems to be taken from your own."

"Do you think so?" Miss Mildred asked in a low tone.

"I was struck with the resemblance all along."

"But I would not act like that; I could not love a coward."

"But was the man a coward at the last?"

"Once a coward always one."

"Do you want me to argue the matter?"

"No; the story has many faults. Still, shall I confess, it made me cry."

He looked at her in wonder. When had any man ever seen the proud Mildred shed a tear. But as she raised her eyes again, the minister for a moment fancied he could detect an unwonted dimness in their regular cold clear gray depths.

"It made you cry?"

"Yes; I wonder who 'Mark Burns' can be. I

should like to know him. I would ask him if I resembled Janet Arnold."

When the Rev. Fredrick Stanton reached the manse after his parish calls were over, he found a telegram on his desk. It was from the New York publishers:

"*The Christian Socialist* to-day passed its One Hundred Thousandth sold copy. Congratulations."

He stared at the yellow paper hardly grasping the significant item. Four weeks later another telegram announced:

"Book selling 1,000 copies a day. Unparalleled demand rapidly increasing."

This was the latter part of March. By the first of May *The Christian Socialist* had leaped to the front of all the books of the day, and its sales exceeded three hundred thousand copies, with no indications of any slackening of interest on the part of either the buying or the reading public. The papers still discussed the story, the religious press still bitterly assailed it, the pulpit continued to preach about it, workingmen's organizations passed resolutions upon it, pyramids of it still loomed up in the book stores and on the railroad news-stands, and, contrary to all precedent, the book gained in steady sales as summer advanced, and a congratulatory letter to "Mark Burns" in the latter part of May announced that all other publications issued by the firm were practically set aside in order to supply the enormous orders that were pouring in from all parts of the country and from Europe as well.

It was a week after this letter came that a visitor called at the manse one afternoon. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton was out in his parish somewhere, but the well-dressed stranger quietly told the housekeeper that he would wait. He was shown into the minister's study, and sat there evidently deeply interested in everything he saw until the minister entered the room.

The minute he appeared the visitor rose to greet him with a smile.

"Dr. Stanton?"

"Yes."

"In other words, 'Mark Burns.'"

The Rev. Fredrick was silent, but he observed his visitor intently.

"You will have to pardon this intrusion," said the visitor with another smile. "I am the junior member of the firm of —, of New York, and I have come to Lenox to see the author of the most remarkable book of the age, you cannot hide your light under that *nom de plume* any longer. The public clamors to know you. Our New York office is besieged with letters from readers asking for photographs and autographs, and from lecture bureau agents asking for engagements. The newspapers are hot on your trail, and it has been nothing less than a miracle that you have not been found out and written up weeks before now. We want your photograph and life history for a new and specially prepared illustrated edition of the book, and I have come on to assist you in working up the material."

"What if I should refuse all that?" asked the Rev. Fredrick slowly.

"Refuse! But, my dear sir, it is impossible! The public must be appeased. It will not be possible to maintain this secrecy any longer."

"Why not? George Eliot was not known as the author of *Adam Bede* for years. It was five years before Charles Egbert Craddock was known to be a woman. The author of *Ecce Deus*, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, did not disclose the fact of the authorship of that book for more than ten years after it was published, and it was discussed by the people in his own church, who never suspected that he was the author."

"But I should think, my dear sir, that you would wish to be known. There never was such a sale of a book in this country. We have been obliged to discontinue every other publication to meet our orders. It is simply unprecedented in the history of the book business."

"Nevertheless I do not wish to disclose my identity. I have my own reason for not wishing to be known as its author."

The publisher was silent a moment.

"I doubt if you can maintain the secret. Of course, if that is your firm decision we shall do our utmost to respect it. You need have no fear of that." Then after a moment of hesitation he asked, "Is it—do you—that is, is this reason you have for not wishing to be known anything you can give to the firm?"

The Rev. Fredrick Stanton answered slowly. "It is not. The reason is one I have never disclosed."

The visitor bowed and soon after took his leave, promising again solemnly to respect "Mark Burns'" secret. When he had gone away the minister bowed his head upon his desk, and when he raised his head at last the habitual sadness of his face was deepened, and the whole man seemed depressed even at the moment of his highest fame, from which he apparently shrank as from an unwelcome visitor.

Summer faded into autumn and autumn whitened into winter when the great event transpired which marked church history for Saint Cecilia for all its life to come. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., had been chosen from a large number of candidates in the churches as Bishop, to fill the position of one who had been removed by old age from the distinguished office. The ceremony of inducting him into the high place of honor was fitly performed in the magnificent audience-room of Saint Cecilia itself. The congregation assembled was remarkable for its aristocratic appearance, for the fine display of rich garments and the unquestioned high tone of its social standing. The array of distinguished guests and church officials and neighboring clergy was imposing. The people of Saint Cecilia, while truly grieving over the loss of their scholarly, refined pastor, felt at the same time a natural pride at the honor conferred upon him. Judge and Mrs. Rodney and Miss Mildred sat near the altar rail in their accustomed pew, and when the newly elected Bishop

came out upon the platform to face his brother Bishop and answer to the Bishop's charge, he glanced toward the Rodney pew for a second. Then he fastened his eyes upon the Bishop, a venerable old man, with a clear and resonant voice, who, according to the ritual of the Church, faced the new Bishop and propounded to him the regular questions. As the Rev. Fredrick made his replies, although reading them from the printed manual, he seemed never to lower his eyes, and his face was grave, and Miss Mildred said to herself, unusually pale.

The venerable Bishop finished reading, closed the manual, and then, to the astonishment of the great assembly he did a thing unprecedented in the history of a Bishop's consecration. He proceeded to address the new Bishop in his own words, not outlined in the manual.

"Brother Fredrick Stanton, I feel it to be a part of my duty to-day to add somewhat of counsel to the words of the charge I have in the name of the Church just given to you. There is abroad to-day in the world a new spirit of so-called religious teaching, which is subversive of doctrine and especially dangerous to the Established Church. I refer to the rapidly growing heresy of Christian Socialism, so called! I especially refer to that most dangerous and pernicious volume published in the guise of fiction, and called *The Christian Socialist*. Its teachings are a grave and growing menace to wealth and social distinctions, and if carried out they will place the Church in a

precarious position and render it necessary for her to abandon the established order of her system of instruction. As your elder in the Church I feel moved to deliver to you, my brother, my earnest charge, that as you have thus far in your pulpit ministrations commended yourself to the Church as a wise and conservative leader in matters pertaining to doctrine and social order, you will now, with the added influence and power that have come to you with this high office, raise your voice and wield your pen in defense of the truths handed down from our fathers, and combat with all your intellect and soul the heresy of this dangerous social movement, and in particular the heresy of this popular volume, which has taken such strange and fateful hold upon the imagination of the common people, and in some cases upon the better-informed classes within the Church itself. If it did not appear presumptuous even in one who is your elder by many years, I would dare to express the hope that with your gifts of mind and imagination, you might be led to combat this most dangerous book of the present age with a volume which you might be led to construct. However that may be, my brother, I solemnly charge you, will you to the utmost of your great ability, combat in private and in public the growing heresy of Christian Socialism. Do you so promise, by the grace of God?"

During this impromptu address, Mrs. Rodney sat a breathless listener, together with all the others in that great concourse. At first she had felt strongly like

disapproving such a departure from the established order of the manual. But after the first two sentences she leaned forward with a smile of hearty approval on her determined face. The Judge looked pleased. Miss Mildred never withdrew her look from the new Bishop's countenance.

"He is going to faint," she said in a half whisper, as the words of the venerable Bishop ceased and a silence unbroken by the new Bishop followed, of such duration that Miss Mildred Rodney feared her mother would be sharply conscious of a rapid heart-beat close beside her.

Slowly, very slowly, the Very Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., newly elected and now to be consecrated Bishop, turned a little toward the congregation.

"I have a statement to make," he said, in a tone so low that the people in the back part of the church asked what he said. But as he turned again and faced his venerable colleague his voice rose in power until it filled with carrying force the farthest corner of the large room.

"My first statement is this. For twenty-five years I have been a coward in the pulpit. My second is this: I am the author of *The Christian Socialist*, and its teachings are my heart beliefs."

## II

### THE DISCLOSURE

**A**LL over the church of Saint Cecilia a gasp of astonishment rose. Mrs. Rodney looked puzzled. "What! What!" she exclaimed loudly. Then, bewildered, she turned to the Judge and Miss Mildred in turn. "What did he say?" she exclaimed in a whisper to the Judge. Judge Rodney did not reply, but continued to listen grimly as Stanton went on.

"For twenty-five years, Brother Lee, and brethren, I have been preaching half a Gospel, hiding in my own heart that which was the vital truth to me. I was born into the established order of a wealthy, favored class of social prominence. I entered the pulpit with this inherited inborn and educated habit of mind. As the years of my ministry have gone on I have been irresistibly led, however, to believe that the Gospel fully understood demands a new and different order of social life from that which the Church has all these years been teaching. Ten years ago this conviction had grown so strong in me that I was impelled to write the story called *The Christian Socialist*, and, I repeat it, that book contains my heart beliefs, the vital Gospel truths which I ought to have preached

from the pulpit, but which I did not preach because of my cowardice. I knew this church would reject me and my teachings. I was, I confess it freely, too much in love with the social position I held in Saint Cecilia to be willing to exchange it for the ostracism and the misunderstanding I should henceforth know. But, Brother Lee, brethren, friends, all, do not have any compassion or even contempt for me. To-day for the first time I speak as a free man. The teachings in the book I most firmly believe are Gospel truths. I am not and would not be an enemy of human advancement. I love the Church even though I anticipate its necessary action in my own case. To relieve her of any possible embarrassment, I here and now resign my position as one of her ministers, I lay down this high office just conferred, I step voluntarily into the ranks of the people, and if at any time I am called to resume the sacred office of a minister of Christ and give my message through the pulpit, I will gladly do so if I am called by God and my brethren. Meanwhile, I shall privately and publicly espouse the cause as I have declared it in my own book, for it contains my very life. We have already entered upon a history of the race which nothing can set back. The social movement cannot be stopped. The Church is powerless, society is powerless, to stay this last unfolding of the teaching of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount."

He gravely and with great dignity bowed to the venerable Bishop, to the assembled clergy on the plat-

form, and then to the congregation, and turning walked, with head erect, from the platform and into the pastor's room at the side. As the door closed, a wave of astonished whispering swept over the assembly. Bishop Lee, after a moment of stunned embarrassment turned to the congregation.

"This service is over," he said briefly, and turned to his brethren on the platform. Judge Rodney and wife and daughter rose, and were among the first to pass out in stern and astonished silence.

That evening the Rev. Fredrick Stanton made his last parish call as pastor of Saint Cecilia. Throughout that afternoon he had been holding conference with several of his brethren in the ministry. There was nothing, however, for him to do but what was inevitable. His brethren conceded that, after a fruitless conference, and withdrew finally.

When the servant took in the Rev. Fredrick Stanton's card to Mrs. Rodney she turned red, then pale, and handed the card to the Judge.

"Tell him we are not at home," she said sharply. The Judge turned a little uneasily in his chair but said nothing.

The servant went out. Presently he came back and said apologetically, "Dr. Stanton wishes to see Miss Rodney."

Miss Mildred sat still, and her mother eyed her sternly.

"Tell Mr. Stanton Miss Mildred is not at home."

Miss Mildred rose and faced her mother.

"I am going down to see him," she said.

The Judge shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Rodney struck the table with her jeweled fingers.

"I forbid it! you shall not see that man!"

"Nevertheless, mother, I am going, for—for—I——"

"If you disobey me you know what——" Mrs. Rodney did not finish. Miss Mildred said simply, "If he asks me to marry him, I shall become his wife. Father," she suddenly turned and kneeled by the Judge, "I love him!" She hid her face on his breast as she used to do when a child, and the Judge kissed her, but did not say anything. Suddenly the proud Mildred rose and walked out of the room, before her mother could utter another word.

In the parlor the Rev. Fredrick Stanton turned to face a self-possessed woman, who asked him to be seated, as if forsooth he were some indifferent caller.

"I have come," he said abruptly—"to say good-bye. Of course I am aware that what has been done to-day finishes my life here, but it cannot finish my memories of life and——"

"What are you planning to do, Dr. Stanton, if I may ask?"

"I do not yet know. The platform is free to me. Out in the world the people whom I have loved are calling me with their myriad voices of appeal. But all this is of no interest to you. Will you allow me to say, however, since it will not harm you, I have loved you these years of my cowardice and I know it has

been a noble thing for it has ennobled me. In parting from you I leave the best I have known."

"Then Miss Mildred said something that astonished "Mark Burns."

"Did you not say once, Dr. Stanton, that I was like the character of Janet Arnold in *The Christian Socialist*?"

"I did. You sat for that portrait; it was my joy to have your presence with me while writing the story."

"Then do you still think I would do as Janet Arnold did and forgive and—and forget—her lover's cowardice on account of—on account of——"

The minister had risen and had come over to where Miss Mildred was sitting.

"Because she loved him so? Oh, Mildred—do you mean—you love——"

"I will do as Janet Arnold did—if there is a place in your Christian Socialism for me."

"The first place of all," said the Rev. Fredrick Stanton as he kneeled before her.

"No," she said after a moment while the happy tears fell over her face—"no, you shall not kneel to me. I believe in you wholly. I believe in your heart beliefs. I have grown to believe since I read your book, 'Mark Burns.'"

"Did you suspect the authorship?" he asked a few moments later.

"I knew it all along," she said laughingly. "I was the only person in the parish of St. Cecilia that

knew. Have I not kept it well? I wanted to be a coward with you."

"But now," he asked, a little troubled, as he gazed into the clear gray eyes, "now, can you follow me in the stormy life that is inevitable? Can you hear all this—cast in your lot with mine; with the people, and enter the new world we may help to make, as my wife, as my companion, my very self?"

She raised her face to his and let him kiss her for the first time. "Yea," she answered. "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"But you have sacrificed much," she added.

"Nay, my beloved," he answered with a glorified smile. "I have gained far more than a bishopric, since I have both thee and a free conscience with which to face the wide world."

"But will the world accept your message, Frederick?" she asked after a moment.

"It remains to be seen," he answered slowly. "It has been the dream of my soul these ten years now that the common people were ready for the message of Jesus to the social life of men."

"And if the time has not yet come, what then?" she asked, smiling up at him in boundless faith and love.

"Then let me be true to my promise. Woe is me,

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Mildred, if I preach not this Gospel of a social Christ to men."

"Woe to me also," she whispered. He realized in some degree the crisis for them both. And as he bent and kissed her she looked up at him not questioning his strength, and fearless of any evil in the future, he prayed this prayer—"Grant, Lord, for both of us thy peace, as together we face the needs and sorrows and wants and sins and yearnings and hopes and possibilities of the great wide world that needs more than anything else the daily presence in its social life of Jesus Christ the Carpenter, the Son of God and the Son of man."

## THE COMRADESHIP OF LOVE

**E**XTRACT from the *Lenox Daily Times* the morning after the scene in Saint Cecilia, where the Rev. Fredrick Stanton revealed his authorship of the book called *The Christian Socialist*:

“The result of the Rev. Mr. Stanton’s action will be watched with the greatest interest. In reality what he has done is a challenge to the Church in general. There are churches in America, no doubt, where the author of *The Christian Socialist* could remain and teach his doctrines from the pulpit, but Saint Cecilia is not one of them, and the astonishing charge of Bishop Lee at the close of the regular charge to the candidate yesterday may be taken as the utterance of the conservative wing of the Church in general. The public will be more than interested to know what the famous author of *The Christian Socialist* will do. The *Times* is frank to say it does not believe at all in the implied teachings of that really remarkable book. To our mind the Rev. Mr. Stanton has simply stirred up unnecessary trouble by his book, and by the extraordinary action which he took yesterday. Some of the reforms which he out-

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lined in his story are already proved to be impossible in human experience. Others are open to very grave question. The world is not prepared for such radical changes in its social programme. There are some mighty pretty theories, Brother Stanton, that don't work at all when you try to apply them to the kind of humanity that actually exists; until the world has a different race of beings out of whom to fashion society, do business, and make politics, the schemes of *The Christian Socialist* will be simply visionary and impracticable. We are of the opinion that the Rev. Fredrick Stanton has lost a good job and will find it extremely difficult to secure another."

One week later, the *Lenox Times* contained the announcement of the marriage of "Miss Mildred Rodney, daughter of Judge Royal Rodney, of the District Court, to Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., Author of *The Christian Socialist*, and late Pastor of Saint Cecilia Church." The *Times* went on in a column-long "story" to unfold this latest news:

"This latest phase of the Stanton sensation is in keeping with the entire astounding affair. The wedding of Dr. Stanton and Miss Rodney was performed at the Rodney residence, with the family only as witnesses. Judge Rodney is said to be reconciled to the match, but rumor has it that Mrs. Rodney was present only as a matter of form and to avoid the comments of society. There is a story going the rounds that

she refused to speak to her new son-in-law at the conclusion of the ceremony. Dr. Stanton certainly made his wooing short, and is to be congratulated on having won a most thoroughly accomplished and charming wife. When seen by a *Times* reporter this evening he would not state what his future plans would be."

"What do you think of that?" Fredrick Stanton asked his wife. He had been reading the newspaper out loud. She that was once the proud daughter of a proud and exclusive family looked at her husband out of eyes that revealed a nature transformed by a redeeming love which makes all miracles possible.

"I think about it just as you do," she said with a smile.

"If that is going to be your habit, won't it make matters a little less harmonious between us?"

"Do you want us to quarrel with you?"

"Once in a while, 'Janet,' I think it would be advisable."

"Then I say I shall never do it."

"But you are now."

"Then I say I will never do it again, my love."

"Mildred, do you realize that the newspapers consider us good for copy from now on?"

"It does not trouble me any."

"Not even if they describe in detail our wall-paper and our eating habits at the table?"

"I shall be too busy to read them. Besides, have

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you not learned yet, dear man, that I am perfectly satisfied, and care naught for what all the world says, knowing you as I do?"

"Thank God," said the minister to himself gently.

"There is no doubt in her dear mind,  
'Tis heaven born and heaven kind."

"Mildred, I wish your mother liked me better."

"She likes you better than you imagine. Mother is not implacable. But of course she does not understand you. For that matter she does not understand me."

"But your father——"

"He has studied these things. I think at heart he believes some of your doctrines. The rest of it is unknown territory, and father is cautiously conservative."

"You are not sorry you married me?"

"I shall be if you ever ask that question again."

"Pardon, dear woman. I have not yet become accustomed to the great fact that Mildred Rodney is my wife. I am still dreaming."

"It is a pleasant dream?"

"It is heaven for me."

"Please, then, do not wake up."

"When I do, the day vision will be just as beautiful. Mildred, you are sure, sure—of all this boundless faith in one poor, incomplete human?"

She came up and sat down on the arm of his chair and put her hand on his lips.

"Another word of that, sir, and I go home to my mother. Fredrick, a woman like me gives all, without reserve, when she gives. I am not perfect, and I shall doubtless disappoint your ideals. But I love you, and believe in you to the last atom of my being. When I cease to do that I shall be dead."

He remembered that passionate outburst of his wife as long as he lived. It was framed in his memory in golden lettering, where he saw it during many and many a crisis of trying events that passed this man and wife through the furnace of testing, where nothing but an inexhaustible love for each other could possibly have made the experiences bearable.

After a moment she said:

"You are going down to speak to the strikers this evening?"

"Yes, they have invited me to their conference."

"Can I go too?"

"I don't know," her husband answered hesitatingly.

"Do you want to go?"

"Certainly I do, if it is allowable for me to come."

"I don't think Harvey will object. But the men may not like it. I understand they are getting to be ugly, and I am seriously apprehensive of real trouble."

"You would rather I wouldn't go?"

"On the whole, yes. It is an unnecessary risk."

"How about yourself, Fredrick?" Mildred spoke reproachfully.

"I don't believe there is any danger."

"But you just said there was."

"I said there was a risk."

"And you don't want me to take it and you are going into it yourself. Is this your boasted woman equality before the law?"

"I am a man," he said simply. "Say what you will about woman's rights and all that, you know well enough, Mildred, I have never preached nor believed, in my book or elsewhere, in any other vision of womanhood except that which my own mother enshrined in her own holy of holies. Woman may be entitled to all the legal and political and social rights of man, but the moment she ceases to feel the need of man's strength and protection and love as a companion, that moment she loses what I believe is the divinest thing God gave her."

"Still, while all this is true, my love, I do not want you to run any unnecessary risks with these strikers. Be careful, won't you, Fredrick! What should I do if anything were to happen to you?"

"Are you so dependent on me then, dear one?"

"You are all to me," she said, and the words sang in his heart as he went down to the place of the meeting that evening, the vision of his wife in all her loveliness rising in his soul into an almost painful ecstasy of feeling.

The Lenox strike had been in progress now for over eight months. The long brick row of mills down by the river were strangely silent. The machinery was rusting, cobwebs were visible over the closed windows. The cause of the strike was simplicity itself. The mill

company had employed five non-union men one day. A committee from the Union had attempted to confer with the president. The spokesman of the committee had made the statement to the superintendent that it was contrary to the rules of the Union that non-union men should work in the mill. The superintendent had cut him short by saying the company had decided to employ any men who could do the work, regardless of the Union. The committee backed out of the office, and in less than an hour five thousand men walked out of the building, seven million dollars' worth of capital was tied up, and a loss of several hundred thousand dollars a day to employers and employed had been begun, and continued through eight sullen, weary, wasteful, unchristian months.

That was the story of the great Lenox strike down to the evening when Fredrick Stanton had been invited by Bruce Harvey, the President of the Union, to speak at the meeting in the Hall to the men, who for over half a year had been loafing about the streets and in the saloons of Lenox, doing nothing, earning nothing, all on account of what Stanton believed to be a foolish and useless difference of opinion concerning the best way to advance the cause of Labor's rights.

So far there had not been an act of violence. Harvey had his men well in hand. To-night, as Stanton went up on the platform and met the man there, he could read all sorts of things in his face and manner. The man had force of a certain, well-defined type. He was not educated, yet he knew better than most

professors of political economy and sociology in the universities, the history and writings of the entire labor movement. He had saturated himself in the doctrines of Karl Marx, and could quote exactly and copiously from all the Socialistic writers, Blatchford, Hyndman, Jackoby, Kautusky, Tom Mann, Lasalle, Vandervelde, Engles, Simonds, Leibknecht, Ladoff, Bax, and William Morris, to say nothing of writers like Kier Hardie, J. Stitt Wilson, Max Hayes, "Mother" Jones and Ernest Crosby. He had a silent contempt for the preachers of Lenox, and considered the Church as a useless tag to a useless society, and ministers as a parasitic class that existed by sufferance, but could just as well be dispensed with for the good of the masses.

With all this true of him, Harvey had kindly and generous personal qualities that endeared him to the working men. He owed his rise to the place of President of the Union, not only to his knowledge of men and the labor movement, but to many acts of human brotherhood so numerous as to make him marked.

The Hall seated over two thousand men. It was a building owned and controlled by the Union. To-night it was jammed, aisles and gallery, with a restless, noisy mob of nearly three thousand. The street outside was packed with as many more people, and one of the Union leaders was haranguing the crowd there when Harvey introduced Stanton to the men inside.

Stanton came forward, and the men gave him a

somewhat boisterous welcome. Most of them had read his book, and while the majority of them had no use for him as a minister, they considered him as an exception, and were ready, so Stanton thought, to give him a respectful hearing.

He began by expressing his gratification at the good order that had prevailed among the men during the progress of the strike, and then went on to make a frank statement concerning his opinions of the strike in general. He quoted three or four well-known labor leaders with telling effect, and the men were quiet, though Harvey, sitting there with his dark eyes sombre, and brows contracted, easily detected a mark of restless dissent from Stanton. Perhaps Stanton saw it too. If so, he gave no sign, but went on calmly to say just what he believed.

“President Harvey asked me to say what I believed is the remedy for the troubles that exist between Capital and Labor in this country. I’m not going to quote the statements made in the writings of most Socialist authors. You are familiar with them. There is, however, one great factor which I do not find mentioned by any of them, which, to my mind, is the greatest of all. The Great Workman of the ages mentioned it very many times in his talks with the multitude. Indeed, so far as I can discover, he made mention of no other remedy for human troubles of every description. That remedy was, not bigger wages, fewer hours, more land, bigger houses, finer clothes, better food, but love for one another. That,

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according to Christ, is the greatest practical remedy for all the troubles of the world."

There was a profound silence over the hall. Stanton took a step forward. Before he could speak a dozen voices rose. "This ain't no church." "We didn't come in here to listen to preaching!" "He's like all the rest o' the preachers!" "Harvey!" "Harvey!"

Stanton waited quietly until he could be heard. Then he said coolly, "I'm not here to beg for a respectful audience. If you don't want to listen to me you don't have to. I am not obliged to speak, and I don't intend to try to fight for a hearing with a crowd of men who have no sense. I can get an audience elsewhere."

He walked back to his chair and sat down. The crowd in the hall seemed smitten into a confused silence. Then there was a roar of laughter and cries of "Good for you!" "That's the stuff, preacher!" "Bully for you, speaker!" "Go on! Go on!" Other voices, however, called out for Harvey. Stanton remained quietly seated. Harvey looked at him half angrily.

"Why don't you go on?" he said to Stanton. "The men will listen to you now."

"They don't have to listen to me," Stanton said slowly.

"Fools!" Harvey exploded. Then he got up with a bound, and in one stride was leaning over the footlights. His long arm shot out with rough and vicious

gesture, and every man in the hall felt as if something had struck him in the face.

"Hain't you got sense enough yet," he roared, "to know that it's the men that don't believe like we do that can sometimes teach us the most? I don't believe half the stuff Dr. Stanton preaches, but I've got sense enough to keep still while he's talking, and then tell him so when he's got done. And what difference does it make to him anyhow if you don't listen, the man that's got a hearing through the press and the platform a million times bigger'n this; what's the sense of trying to howl him down! Dr. Stanton is my guest. I invited him in here with the consent of the Platform Committee, and by thunder, if you don't treat him evilly you can go to kingdom come for a new chairman!"

He stopped suddenly and walked back to his chair. The crowd cheered good-naturedly. Cries of "Stanton!" "Stanton!" went up all over the hall. He nodded in response to Harvey's questioning look and went forward. There was vigorous applause which ceased the minute he began. In that hush Stanton thought he could hear through the open windows an unusually loud roar from the crowd outside. Several faces in the hall turned toward the windows, and at the back of the hall a number of men went out. But it was quiet enough inside, as Stanton said:

"As I was remarking, according to Christ, the most practical remedy for all the troubles of the world is love, and that is the one remedy that you social

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labor leaders have the least to say about. Take, for example, the programme of the Social Democrats of Berlin, just announced. It is a declaration of remedial measures for the good of the people, and it demands the following:

“1. One vote for every adult, man and woman: a holiday to be election day; payment of members.

“2. The government to be responsible to parliament; local self-government; referendum.

“3. Introduction of the militia system.

“4. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

“5. Equality of man and woman before the law

“6. Disestablishment of the Churches.

“7. Undenominational schools, with compulsory attendance and gratuitous tuition.

“8. Gratuitousness of legal proceedings.

“9. Gratuitous medical attendance and burial.

“10. Progressive income tax and succession duty.’

“This is not the whole platform, but it embraces the main things contended for. Now, of course, I believe in all these things. They seem reasonable to me, and no more than the working man ought to have. But I think that both employer and employed need, more than anything else, to have a mutual brotherly love for each other. ‘Man shall not live by bread alone,’ is a profound economic statement. If the laboring masses succeed by the ballot or by legislation in getting these things for the physical life, but do

not get love to man and love to God, it will profit them nothing. All true progress towards an ideal social condition is based on a deeply religious foundation. That is what all your socialist leaders have left out. They clamor for the bread, but it is bread alone. And when you get it, it will not satisfy you, because a man cannot live by bread alone."

It is doubtful if ten men in the hall understood Stanton. He was conscious of that, but was going on, when a roar of voices outside rose so fierce and sudden that hundreds of men sprung to their feet all over the house.

#### IV

#### THEIR OWN WORST ENEMIES

**S**CABS ! Down at the mills ! Company smuggling 'em in past the guards !”

The cry brought every man to his feet. Harvey flung himself to the front of the platform, and his voice roared over the heads of the men, “No force ! No violence ! Don't be fools !” He might as well have talked into a cyclone to still it. The mob surged towards the exits of the hall yelling, “Kill the scabs !” “Hang 'em !” “Kill 'em !” Men fought for their lives against the mad rush of those in front to gain the large doors at the rear. Harvey jumped over the footlights, right on the heads of the frenzied, howling mass in front of him, and struck out savagely right and left, as if in swimming ; cursing, and threatening, and pleading all in one breath. The men cursed him in return and fought for the exits.

Stanton's next recollection was of a breathless moment, when he found himself face to face with Harvey out doors in front of the hall ; the force of the surrounding mob having swept them both out and down the stairs, as if lifted on the torrent of some bursting reservoir. Stanton's immediate thought had been the same as Harvey's. But it is one thing to train men to keep away from a mob ; it is another thing to tame a mob after it has once broken loose.

It is not impossible to accomplish the first task; it is practically useless to attempt the second.

Stanton looked his interrogation at Harvey. The President of the Union had lost his hat, his collar was missing, and one sleeve of his coat was torn clean off. He was perfectly self-possessed, and answered Stanton's silent query, by saying, "The game's up! They won't listen to reason. Cold lead's the only thing now. And I hope to God every fool in the Union will catch his dose."

Then a fierce current of different nationalities, composed of half-drunken, howling, swearing, fighting strikers, poured in between Harvey and Stanton, and the next vivid recollection of the events of that night that Stanton had was of seeing a negro surrounded by the mob. This was down by the mills. The negro was tall, burly, and was fighting for his life. His clothes hung about him in rags, blood streamed over his face, ashen-hued and sickly through its black pigment, while the screaming, frenzied mob plucked at him, and struck him with fists and clubs and stones. He was still on his feet when Stanton reached him. He mistook Stanton for an enemy, and struck him a tremendous blow on the face. Stanton reeled, but recovered, flinging his arms about the man, and in doing so received a dozen stunning blows on the head and body. He felt faint and knew that consciousness was going. The next instant he fell, bearing down with him the negro, and as they went down, he was aware of a discharge of guns that

roared over and through the mob with grim certainty. Then he felt the trampling rush of many feet striking his prostrate body, and after that he knew nothing more, until he came to himself, to find his wife kneeling over him, wiping the blood from his face, and calling him by name.

"Fredrick! Fredrick! This is terrible! There, dear! Does that feel better?"

He was in great pain, but he smiled at her, and managed to let her know that he was not shot or fatally hurt. Men were still running about, and several dark forms were on the ground. The negro lay partly under Stanton. Some one came running up hastily and got down by Stanton. It was Harvey, stained with blood and breathless, but raging over the fool mob.

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton! I'm Harvey, I'll get Dr. Stanton home. You're not shot? You went down just in time. That was a brave deed, and I'll never forget it. I saw the whole thing."

He called for help. The soldiers carried Stanton and the negro over to the office of the mill company. After some delay the doctors succeeded in getting an ambulance.

"What'll we do with him?" asked Harvey of the doctor, pointing to the negro, who was still unconscious.

Stanton heard him.

"Bring him up to the house with me," Stanton whispered,

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So the man was sent along in the ambulance with him, and Mrs. Stanton, with the help of a neighbor's wife, nursed and tended both patients until morning, which brought with it the relief of the doctor's assurance that neither Stanton nor his unexpected guest were in any danger.

The *Lenox Times* summed up the whole affair next morning:

“Six killed, twenty-four seriously wounded. The soldiers fired only after everything else had been done to disperse the mob. Bruce Harvey is emphatic in his denunciation of the men who led off in the attack on the scab workmen. Most of them were negroes, brought up here last night by the company, who hoped to get them inside while the strikers were holding the meeting uptown. The guards had grown careless, and it was all through an accident that the design of the company was discovered. As usual, bad whisky figured in the affair to a large extent. The first trouble started from the saloon on B street. One of the negroes, who was badly beaten, was rescued by Dr. Stanton, and is now at his house. Mrs. Stanton was uneasy over her husband, and hearing the noise of the mob, ventured down near the mill, and was one of the first to be present just after the fatal volley was fired. We are happy to state that Dr. Stanton is not dangerously hurt. The whole awful affair is a logical outcome of the strike, which is to be deplored from every point of view. It is useless to

argue with a mob, but the responsibility for this loss of life rests with the Union. Public sentiment, which has partly, at least, been with them, is now wholly with the mill company. Let the law deal quickly and severely with the guilty."

Within a week Stanton had recovered from the injuries sufficient to sit up. The negro was in the next room, and still in bed, unable to move except with great difficulty. He had suffered from a blow which had crippled his back.

Stanton hobbled into the room one evening, and sat down by the man.

"Well, brother, how are you getting on now?" he said cheerily.

The man looked at Stanton somewhat vacantly at first, and then his face cleared up as he said painfully:

"I'm feeling pretty bad, Dr. Stanton. But I don't know what would have become of me if you hadn't brought me here. I'm awfully sorry I struck you that night. I didn't know."

Stanton put his hand up to his own face and felt of the scar on his cheek.

"You hit hard. But I threw you all right."

"Mrs. Stanton tells me you saved my life. I won't forget it."

The man raised a grateful face towards Stanton, and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

After a while Stanton said simply:

"Tell me your story. Mrs. Stanton has given me a little of it."

"Not much to tell, Dr. Stanton. I was working in the stamp mill at Harlan. When the strike began there, I was thrown out. My brother was killed during the trouble at Ball's mill. He was a scab, too. Then I came up here with the crowd. The Lenox mill agent got me to come by promise of big pay and protection. I need the work. My wife and three children are at Harlan now."

"Why didn't you join the Union?"

"Would you join an organization that killed your own brother, and then threatened to kill you because you wanted work?"

Stanton looked at the man and was silent. His mind was going over the field of action covered by the history of trades-unions, and all the good and bad commingled that the organizations had been so far productive of.

"Besides that, Dr. Stanton, in one of the shops at Harlan where I worked for six months as a helper, the Union would not admit a black man. Am I to blame for being black? All I ask is a fair chance to work for my family. Then I am called a scab and they try to kill me. Is that right?"

Stanton did not reply. What answer was there to a cry like that? After a little more talk with the man he went back to his room. In three weeks the negro was well enough to get up and leave the house. He was simply one human life that drifted into the cur-

rent of the lives of Fredrick Stanton and his wife Mildred, one out of hundreds that rapidly became a strange and vivid part of their history, now that the world had become their parish instead of Saint Cecilia. How diminutive and contracted that little parish of the Metropolitan Church seemed to both of them now. And yet Fredrick Stanton still loved the Church, and it was within range of possibility for him to go back into the ministry.

He was beginning to feel perfectly strong again, and was looking over a large mail containing many invitations to lecture, and talking over the matter with his wife, when Bruce Harvey called.

After inquiries as to his recovery, and the whereabouts of the negro scab, Harvey said gloomily, "Matters look bad for us, Mr. Stanton. Since that night we've steadily lost ground. To-day the company started up the lower mill with two hundred non-union men, and there was no resistance. It looks as if we were going to lose everything, after all."

"You have lost public sympathy. Violence is expensive. Besides, your cause was not just, to begin with. The public will never really endorse a strike that began like this one. Of course, you have a perfect right to strike. But you have no right to force all men into your Union, or dictate to them."

"Why don't they join the Union then!" burst out Harvey, with one of his fits of sudden rage. "Why don't they see what is good for them and help organize one solid compact of labor! The scab is an enemy

of the workingman's best interests. He is like a traitor in the republic. And while I did my best, as you know, to prevent violence or force, I cannot help feeling bitter toward the men who refuse to join with us in a common fight against the unjust exactions of Capital!"

"Of course I don't agree with your point of view of the whole question, Mr. Harvey. I think the Labor Unions and the Socialistic Parties, and the other organizations that are antagonistic to Capital, are ignoring the one greatest thing in the world that can bring any real remedy to bear. You heard me state it the other night. I don't need to repeat it."

Harvey was silent, his large, heavy face showed gloomy and doubtful.

"Mr. Stanton, I've read your book several times, and I have admired it. There is a good deal in it to admire. And I'm frank to say I admire you and the course you have taken. But there are some things you don't know. Pardon me for saying it. You have never been through the mill yourself. You have studied these questions and mastered them in one way. But the real reason for the struggle between Capital and Labor; the real reason why the world right now is moving rapidly toward Socialistic ideas has not been really grasped by you. If you will come with me to-night, and spend three or four hours with me right here in Lenox, I think I can show you why it is that the struggle of Labor is so bitter, why it is that we have made blunders and mistakes like the one

the other night, why it is that your doctrine of Love, as you call it, won't work."

"I'm ready to go," said Stanton eagerly. One of his best traits was an unaffected willingness to be taught any truth. It was with a certain eager anticipation of something worth while that he accepted Harvey's challenge. For it seemed to him almost like that.

"You will not get my husband into any more mobs, will you, Mr. Harvey?" asked Mildred, as the two men went out.

"I'll promise that, Mrs. Stanton," Harvey answered with a grave smile. "We are going down by the mill first, but there is no danger now."

Stanton kissed his wife good-bye, and went out with Harvey, anticipating curiously the man's purpose. But neither of them will ever know how much that night's experience had to do with the shaping of many important events in the life of each one of them.

## V

### SHARP CONTRASTS

**O**N the way down to the mills Harvey was silent. When they reached the long row of tenements where the mill operatives lived, he hesitated a moment, then went on past them to the first mill, where the work was being resumed by the non-union men.

The foreman, who knew Harvey, at first bluntly told him he could not enter. But after a few words he stepped aside and let Harvey and Stanton in, following them in the round they slowly made through the casting-room, where the men were at work.

The night shift was being initiated into its duties by small gangs of men familiar with the details. Stanton had been through the Lenox mills several times, and knew quite thoroughly the different processes, but the sight of them always fascinated him, and he never lost his wonder over the human ingenuity which fashioned the machinery and controlled its movements.

There was one huge contrivance in particular, which always seemed like a monster possessing actual intelligence. It moved on a steel track high over the billows of gas and smoke that filled the building, and

it had a number of steel arms that rose and fell, that elongated and shot out, grasping immense pieces of white, hot metal, and dropping them wherever the god of the machine directed. The men called it the "Octopus," and it had more than a score of human victims to its grim credit, who had carelessly or incautiously disobeyed the mechanical clock-like exactness of its reach. The man who sat up in its centre, directing its tentacles, was like a human spider. He worked his levers and shouted his replies to orders from beneath in an uncanny bellow, that always seemed to Stanton like the voice of the machine itself.

They went the round, dodging the glowing sparks, stepping out of the way of bars of white steel, that swept over mysterious tracks on cars that vanished with their loads into furnaces shooting from their incandescent openings dazzling great spears of light, that stabbed the toilers with unearthly heat, and made their grimy figures take on for the while the appearance of demons in some underground smithy of Vulcan.

Stanton wondered, as he had wondered before, if it all paid, really paid, this pain that civilization exacted as the penalty for being civilized, and having railroads, and steel bridges, and things. And these were his brothers, at least his Christian faith taught him that; but looking at them there swarming under the tentacles of the "Octopus," it was not easy to believe that they were any more than

parts of the forge, which could easily be replaced at so much a day when burned out, as they were, on the average, every twelve years. "Let us be civilized or die," he had heard Harvey say once. And he added, immediately, "*and die—same thing.*"

Coming out into the night air was like stepping into a cold-storage room, yet it was a warm summer evening. Harvey looked at his watch.

"Let's walk down past the 'Row,'" he said briefly.

The "Row" was the mill tenement district. It was over four blocks long, and as ugly and uninviting as red brick and uniform dimensions could make it. Stanton had also seen this numbers of times. It was no better, no worse, than hundreds or thousands of such rows of houses all over the world, where Labor eats and sleeps and calls it home. There were the same unfailling number of steps bordered by squares of trampled sod or bare dirt; the same dreary displays of litter on sidewalk or in gutter; the same corresponding rows of saloons on the opposite side of the street, where Labor drowned its cares and spent its last cent; in the daytime, the same squalid, dirty groups of children and pathetic and apathetic women, foreground and background for the "Row." The higher-priced laborers lived in better houses and their wives and daughters were smartly dressed, and there was a "grading up" that argued well or ill for the future as it meant more civilization or more caste spirit; but the Lenox mill "Row" that Harvey and Stanton walked slowly past, was typical of the rank

and file of average labor in Lenox, and could be duplicated over and over again in any large factory or mill centre in the world.

All this time Harvey had not said anything, and Stanton had not asked a question. Coming to the end of the tenement President of the Union turned, and said, "It's ten o'clock. Shall we go up on the Avenue?"

"Wherever you say. I'm learning of you tonight," said Stanton brightly.

Fifteen minutes' walk took them two into the better residence portion of Lenox in five minutes more and they were in the fashionable district where the churches were congregated.

"All the churches at one end of the town and the saloons at the other," said Harvey with a sneer. They were going by the front of Saint Cecilia, and Stanton was thinking of the same fact. He looked down the beautiful elm-shaded street, and counted six church towers of as many different denominations. The massive, expensive church buildings were all closed and dark. The saloons down by the "Row" had all been wide open and brilliantly lighted. It was only a little after ten o'clock, and the saloons would be open until one or two, and some of them all night. There was a Lenox saloon ordinance compelling them to close at midnight, but it had never been enforced. The attempt to enforce it had never been made, but the brewers of Lenox would have considered it a blow at their "personal liberty" if the authorities had moved

against them. The liquor business is so constitutionally and habitually and persistently lawless that it has come to regard its own habits as the only lawful ones, and is naturally pained and indignant to have an officious mayor or policeman do his sworn duty. Meanwhile, it coins money day and night and Sundays, while the big stone churches in the big cities, as a rule, do as Lenox does, open up twice a week for well-dressed people, who are for the most part self-satisfied and pass by on the other side. Were these dirty, common mill men, these strikers, these rioting, drunken mobs any relation to Saint Cecilia's elegantly refined and perfumed congregation? Only a part of the Brotherhood, Saint Cecilia; but your Christianity has not meant that to you, in spite of your distinguished wealth and culture. When you have come to the place of this fallen neighbor you have promptly and religiously passed by on the other side. Will it be any more than your just deserts if in the making up of the rewards in the last Great Day, the Judge of all the earth shall say to you, O beautifully dressed Saint Cecilia, "Depart from me! I never knew you!"

In between the churches, handsome residences with wide lawns and lovely foliage. In front of one of the largest of these houses, Harvey stopped and said, "Wait here a minute!"

The house was whitely dazzling, with lights at every window. Elegantly dressed people were going and coming. Carriages and automobiles were crowding

up to the curb in numbers to receive or discharge their owners. Strains of music came from the open windows of the ball-room. The vision gained from the street of the whole affair was that of lavish and indifferent display of excessive wealth, which did not know what to do with itself except eat, drink, dress, gamble, and amuse itself generally.

Harvey touched Stanton's arm and the two walked along slowly.

He then began to talk in a low tone, quite dispassionately. There was not a trace of bitterness or even anger that Stanton could detect in him. It revealed a new and unexpected characteristic of the man, and gave Stanton one more reason for Harvey's popularity with the Union.

"You know, I suppose, that was Harwood's house. He is one of the largest owners of the upper mill. The earning capacity of that mill, according to the company's own statement, two years ago, was seven million. The net earnings, you understand, for dividends. Harwood is one out of twenty other men in Lenox who control the upper mill. It is strictly a trust, a monopoly of the most absolute character. You see how Harwood lives. The house is a palace. You see how his friends live. There's one of their houses." They were passing a magnificent residence, in front of which was a splendidly wrought iron gate and fence bounding a beautiful lawn. "Wrightam lives there—he's another millionaire, whose money comes out of the labor of Lenox lower mill. His

family all go to Newport in the summer. His boys drink and gamble and his girls smoke cigarettes, and from what everybody says the old man and his wife are not on speaking terms half of the time; but the main thing is money with him and her. Now Mr. Stanton," Harvey turned his head a little more towards Stanton, "I said you did not understand the real reason for the socialistic movement, or the trade-unions movement. Your book is clever. I don't deny that, and you have shrewdly and truly hit on some real causes of popular social discontent. But the one greatest of all reasons why the world to-day is moving with such swiftness towards Socialism is what you have seen to-night. On the one hand, a condition of physical labor, which, in one way or another, is attended with pain, danger, and excessive duration, at unfair compensation, and on the other hand, a condition of idle luxury on the part of those who profit unjustly by the fruits of physical toil. The 'Row' down by the mills, and Harwood's or Wrightam's house are the visible sign of the injustice. The things we saw in the furnacc-rooms, and the things we saw in the ball-room are what make labor unions and socialistic parties. Does any wonder that men like those in the furnacc-rooms, who are actually with their hands making the stuff that brings such enormous profit—does any wonder that they cannot be made to see that persons like Harwood and Wrightam are entitled to such an unjust proportion of the profits of the business in which they never engage with any physical

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pain? They tell us wages are high. But how high are they compared with the increase of dividends in the Lenox mills during the last five years? If wages had been increased in proportion to dividends, the men in the furnace-rooms would be getting five times what they get now. But granting that wages are high, so is everything else that a man has to live on. Everything is in a combine—meat, ice, coal, lumber, steel, oil, the common necessities of life. Harwood is one of the directors of the coal trust. Last winter the coal that average labor in the Lenox mills buys cost \$2.50 a ton. This year it has gone up to \$2.75, and the Trust says it is necessary on account of the increase of wages paid to the miners. Yet, I noticed the people who control the oil and coal trusts never suffer from increases in wages. They don't have any fewer automobiles or receptions or trips to Europe or summer residences or purple and fine linen. They smile to themselves, and let the people, the dear, deluded people, pay the extra wages. And then to ease their consciences, one or two of them, after putting up coal twenty-five cents a ton or oil two cents a gallon, benevolently contribute an additional amount of the people's money to some college, university or missionary society, and get the credit for being great Christian philanthropists. The universities are a good thing, perhaps; but if the truth were told, over the doorway of every new building ought to be inscribed the words, 'This building was erected by the money paid by the common people to meet a rise of

two cents per gallon on oil, or twenty-five cents a ton on coal, or seven per cent. share on railroad stock,' as the case might be. This might be a good way to build expensive colleges or endow missionary societies and no one would grumble, whereas, now the magnates get the credit and the people pay the freight. Mr. Stanton, there was a time when the average workingman did not know these plain facts. He is beginning to know them now. There was a time when he accepted his little share of living out of the products his toil made possible. To-day he is beginning to ask for more, because he believes it is just that he receive more. The tenement and the palace, the day's wage compared with the luxury, the sight of the unequal and unjust division of the fruit of labor, is what is leading thousands, yes, millions, into the socialistic movement. And when you tell the mill workers of Lenox to love such men as Harwood and Wrightam, men who have no sense of the Brotherhood, men who have all their lives selfishly lived the hog, whose sons and daughters have no aim in existence except to amuse themselves; when you ask the workingmen of Lenox to love these other men you ask an impossibility. They cannot love them. Ask Harwood and Wrightam to love the operatives in the mills and see what they say to you."

"I'm willing to ask them," said Stanton, interrupting.

"I should like to be present when you do."

"Will you go with me?"

"Mr. Harwood wouldn't let me into his house. He regards me as a wild beast."

"That is because you have antagonized him with the Union."

"But he does not understand, he nor his kind, that there may be a law of collective ethics higher than a law of individual ethics. Wrightam and his kind say no man has a right to say whom the directors of Lenox mills shall employ. 'It is a free country and every corporation has a right to employ any one it pleases, and any man has a right to work for whom he pleases, without joining a Union.' That sounds ethically and morally right. But I say there may be such a thing as a collective ethical law that is higher and more binding than this much-quoted individual ethics. Here is what my friend Raymond said in his great speech last week before the Teachers' Assembly at Manchester:

"Free contract in the individualistic sense has not existed in the industrial world for a generation. Free contract is impossible between the individual laborer and the superintendent of a corporation. The superintendent makes the terms, the laborer accepts or starves. The freedom of the individual laborer resembles that of a cat in a tub on a lake. The cat does not have to stay in the tub, it is free to jump into the lake. All that the laborer has gained for a hundred years has been won by the trade-unions. That workmen in many trades now enjoy a fair wage and more reasonable hours of service, is due to the struggle and

suffering of countless men, women, and children, loyal to the principle of Unionism. Shall we now permit men who refuse the social obligations of their age— industrial freebooters, who would enjoy the fruits won by their fellow-craftsmen without obedience to the protective demand of the Union—to take the bread from the mouths of our wives and children? Shall we let these selfish, social, and industrial traitors disorganize our trade, and render possible at the first breath of an industrial panic a return to the miserable wage and long hours of a generation ago? Slowly have we won an advance in the standard of wages that makes possible better food, better wages, better clothes, and more schooling for us and our families? Shall this personal and communal gain be lost for the sake of maintaining ancient individual rights which the world has outgrown, and the unrestrained exercise of which would pauperize our families and injure the whole commonwealth, including the industrial freebooter himself? \*

“But I might as well whistle to the wind to stop it as to try to make Mr. Harwood understand the position of the Union in regard to non-union labor. And I don't suppose you believe in my position either.”

“Frankly, Brother Harvey, I do not. And I still believe in my proposition that practically all the trouble between Capital and Labor is caused by an absence of love between man and man. Economically it does not pay to hate any one. The Harwoods and

\* Editorial signed R. R., *The Commons*, Chicago, August, 1903.

the Wrightams of society are apparently not worth loving. In reality, very few people do love them. Outside of their most immediate relations, I suppose no one is so little loved as the average millionaire. And in many cases their own family relations are little to be envied if the record of the divorce courts is good evidence of unhappiness. What I don't see, Brother Harvey, is the reason for you and your companions in the trade-unions wishing to get more money, which, so far as history shows, means more misery. You don't suppose for a moment, do you, that either Harwood or Wrightam are happy men?"

"That is not the question. It is a question of right, of justice. The men of the Union say it is unjust that a man who actually works with his body for eight or ten hours a day in a difficult, dangerous position, should receive only three or four dollars a day, while the man who controls the monopoly, but never does any physical labor, gets ten or a hundred times as much. Why should the actual labor, which shortens a man's life in some parts of the mill by one-half—why should that receive for its share of the valuable product the smallest compensation? You say the brain labor necessary to direct the big business is worth more, and is entitled to more and far higher pay. As an economic statement that has always been accepted by the world as a matter beyond dispute. I suppose I should be called a fool for expressing any other view. But I do not believe in that generally accepted statement. I think the men

who do the hard, dangerous, life-destroying work, ought to receive at least equal compensation with the men who organize and direct the work with their brains. In other words, I believe economically that the physical labor is worth just as much to the world as the mental labor, that the two go hand in hand, and there ought to be no distinction made between them when it comes to payment for service. A good many men believe just as I do. But the trade-unions don't go that far, generally, of course. But is it any wonder if we make a few breaks like the other night, when, after seeing a prospect of winning our case with the company, the non-union men come in and kick it all over? The whole history of trade-unions shows that for a hundred years we have been, on the whole, making a manly protest for human rights; as Raymond says, it is true, all that the laborers have gained for a hundred years has been won by the trade-unions. To have our purposes misunderstood, to have men like Harwood or Wrightam fight us as if we were enemies of society, is maddening; but the most disheartening of all is the fact that workingmen themselves do not stand with us, but get in the way of their own interests, and make it harder for us to justify our position with the public."

They walked along some way in silence, and Harvey finally said quietly, as he had talked all along, "I didn't mean to say so much." When Stanton reached the door of his house the two men shook

hands silently. As Harvey turned to go home he stopped.

"Are you actually going to see Harwood? Give him my love if you do!"

"I'll see him and Wrightam, too."

"You're a braver man than I gave you credit for, Mr. Stanton," Harvey replied, this time without a sneer, as he said good-night again and walked away.

Stanton talked over the evening's experience with his wife. When he spoke of his determination to see the two mill owners, Mildred asked doubtfully, "Do you think it will do any good?"

"I don't know. Wrightam is a member of Dr. Rowen's church. Harwood, as you know, has for years been a member of Saint Cecilia. Why should they not listen to the Gospel of Love?"

"They have not been in the habit of hearing it," said Mildred, and immediately exclaimed, "Pardon me, Fredrick!"

"It is true, dear," Stanton answered sadly. "How much of this Gospel did I preach during my pastorate in Saint Cecilia? I owe Harwood a message now to make amends for my neglect so many years."

"How will he take it?"

"I don't know. Harwood is a remarkable man in many ways."

"God be with you, Fredrick, as you go to him," his wife said softly.

"Amen!" exclaimed Stanton.

He had made his statement about going to see the

mill owners, not lightly, but without realizing to the full all that the interview might mean to himself as well as to the men. Now that he talked it over to his wife, he began to realize with a curious thrill of genuine excitement what might possibly come of it.

## VI

### A PRIVATE MESSAGE

**J**OHAN B. WRIGHTAM sat in his "den" the next evening smoking a pipe, as the servant brought in Dr. Stanton's card. The mill owner and trust promoter went out into the hall to meet his caller, and with a show of cordiality invited him into his private room.

"Have a cigar, doctor?" said Wrightam, proffering a boxful.

"Thank you, Mr. Wrightam, I don't smoke."

"You miss a good thing. I'm so dead nervous I have to use a pipe."

He took it up, put it in his mouth, and eyed Stanton through the smoke curiously.

"I came to see you on a matter which concerns the mills, the men especially, Mr. Wrightam."

"Ah!" Wrightam took his pipe out of his mouth, and held it up, looking at the bowl through his heavy, half-closed lids. "You're specially interested in the men, Dr. Stanton? Believe you were talking to them the night of the riot. Well?"

"Mr. Wrightam, what do you think of these men, not as forces in the economic world, but as human beings? I tried to say to them that night that I

believed the one thing they all lacked was love for others. I have not come here to preach to you, but I do feel that the whole trouble between you as a representative of the capitalistic class is caused by an absence of love on both sides. The whole fact of a Brotherhood is completely ignored. Mr. Wrightam, as man to man, have you ever tried to love these men as brothers of yours?"

John B. Wrightam took his pipe out of his mouth, and his face turned very red as he stared at Stanton. The silence in the "den" grew oppressive. At last the mill man burst into a short laugh.

"Love them! You don't mean it, Dr. Stanton! Love those men? Well, I take it that's asking a trifle too much of John B. Wrightam! It isn't a proposition I ever entertained."

"But is it asking too much to entertain such a proposition? You are a professed Christian, Mr. Wrightam, and a member of a church. What does your church teach? What does your Christianity require if not just this, that you love these men and seek to do them all the good you can?"

Again John B. Wrightam's face grew red, and he regarded his caller with astonished irritation.

"I don't feel called on, Dr. Stanton, to pour out my affection on a lot of rioting, drinking lawbreakers. Ask me to love a mob like the one we had the other night? Well, I guess not. Love isn't what they need. Whip some sense into them. Arrest about a thousand and put them in jail for thirty days

for breaking the laws and inciting the mob spirit. That's what they need! Talk about justice! What right have these men to love from me? They would dictate to us through that rascal Harvey and say what men we shall employ in the mills. But they are losing this strike. The mills are going again. And Harvey and his lawbreakers will learn they can't dictate to the Lenox Mill Company, not while John B. Wrightam is on deck!"

Stanton listened, and his blood boiled. If he had been guided by his wife's quiet spirit, he might not have said what he now did. But his vivid consciousness of the masterful, hypocritical pose of the man swept all other considerations out of his mind.

He rose to his feet and faced the magnate like one of the old prophets. Wrightam's sullen, heavy face lowered in inpatient anger as he had to listen.

"John Wrightam, who are you to talk about the lawlessness of Labor, you, who have for years been one of the directors of as lawless an organization of Capital as ever broke the statutes of this State? You know better than I do how repeatedly you and your associates have used the influence of your great wealth to ignore the laws specially directed against your combine. You know better than any one except God, who will bring you to account if the State fails to do so, how many weak and helpless competitors you have crushed out, how many legislators you have bribed, how much money you have spent to corrupt courts and cover up the record of your company's

crime before the law! And do you talk to me about the lawlessness of these workmen, who are guilty, and for whom I am not pleading any excuse, but whose act is not to be compared for one moment in enormity with that of the continued lawlessness of Capital throughout this Republic. Where Labor has broken the laws and ignored the statute once, Capital has done it ten times. And, shielded by its wealth and influence, it pretends to grow indignant at the actions of Labor. Verily, if the Lord of all the earth were here to-day, He would say to you and your kind, 'Ye hypocrites, first cast out the beam out of your own eye, and then you shall see clearly to cast out the mote out of your brother's eye.' God judge you, John Wrightam, if you do not acknowledge your sin against these men and against society. He will teach you one of these days how hard it is for rich men to get into the Kingdom of God."

And having said this, Fredrick Stanton walked out of the house feeling that his errand had been a total failure; but not without a sense of righteous indignation that did not include very much feeling of regret that he had spoken his mind freely to a man, who, in the church which he attended, never heard a word of plain preaching on the subject of lying, bribery, or lawlessness in high places.

He was talking it all over with his wife the next evening. She had expressed her complete confidence in his action, and he had been wondering with her whether it would be a case of pearls before swine to

go and see Harwood, when the bell rang, and Stanton went to the door. To his undisguised astonishment, Harwood himself stood on the porch.

Stanton asked him in at once, and noted as he did so the man's pale, troubled face.

"I would like to see you alone, Dr. Stanton, if I may," he said, after he had returned Mrs. Stanton's greeting.

Stanton led the way into his study, and shutting the door motioned the mill owner into an easy-chair. Harwood sank into it and put his hands over his face. Stanton waited silently and eyed his unexpected visitor with interested wonder, for the man was, as he had said to Mildred, very remarkable in many ways.

"My wife left me, Dr. Stanton, yesterday. She is not coming back. The quarrel between us is irreconcilable. I do not think—I do—not—think she ever really loved me. She was attracted by my wealth, as I was attracted by her beauty. We have lived a dog's life. It is a case of incompatibility, you understand. My oldest girl, Leona, will stay with her mother. The boys are in the military school at Poughkeepsie. My youngest daughter will go to France with my sister. This separation will probably get into the papers in time, but no one knows about it now but she and you and myself. Dr. Stanton, you were a faithful pastor to me while you were at Saint Cecilia. You may have thought yourself a coward during that pastorate, but your sermons contained many beautiful and helpful things to me, and your prayers often

helped me. I don't know a man of my acquaintance who is of any use to me now. It would be worse than mockery for me to go to a man like Wrightam, for example. He and the others do not know anything but money. My God!" The man got up and walked across the room, then came back and sat down again. "Can you give me any comfort? I am forty-eight years old. That was the birthday party celebrating the event night before last, Dr. Stanton. My sister, who I think loves me a little, got it up. She is ignorant of the hell in which my wife and I have lived for twenty years. But I can't go to her. You are the only man I know who is likely to give me any peace of mind. I felt as if I must go to some one, or I was in danger of suicide. You see my affections were bound up in my wife. To have her leave me——"

He put his hands over his face again, and Stanton eyed him in wonder. Harwood had been the proudest man in Saint Cecilia. Tall, handsome, a university man, with fine literary tastes, unscrupulous to a degree in the market-place, kind and affectionate in his family relations, the sight of him sitting there humbled with this deep trouble, touched Stanton profoundly.

What was there to do but go to God with him?

Stanton got down by him, put his hand on his shoulder, and prayed. When the prayer ceased Harwood was sobbing. That nearly broke Stanton down, but he rejoiced over it. He knew Harwood would not think of suicide now.

"Thank you," he said after a while. Then there was a long pause.

"I don't want you to think I'm converted or anything of that sort, Dr. Stanton. I know I've been a church member all these years, but that hasn't meant anything. I know, too, that I've wasted God's opportunity with my money and all that. But this trouble has made me feel the uselessness of money and social power, and all that, to give happiness. Do you know, nothing in all my experience touched me like your action that day when you announced your authorship and stepped out of the bishopric? I was on the point then of getting up in the church and commending your act and siding with you. I've been on the point a dozen times of coming to you since, to have a talk with you over the whole social question. I'm not an aristocrat either by birth or training. But circumstances seemed to force me into the class of Wrightam against my convictions. I found I could make money easy according to modern methods of captaining industry. All the time I have made a study of social questions. My sympathies, so far as my intellectual consent is concerned, are all with Labor. Something I saw of Bishop Potter's recently stirred me to blood heat. It was like this:

"In the country in which you and I live, what we call civilization has undergone what is not less than a gigantic revolution. The huge aggregations of capital which have practically taken from the hands of the individual the independent disposition of his labor,

and have introduced into his existence paralyzing uncertainty as to both his comforts and his future, and gradual widening of the breaches that separate classes from classes, and the competitions that, while they cheapen the necessaries of life, increase the elements of perplexity and uncertainty as to how great multitudes may obtain them, all these are features of our modern civilization full of danger."\*

"That is from his recent address on 'Wealth and Commonwealth,' at New Haven," said Stanton, his mind in a state of wonder at Harwood's disclosures.

"If Harvey had said it, the *Lenox Times* would have called him a dangerous inciter of class hatred," said Harwood. "Well, Dr. Stanton, somehow I feel as if my salvation lay in this social whirlpool somewhere. My home is destroyed. The incentive for the acquisition of money is gone. Something in me must have satisfaction. My social sins have been many. Not vices, but failure to be true to my own convictions, to my deepest understanding of justice. Have you got a copy of Herbert Spencer?" He went over to the book-shelves, and Stanton pointed out the set of Spencer's works. Harwood took down a volume, turned to a passage, and read aloud:

"The system under which we at present live fosters dishonesty and lying. It prompts adulterations of countless kinds. It is answerable for the cheap imitations, which, eventually, in many cases thrust the genuine article out of the market. It leads to the use

\* Bishop P. A. B. in an address on "Wealth and Commonwealth." At New Haven, Conn.

of short weights and false measures. It introduces bribery, which vitiates most trading relations, from those of the manufacturer and buyer down to those of the shopkeeper and servant. It encourages deception to such an extent that an assistant who cannot tell a falsehood with a good face is blamed; and often it gives the conscientious trader the choice between adopting the malpractices of his competitors, or greatly injuring his creditors by bankruptcy. Moreover, the extensive frauds, common throughout the commercial world, and daily exposed in law courts and newspapers, are largely due to the pressure under which competition places the higher industrial classes; and are otherwise due to that lavish expenditure which, as implying success in the commercial struggle, brings dishonor. With these minor evils must be joined the major one, that the distribution achieved by the system gives to those who regulate and superintend, a share of the total produce which bears too large a ratio to the share it gives to the actual workers.'

"Now it's the last sentence that appeals to me. All my life, so far, I have been conscious of violating my convictions in the matter of justice to the men who have helped to create the wealth. And the question with me now is, how to get my mind into the right relation with my convictions. I've got to do something or I'll go mad."

Stanton did not know what to say to this. But he did know what to give in the way of spiritual healing.

When Harwood went away he gave Stanton every assurance that he was helped so far as that went, but he was not any nearer a decision as to his own future.

One week later the *Times* printed an item to the effect that Harwood had gone abroad. Stanton gave the matter no more thought, except to wonder a little that the mill owner had not been to see him, or tell him of his plans. But he was very busy preparing for his fall and winter lectures, and for the next few days Harwood was largely out of mind.

Two days before going out on his first lecture engagement Stanton went down to the lower mill to get some facts concerning machinery, and its effects on the lives of the men. The mills had resumed work with both union and non-union men, and the strike was about over. It had been a part failure, but the Union had gained some minor advantages, and was biding its time for the next move.

Stanton came to the casting-room, and was standing close by the "Octopus," fascinated as always, whenever he watched it, when one of the workmen ran up to attach a chain to one of the derrick arms. As he finished the work and lifted up his body, Stanton had a new view of him. Through the grime and smoke and swirling gas wreaths of the place he recognized in one startling moment the face of Harwood. Harwood in the same moment saw that he was recognized, and as the foreman happened to be on the other side of the casting moulds, he stepped close up to Stanton and spoke to him hurriedly.

## VII

### A PUBLIC MESSAGE

"**I** DON'T need to tell you why I am here, Mr. Stanton. And I expect you to respect my secret. The foreman knows me. But since I shaved my beard, I don't think even Harvey would recognize me. The men in the mill did not know my face, and I am working here mostly with new men anyway. I'm a 'scab.'" He spoke the word with a grim smile. "I'll work out my salvation here—or, somewhere, Stanton. I have not been so happy for years. I'm at least one of the masses here. And the work keeps me from thinking of her."

He did not even try to shake Stanton's outstretched hand, but turned and caught up the steel bar he had dropped. Stanton watched him a moment, and then went on his way, leaving the once proud mill owner a part of the wrestling forces of human stress and struggle, under the ominous frown of the grim machine which knew no remorse or regret. But the image of the man trying to work out his salvation in the way he had chosen haunted Stanton as he rose to speak to a great audience on the first night of his lecture engagement outside of Lenox.

Stanton faced his first audience away from home since his resignation from Saint Cecilia with a feel-

ing of trepidation. He knew that very many, if not all, in the great crowd, had come to see him out of curiosity. That placed a handicap on his message to start with. However, he began his lecture on "What are the Rights of Mankind?" by quoting Abraham Lincoln, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." Using this as a broad text for his unfolding of the main thought, he went on to give certain definitions; first of all, the definition of the word Socialism, as given by the best and latest dictionaries:

"Any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or, in great part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action, would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community." \*

He also quoted John Stuart Mill's definition: "Socialism is the joint ownership by all members of the community of the instrument and means of production; which carries with it the consequence that the division of the produce among the body of owners must be a public act, performed according to rules laid down by the community. Socialism by no means excludes private ownership of articles of consumption." \*

\* Century Dictionary.

After dwelling on the fact that these definitions did not need to scare any one, Stanton went on with a number of short paragraphic sentences to declare on what the rights of man were based, and to show that no matter what other kinds of Socialism might lead up to, Christian Socialism could not, by any possibility, mean anything except the realization of a genuine brotherhood.

"The rights of man are coincident with his duties. His rights are not selfish prerogatives, they are mutual concessions.

"The Christian Brotherhood is an impossibility, unless in the heart exists a love of God, together with a love of man. In other words, a social betterment of the race is impossible, unless it has a deep, true religious basis. To leave out the religious element is to leave out one of the absolute necessities of any social progress.

"I need hardly say that I repudiate with the deepest horror the teaching of such men as William Morris on the marriage relation, when he says, 'marriage under existing conditions is absurd; the family about which so much twaddle is talked is hateful.' Or Fourier, 'Monogamy and private prosperity are the main characteristics of civilization. The individual family is the unit of all faulty societies divided by opposing interests!'

"Such statements are from the pit. I need hardly say that men like Charles Kingsley, Fredrick Maurice, Thomas Hughes, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, to-

gether with women like Miss Willard, who believe profoundly in a Christian Brotherhood, have no other view of marriage and the family than the view of Christ and the New Testament. Whatever touches the integrity of the family touches the foundation of society. The increase of divorces, the wicked facility with which men and women sever the sacred tie, the loose and sneering conception of this relation, which is entertained especially by men and women of no other aim in life except to amuse themselves; all this is as far away from the plan of a Christian Brotherhood as hell from heaven. Over 25,000 divorces were granted in the United States last year for incompatibility of temper! Think of the enormity of such a tearing down of the cornerstone of the Republic!

“If incompatibility of temper were a just cause for divorce, how many marriages would stand the test? It is probably true that during the first few years of married life, even among professed Christian people, the majority of husbands and wives discover certain weaknesses and faults in each other. It is also probably true, that a majority of married people find in certain directions that their tastes differ, and their opinions and habits often cross one another.

“What shall be done? On account of this incompatibility of temper, shall this sacred compact—the most sacred known to human life—be carelessly, passionately, or cruelly broken, or shall it be the aim of the man and wife, who have grown to realize, even with

pain, these differences between them, to emphasize the points on which they are in accord, to mutually overlook and minimize these differences, to respect each other, even while they differ; to live together as friends, even when they discover that neither one of them is an angel. The marriage relation is of such tremendous importance in its bearing on the whole social structure that I have no hesitation in saying that it is infinitely better for a husband and wife to live together quietly, without complaint and without reproach, even if each realized fully that the ideal love they thought they once had for each other is totally gone, than to separate on account of that fact, or even because each thought they might be happier with some one else. I believe among the heroes and heroines, among the saints of this world, have been many and many a married couple, who lived all their lives true to the married relation in spite of incompatibility, and very many more married people, who, at first discovery of these differences, supposed their married happiness was lost, who, as the years went by, recovered it, and grew to love each other more and more truly, because they determined each one not to wreck the greatest relation in life through a weak or wicked yielding to a selfish personal disappointment.

"The only safe marriages are those of genuine Christian people, who have a deeply religious principle in life, and realize that it is only through mutual sacrifice, mutual forgiveness, mutual charity, and forbearance, the marriage relation can be sus-

tained in its fullest happiness and power. I repeat, the Christian Brotherhood cannot exist on any other basis except that of the sacredness of the family life. Any Socialism which contemplates a free society, which in any way throws contempt on this relation, which anticipates anything different from the Christian family, in its one husband for one wife until death do them part, such Socialism has no more right to be entitled to the name of Christian than hell has any right to be bounded with the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem."

As he finished this sentence Stanton was aware of a commotion in different parts of the hall. Several men and women, their faces inflamed with passion, rose and began to go out. In the rear of the hall, a large man, with a voice like the roar of some wild animal, stood up on a seat and waved his arms excitedly, asking Stanton some question about marriage.

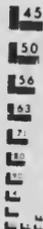
Stanton stood quiet a moment and then sat down. On the platform with him that night were several ministers, pastors of the local churches of different denominations. They watched him curiously to see what he would do in the face of this new turn of affairs.

The man on the seat shouted out his something with a bellow that filled the building. The audience was variously affected by what had happened. There were hisses and applause. Some stood up to see the man who was making the disturbance. Others



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shouted to Stanton, "Go on! Go on! He's a crank!" Stanton sat like an image. Not a muscle quivered, not a sign of movement was visible. The man on the seat bellowed until he was hoarse. The audience began to hiss at him more and more, and Stanton kept his seat, absolutely unmoved.

Finally, the man, with one more yell, sat down suddenly, as if he had been assisted by some one nearby, and almost instantly the audience quieted down, until not a whisper was audible. Stanton deliberately rose, and in a low tone, said good-naturedly, "If the brother back there will kindly remain for a few moments after the lecture is over, I shall be pleased to answer his questions, if I am able. But I do not consider it fair to the audience to introduce that feature into the lecture itself."

The man tried to shout something, but the audience yelled at him to quit, and he subsided. Stanton went on and finished the lecture, and, at the close, invited any who wished, to remain for a conference of question and answer.

While those who did not accept his invitation were going out, Stanton was touched and deeply helped by the warm sympathy of the ministers who had been on the platform. They came around him and expressed their feelings cordially.

"I never understood your views until to-night, Brother Stanton," said the Methodist minister. "I want to congratulate you on your Christian soundness. I expected something altogether different. Your views

on the marriage question ought to be preached from every pulpit in America."

The Congregational minister shook his hand hard.

"I'm with you, Brother Stanton, on what you said at the close of the lecture, on the factor of love as the only foundation on which to build up a structure of social progress. I have read all the current books and articles on social reconstruction, and I am sick at heart over their omissions of the greatest factor of all, the one thing Christ emphasized most. The Lord bless you, Brother Stanton, as you bring this message to the people."

The Baptist, Christian, and Presbyterian ministers were also hearty in their words of encouragement, and Stanton, whose heart was in love with the Church, in spite of Saint Cecilia, felt a strange and almost overwhelming desire to weep at the evidence of their Christian fellowship.

To his surprise, fully half the audience had remained to the conference. He asked the people to get together in the middle of the hall, and as soon as they were quiet, he called for the man who wanted to ask questions about marriage.

Some one down near the door laughed.

"That was Stollwitz. He works in the roller mills. His wife came after him just at the close of the meeting, and he followed her out as meek as a lamb."

"Can you take me to his house to-morrow, friend, or tell me where to find him?" asked Stanton. A

workingman down near the platform said he knew, and gave Stanton the address.

The conference went on for an hour. A majority of the audience were workingmen. They put such questions as these:

“Do you believe in trade-unions?”

“Is marriage oftener a failure with the rich than with the poor?”

“You said the Sabbath was being desecrated more and more by the working people of America. How about those big corporations like railroads, cement, and oil works, and large mills that run every day in the week, and make it impossible for thousands of working people to have one day of rest in seven?”

“Wouldn't the churches get nearer the workers if they abolished pew-rents, and paid their preachers no more than average labor is paid?”

“If one reason the workingmen spend so much money for beer, is the wretched condition of the average tenement, bad cooking, and so forth, how about the men who own the tenements, some of whom are church members?”

“Isn't it a fact that most of the divorces you spoke of were among well-to-do people, not among the poor or average workers?”

“To what extent did Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and Frederick Maurice believe in socialism?”

“Do you think the negro is entitled to all the rights of a citizen?”

“Last January, February, and March, of 1902,

300 employees were killed, and 2834 injured in railroad accidents in this country. During those three months 1650 trains were in collision, and 1181 trains were derailed. Adding the accidents sustained by railroad employees in shops, due to machinery, there was a total, during the three months, of 827 killed, and 11,481 injured. Do you think it is fair to suppose that most of these fatalities were caused by carelessness on the part of men at work? It is a fact that more men are killed by machinery every year in America than were killed during the entire Boer War. Who is most to blame for it?"

"If the scab insists on his right to work anywhere, and for any wages he pleases, without joining any Union, even, if in doing so, he robs my wife and children of bread, am I to love him? Is it not asking too much of human nature to do that?"

This is sufficient to give some idea of the kind of questions that poured in on Stanton for an hour. The people were for the most part good-natured, and evidently wanted to get honest answers to fair queries. When Stanton finally asked them to join him in a prayer at the close, there was a respectful quiet. Several men came up to shake hands, even at that late hour. One of them, a modest, quiet-appearing man, about Stanton's own age, gave his name as Colfax.

"Are you the Colfax who has organized those new grocery stores in this part of the State?" Stanton asked, with great interest.

"I expect I am. Would be glad to see you and get more light," Colfax said modestly. "Can't you come around in the morning?"

"Yes. I go on to Camden to-morrow evening. Shall I come in the forenoon?"

Colfax nodded, and gave Stanton his card. The next morning Stanton found himself in Colfax's little store, and as it was early, the two were almost alone for a little while.

## VIII

### TWO OF THE BROTHERHOOD

"I 'VE heard of your plan, Mr. Colfax. I'm interested. Tell me about it."

"I don't claim anything great or original in my business," Colfax answered modestly. "My father was a very rich man, as perhaps you know. But I couldn't see that his money gave him any comfort. The year before he died, during the great panic of '57, he lost everything, and I began life as a poor boy. I clerked it in a grocery store for ten years, and saved up enough in that time to start on my own account. The first rule I made for myself was this: I never want to get rich in business. I've added to that rule the following, which for the last eight years have worked out well:

"Business for the day closes promptly at six o'clock.

"All employees are paid in full at the close of each day.

"All transactions are cash, and no books are kept.

"All goods are sold at cost after \$2.50 profits for the day has been made.

"There is no delivery service.

"Premises personally guarded against fire to save the amount of insurance premium.

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"No liquors, cigars, or tobacco are carried in stock.

"To the poor, all goods are sold at cost at all times.

"You may be interested, Mr. Stanton, in the following results. I have now fifteen stores, the daily profits of which are \$2.50; annual profits, 313 working days, are \$782.50. Annual profits of all the stores are \$11,731.50. These profits are distributed partly in helping the poor; partly in opening new stores. That's about all."

"But I hear you are having some trouble with the trade-unions. How is that?"

Colfax smiled slightly.

"It's true. They began to boycott me a month ago, because my clerks were not members of the Union. At first I lost considerable trade. Then people heard of it, and began to rush me so that I couldn't wait on customers, and I made a new rule." He pointed to a card over the counter, which read, "Help yourself, and leave the money at the desk." "You see every article in the store is marked in plain figures, its selling price. I think I have lost a very little by this method, through the dishonesty of a few people; but it doesn't begin to compare with the losses the average grocer sustains every day through careless extravagance and lack of saving habits. The store will be crowded all day to-day. But I'll have to move out on account of the owner of the building. The Union threatens to boycott him, and he claims he can't stand

the pressure. I'm not able to buy, and shall move."

"Will your clerks join the Union to avoid trouble?"

"I don't think so," Colfax answered quietly. "Two of them have already been attacked by members of the Union on the street. It isn't likely they will join an organization that employs such methods. I can't urge them to do so, just to save me. Besides, I don't believe in that way of doing business. For the last five years I have sold goods to the members of the trade-unions in this city at cost. They now turn against me with a boycott, because my clerks do not belong to the Union. I don't hate them, you understand, Mr. Stanton. But my convictions are such that I shall continue to do business on the same plan, and hire my clerks anywhere from the most honest, reliable men I can find. I don't claim, either, that my plan of doing business will bring in the millennium. But I know that I am a far happier man than my father, with his great wealth, and also hope that a great many other people are made happier by my methods. How the matter between the Unions and myself will come out, I don't know. Time will settle that. But I am a great believer in human progress, and I believe the members of the Unions will, in time, use other methods to gain their ends."

Stanton left him, impressed with the man's modest sincerity, and musing over his statement about being happier than his father. "Truly, it is a great fact,"

he said to himself, as he went down towards the roller mills, near which Stollwitz lived, "that as Jesus said, 'A man's life does not consist of the abundance of things that he possesses.' 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' If what we are after is happiness, how foolishly we stumble and strive after it, learning nothing, apparently, from the mistakes and troubles of those who have made history in vain for us."

It was his keen sense of justice that sent him down into the neighborhood of the roller mills, to find this workman who had disturbed his meeting. What was one poor laborer more or less? Yet, Stanton groping his way toward a deeper sympathy and quicker apprehension in all things that belong to the life of man, was rapidly growing more charitable in his judgments of all sorts and conditions of men.

He found the number of Stollwitz's house, and knocked at the door, not expecting to see the man himself, for he had been told that he worked on the night shift, and would probably be asleep. But, to his surprise, the man himself opened the door, and stood in the narrow passage-way staring at him.

"I'm Mr. Stanton, the man who was trying to talk last night, while you were trying to do the same thing," said Stanton, with a smile. "I came down here to find out what it was you wanted to ask, as you didn't stay for the after-meeting."

The man stared so long and hard that Stanton was in great doubt as to his sanity. But suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter, and putting out a hand

that looked, for size and shape, like a sugar-cured ham, he said, in a voice that a vegetable vender would have considered worth half the season's profits:

"Mister Stanton! Come in, sir! I'm honored and delighted!" He dragged Stanton through a narrow hall, into a small, but astonishingly neat room, at one end of which a small woman was frying something on a stove.

"Katherine, Dr. Stanton—the author of *The Christian Socialist*."

Katherine wiped her hands on her apron, and shook hands shyly, but without any other mark of embarrassment. Stollwitz pointed to a chair, and seemed to be profoundly pleased. He laughed and made great noises that were like a mingling of foreign languages and an attempt to swallow something out of a pitcher. At last, Stanton noting the preparations for a meal that was going on, said:

"Mr. Stollwitz, I did not mean to interrupt your breakfast, but——"

"Interrupt! My friend, that breakfast will not be interrupted. Sit up with us. Katherine, are you ready? Shall I open the door?"

His wife nodded as she set some dishes down on the table, and Stollwitz went to a door at the other end, unlocked it, and opened it, and there poured out and into the room, as if released from pressure behind, five children, whose names the big mechanic gave to Stanton, as the owners of them gravely went up to their chairs and stood by them. "Children, this is

Dr. Fredrick Stanton, who has honored us extremely by his visit. Gertrude, Luther, Hans, William, Katharine. Now then, Luther, you may ask the grace this morning."

All the family stood up around the table, and the boy, a yellow-haired youth, of some twelve years, said:

"For all the blessings of the night,  
For all the mercies of the light,  
Father, we thank Thee for them all,  
Be with us till the shadows fall. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed every member of the family. And before he knew it, Stanton was seated with the rest, astonished to find himself, instead of in the presence of one of the sullen, blatant specimens of foreign life he had expected to meet, in the heart of a devout Christian family.

"Now that grace was nicely said, my lad," said Stollwitz, whose big voice made the tinware rattle: "What would you think, sir, I was with Herr Stauber's family some time ago, and one of his boys, just home from college, asked the grace, and he said, 'O Lord have mercy on these victuals!' but Stauber never seemed to guess anything wrong with that. And his table is not any too well provided for at any time."

Stanton began to think he should never get around to the question Stollwitz had tried to ask the night before. The novelty of the situation appealed to him,

and he thoroughly enjoyed every minute, although he had already had one breakfast at the hotel.

"We are late," Mrs. Stollwitz said in a pause, during which her husband had laughed again in the same mixed manner as before. "But my husband goes on to work at midnight, and does his eight hours. He was unusually late about getting back this morning."

"We are having trouble at the mills, yes," said Stollwitz, with sudden gravity. "Between the union and the non-union men. Ach! Why cannot men live like brethren? I try to preach it. They laugh. Very few does anything more!" He put a fist on the table that was as big as a loaf of brown bread, and the smallest child, Katherine, regarded it with big-eyed awe.

"But the question. What did you want to ask, brother?" said Stanton. "Pardon me, but I think I owe you an apology. I thought you were one of those men who try to break up a meeting with useless arguments. I know, now, that you are not that kind." He smiled at the family circle, and with that smile he caught the affections, forever, of the entire, simple, deep-hearted household of Franz Stollwitz.

"Well, Dr. Stanton, all I wanted to ask was——" He broke down with his big laugh, as if it had an explosive quality in it that had the properties of dynamite, and exerted its force in all directions equally. "All I wanted to ask was if you were married yourself, and knew what you were talking about from

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actual knowledge. Would that have broken up the meeting?"

"I'm afraid it would," said Stanton, laughing, while Mrs. Stollwitz eyed her big husband reproachfully.

"Well, when the crowd yelled sit down, and called me crank, that raised one crop of dander on me, and I tried to make my question heard, but the people around me were fools, and then I forgot my English, and talked German, so you did not understand. When I get excited, sometimes, I forget all English. Then I need a—what you call 'em—an interrupter. Then Katrina pulled my coat, and I went away."

"She was a good interrupter," said Stanton with a twinkle.

"Yah," said Franz gravely. "Katrina knows when it is good to keep still. But how about that, Dr. Stanton? Be you one married man?"

"Indeed I am, friend, and very happily so. I have her picture here, and I am willing to have you judge if she is not the sweetest-faced woman in the world."

He took out the little case with its photograph, that he had told Mildred he would always carry with him on his lecture trips, and it was passed from hand to hand, provoking exclamations of delight. Stollwitz nodded gravely.

"Ach! You have a right to make a few remarks on the question of marriage. She is one handsome woman. She is of the Lord, my friend."

"Thank you," said Stanton, deeply touched. All

through that simple meal it seemed to him that he had been drawing near something elementally simple, and at the same time fundamental. It struck him that Stollwitz and his family might be of the stuff that epics are woven out of, and that these yellow-haired, grave-eyed children might lay claim, sometime, to richer heritage for blessing than the sons and daughters of the upper circles, where simplicity and elemental virtues have been choked and killed by the artificial customs of society.

When he rose to go away, Stollwitz pulled a book out of a little shelf behind the door.

"We read your book aloud, Dr. Stanton, Katrina and I. It helped us. I would have stayed last night to tell you so, but the troubles at the mills made it needful for me to go to my place earlier. That is what Katrina came to call me about. God bless you. Come and see us again."

He shook hands heartily with all the members of the family, and when he came to baby Katherine, he kissed her, while the tears came into the eyes of big Stollwitz and his wife. They watched him until he turned the corner by the mill, and he went his way thanking God for the little chapter that had become a part of the book of his own life.

His engagements took him away from Lenox for nearly two weeks, and when he returned one evening, he came home with a varied experience that he anticipated telling to his wife. On the whole, the people had received him kindly, and he had some reason to believe

that his message had met with a response from the people. There had been some opposition. At one or two places people in the audience, angered at his plain statements, had gone out of the meeting, and others had let him feel their opposition by means of letters or speech. But for the most part, the signs of a growing promise for the growing Brotherhood seemed bright to him, and he rejoiced with a glow of hope in the good report he was able to make to his wife.

The minute he got out of the train at Lenox he was aware of some very unusual disturbance in the town. The air was charged with high excitement. Looking over into the great public square near the passenger depot, he was thrilled at the sight of a dense mob gathered about a negro, who was standing on a great pile of wood, which seemed to be composed of railroad ties, pieces of sidewalk, broken drygoods boxes and barrels.

At the foot of this pile an insane mob surged like demons, striking at the negro's figure with clubs, axes, bars from piping torn from the little depot flower-garden plot. Other men were pouring something on the wood at the negro's feet.

"What is it?" Stanton asked of no one in particular. The horror of a deep inhuman act struck him with a chill of intense numbing pain. He had a sudden nausea, and his temples throbbed heavily.

"They are going to burn him alive, and serve him right," the station-master said, with an oath.

“They shall not do it if there is a God in heaven!”

Stanton leaped off the platform edge and ran across the flower-plot towards the scene. As he ran, he sobbed to himself, “It is Christian America! O God, for Christ’s sake, forbid it. They know not what they do!”

## IX

### THE FRUITS OF THE SYSTEM

**T**HE next moment Stanton had fought his way into the mob and was pleading with it, not knowing what he said, only pouring out a passionate torrent of words, entreating, threatening, commanding. He was astounded to note in the crowd some of the most prominent business and professional men in Lenox, swept off their feet by the frenzy of the mob spirit. One of these men roughly shoved Stanton aside as he flung an armful of wood down on the awful pile rising around the negro, who was chained to a street-car rail.

“He murdered a white man and woman down on the Wood road behind the mills, Dr. Stanton.”

“I didn’t do it! I am not guilty!” shrieked the poor wretch, writhing in the chain that had been wound around his body. And as Stanton gazed on him, he recognized the negro who had fought for life the night of the riot between the union and non-union men.

“Let the courts do their work! Don’t murder an innocent man!” shouted Stanton. His voice was like a child’s in the midst of the yelling demons in that hell-possessed square. Some one flung a lighted newspaper on the oil-soaked wood. It blazed up at once,

and the negro screamed in a cry so frightful that for a moment those nearest his figure fell back.

Stanton flung himself on the blaze, and with feet and hands scattered the pieces of wood, crying aloud as he did so, calling on the men to let the law take its course. The next moment he was caught and flung back. Several strong arms held him, while the mob threw the fagots around the wretch and set them afire again. As the blaze curled up around his feet a pistol shot rang out, then a second and a third. The negro's head dropped, his body sank down, an inert mass held up by the chain, and the flames and smoke rolled around him, for a moment hiding the fearful object from sight.

That was all Stanton remembered, mercifully for him, until he came to himself, to find that he was lying on the grass-plot of the railroad flower-park with Harvey bending over him. Afterwards he learned that Harvey had dragged him out of the crowd in a fainting condition and perhaps saved his life.

Harvey was kneeling between Stanton and the smouldering heap of nameless horror in the square. The mob was fighting to get up to that awful heap to secure souvenirs of the evening.

"Surely, God will take vengeance on the people for this night's dreadful deed," groaned Stanton feebly.

"If there is a God," replied Harvey roughly. "I have my doubts about it. But you've done your duty."

"It has not availed anything," Stanton exclaimed

faintly. "But I believe in a God if you don't, Harvey, and I know he will visit this city with punishment for this outrage."

"The man and woman were killed by some one down on the Wood road, and the negro was found near the scene under suspicious circumstances. Some one had to be sacrificed to the desire for vengeance."

"I believe he was innocent," groaned Stanton. "His guiltless blood will cry out against us from the ground. And think of the eyes that have been ruined by the sight of this horror. How can they ever behold any thing pure or holy again!"

"Come on home, Stanton. You can't do anything more here. Are you fit to walk?" Harvey helped him to his feet and went home with him, Stanton, all the way, nanging his head in shame for Lenox, and when Mildred greeted him he broke down under the strain as she put her arms about him and mingled her grief with his over the awful event.

To the credit of the *Lenox Times* next day, it denounced the action of the mob in a vigorous editorial, and called attention to the fact that if the after-facts should prove the victim to be innocent, he would be the nineteenth negro to be lynched within six months within the United States, eleven of whom were innocent of the crime attributed to them. "Even supposing this man to be guilty," the editorial continued, "the mob spirit is the mark of barbarism. It is, however, becoming alarmingly common. There is no doubt the courts are largely to blame for it. The

law's delays have been notorious. Especially is it true that justice has often been defeated, and guilty men permitted to go free when the accused has been a person of wealth or influence. This fact is, no doubt, responsible to a large degree for the presence of the mob in American life to-day. The people have grown to have a deep distrust of the regular court proceedings. The remedy for Lynch law is an incorruptible court which acts promptly, not depriving any man of a fair opportunity to prove his innocence, but without permitting delays on technical points of law, and upon convictions, at once meting out punishment in keeping with the crime."

Stanton rested quietly at home during the day, heartsore over the disgrace and shame that had fallen on the town. After supper Harvey called, with news of serious nature.

"It's as you said, Dr. Stanton. The negro was innocent. The guilty man was found late this afternoon by Sheriff Johns, who was absent last night in Anson county. If he had been here the mob would not have been possible, I believe. You know Johns. He's the best sheriff we ever had. The minute news came of the murder on the Wood road, he started out. He got a clue that took him over into Anson county. Sheriff Raines joined him, and the man was brought to bay in a barn. He confessed his guilt, but shot himself dead before he could be caught. That's the story that all the town is talking over to-night. If it's true——"

"If it's true," Stanton exclaimed, as he walked up and down in front of Harvey, "this town is guilty of a fearful crime before God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"The Lord is the only one who will repay," muttered Harvey.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Mildred in horror at Harvey's inference, "that this negro's murder will go unpunished in the courts? Why, father is Judge of the District Court. Do you mean——?"

"Your father is the soul of honor, Mrs. Stanton," said Harvey quietly. "He is the fairest judge in some ways that ever sat on the bench. And yet, you will pardon me for saying it, he has repeatedly, in the course of his long service in the District Court, permitted laws delayed on technicalities, where he might and should lawfully have ruled for a swifter and surer justice. Besides, in this case, the judge is powerless if the County Attorney does not bring action. And if any one supposes that County Attorney Paley will ever bring any action against the mob——"

He left his sentence unfinished with a contempt that was deeper than words could make it, and Stanton gravely eyed him and his wife, conscious that Harvey spoke the truth.

"Does any one wonder," said Harvey gloomily, "that some of us want to see a different order of society in the world from the one we've got now? Will you say, Stanton, that under the present monopolistic, plutocratic rule the people get justice in any large

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quantity? The men around poor Bill Warren last night, some of them were among the best known men in Lenox. You see if any of them are ever arrested for this crime. Yet if some poor striker breaks a law, he's jacked up without any delay and punished to the limit. J. B. Wrightam breaks a dozen laws of the State every day of his life, and no one interferes. That's because he's a millionaire. He drives his automobile through the streets of Lenox twice as fast as the ordinance says is lawful, but who ever heard of his being arrested? If I were to drive a horse a fraction beyond the speed allowed, you know I would hear from it quick enough. It is just such facts that make Socialists. And the lawless rich will have themselves to blame one of these days if they wake up some fine morning to a new order of things, in which they shall be obliged to obey the laws or suffer the consequences."

"It will never be along the track of compulsion or hatred, Brother Harvey."

"I don't care along what track it comes, so long as it gets here," Harvey replied, as he got up to go. "But you mark my prophecy. Not a man that helped murder Bill Warren will ever suffer for it from Lenox justice."

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord," murmured Stanton sadly, as Harvey went out. "The world is in the hands of a just God. If not now, inevitably, sometime, every evil deed of selfish men shall receive its just punishment."

"I'd like to see some of it handed out now," said

Harvey with his grim smile. "I'm tired of waiting for eternity to even things up."

"God has waited longer than you have!" replied Stanton a little sternly. Harvey stared and seemed about to answer, but finally went away without speaking.

Next morning the *Lenox Times* had a full story of Sheriff Johns and his attempted capture of the real criminal. There was no doubt that the mob had murdered an innocent man. The *Times* called for action on the part of Paley, the County Attorney, and vigorously declared that the town and county were disgraced unless something was done. It spoke in high praise of Dr. Stanton's conduct, and urged its readers to denounce mob rule and stand together for law and order.

The following Sunday several pulpits in Lenox spoke out plainly, and called on the courts and authorities to take action against the mob. Stanton himself, by invitation from one of the ministers, preached that Sunday on the all-absorbing topic. Never had he been so effective. A vast audience crowded the church.

It was deeply moved by his eloquent appeal for a social righteousness. Apparently his words carried deep conviction. Hundreds stayed after the service to thank him for his message, and assure him of their hearty belief in the truth of what he said.

Yet it is simply matter of plain history of this case in Lenox, in the year of our Lord, 1903, and in

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so-called Christian America, nothing was ever done really to bring the murderers of Bill Warren, the negro, to trial. The County Attorney went through the form of arresting a few people, but the cases were finally dismissed for lack of evidence; and even in the face of an indignation meeting called by Stanton and a few public-spirited men, the farce of justice was fully played out by the County Attorney, and not one man of the hundreds guilty of that awful crime was ever punished by the laws of man. This is a matter of history which is not denied. And the place of it is not Turkey or Macedonia, with its heathen and unchristian atrocities, but Christian America, with its churches, schools, colleges, and culture, inheriting its wealth of Pilgrim and Puritan conviction. Is it true, think you, young and thoughtful citizens of the United States, that the age of deep convictions has gone, and that we are living in an age of selfish greed and political graft, so intense that one man like this County Attorney of Lenox county, a man devoid of patriotic sense and of reverence for law, drawing his pay as the main thing in his office, practically stands a thing of colossal insult to the State to thwart the majesty of justice, and with cowardly wickedness pour contempt and shame on the principles for which the framers of the Declaration of Independence pledged their lives their fortunes, and their sacred honor?

Whatever you may think about it, the facts remain grim and unchanged. Let every lover of his country,

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and every believer in the law and its enforcement, rote the facts on his knees, holding up his hands before God in prayer, that a new generation may arise with a righteous zeal for a Christian Republic in reality as well as in name.

How much this event contributed to deepen Stanton's convictions in the line of his belief in social revolution, it would be difficult to say. Undoubtedly it intensified his feelings and added to his passionate desire for a new patriotism. This found expression in his next public address in Chicago. He was called there by the Municipal League, and the Auditorium was packed to hear him. It was a representative audience, composed of Labor, Capital, professional and business men, all interested in his theme, most of them drawn by curiosity to see the author of *The Christian Socialist*; some hostile to him, others indifferent, but all, for the time being, more or less roused by the occasion.

## X

TO BE SKIPPED BY THE THOUGHTLESS READER

**S**TANTON began by stating the subject of the evening's address:

"I have been asked," he said, "to outline the programme of Christian Socialism. It is useless for me to make even a beginning toward what I want to say unless the first principles on which a proposed social order rest are plainly understood.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, therefore, that I do not attempt to bring into this discussion any other economic theories than those which have been so plainly stated in the Bible, and especially in the New Testament. A good many people are frightened at the sound of the very word Socialism. But I wish to announce in this talk to-night that according to my view, and that of hundreds and thousands of far better Christians than myself, the term Christian Socialism is nothing but a term which means that if the plain teachings of the Son of God were obeyed in human society, the world would begin to enjoy a peace, a strength, a prosperity, a brotherhood, such as it does not now know. If this is true, as I firmly believe it is, then the statements I am about to make are simply and forever based on the teachings of Jesus, and are not any new or striking

or original contribution to the Social Problem, only the direct application of divine laws to human needs, as old as creation, but made clear and specific by Him who came on purpose to give men life abundantly.

"The programme of Christian Socialism, therefore, may be stated under the following heads:

"1. Before anything like a Christian Social order among men is possible, men must be Christian.

"It is not enough that they be merely good men, that is, men who are moral or who never commit crime. They must be men who are filled with the spirit of Christ, intelligent, well-poised, self-sacrificing, loving their enemies, ready to forgive wrongs, strong to endure, patient, calm, making it the business of their lives to seek first the Kingdom of God. There is no real hope of establishing the Christian Social order with any other human material.

"2. If this proposition is true, it follows that making laws or trying to establish legislative rules to govern society will not, in itself, be enough to bring about an ideal social order among men. Men themselves need first of all to be right before they will live right. This does not ignore the fact that surroundings or environment may have their influence in shaping men's moral or religious conditions. But merely to attempt to improve men's physical conditions and ignore their spiritual needs, as if all had been done when the body has been well-clothed, fed, and housed, is to ignore the fact that men in all the centuries who have had the best environment, but

whose hearts have been sinful, are among the most unhappy and sinful men in the world's history. Having money, living in a big house, eating rich food, being educated, all this does not mean happiness or power. If what the world of labor is after to-day is more money, more food, better houses, more things, as if these things would bring happiness, then it will miss the mark, and even if by a legislative revolution it should gain all these things but still remain unchanged in the heart, the world will be not better off than it is now. In fact, if all the people who are now living in tenements, all the people who are working at hard labor, all the people who are poor and in debt and worn out with the struggle for existence, should be able to exchange their condition with the rich, go into their houses, have their money to spend, and be released from the conditions which they now regard as bitter, the world would not be any better off, unless the people who benefited by the physical change were also changed at heart. The good house, the fine clothes, the money, the surroundings, would not in themselves necessarily make any of these people any happier, any more useful, or more of value to society. It would be bread, but it would be bread alone. And 'man shall not live by bread alone.' Out of the heart proceed all the evil things of the world. The rich are as miserable as the poor if their hearts are not right with God. Christian Socialism simply repeats the command of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these

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things—that is, the physical things you need—shall be added unto you.’ The Socialism which says ‘seek first better wages, seek first more money, seek first how to get the better of your enemies, seek first trade-unionism, seek first how to down Capitalism or how to enact laws against human selfishness,’ this Socialism, no matter what else it may be, is not Christian. There is only one first for the Christian, and that is the Kingdom of God.

“3. This does not mean that Christian Socialism has no definite aim or purpose in the matter of changing unjust or unhappy physical conditions of society. Any man who really is seeking first God’s Kingdom, will do all in his power to make the physical life as comfortable and happy as he can. Because the Christian makes his first object in life the building up of the Kingdom of God, is the best possible reason why he is the one kind of a man in the whole world to help successfully to establish a just and happy social condition. Christian Socialism, therefore, believes in the following practical measures:

“4. Christian Socialism believes in the common ownership or control of all the world’s great necessities. This includes such common physical needs as transportation, local and general; oil, coal, food, water, light, telegraph, telephone, express and postal conveniences. Such common necessities as ice, bread, milk, medicine, etc., could easily be furnished to all the people at cost, under an intelligent, loving, social order which was really Christian. I was present in

the London Common Council one day, when Lord Carrington rose and made a statement concerning the cost of gas to the poor of London, as furnished by the London Gas and Coke Company, an absolutely monopolistic concern. The company charged the poor of London nine pence more per thousand feet of gas than they charged him, Lord Carrington. Talking with Lord Carrington afterwards, he declared his abhorrence of any such injustice and prophesied a final socializing of such a common necessity as light for the people. The difference in price was on account of the difference in quantity of gas consumed. Yet, certainly, if any one needed to have the balance on his side it was the poor man, not the peer. In a Christian social order a man's need of a common necessity would be a large factor to consider in the matter of price charged him for it. In the existing order, the man's need is not taken into the account, only his ability to order a large quantity and pay for it.

"In general, Christian Socialism would socialize all common needs, on the principle that it is universally good social economy to do so. We have already socialized the post-office, the public schools, the fire department, the lighting and heating of town and cities, the common roads, the public buildings, the public parks, and many other forms of public need. We are all Socialists in the matter of the post-office, even if it does not pay expenses; even if there are frauds and irregularities and dishonesty connected with its management. The people will see to the

righting of those abuses, as it is being done. But who would ever wish to place the post-office in the hands of a private trust for the purpose of private gain? Who would like to see the public schools managed for pay by the United States Public School Corporation? Yet the education of our children by the State, at all the people's expense, is not more necessary or just than their physical and mental nourishment in other directions. As long as selfish and unscrupulous landlords can get high rent for low tenements, the people who have to live in tenements will suffer an injustice, which could not exist if sanitary dwellings were the property of the people themselves. It is simply a matter of economic saving and justice, that the things which all mankind has to have for its physical and mental welfare should not be made subject to individual greed. The rights of property are not greater than the rights of man. They are second, not first.

"5. It follows as a natural order of belief that Christian Socialism does not believe in the personal acquisition of large personal fortunes. This follows from two reasons. If the great necessities of the world were once made the common property of the people, it would be impossible for any man to amass millions of money for himself. Even in the case of men who live under the present social conditions, who have acquired many millions of dollars and are willing to use the money for good objects, it is not possible for an individual to so distribute the vast sums for

the general good in such a way as to add to the general welfare of the world, as if the same amount of wealth were distributed through the lives of the thousands of people who have toiled with either hand or brain to make that wealth. In the second place, the individual millionaire is not so happy or so useful a man as the one who has simply enough for the necessary development of his life. The happiest people in the world are neither the very poor nor the very rich. Too great poverty means misery. Too great wealth means the same. As a general thing, the unhappiest and most discontented people all over the world, are the people at the extremes of society. The golden means of happiness does not depend on gold for its cause. It is a naturally eternal result of causes which are always the same and always will be. To restrict a man's personal wealth, create an order of society making it impossible for a man ever to become a millionaire, would be no injustice; it would be the beginning of happiness to countless men who now heap up riches, and, after getting them, have no pleasure in them. It is eternally true, as Jesus said, 'A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses.' It is also his teaching that man should not lay up for himself treasures on the earth. Some Christians believe this command applied only to the Christians in Jesus' own lifetime, and was not intended for a rule of life for all time. I wish to say that I myself differ from this view, and believe Jesus meant the command to extend in comprehensive

manner over all the centuries, and apply to all his disciples alike. It was not a religious precept necessary only to the special surroundings of the early Christian, but a profound economic statement, which, if followed out by the Christian, would result in greater power, development, and happiness than can possibly be found in any search after wealth or any actual possession of the same.

"6. Christian Socialism also holds as one of its teachings in a practical programme, what may be called the doctrine of a 'new patriotism.'

"One of the most astonishing propositions ever made to the British taxpayer was made by Sir Norman Lockyer in his recent presidential address before the British Association. In that address, he advocated the grant by the government of \$120,000,000 for university extension and education in Great Britain. That is just the amount spent last year on the British navy.

"The *New York Independent* for October 1, 1903, commenting on this address, says, 'He (Sir Norman Lockyer), would borrow this sum, and put it once for all in buildings and endowments where it would be permanently profitable. It would be a single appropriation for the production of brains, and would not have to be repeated. Battleships wear out in a few years and go to the scrap heap; buildings and endowments maintain an endless profit. But let us make the comparison which Sir Norman Lockyer suggests between the expenditure of \$120,000,000 once for the

production of trained brains, and that of the same amount every year for the building of battleships. Which is the most profitable investment of a nation's surplus wealth? And what is a battleship, which costs as much to build as it does to endow a university? It is a temporary, fragile thing, made to smash and be smashed, soon out of style, and thrown aside, when, after a few years, worn out. It is the expression of the destructive, the cursed side of national character and life, that which makes for loss and ruin, or at least, for defense against wanton attack. It may be necessary to build war vessels, we do not deny, but Sir Norman Lockyer is right in saying that brains are a better defense than battleships, and better worth building.' Amen! says the lover of his country who believes in the teachings of Christ. That teaching is all towards the reign of peace among men. But if it is true that we have not yet reached the place in our Christian civilization where battleships and navies can be dispensed with, let us at least be true enough to our faith to insist upon it, that if the United States spends millions every year in building machines to kill, it should also appropriate as many more millions to preserve life, and educate men and women into good Christian citizens. The State already appropriates public money in vast sums to maintain jails, penitentiaries, asylums, hospitals, and poorhouses. The same amount of money spent on establishing kindergartens, universities, training schools, and in

paying living wages to the best teachers, would reduce the cost of these other institutions by that law of prevention which is so inexorable. Yet the teaching force of America, with all the country's mighty increase in wealth, is not any better paid for its work than it was twenty-five years ago. With all our bragging prosperity there is one class of society in America that has not benefited—the salaried class, especially teachers and ministers. I know a man who has been in the same pulpit for twenty years. He is more than an average preacher and an exceptional pastor. When he went to that parish the church numbered two hundred. His salary was \$1000 a year. The church now numbers over six hundred. In the twenty years' time of a faithful, self-sacrificing ministry, that church has increased the salary to \$1500. That was over eight years ago, and the salary remains at that figure. This is not due to the fact that the church does not appreciate the man. But his membership is made up almost entirely from the salaried class, and while almost every other class of society has had some benefit from the prosperous years, the salaried class, like the minister, gets no more, and the cost of living has largely increased, so that what are called prosperous times are really hard times for large numbers of the most useful citizens; the educated, thoughtful Christian patriots of America, who are not the money-seeking people, but are among the solid, useful servants of society, who are not paid fair wages for the service rendered.

"This is as true of teachers as of ministers. I know a high-school principal who, ten years ago, was paid \$1600 a year. He has grown in his important position. He is ten times more capable as a public servant now than he was ten years ago. Yet he gets no more pay, and during a period of ten years' uncomplaining service he has twice been asked if he could not work for less.

"The new patriotism would place brains before battleships, and brains before commercial supremacy. It would magnify the service of its public servants in the ministry, and give a living wage sufficient to ensure against anxiety or future want. It is, of course, true, and always will be, that neither the minister nor the teacher are in their professions to make money. They practically say to the world when they enter their professions, we are not money-seekers. We labor for the love of the service. But under the present social order, it is not fair to ask a minister to do his work without sufficient tools, or a teacher to do his on such insufficient margin that his service is marred by anxiety. Christian Socialism would rank the teacher above the warrior, who is cared for in his old age by the government. Who does the more lasting service? At any rate, if the government pensions those who risked their lives in the physical war, it ought to provide liberally for the efficiency of its force of teachers who are helping to preserve the Republic intact by their loyal, intelligent, self-sacrificing education of the boys and girls who are soon

to be the statesmen and builders of the land. It would simply be an act of wise commercial economy for the State to increase the salaries of its teachers, and dignify their value in every possible way to the State.

"The new patriotism would also, under Christian Socialism, declare its protest against many false forms of patriotic expression, notably, the celebration of our great national festivities or commemorative days.

"The Fourth of July celebration has become a distinct absurdity, without any serious educating purpose; a day given over to senseless noise, dissipation, athletic and theatrical performances for so much apiece, and a vast and unnecessary expenditure of money, that ought to be used to relieve distress or establish some permanent monument to the civic pride and virtue of the people."

Thus far in his address, Stanton had been listened to with the closest attention. The beautiful hall had been the scene of many wonderful gatherings and many remarkable utterances, but it is doubtful if any subject discussed there had provoked such intense interest as this. But Stanton had just finished his calm statement about the Fourth of July, when a finely-dressed man, sitting three rows from the edge of the platform, rose to his feet, turned about, and faced the audience.

His voice rang out plainly so that the farthest listener standing in the upper gallery heard the words:

"I protest against this address. It is full of dangerous teaching. It ought not to continue."

The audience leaned like one man toward the man who made this interruption. And for a moment a breathless stillness pervaded the house. In that silence Stanton, unmoved, almost coldly indifferent outwardly, remained facing the people, then he slowly stepped back and sat down by the chairman, who the same instant rose to his feet and went forward.

## XI

### THE PROGRAMME OF SOCIALISM

**T**HE momentary silence following the statement made by the man in the audience was suddenly broken by voices that rose from every part of the Auditorium. There were cheers and hisses. Groups of men arose in different places and shouted. The man who had interrupted sprang up on a seat, and again his clear, resonant voice could be heard above the confusion.

“Hear me! Let me have a word!”

The noise died down. People seated themselves. The man stood on the seat waiting for silence. The chairman of the meeting, who had not yet spoken, stood attentively gazing at the man on the seat.

“I repeat, I protest against this address, and I have risen in my place to make my protest as public as possible. I do not believe in this doctrine, and I do not believe that the American people ought to listen——”

He was suddenly interrupted by hisses and applause. Men rose in groups and shouted out various things. There were cries for “Stanton! Stanton!” He sat impassive and refused to rise. The chairman suddenly leaned over the edge of the platform and spoke to the man standing on the seat. The reporters used their pencils rapidly.

The audience, almost instantly, subsided again, in order to hear what the chairman was saying to the stranger.

"Are you a member of the League, sir?" the chairman was saying, in a calm, dispassionate tone.

"No, sir, I am not. But I feel as if a protest ought to be made against such teaching, and I make mine, here and now. I am not the only one who feels this way. If I mistake not, there are hundreds here tonight who share my feelings."

He was interrupted again by hisses and applause. The chairman waited again to be heard.

"Sir, you have made your protest and have been heard. But I am the chairman of this meeting, and I protest against your interruption. Dr. Stanton was invited here by the Chicago Municipal League to speak on Christian Socialism. He has been giving his views, as he was asked to do. He is entitled to a respectful hearing. I call on this audience to give it to him. If you have any questions to ask, I have no doubt Dr. Stanton will be glad to answer them in the conference which has been advertised to follow this meeting."

"I have no questions to ask him," replied the gentleman, "but I do have this to say to him. Dr. Stanton, I believe you are all wrong in what you have said. I don't doubt your sincerity; but that makes what you say all the more dangerous. I don't care to sit here and listen to any more. Here is my card, sir, if you care to call and talk it over with me."

He gave his card to an usher, who handed it up to

the chairman, who gave it to Stanton. Immediately the man walked out in the aisle and started to go up towards the lobby. Groups of men around him rose and went out at the same time. The papers next morning said that three or four hundred retired. The chairman, a shrewd, cool-headed young man, made a careful estimate of the number, and counted two hundred and eighty-nine.

As these scattering groups were going out, some one up in the highest gallery started "America." The tune was caught up by the audience, and the volume of its music rolled up like a thunder rumbling. People who had been standing up began to take the seats of those who had gone out. When the singing ceased, some one shouted, "Recess is over. Stanton! Stanton!"

Everybody laughed, and Stanton rose again, knowing that the majority of the audience was now with him. He had not been disturbed by the unexpected interruption. And without referring to it, he now went on as if nothing had happened. The crowd enjoyed his calm, unruffled dignity, the absence of any resentment, the apparent calmness of his position, which refused to be angered, excited, or ruffled by criticism.

"As I was saying, Christian Socialism stands for a new patriotism in the matter of a better, more sensible observance of our great national celebrations. It would not be possible, I suppose, to estimate the amount of money spent every Fourth of July in gunpowder in making a noise, in dissipations which have

no connection whatever with the day or its meaning. I would like to propose to the people of this country, that next Fourth of July, instead of buying powder and burning fireworks to celebrate the day, we take that same amount of money, and in each town, village, city, or rural community, place some institution or object that will be a lasting memorial to good citizenship. In one city of 40,000 people last Fourth, just after a great and unprecedented flood had apparently drained the resources of the people in caring for those who had lost everything, over \$10,000 were expended on fireworks, which gave a momentary pleasure to those who saw them, but which relieved no actual human distress, and ministered to no actual human need. That \$10,000 put into a statue of Lincoln; put into pictures for the public schools; put into a permanent memorial building dedicated to the uses of good citizenship, would be a thousand times more sensible and patriotic than the use actually made of it.

"I appeal to the patriotism of this country to spend at least one Fourth of July in the way I have suggested. Have we not had racket and noise enough all these years? Will it hurt our boys to have them give their fireworks' money one year, at least, if they never do it again, to buy something that will last, something that they can be proud of as they look at it in their town that they helped to build? Are our children so destitute of any real love of country that we can teach them, as many of us do, to give their

pennies to the Church and Sunday School and for missions, but cannot expect them to do anything, as children, for the real things represented by the Flag? Or are the parents of America afraid to ask their boys to enter into this kind of a celebration on the Fourth, as if they could not be taught real patriotism?

“I know of some sturdy Christian families that have already begun to revolt at the barbarous travesty on patriotism that our present Fourth of July stands for, and who have begun to teach their children the higher and better uses of the day. The children respond to that teaching, also, as children always will when the right motive is used. Christian fathers and mothers can expect to do great service to the country of the future. In any case, whether you believe with me or not on this point—and I do not expect the manufacturers of gunpowder or fireworks to rise and applaud—in any case it would not hurt this Republic, next Independence Day, to spend its money for some lasting, patriotic memorial, built by the school children of America, in the name of those great ideals which made our independence a historical fact in the eyes of the nations of the world.

“7. Christian Socialism also embodies in its practical programme a belief in the necessity for doing everything that can be done to annihilate the liquor business in all its forms.

“Very few Socialists advocate any restriction of the liquor business. Most of them say if Socialism

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were once established, it would not be profitable to engage in the liquor trade. Christian Socialism says with emphatic assertion that one of its practical measures to be put in operation to-day, without waiting for anything else to happen, is some action, political, religious, educational or economic, which looks to the removal of one of the greatest causes of human greed, misery, crime and poverty. It is now a well-established fact beyond the region of debate, that the saloon and all it represents is a curse to humanity.

“Its removal would help tremendously in the effort to relieve human distress. Christian Socialism would not restrict or confine its efforts toward this removal of any one method or process. Whatever is effective that leads to the final annihilation of the institution, is a part of the programme of Christian Socialism. It is conceded that men drink because they are poor, but it is asserted, more strongly, that men are poor because they drink. Among the causes of human misery—which any scheme of Socialism attempts to remove—are a man’s temptations and surroundings. The saloon has had thousands of years of trial. Civilization brands it to-day as a home destroyer, a crime breeder, a municipal corrupter, the friend and companion of thieves, prostitutes, and evil citizens. It has not one redeeming quality. Even its apparent charities are traps of the devil, to lure its victims and despoil them of their savings. The removal of the saloon under any system of economics, under any kind of social order, even the present social

one, would result in untold blessing to every man, woman and child. Christian Socialism regards the liquor business as a sin and crime combined.

"It is a sin against God to live by selling an article that robs men of health, reason, morals and money. It is a crime against the State to engage in a business, which the common verdict of civilization declares to be destructive to every other business, and the largest factor in filling jails, almshouses and asylums. The Christian Socialist cannot ignore the factor of the liquor business as a most serious economic factor. Every cent of the round billion spent every year in the United States on intoxicating drink is worse than thrown away. It is an enormous leakage in the factor of savings, and it is the distinct duty of every lover of humanity to use every effort in his power to remove this cause of human misery. Christian Socialism plainly declares as one of its unequivocal beliefs, the conviction that any real effort to benefit the social condition of the world must count on the need of taking out of society an institution which is established to wreck and ruin every good thing that exists.

"8. A part of the programme of Christian Socialism is its faith in the final leavening of the Church, the Sunday School, and the religious organizations of the Christian young people of the world. In other words, Christian Socialism believes in the real work which the true Church of Christ is doing in the world, and cannot conceive of a social order of man worth having or talking about, which shuts out the organi-

zation of the Church, the regular study of God's word, or the deeply enthusiastic religious activities of young life.

"The whole hope of a permanent social order that shall bless the world rests on the true religious life of the race. Not on bigotry, not on fanaticism, not on sectarianism, not on man-made creeds, but on true religion, which, Jesus taught, was all summed up in love of God and one's neighbor. The Church, with all its mistakes, weaknesses, sins, failures, has nevertheless contained a leaven of righteousness. It has stood for mighty essentials of human happiness. It is true, I hear some one say, you have left the Church yourself, because she would not endure this teaching. No, I have not, my brother. I have only gone out of one local body because I believed I could work better than if I stayed in that special place. But I have not lost my faith in the Church of Christ in general, nor given up my love to her as embodying the real hope of society.

"I am sincerely, profoundly and unalterably convinced that men and women are being reared in the Church to-day, as in no other institution known to men, for the express task of righting human wrongs and establishing the Kingdom of God on earth. I regard the Sunday School as an institution so full of social influence that no scheme of Socialism can ignore it, or regard it as having little significance. It represents in the thought of the Christian Socialist immense possibilities for the future. To sneer at a

Sunday School is to acknowledge the fact of a huge ignorance of one of the largest social factors in civilization. The young people's religious organizations are of such meaning and possibilities that Christian Socialism declares it to be a part of its faith in the future to count on these young enthusiasts as wonderful factors in any order of the future that is worth working for. Christian Socialism declares its firm belief in the great fundamentals of the Church. Its teachings through the centuries, of the value and necessity, for example, of a Christian Sabbath, is one of the vital faiths of Christian Socialism.

"Anything which helps to destroy the right use of the Sabbath is an enemy of human progress. The commercial greed which uses this day like other days, to make money, is a greed which deserves and gets the severe condemnation of God. There is an institution in this State which boasts of its rapid commercial progress. Its machinery grinds on, day and night and Sundays, without cessation. The citizens of that town point with pride at the wonderful enterprise and power of the plant. They like to tell you how many hands are employed; how much money they spend in the town; what a great thing it is for the State. Who raises his voice against the insatiable greed which robs God of his righteous day for rest, worship and service? No one but the few faithful preachers of the town, and many of the active business men call them cranks for uttering their protest. The desecration of the Sabbath by men and women who cannot

get pleasure enough out of six days, but must have seven, means the unnecessary employment of thousands of other people in theatres, livery-stables, railroads, in places of amusement and dissipation. The great labor organizations, many of them, use the day, or a large part of it, for their social and business meetings. The Day of the Lord is trampled on contemptuously or carelessly by the multitude who come up to its holy opportunity without either reverence or earnest purpose. Christian Socialism declares with strong emphasis its belief in the right use of one day in seven for three things—rest, worship and service. Any habit which interrupts these three uses of the Sabbath is contrary to the teachings of Jesus, and is one of the causes for the unhappiness and loss of men in every part of the world's energy.

“Together with its faith in the ultimate fashioning power of the Church and its teachings, Christian Socialism believes and teaches the great value and necessity of missionary energy to help bring about a better social order among men.

“Here, again, is where some of our socialistic friends will put on their hats and go out. Missions! forsooth! a feeble and feminine little adjunct to the Church and prayer-meeting! But what is the object of Christian Socialism? Not simply to improve social conditions in my little trades-union; not simply to bring about better conditions in my own home, or my own town and State, but everywhere around the world, and among all sorts and conditions of men.

The whole social order needs the leaven of Christ. China needs it as well as Germany and America. India and Africa and Japan need life abundantly, and that is the only true Socialism which takes account in its programme of all nations of the earth. It has never occurred to the average man of labor to reckon up the tremendous debt which civilization owes the missionary, both home and foreign. It is worth while to note what the President of the United States has recently said about missions. No wiser or truer statements have ever fallen from his lips. He said, 'It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it, the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Because of it, deep beneath and through the national character, there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal, upon which the safety of the nation will ultimately depend.'

"I would to God those three profound sentences could be engraved in tablets, and put up in every schoolroom, church, factory and mercantile house in the country. Sneer at missions! The missionary of the Cross has been worth more to America than all the money-seekers or politicians in its history.

"Commenting on these remarkable utterances of President Roosevelt, *The Outlook* of last August said: 'That this is a sound view, no one who has studied historically the forces which have produced the United States, can deny. The home missionary, who

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to many people is hardly more than a man with a wife and several children, somewhere out West, to whom a barrellful of odds and ends is sent, and from whom is received a letter full of gratitude and accounts of prayer-meetings, is in reality one of the most dominant agents in the making of history that the world has ever known. Compared with the settlement and civilization of Europe, the spread of civilization over the territory which now comprises the United States has been startling in its swiftness. No armies ever achieved so thorough or so speedy a triumph as the American pioneers did. And among the pioneers none were more courageous, none more steadfast, and none more in earnest, or, on the whole, more successful in attaining their purposes, than the men who went, not for the sake of extracting wealth from the soil, but for the sake of establishing righteousness in the new communities. In the midst of greed, or what, at best, may be called the spirit of acquisitiveness, they injected the spirit which seeks not to get, but to give, the saving spirit of service, the leaven of the nation.'

"That is not religious fanaticism or sentiment, it is historical fact. The same thing is true of the foreign missionary. Wherever the Cross of Jesus has gone, borne by sincere and consecrated hands, there has gone healing and power. The largest medical institution in the world is in India, put there by a modest young surgeon, whose name probably not one member of a trades-union in America ever heard of. Yet this

mission, only one out of thousands of beneficent institutions planted by the missionary boards, has done more to help solve the difficult social and political conditions of that part of India than anything the British Government has ever been able to do. The debt of England and America to the foreign missionaries for the work which they have done to open a new and hostile territory to commerce alone is a debt which neither nation can compute in terms of money. The great debt the world owes to the missionary everywhere is the debt which must always be owed to those unselfish men and women who, without noise and without praise, give their lives to lift up fallen races, and bring the Christ of God into a depth of misery, want, injustice and torture, of which the American laborer knows nothing. Christian Socialism is obliged to note the fact of the necessity for this socializing influence of the missionary of the Cross, and it puts in a foremost place in its platform a profound belief in this agency for establishing a Christian order among all the children of men.

"9. Christian Socialism declares as one of its greatest beliefs its faith in the Christian family as the centre of the real lasting life of a happy, useful humanity. In other words, the Christian home is the greatest institution in the Republic, and around it revolve the greatest destinies, and can be found the greatest shaping forces of the future of the State.

"Christian Socialism resents with horror any social

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teaching which treats the marriage relation with lightness or contempt. It declares the doctrine of the New Testament as to one wife, and the teaching of Jesus on the matter of divorce, accepting only one condition as permitting a lawful separation from one person and marriage to another. A God-fearing, God-loving, sacred relationship, a family altar, an obedient, truthful upbringing of children, a motherhood hallowed by simple domestic joys and service, a fatherhood ennobled by participation in children's plays, and sympathetic with their ambitions, a home circle which is a genuine centre of civic righteousness and Church and national love; this is fundamental to any permanent social democracy. Any attempt to establish a community life which ignores or despises the individual Christian family is an attempt which will inevitably result in disaster. The Republic can never be rightly socialized until the family is rightly Christianized.

his, in brief outline, is the programme of Christian Socialism. It is nothing more nor less than the putting of Jesus' teaching into practice in every-day life. It is simply the attempt to do all things to the glory of God. It is the assertion in practical terms of the Bible teaching that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. It is man's part in the answer to the prayer Jesus taught his disciples to pray, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

"It is true, this kind of Socialism depends, first of

all, upon a regenerated humanity; 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God,' is the first sentence at the head of the Christian Socialism programme. This is what makes it distinct from all those social programmes which place first, either legislation or political and commercial supremacy. Above and under and through all the Christian Socialist's efforts to make a better physical condition for the race is the vision of the Kingdom of God, in the individual soul of man, acting as leaven on his surroundings, socializing them with the same divine purpose and power: 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' is also a statement fundamental in the Christian Socialist's creed, together with Jesus' other statements, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth,' and 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life?'

"It is hardly necessary to add that in the carrying out of this programme, the Christian Socialist depends upon the quiet, continuous, loving forces which are at work already in the world. Education of the people, enlightenment of human reason and judgment through all the avenues of the Church, the school, the press, the labor organizations, the home, the platform, the magazine, the debate, the formation of public opinion in all peaceful ways. In addition to all this, Christian Socialism expects to receive most of its inspiration and its progress from the divine source of the Holy Spirit, who, according to the promise, is in the world on purpose to take the things of Christ and

show them unto us. To carry out a definite programme for the establishment of a better, happier social order, and take no account of the power of the Holy Spirit, is as impossible for Christian Socialism, as it would be impossible to expect a steam engine to go without lighting a fire under the boiler to make steam. The divine purpose and power are constantly taken into the account by the Christian. 'Not by might, nor by power; but by my spirit, saith the Lord,' is the humble reliance the Christian Socialist places in that strength which is more than human. By which alone man shall be able to realize any degree of an ideal human society.

"Christian Socialism has no place in its programme for hatred of one class for another; it contains no place for race prejudice, or for a doubtful standard of conduct; it has no room for machine methods in politics nor for narrow sectarianism in religion; it entertains no false visions of a social brotherhood built up by force or legislation in a day; it sees clearly the slow-moving, but certain, growth of the Kingdom of God in the world, the leavening and shaping factors of divine light and life. It has its ideal, as it should have, but it is not impracticably visionary of results. With a majesty which will not be falsely forced, and a serenity which never has been superficially flustered, with an energy which is not stolidity, the Kingdom of God is being established among the children of men. The final achievement may be to our human impatience 'unreasonably de-

layed'; but in the end righteousness shall prevail, and the Brotherhood shall be established on earth, as it is in heaven, even as God wants it to be, and as Jesus taught us it might be, if we obeyed his commandments and lived according to his teachings."

It was late when Stanton finished his address, and he did not expect any large number in the audience would remain to the after conference. To his astonishment, scarcely a hundred people went away. For more than an hour longer, question and answer followed fast on each other. Even when the chairman of the League closed the conference, because it was within a few minutes of midnight, groups of men gathered about Stanton, eagerly discussing his position, and raining questions upon him. The city papers commenting on the address and the meeting, while taking exception to many of Stanton's views, acknowledged frankly that the subject was evidently one of great public interest, and that it could not be ignored nor sneered into oblivion.

The chairman of the League walked along with Stanton to his hotel, congratulating him on the success of the evening. Stanton, with a modesty which was his usual attitude, attributed whatever was a success to the public interest in the subject.

"By the way, that man who made the interruption, do you know him?" Stanton took the man's card out and looked at it as they paused at the hotel entrance, reading the name aloud, "James R. Mansfield, 1012 Prairie Avenue."

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The chairman shook his head. "Never heard of him. Shall you call on him?"

"Yes, I think so. I do not leave the city until to-morrow evening."

They shook hands and said good-night, Stanton pondering over his experience at the Auditorium, and feeling the natural reaction from the tension he had been under for several hours.

In the morning he called at 1012 Prairie Avenue, and in reply to his question if Mr. Mansfield was at home, was informed by the servant that he was, and invited to come in. He was ushered into a large, handsomely furnished parlor, and had hardly seated himself when the owner of the house came in.

## XII

### STONY GROUND

AS Stanton rose to meet the man, he noticed a momentary gleam of astonishment in his eyes, but his greeting was outwardly civil enough.

"Mr. Stanton, I hardly expected you would take the trouble, sir, to come out here, after what happened last night."

"I took you at our word, brother, and I am here. I hardly know why, but it struck me you went away last night because you did not understand my position, not because you really disagreed with me."

"I disagreed with you because I believe your theories are all wrong."

"I did not come to argue with you, brother," said Stanton quietly. "But I had an idea that you misunderstood my definitions and my position generally."

"I think not," replied Mansfield a little stiffly. "If I understand you as I think I do, your position on the question of property, for example, is like this."

He went on to give an absolutely false construction to Stanton's teachings in the matter of property and private ownership. Stanton listened quietly, but it took all his remarkable self-control to maintain his composure. Mansfield grew excited more and more, as he walked up and down, striking vigorously at

the man-of-straw bogie he had constructed out of his own misconception of Stanton's words and teaching.

Even when Stanton, in a brief interval, during which Mansfield paused to take breath, attempted to set him right, he stamped up and down and refused to listen, charging Stanton with all kinds of absurd teaching and confounding the words socialism, anarchy, communism, free love, and utopianism with an astonishing display of ignorance, which finally impressed Stanton with such force that his sense of humor came to his relief, and he sat still, listening to Mansfield's tirade, smiling inwardly at its absurdity, and pitying the man for his complete lack of reason and judgment in spite of his apparent intelligence.

When at last there was a pause, after Mansfield had exhausted his rhetoric in a particularly absurd challenge to Stanton to deny a statement Stanton had never made, the latter rose, and quietly said, "Mr. Mansfield. I do not think it is possible for me to change your opinion of my teaching. All I wish to say is this: you have entirely misunderstood my book, from which you quoted several times, each time incorrectly, and you have defined terms for me which I have never made."

Mr. James R. Mansfield stared at Stanton, and an angry red spot began to glow on each cheek. Stanton walked toward the door.

"I don't see what you called for," said Mansfield savagely.

"I don't either, brother," replied Stanton with a

smile. "I am very sorry you don't understand me; but I am sure it is quite useless for me to try to explain."

The man looked at him sourly for a moment, and then laughed, "You're like all the anarchists, unreasonable, and get mad over an argument!"

Stanton gravely bowed and went out, pondering the rest of the day, as he went about the city, over the strange perversity and stupidity of some kinds of humanity.

Going home on the evening train, he met one of his old parishioners, a man in full sympathy with his teaching and purpose. In conversation and in answer to questions about the Auditorium meeting, Stanton mentioned Mansfield's name, and related the incident of the interruption.

"James R. Mansfield?"

"Yes, he lives out on Prairie Avenue."

"I know him. He is an idle fellow; never did a stroke of honest labor in his life. Lives on the money his father made in real estate deals after the big fire."

"But doesn't it astonish you?" asked Stanton, "that this man, with all his intelligence and education, should so absolutely misunderstand the plain definitions and statements I made? Am I so obscure in my doctrine that men of Mansfield's calibre cannot grasp the meaning?"

"My dear friend," said Stanton's parishioner with a smile, "do you realize that there are a host of people

in this civilized world yet, who do not or will not grasp an idea that is foreign to their life habits of thought? James R. Mansfield is simply a type of the kind of men you are destined to meet all over this country, men who refuse to allow new ideas or definitions to percolate into their brains. Even when you prove to such people that anarchy and socialism are opposite ideas, they will listen, and then say, 'Oh, well, for all practical purposes they are just the same!' What can you do with such people?"

"Give them over to the tender mercies of the Lord," replied Stanton with a sigh.

"Yet some of these newspaper men are just as bad," continued his friend, taking up a copy of an evening paper containing an account of the meeting at the Auditorium.

There was a fairly accurate account of the meeting itself, and a number of extracts from Stanton's address. But in an editorial his address was attacked and ridiculed from the standpoint of the editor, as he perverted Stanton's actual views, not as Stanton had clearly and plainly expressed himself. To any one who had not heard Stanton, the editorial was a profound and deserving rebuke for a visionary and dangerous social doctrine. But it was Mansfield's bogie, set up and bravely knocked down. The address as a whole was not analyzed. The main thought in it was contemptuously ignored, and the editor's own perversion of socialism, entirely divorced from Christian teaching, was substituted.

The whole distortion of the truth stung Stanton deeply. It was a cowardly way of trying to throw the reading public off the track. Together with the incident of Mansfield's protest, it added to his fear that the people were not yet ready for his doctrine. The question Mildred had raised haunted him. "Do you think the people will listen to you?" He recalled his answer, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel this message of a social Christ to men, whether they are ready for it or not." And as he drew near home, his great gentle spirit grew calmer. "If the thing is of God," he said to himself, "man cannot prevail against it. Not all the stupid, stubborn Mansfields and editorials can down the sure rising of the Truth."

He passed a few days in Lenox before going out to his next engagement, and he spent a part of the time at the mills, getting educational facts to use concerning machinery, hours of labor, danger to workmen, etc. In passing through the casting-room, he was surprised to see Harvey standing by the "Octopus" talking to the foreman. He seemed very much excited over something, and the foreman seemed angry at Harvey's presence.

As Stanton was moving slowly along, passing into the brass foundry room, an exclamation from Harvey drew his attention again to the two men. He thought the foreman threw up his arms as if to strike the labor leader. Harvey stepped back, his dark face blacker still with passion, and at that moment one of the derrick arms of the "Octopus" swung round with its

usual load of white-hot metal. There was a hoarse cry from the man up aloft, who pulled at two or three levers frantically. Something had gone wrong somewhere. Whatever it was, Harvey stood in great peril. The foreman snatched at him, missed his sleeve, and jumped back. To Stanton, watching the whole thing in a horrified nightmare, powerless to do anything, events merged one into another with definite but startling rapidity. A workman ran out from under the scorching fist of the derrick arm, and shielding his eyes from the blinding glare, flung himself on the dazed figure of the labor leader, just as the remorseless arm broke from the chain and swirled over, dragging its connections in a confused tangle over the spot where Harvey and the workman had fallen together. There was a second's gleam of recognition as the blue-white flame swept the actors in the little tragedy into more than lime-light distinctness, that Stanton was conscious that the workman who had run up to Harvey was Harwood, the mill owner. As the machinery came to a stop, and men paused a second before the possible sight under the broken "Octopus," Stanton's prayer went up to God the Father for all his suffering children.

### XIII

#### THE WORK OF THE "OCTOPUS"

**W**HEN the men finally ran up and began to clear away the mass of broken, twisted machinery, they came first upon Harvey. One of his feet was crushed and held down by a piece of broken derrick arm, but the rest of his body was free, and, with the exception of a few bruises, he was not seriously injured, although he was unconscious.

The foreman noted the details of the accident with a cool shrewdness that was not disturbed by so common a thing as an accident.

"He was pushed over this way. Lucky for him that he was. Now the other fellow——"

The workmen, under his directions, lifted off broken masses of metal until, after half an hour's careful work, the crushed and crippled form of Harwood was uncovered.

Grimy but tender hands lifted him into the ambulance, which had been summoned and had been waiting. The foreman hesitated a moment about sending Harvey over to the Company Hospital, but the attendant who had come down with the ambulance brought word that the doctor had sent an order for Harvey to be taken to the hospital. So the two bodies, both unconscious, were placed into the vehicle, side by side.

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Stanton, shocked almost to faintness by Harwood's condition, went up to the hospital as fast as he could walk, and was there when the two were brought into the accident ward. There was nothing he could do for Harwood, so he stayed by Harvey until he came to himself, after his foot had been dressed.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly, seeing Stanton by the bedside.

"You have been hurt a little. You are in the Company Hospital."

Just then the doctor came back into the ward, and spoke to Harvey.

"There's nothing the matter with you, old man, only you won't walk very good for a little while, and you got a fairly good crack on the head, but no bones broken. What I call a miracle."

He went on out into the corridor and Stanton stepped out there.

"How about Harwood?" he asked.

"Oh! Yes, the foreman told, of course. A most remarkable affair, Dr. Stanton. I've telegraphed his boys to come on from Poughkeepsie. They can't get here until to-morrow night. It'll be too late."

"You don't mean——"

"He was crushed frightfully. It's a wonder he is alive. You can come in and see him."

Stanton went into the room where Harwood was lying. He was so terribly marred in the face that Stanton recoiled.

"It will not do any harm—a prayer——"

The doctor nodded assent gravely, and Stanton kneeled and prayed gently a few sentences. He was still on his knees when Harwood's lips moved.

Stanton leaned over him and caught a whisper.

"Tell my boys not to love money more than God—Leona—I would like to see my wife, you know——"

That was all Stanton could understand, and a few moments later Harwood passed into unconsciousness, and was in that same stupor when Stanton finally left the hospital and went home.

He went down again the next morning after breakfast.

The first person he saw in the corridor was J. B. Wrightam.

"This is a terrible affair, Dr. Stanton," Wrightam said, as Stanton entered.

"It certainly is, Brother Wrightam. How is the poor fellow this morning?"

"What! Have you not heard! He's gone! Only ten minutes ago!" Wrightam spoke in great agitation. "The doctor has asked me to meet the boys when they come in this evening on the 7.30 and break the news. I can't do it. Won't you do that, Dr. Stanton? You're more used to such things than I am."

"Yes, I'll meet them. Poor fellows!"

Stanton was deeply shocked by the news. But he had a whole lifetime of Christian faith to fall back upon. Wrightam, however, seemed smitten into a

dazed condition. He walked up and down through the corridor.

"I've known Harwood since we were in college together. This is terrible. I had no idea he was down in the mills. What fool notion was that, anyhow!"

Wrightam burst out as if to prevent himself from an exhibition of some softer emotion. "He must have been out of his mind, don't you think, Mr. Stanton?"

"No, I don't think so. I believe he was perfectly sane."

Wrightam stared and resumed his walk. Stanton asked one of the nurses passing through the hall about Harvey. Just then the doctor came out.

"Do you want to see Harwood?" he asked.

Stanton nodded and followed the doctor. Wrightam turned at the end of the hall, hesitated, and then came along, entering the room with them where Harwood lay, almost at the same time.

The lips had not been touched by the cruel iron that had put its disfiguring mark everywhere else, and Stanton thought of that as he went out, after an instant's stay. Wrightam stood at the foot of the bed, and big tears were rolling over his large, coarse face. Stanton felt strangely moved at the sight as Wrightam stood there.

He found Harvey sitting up in bed, already fast recovering strength. The man's remarkable physical vitality stood him in good stead.

"Tell me about the accident. I don't seem to remember how it happened," he said to Stanton, putting his hand up to his head.

"You're not able to remember it."

"Yes, I am. The doctor says I can get out of here this week. I want to get away as soon as possible. We are reorganizing the Union and I can't afford to be absent from the meeting."

"He does not inquire about the wood," Stanton said to himself, shrinking from the disclosure that must inevitably come. "Evidently the doctor has not told him yet." And then he remembered a rule in the Company Hospital office, forbidding nurses or attendants talking to the patients about the other cases, or mentioning deaths in the hospital unless to relatives or friends.

"Well, when I entered the casting-room, you were standing under the 'Octopus' talking with the foreman. It looked to me as if you were having a quarrel."

"We were," Harvey replied grimly. "Wallace Macgregor called me a liar. I was going to hit him for that when the 'Octopus' hit me."

"Macgregor tried to pull you out from under. He reached for your arm as he sprung back."

"He did! Well, I would have done the same for him. But some one pushed me. Who was that?"

"One of the men."

"I got a pretty good crack on the skull, as the doctor said."

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Harvey went on with the selfish indifference sometimes characteristic of him. "But if I once get out of here I'll soon have the Union in shape to dictate terms to Wrightam, Harwood & Co. By the way, I have not seen you since that time Bill Warren was burned at the stake, and forgot to ask you about your going to see Wrightam and Harwood, to talk with them about loving us trades-union fellows. I suppose you went. What sort of a time did you have?"

"Wrightam received me as I anticipated. I could not find any place in him to appeal to," Stanton answered, in a low tone.

"Of course not. Nor in Harwood, either. Of the two men, I prefer Wrightam. But Harwood, is one of these proud, cold, aristocratic fellows, absolutely satisfied with his social position and without the slightest sense of the Brotherhood or——"

"Stop!" Stanton cried sternly. "Mr. Harwood is beyond your judgment or mine or that of your Union. He is in the presence of the God of all the earth, who will give him credit for the good you and I never saw."

"How! What's that!" Harvey stammered.

"Mr. Harwood is here in the hospital, Harvey. He died here about an hour ago."

"Died here?"

"Yes, but before dying he saved a life."

"Saved a life!"

"Yours, Bruce Harvey. You would now be in his place if he had not done what he did yesterday."

"But I don't understand, Dr. Stanton. Tell me?"

Harvey sat up, and his dark, deep eyes glowed with great passion.

Stanton told him all that was necessary to let him know how Harwood came to be in Lenox lower mill as an operative. The narrative humbled and softened Harvey tremendously. Several times he interrupted to give expression to regret at his language about Harwood.

When Stanton was through Harvey was silent a while. Then he burst out:

"I don't want to carry this responsibility of obligation around with me all my life. Why did he do it? I did not ask him to!"

"You cannot escape it now; it has occurred. Perhaps it will help to temper the judgment you have sometimes harshly passed on your fellow-men," Stanton said, as he rose to go.

"Don't leave me now," Harvey pleaded almost piteously. Stanton had never seen him so deeply shaken.

Stanton sat down. "Shall I pray?" he said.

"If you want to," replied Harvey, after a moment.

Stanton prayed earnestly. The tears stood in Harvey's eyes as he listened. When Stanton rose to go, Harvey said, "Thank you. Things seem mighty queer to me sometimes. I cannot understand Mr. Harwood's conduct. Life generally is a mix-up for me anyhow. I wish I had your faith in a good God over all."

"You can have it if you want it, Harvey."

Harvey shook his head doubtfully, and Stanton went out, wondering what the final result of that experience would be for the sombre labor leader.

He found Lenox stirred to keen excitement over Harwood's death. Every one was talking about it. Some enterprising reporter had tracked down the facts about the separation of Harwood from his wife, and the *Times* that evening published a three-column sensational "story," half of which had no foundation in fact. The two facts of the separation of Harwood from his family, and of his working in Lenox lower mill, were, however, established beyond a doubt, as well as the fact that he had been killed in an attempt to save the life of Bruce Harvey, the President of the Labor Union. Whether he recognized Harvey before the accident no one ever knew. The one thing prominent in men's conversation all over Lenox and through the mills was the fact that he had given his life in a brave effort to save another man, and there was not an operative in either mill that day who withheld his word of praise for the mill owner. Men's hearts were tender, their better feelings were stirred over the event, and groups at the street corners all over the town that day stopped to question and answer as to Harwood's purpose in putting himself into the place of an operative.

Stanton went down to the evening train to meet Harwood's two boys. They both broke down completely when they saw Stanton, and again when they

went up to the hospital. Two days later, after the funeral service was over, the older of the boys, Arthur, came to Stanton to get his advice as to the future.

Stanton was exceedingly interested in the boy. He was nineteen years old, and had his father's characteristics of feature and manner.

"I don't believe I can go back to the military school," he said, in reply to a question. "Father's affairs were in Mr. Wrightam's hands. His will has provided liberally for Leona and Wallace and myself. I feel the need of a college education, and I think I ought to go to Amherst. Father was an Amherst graduate, you know. He was planning, I think, to send Wallace and me there this fall. When I get through college, I would like to come into the mills in some way."

"In what way do you mean?" Stanton noted the fact that the boy had never once mentioned his mother's name.

"Well, I hardly know. What would you advise me?"

"I don't know that I feel competent, my boy, to advise you until I know what you plan to make of yourself. The next four years in college will settle some things for you. Probably you will have to wait for some definite leading of God before you are sure of the future."

The boy's answer was a surprise to Stanton at first.

"I am pretty sure of what I want to do, Dr.

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Stanton. I want to study the social question from the workingman's view. I don't know enough yet, of course. That is why I feel the need of a college course. But when I am through that, I am certain I shall want to enter the mills, something as father did."

The boy's tone and manner recalled to Stanton Harwood's frank statements on the night he called to tell him of his wife's desertion. Harwood had almost with passion declared that it had been a secret desire with him for years to get near to the heart of the social problem, and that at heart he himself was in sympathy with the people. As Stanton looked at the boy, he could not help saying to himself, "Blood is thicker than water, and Harwood's son is simply giving expression to the real thing which smouldered in his father, like a choking fire, covered up by social usage and the happenings of wealth and tradition. In the boy, possibly this pent-up fire would break out and run over the crater's lip, down the mountain into the sea."

Stanton gave him good counsel, and the boy went to Amherst that fall, where, during the next four years, Stanton kept up an interesting correspondence with him, and noted from time to time a most remarkable degree of progress in mental power and moral purpose. During his junior year, Arthur Harwood was soundly converted, and became a devout Christian, but all that belongs to its own place in this narrative, although without that event in the stu-

dent's life, the results that follow in this modest chronicle could never have occurred.

Harvey's stay in the hospital led to an experiment which also had its significant bearing on the results of Stanton's labors and lectures.

He and Harvey had many earnest talks about the whole subject of labor and wealth and the relation of the Church to the whole question.

Harvey took the ground always that the Church was a thoroughly useless institution, full of hypocrites, and that all ministers were parasites, doing no real labor and adding nothing to the increment of toil.

"How long is it since you were inside a church, Harvey?" asked Stanton, after one of these discussions. Harvey had been out of the hospital for a week, and was beginning to organize the Union on a strong basis preparatory to making new demands on the mill company.

"I haven't been inside a church for over twenty years."

"And yet you pretend to judge the Church and the ministry without any real knowledge of their actual life. Would you consider it fair for me to judge your trade-union if I had never attended any of its meetings, never read any of its literature, and was absolutely ignorant of its daily programme?"

"No, of course not. I judge the Church in general by its fruits. I don't have to go to its services to see them."

"But what do you really know, Harvey, about the

fruits, say of the Second Presbyterian Church here in Lenox?"

"Well"—Harvey hesitated. "I may not know much about it in detail. But I know one or two mighty mean men in the Second Presbyterian Church."

"I suppose there are no mean men in the trade-unions?"

"You're wrong. There are a good many of them. But we don't pretend to be any better, and the church members do."

"Why don't you? Isn't it your business to be as good as church members? Have you any excuse for not being as good?"

"No excuse, perhaps; but we don't pretend."

"No, your men are bad without pretending. I don't see much difference in the result, Harvey. But I do say you have no right to judge the Churches as you do without knowing them any better. A man who hasn't been to church for over twenty years is not in a position to know what a church is worth in the world."

"Maybe you're right," Harvey said good-naturedly. He was thinking of something that seemed to lighten up his dark face expressively.

"I'll go to church if you'll go with me," he said finally.

"I'll be glad to go. When?"

"I have a plan, Mr. Stanton. You said the other day you had purposed to be in Lenox three or four

weeks to prepare material for your lectures. I'll go to church with you every Sunday and to prayer meetings as well. We'll visit as many churches as we can, as strangers, and I'll promise to keep my mind open, without prejudice, to judge of everything on its merits."

"But I'm too well known here, Harvey, to attend church as a stranger."

"I don't know about that," Harvey answered. "It's been nearly two years since you left Saint Cecilia. You haven't been here half a dozen Sundays in that time. Saint Cecilia has a new man, and I heard you say the other day that you had not met him. If—if you shaved off your beard and wore glasses I don't believe any one would know you."

"Isn't that asking a good deal?" Stanton asked, laughing.

"Maybe, but I'd like to know what kind of a reception we would get going into the churches as total strangers."

"The thing has been tried several times. I don't know that I attach much value to it as a test. But I'm willing to try it," said Stanton, who was eager to win Harvey to a right thought of the Church. His assent to the little disguise of the glasses and the removal of his beard evidently pleased Harvey, and the next Sunday found them on their way together to the Second Presbyterian Church. They had both agreed to dress plainly but neatly, and might have passed for almost any kind of trade or business men.

## XIV

### A TEST AND A NEW FACTOR

ONE of the ushers in the vestibule met them courteously, and escorted them to good seats about halfway down the aisle. There did not happen to be any hymn-books in the rack, but as the congregation rose to sing, a woman sitting behind them handed each of them a book. When the service was over, they found the minister at the door shaking hands. He had never known Stanton intimately and Harvey not at all.

"Glad to see you," he said heartily. "Come again. Glad to see you at our prayer-meeting if you are in town this week." As they went out an usher, with a smile, handed each of them a leaflet with a list of church services for the week, and a printed invitation to attend as many of them as possible.

"Well, what did you think of it?" asked Stanton, glancing at Harvey quizzically, as they walked along.

"I don't mind saying I was surprised," said Harvey, who had listened and looked at everything in perfect silence. "But that was probably an exception. Has that man been preaching that sort of thing very long?"

"Well, I never heard Brother Wells preach before except at a Thanksgiving service. He gave a series one winter on the 'Rights of man and the Rights of God.' What did you think of his sermon to-day?"

"It was good!" said Harvey emphatically. "It was full of horse sense. And it got down to man's needs. Say, I don't see why more workingmen don't go to hear Mr. Wells."

"There were a good many men there. There is where you men, Harvey, make a great mistake. You sneer at the Church, and say it is for women and girls and children. The great bulk of all the church members in our most useful churches are wage-earners, clerks, and small salaried men."

"Well, the sermon was all right. I'll concede that. And the rest of the service was good enough. But I expect the Second Presbyterian is an exception in Lenox."

In the evening they went to Saint Cecilia, as Stanton felt he might escape notice better than if they went in the daytime.

The beautiful church was about half full when they were shown to a pew by a well-dressed usher, who treated them courteously, and handed each of them a programme of the evening service.

There was an organ voluntary, a responsive reading, an anthem ("Ave Maria"), another anthem following the offering, two hymns, a prayer, a Bible reading, a sermon, and another selection by the quartette, with an organ postlude.

The minister preached about the Temple Service in Solomon's time, and dwelt at length on the stately ritual, emphasizing its value to the worshiper as an outward means of educating his religious senses and

putting him in the proper mood for repentance, communion and awe.

As they came out of the vestibule, Stanton was crowded against one of his old parishioners, who turned to apologize, and in an instant as they went down the steps, recognized his former pastor, in spite of the beardless face and the eye-glasses.

Stanton quietly introduced Harvey, and at the foot of the steps took the parishioner's arm and walked with him a little ways, explaining frankly the experiment he and Harvey were making, asking that their plan be respected and not disclosed to any one. When they parted from the member of Saint Cecilia, Harvey, who had been repressing his feelings, broke out in a savage tirade at the Church, and all he had seen and heard that night.

"That's what I mean by saying the Church is a useless appendix to society. Bah! How much Gospel was there for men like those you and I know in the mills, in that sermon? I'll admit it was all very refined and velvety. Brother Sayers is warranted not to offend anybody's delicate taste; that would be dreadful, of course. How one of the old prophets like Elijah or Nehemiah would jar on the tender nerves of that audience! And when the plates are passed by men like Cummings, the great Trust promoter, it is the climax of all you can desire. I thought Cummings recognized me, he looked hard enough; but luckily I've lost so much flesh owing to my accident, he didn't know anything. I put a

nickel into the sanctuary plate to support the Gospel as it is not preached in Saint Cecilia."

Stanton walked along in painful silence. His heart had been sore as he sat in a pew in his old church that night, and allowed memory to do its work.

There had been some godly people in that church. There were some yet. With all of Stanton's strange life of cowardice during his pastorate in Saint Cecilia, there had grown up in spite of what he had held back, a few souls even in those velvet-carpeted surroundings, who had not bowed the knee to Mammon. But as he had sat there noting the display of wealth and ostentation in the house of God his heart sank, and a wave of bitterness swept over him at the thought of the neglected childhood, the desperate condition of the crowded slums down by the river, the open and flaunting institutions of gambling and vice and drink that festered and rotted in one large part of Lenox, while these silk and satin clothed worshipers in the temple that cost half a million dollars complacently threw God's money after dress and fashion and pleasure, and repudiated the duty of service to the State or the city, and absconded with God's wealth, denying their stewardship and worshipping the golden calf as the greatest of all things in the world.

Harvey at last understood Stanton's silence and ceased his invective. When they parted for the night he said with a smile:

"I guess we broke about even. The Second Presbyterian is on your side of the argument, and Saint Cecilia on mine."

They had visited two different Sunday Schools, and Harvey had also frankly confessed his surprise at what he had noted in those schools.

"The Sunday Schools, how about them?"

Harvey replied. "I haven't been to a Sunday School since I was a boy. It looks like a great improvement to me. I'll concede that much."

For the next two months, Stanton and Harvey faithfully visited all the preaching services, Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings they could attend. Twice Stanton was recognized. Once Harvey met a number of mill men in a mission established by one of the churches. In all, they succeeded in visiting twenty-five different churches, most of them Harvey's selection. Lenox had over one hundred Protestant Church buildings and a Catholic Cathedral. This latter they also visited, and each man in his own fashion was impressed by what he saw there.

At the end of the time, Harvey confessed to Stanton that the experiment had been an eye-opener to him.

"I'll give in to you on part of what you say. Some of these churches seem to be doing first-rate service. That prayer-meeting at the Second Presbyterian is a surprise to me. I had no idea there was such an institution in Lenox. And the same is true of the First Baptist and the First Christian. I don't know as I

feel particularly struck with any of the preaching, but it seemed to me most of it was sincere enough and—well—I'm willing to concede I was mistaken on several counts, because I didn't know."

Stanton was naturally pleased with Harvey's confession.

"I wish every workingman in the mills could have the same experience, Harvey. Only two days ago I heard some of the men sneering at preachers as a useless quantity,—in the profession for the social distinction, the ease and the laziness of it, and so forth. Why, do you know, Harvey, you do know, that scores of foremen in the mills get higher wages to-day than half the ministers in Lenox, and do not for one minute begin to lead such self-denying lives. The ministers of Lenox, on the average, spend ten times as much money and time in relieving distress and helping the poor of Lenox and of other countries as the mill owners or operatives ever think of spending. The average salary of the ministers in the United States is less than a thousand dollars a year, and it certainly cannot be said of the majority of them that they are selfish money-seekers or social parasites, yet you and the majority of mill men and what you call the wage-earners are always bitter or indifferent toward the ministry, as if you had a special grudge against them, and you have no use for the Church, about which most of you know absolutely nothing. Do you think it is strange, if after a good many years of this sort of treatment from the masses,

the hard-working, self-denying men and women in the churches, both ministers and members, begin to get a little restive, and think it is about time something was said about the selfishness and narrowness of the trade-unions and the labor movement generally? Instead of asking the old question, 'Why don't the Churches reach the masses?' some of us begin to think it is time to change it to this, 'Why don't the masses join the Church which Jesus loved, and do as he commanded them?' Instead of that you know, Harvey, your trade-union organization is just as selfish a thing as the mill company ever was. You say you are fighting for your rights. But in doing it you pay very little attention to the rights of any one else."

"These be strong words, Brother Stanton," said Harvey, his dark eyes glowing.

"But they are true," Stanton said vigorously. "Your trade-union as it exists in Lenox is a Godless institution. You are after nothing but bread alone. You do not have any higher motive than Wrightam and his tribe have, and the result of your success, as his has been, is emptiness and bitterness of soul. Harvey, the whole of this Labor and Capital struggle is a terrible comment on the unregenerated man. I see no hope for its final settlement right until it is settled on the basis of a real brotherly love between men, and neither Labor or Capital knows anything about this yet. It is a strife, a battle, a struggle between two great forces. The essential factor of

Love is not present in the mind or thought of either side. It does not exist in their hearts."

"Maybe you are right," Harvey said, much to Stanton's surprise. "But perhaps we have not reached that phase of our evolution yet. The most we can do at present is to fight power with power. Maybe the love will come afterwards."

"It is not the way to arrive at it," Stanton answered with a sigh. Their conference ended and they parted for a time, Harvey to complete the organization of the Union, which was about to dictate new terms to the company, and Stanton to go out again on a new lecture engagement, which took him into several large cities.

During his absence from home he grew more and more impressed with the truth he had tried to impress on Harvey. The only real hope for a better society was the regenerated individual. Coming back to Lenox after an absence of three weeks, he took counsel with the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church and a few other ministers and prominent laymen, all good, earnest men, and the result was that within two weeks, Stanton, assisted by these men, had begun a series of evangelistic meetings in the old Rink down by the mills.

Never had the power of the Holy Spirit been so manifest from the beginning, as in these meetings, which became afterwards famous in the annals of Lenox history. Night after night the old building was crowded, and Stanton preached a simple but

profound Gospel of Love. Hundreds of the mill men began to respond to his appeal, made every night, to accept Christ as Lord and Master in every act of life. There was no cheap and noisy excitement. Sometimes over the breathless audience the Spirit's power and presence were so manifest that the most ignorant scoffers felt them and were melted to tears and resolve. Even the *Lenox Times* conceded that never before in its history had Lenox witnessed such a remarkable religious experience.

It was in the meeting at the close of the first week of this manifestation of divine presence that Stanton first saw Harvey. He had not been present before to Stanton's knowledge. He waited until the service was over and the last man gone. His manner was full of repressed excitement, and Stanton easily saw that Harvey's former friendship, amounting even to a brotherly esteem, had all disappeared.

In place of the old attitude was a hard, angry manner that made no effort at concealment.

The two men were alone in the building, except for the janitor, who was at the other end of the room attending to some of his duties preparatory to closing up.

Harvey came near to Stanton, and in a voice of passion exclaimed, "These meetings have got to stop! They are interfering with my plans! And either you or I, Mr. Stanton, have got to answer for it. But in any case, I say the meetings have got to stop!"

Stanton made no reply immediately, but looked at Harvey calmly.

## XV

### A PERSONAL ENCOUNTER

**A**FTER a little, Stanton said, "Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Perfectly well. I say these meetings have got to stop."

Again Stanton looked at Harvey silently. Harvey stepped up a little nearer, menacingly. Then it was that Stanton smelt the fumes of liquor and understood that he had been drinking. The knowledge of this fact explained Harvey's unusual excitement; but it disturbed Stanton deeply, as he had never known Harvey to be guilty of the habit. If he had been sober he would not be in any doubt as to the right course to take with him. As it was he was in the dark, and the uncertainty in his mind left only one thing clear. That was to avoid a quarrel in which he should be obliged to regret any act of his own in the after-time when Harvey had come to his senses.

"Harvey, these meetings are now in the control of more than human forces. It is not in my power or yours to stop them. It is God's work, and must go on."

"But I say they must stop! Do you hear? Stop! The men are getting away from me. What right have you to step between the men and me? There

are over 5000 men who have been subject to my orders. No man on earth shall rob me of this power. I got it by hard knocks, and neither you or any other man has a right to take it away from me."

"How do these meetings interfere with your plans, Brother Harvey?" Stanton asked, thinking that possibly Harvey would be led on to a recital of supposed grievances which could be answered.

"How do they!" Harvey exclaimed angrily. "Listen to me. The Lenox company is about to consolidate the mills at Oreville. But in doing it they will reduce the force here to 3000 men. That will throw over 2000 men out of work. The Union at Oreville, together with the one here in Lenox, is strong enough, financially, to start a co-operative mill company of its own. We have a combined capital enough to build and operate our own plant. We have the skilled labor to run it after it is built. Why should we slave for J. B. Wrightam & Co., when we can work on our own account for our mutual profit. My plan has been to strike both here and at Oreville. Then force the fight on the company and let it know we are not dependent on it. If possible, to cripple it by a withdrawal of every skilled workman. The plan of the Lenox company to drop 2000 men is a cold-blooded scheme to reduce the output and bring up prices on the product. I've not made our plan public yet. But these meetings are weaning the men away from it. Hundreds are not willing to agree to it now." Harvey struggled nearer and raised his arm threateningly. "Mr. Stan-

ton, no man loves power more than I do. I've lived all my life to get it, and I don't intend to lose it through the sniveling drivel of evangelist revival meetings. I say these meetings must stop. It's up to you and me now."

The janitor of the building had finished his work at the end of the room, and was coming down towards the platform to put out some lights there.

Stanton, for the first time in his life, was deeply and honestly perplexed. At the heart of his perplexity there was also a profound sorrow. He had been growing to love Harvey, and had looked forward to the man's development along the personal Christian way of life. The whole aspect of the unexpected situation that now confronted him was in the nature of a shock that came so suddenly as to leave him unprepared.

But he called out to the janitor, "William, I want to see this brother alone for a while. Won't you kindly wait in the coat-room until we are through?"

The janitor, who was used to the habit of the after-conferences which had been a feature of the meetings, turned aside into the coat-room, and Stanton breathed easier at the removal of a witness to the act he now feared.

He turned to Harvey and smiled in his old fashion, laying his hand on Harvey's arm, they were so near.

"Brother, no wrong can come to the men or you because of these meetings. Your plan, if right, will not suffer in the end if God's will is done by you and the men. Leave the outcome with him. I cannot

stop these meetings. The breath of God is in them. It would be blasphemy to attempt it. It would——”

“Take that, you coward—you preacher!” Harvey suddenly yelled, and with the words he struck Stanton twice, savagely, on the mouth.

Fredrick Stanton had always preached the doctrine of non-resistance, but he had never been called upon to practice it in a concrete form. He was fully Harvey's equal in physical strength and courage. He was his superior under the conditions that were now true of Harvey. For one brief instant the primitive man in him surged up red-handed, and all the hot-blooded savage in him cried out to give blow for blow. When that instant passed it left him standing, still outwardly pale, but as rigid and immovable as a stone.

Harvey had stepped back as if, as a matter of course, expecting attack.

“Why don't you fight, preacher? Strike me. It's your turn now!”

“Harvey!” Stanton's voice thrilled even through the drunken, maddened senses of the labor leader. “I shall never strike you. ‘Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord.’”

And then there took place a strange thing, as unexplained afterwards by both men as if it had been in the realm of other world powers. Stanton took Harvey by the arm, and, not being conscious that he was using any unusual strength, he led him to the door at the rear of the platform, out through the small room,

and through that out upon the street. Harvey went as if dazed, uttering no word, making no struggle. Like one in a waking dream he staggered down the street, and Stanton, after watching him a moment, went back into the little room and kneeled a few moments, wiping off the blood from his lips as he prayed:

“O God, for Christ’s sake, give me this man for my hire! Forgive him, Lord, he knew not what he did! O grant thy presence with all these poor creatures. O give the world that which alone can heal its hurts, and bind up its social wrongs with thy peace.”

All through his prayer there floated the vision of the world that went its careless way, heedless of the passion of the Son of God; but a song went with the vision, and its recurrent refrain was one of hope and final victory.

When he went home he meant to keep the incident from Mildred, but the cut on his lips continued to bleed and he told her everything.

She was deeply agitated. Since their marriage, Mildred Rodney had grown to believe in her great strong husband with more and better faith. Their married life had contained elements of pain. The estrangement she had suffered in the break between her mother and herself had left its mark upon her in spite of all her effort. Some of the things her husband had done since his entrance on the public life she tried to share with him, had not seemed to her always

the best and wisest; but not for one instant had she doubted his ability, his power, or his unswerving fidelity to his convictions. Every event in his career added to her passionate devotion to him. The world for her had no other love equal to the one she embodied in him. She dressed his wound, and cried over him a little as she listened to his story.

"This is something no one need know except Harvey and ourselves. It is nothing. He will be sorry, and, if I mistake not, he will say so. Let it all work out."

Yet not even Stanton, strong in the boundless affection of his wife, and sanguine of the future, anticipated Harvey's return into the old circle of friendship which had been so suddenly broken.

The next evening was Friday, and Stanton went down to the meeting, feeling that it had reached a crisis. And truly never had Lenox witnessed such manifestations of the Holy Spirit's presence in the world. The old Rink was packed to its utmost limits. The sense of a physical silence was so vivid that those who were present confessed the next day that the experience was absolutely new. Yet what less than this should the Christian expect? The supernatural presence is definitely promised by the Son of God to his disciples. It is the shame of Christendom that it continues to be so ignorant of this power after twenty centuries of the fact. And thousands are as much surprised and awed at the fact of the Holy Spirit's power as the scientists who find radium, or the world

that thrills over a new-found element, which has always been in existence, but has only within a few months been found out.

Hundreds of men remained that night to confess Jesus Christ as Master. Stanton worked with them, emotion strong within him; but he was not hysterical or foolishly excited. All his senses responded with alert, sane, well-poised eagerness as he thanked God for answer to his prayers. He had longed to see such a day. The results were what he had always believed were necessary to the establishment of any real Brotherhood.

The next evening there was no meeting at the Rink. Saturday night had been reserved for rest. Sunday Stanton was to preach by invitation in his old pulpit. Dr. Sayers was out of the city, and the pulpit supply committee had urgently asked Stanton to take his place.

## XVI

### THE MIRACLE

**T**HE invitation had moved Stanton, and touched him deeply. He knew well enough that in Saint Cecilia there was a strong and powerful opposition to his convictions on the social question. But on the other hand, even in that centre of ecclesiastical formality and Christless Christianity, there were souls that were trying to find the light. He could name a few prominent business men who were honestly disturbed over their duties and responsibilities towards the men they employed. There was also a large group of young people in Saint Cecilia with whom Stanton had always been familiar and popular. They had always regretted his resignation, and some of them, like the young collegian Arthur Harwood, had imbibed Stanton's theories.

As he rose to preach that Sunday morning he was touched at the sight of the great audience, where even the faces of those who opposed him seemed to look kindly at him. Wrightam was there, much to Stanton's surprise. Wrightam belonged to another church, and Stanton did not remember ever seeing him in Saint Cecilia before.

The remarkable meetings at the Rink had made an impression on all Lenox. Even Saint Cecilia had

shared in the interest and the results of that outpouring of the Holy Spirit. But Stanton's heart longed for a manifestation of that power with the other end of society. Why should the Gospel be preached in revivals to the masses, the workingmen, the crowds of poor and outwardly depraved and sinful, and there be no revival services for the silk- and satin-clothed, for the people that wore diamonds and lived in marble-faced houses and rode in automobiles and yachts and kept several servants? Did they not need revivals as much as any mill operative or saloon-keeper or gambler or fallen woman? Did not J. B. Wrightam, the magnate, who broke the Golden Rule in business every day of his life, need to be converted just the same as Johnny Parr, the Lenox gambler, who had fleeced the young men of Lenox off and on for twenty years? What was the difference? Wrightam was a captain of industry, who manipulated commercial enterprises in such a way that half the stock in the concerns was watered, and when the slump came, Wrightam and his few friends on the inside of the deal pocketed the immense profits while the smaller concerns went bankrupt, and individuals were ruined by the hundred; Parr played cards and roulette and faro with his victims, and by manipulating the gambling machines so as to make the machines win in the long run, pocketed the profits. The only difference between the robbery of Wrightam's gambling and Parr's was simply this: Wrightam had more capital, and his hold-up of the public was on a larger,

more spectacular scale. In other words, he stole more from the public than Parr did. Was that the reason Parr was not admitted to the respectable church and society circles and Wrightam was? Yet on the unquestioned witness of those who knew the dishonest and brazen robbery of some of our well-known captains of industry in America to-day, these commercial gamblers have been guilty of theft on such large scale that, according to President Hadley of Yale, there is need to-day of a social boycott of grafters in high places. President Hadley, in his strictures on the high-class gambler and pirate in commercial circles, calls attention to the fact that in Dante's *Inferno* the worst punishment falls upon those people who use positions of power and trust to make money for themselves.

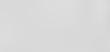
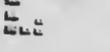
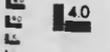
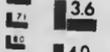
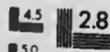
All these thoughts mingled in Stanton's mind as he preached that morning. And his message was Christ's message to men of wealth and responsibility. Taking the life of Harwood for his text, he related as much as was public of the man's strange experience, and gave a graphic picture of his life as an operative in Lenox lower mill. He then went on to speak of the possibilities that the present situation in Lenox offered to both Labor and Capital to come together on a basis of brotherly love.

"The Holy Spirit is here in Lenox to-day, as truly as he was in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. He has reached by his marvelous power hundreds of men who work with their hands in the mills. What of the



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men who direct the labor? What of the men and women of wealth and social position who, if they will only let God use them, can now meet these forces of Labor and remove the causes of strife and hatred that now exist? The spirit pleads with you, rich, cultured men and women of Lenox to-day. It is not my voice you hear. I am but a poor and insignificant voice trying to make his message to you clear. Within this church society are over a hundred men and women whose combined wealth is easily reckoned to be over fifty millions of dollars. This is God's money. It does not belong to you. Many of you are spending it in ways that are not pleasing to the owner of it. You are wasting it in foolish amusements, in useless luxuries and—I say it in love—in sinful extravagances. God calls on you here to-day to lay these riches in consecrated offerings at his feet. As in the first days of the history of the Christian Church, so now the test of your Christian discipleship consists in the proof you give to Christ of following Him in everything, of giving to God in service all that you have.”

Stanton went on, and in the plainest language spared not. He talked out the plain truth concerning the sins of that great, fashionable church, of which he confessed he had once been the cowardly pastor. He called commercial dishonesty by its right name. He pleaded with the people to confess their sins of pride and self-indulgence and haughtiness and lack of brotherly love. In the tenderest and most winsome manner he referred to the loving relations that he had

once sustained to the church, and closed his sermon by referring again to Harwood, who was never so happy, so useful, or so truly great as when he gave his own life to save another.

Men and women all over the church that day hid their faces, not daring to look up, moved and angered and stirred to conviction. No one of the pastors of Saint Cecilia since its founding had ever preached that message to it. Stanton in his closing prayer wrestled with God for results. Would the Spirit touch these men and women as he had those down on the Rink? Would they permit him to? Or would the pride and social selfishness of years drive away forever from these souls the most blessed experience a human being had ever had? Was the old fact always to be taken account of, "How hardly shall they that trust in riches enter into the Kingdom of God"? Was it always going to be thus true that not many wise, not many great, not many noble are called? Must Christianity always work from the bottom up? Yet what hope to reach any solution for the Labor problem where only one side was in an attitude to act in a brotherly fashion? If the men of muscle and the men of money did not both and all together act to help one another, what could be done? There were rights on both sides. There were wrongs on both sides. Capital was selfish. Labor was selfish. Capital had too much of the products of Labor. Labor was now realizing its opportunity, waking up from its giant's sleep of the centuries, and, careless of its

great strength, was beginning to throttle industry. If Capital had usurped power that never belonged to it, no less Labor, through its trade-unions, was arrogantly assuming tyrannical functions. Each side needed to be converted. No earthly power could do this. Hatred, prejudice, selfishness do not yield to man-made schemes to bring in a social millennium. Right here God is needed. No one else will answer. Will these souls in Saint Cecilia, used to luxury, priding themselves on their fashion, will they take up the rough and heavy cross of sacrifice? They will have to change the habits of years to do it. Will they do it? Yet if they will not, what hope for society that it may be filled with the Brotherhood? .

The congregation went away from that morning service as if from a deep sensation. It came back again in the evening, and crowded Saint Cecilia floor and galleries as it had not been crowded for years. Members of Saint Cecilia who had not been to the evening service for years were present that night. Stanton preached on the love of God for all his children, emphasizing the need of repentance and restitution as going hand in hand with forgiveness. When the service closed people went out very slowly. He had made no call for decisions, it had not seemed best for him to do so. But as he went home, after earnest greetings from some of his former parishioners, he was accompanied part way by a member of Saint Cecilia who had always been in close sympathy with him.

"This has been a great day for Saint Cecilia, Dr. Stanton."

"Yes, I hope it has. My prayer has been for real results."

"Wrightam was out to both services. Did you see him?"

"Yes, who knows——"

"It would be a miracle."

"But no more than the miracle of Johnny Parr's conversion last week."

"Yes, greater. Wrightam has more to repent of. His genuine conversion would have infinite results on the Labor question in Lenox. Do you think it is possible?"

"All things are possible with God," answered Stanton gravely.

He parted from the friend, and when he reached home began to discuss the outcome with Mildred of Wrightam's possible conversion to a genuine Christian life. They had been talking only a few minutes, when a knock at the door called Stanton out into the hall, and on opening the door he was astonished to see Harvey standing on the porch.

"I don't want to come in," Harvey said.

"Why, wife and I are alone. Come in, Harvey," Stanton said in such a matter-of-fact tone that Harvey, after hesitating a moment, came in.

His face was sombre, as usual; but there was a struggling look of shame that spoke eloquently of the inward feeling.

Mildred greeted him kindly, and invited him to lay aside his overcoat and hat and draw up to the open fire.

Without a word he complied and the three sat down.

"Of course you understand, Dr. Stanton, I don't expect to be forgiven and all that rot. Even if you did it, which I don't ask, I could not forgive myself, so that would leave me right where I am now. But I am willing to do something to make myself feel a little more comfortable." He said it with a grim self-accusation that impressed Stanton painfully.

"It is not necessary, Brother Harvey. I have no feeling of resentment towards you and you need not——"

"I knew what you would say of course. What's the use? But I wanted to let you know I was willing to do something, so I wrote out an account of the incident for the *Lenox Times*. I didn't want you to think it had been worked up by some one else." To Stanton's astonishment, Harvey handed over the article, and added, "Read it out loud. I want Mrs. Stanton to hear it."

Stanton was fearful at first that Harvey had been drinking again. But looking at him carefully, noting the dark face, the deep-set eyes, the grim rigidity of the whole figure, he was soon convinced that Harvey was sober.

"Last Thursday night at the Rink, at the close of the meeting, Bruce Harvey, the President of the trade-union, had a disgraceful altercation with Dr.

Stanton. Harvey had been drinking, and charged Dr. Stanton with an attempt to destroy his, Harvey's, influence over the mill men through the revival services now being held in Lenox. Dr. Stanton tried to reason with Harvey, but he refused to listen, and finally struck the minister twice in the face. Dr. Stanton did not return the blow. The affair was not witnessed by any one except the two men. It was a cowardly assault, and deserves the honest contempt of every man, woman and child in Lenox."

"Is that all right? Is it strong enough? I signed my name to it, you see." Harvey spoke the words with a dogged harshness of manner that disturbed Stanton more than the most abject appeal for mercy could have done.

"Yes, it's strong enough," Stanton finally said, "but it lacks warmth," and with the words he suddenly threw the manuscript on the coals of the open fire.

"It is not necessary, Harvey. Do you think I will permit a thing like that? You do not know me. Does not God forgive us a thousand times worse things than this? Shall we men treat each other less mercifully?"

Harvey's face worked strangely. Mildred added her word to that of her husband.

"Mr. Harvey, you and Mr. Stanton must be friends again. You cannot afford to quarrel. Together you can do so much for the cause. Why not take Mr. Stanton at his word and resume the old relations as if

nothing had ever happened. I never knew a man who had such a poor memory for injuries as my husband. You should see some of the letters of abuse he gets and hear his answers to them. His replies are always so friendly that I have often wished I might be present when the letters are received by the people who poured out pages of abuse. How silly they must feel to sit there expecting to get blown up and instead of that it is a bouquet thrown at them. It is fun to do that. There is nothing Mr. Stanton or I would appreciate more than a good forgettery on your part, and you need not fear for ours."

Harvey listened with head cast down, visibly affected. At last he blurted out, "But while this may be all right for you, where do I escape? God might forgive a man, but what if the man cannot forgive himself? Curse the drink! It makes me a fool every time I touch it."

"Leave it alone then," Stanton said sternly. "But all that's past, Harvey. Bury it. We expect to. Think of Harwood. In Christ's name, Brother Harvey, I beseech of you let God into your soul. Get the blessing you need. Don't despise the Spirit."

Harvey was agitated.

"I can't ever be a Christian. My whole life habits are contrary to the idea. Don't try to convert me. I'll—I'll count it an undeserved honor if you two will permit me to call you friends, but as for the other——"

Stanton eyed him sadly, and without many words

allowed him to go on giving his version of the events that had led up to his assault on Stanton. When he was through he rose to go, but when Stanton held out his hand Harvey held back.

"Try me for a while," he said doggedly.

"Mr. Harvey," said Mildred spiritedly, "you do not treat us fairly. Give us credit for honesty at least. We are not willing to wait."

"All right," Harvey answered as if relieved. He shook hands with them both, and went away leaving behind an impression that, while he was willing to re-open the friendship of the past, he was hardening his heart against the Holy Spirit and trying to fortify his mind with every known excuse for not yielding to his gentle but firm summons to put Jesus Christ on the throne of his life as Lord.

He had been gone only a few minutes, and Stanton was beginning to lock up below preparatory to going upstairs, when the bell rang.

Stanton opened the door, and was confronted by the oldest son of J. B. Wright, a young man about twenty years of age. He had evidently been running, for he spoke with difficulty.

"Father wants to know if you can come over and see him."

"Yes, certainly. When?"

"Now, right off, Dr. Stanton."

"Is your father ill?" asked Stanton, as he hurriedly put on his coat.

"I don't know," replied young Wrightam.

Stanton was surprised at his answer, but said nothing. He stepped into the sitting-room and told Mildred where he was going. At once she said, "Is it possible Mr. Wrightam has been touched by to-day's services?"

"With God all things are possible," said Fredrick Stanton as he went out. He recalled, as he hurried on through the darkness, that he had said the same to his parishioner concerning Wrightam. Was he to see that miracle of regeneration repeated in the case of this man? It seemed incredible, but his heart prayed for the event as he walked on.

## XVII

### BATTLING FOR A SOUL

**W**HEN Stanton reached Wrightam's residence, the young man took him at once to his father's "den," and then hurriedly went into the library as if afraid of being called in to witness a scene he dreaded.

As Stanton stepped into the room he thought at first that no one was there. There was only one electric light burning instead of a large cluster, and Wrightam was sitting in the far corner of the room.

He did not move until Stanton had advanced into the corner of the room. Then he got up, turning a face toward his visitor—a face that had one predominant mark, the mark of fear.

He held out his hand.

"I am glad you came, Dr. Stanton," he said hurriedly. And then, after an awkward moment, he suddenly went to the door, and shut and locked it. When he faced Stanton again he asked him to be seated, but himself walked up and down with growing agitation.

"Dr. Stanton, you will not understand me. But I sent for you because I am afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?"

"That is something I do not know. But all the evening I have been oppressed. I never had a premo-

dition in all my life. It is the farthest from my make-up to have fears for the future. But I cannot shake off this feeling. And I sent for you to see if you could help me."

Stanton, in growing astonishment, looked intently at the man. Some strange experience had taken possession of him. There was the same heavy, coarse physical outward bearing that had always distinguished J. B. Wrightam. He was a college-educated man; but a certain grain of vulgar crudeness, a harsh fibre of personality had clung to him in spite of the culture of the schools. Nothing but the grace of Almighty God could soften this coarseness, and up to this time in his life J. B. Wrightam was absolutely without this grace. He was as much a pagan as any man that ever lived in any age. And Stanton, sitting there that night in that luxurious room, witnessing some remarkable conflict in this man's soul, was, in spite of his faith, startled at the growing transformation in this captain of industry, this commercial highwayman, a nominal church member and social aristocrat, who knew absolutely nothing of the Christ rule of life, and so far had been a selfish, proud, worldly man, existing solely for riches and power and pleasure.

"Dr. Stanton, I am not prepared to die and meet my God. Do you believe in a final judgment?"

"I do. I believe not only in a final judgment, but in a day-by-day judgment."

Wrightam stopped in his walk.

"It is the final judgment I fear. What is this I

am experiencing? Can you tell me?" The question came as if forced from him by some inward terror.

"Is it conviction, or only fear of punishment caused by some unexpected entrance of thought of the future into a guilty life?" Stanton asked himself. When he spoke, it was with more caution than kindness; for he was very much in the dark as to Wrightam's condition.

"Can you give me the cause of this feeling? Have you any date for its beginning?"

After a moment's hesitation, Wrightam said, "I think it dates from your preaching this morning."

"And you say the predominant feeling you now have is fear?"

"A feeling of terror. I cannot sleep. I have been thinking all day of Harwood. He died doing his duty as he saw it. I cannot die that way or any other."

Stanton determined to go at the root of the matter and be frankly plain of speech.

"Mr. Wrightam, are you afraid to die, as you say, because of the selfish, Godless life you have lived, or simply because you fear punishment from an angry God?"

Wrightam stopped again in his walk and his face flamed up for a moment with passion. It would have been no great surprise to Stanton then if the man had struck him or ordered him out of the house. But a sort of convulsion shook him, and he answered Stanton's question by asking him one.

"Have you ever felt helpless in the presence of some impending danger? Helpless as a child in the grasp of a giant? Then you know how I feel."

He resumed his walk, and Stanton persisted in his query.

"But do you feel convicted of guilt? Is your present feeling prompted by a knowledge of God as a punisher of sin?"

"I do not know," Wrightam answered, as if in despair. "I know that I fear with unspeakable dread the thought of death."

Stanton was silent, thinking hard. He had never met a case like this, and he kept praying, as he watched Wrightam, that wisdom might be given him to say the right word, to do the right thing.

"Mr. Wrightam, would you be afraid to die if you knew you had always tried to do the will of God?"

"I don't know. I only know the fact of my present fear."

"Do you believe God is love?"

Wrightam did not seem to hear, and Stanton asked the question again.

"I don't know. What do I know about God?" He turned towards Stanton fiercely. "Curse you!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It is all your doing. What do I care for your social gospel? It is all rot. Leave me alone. What shall J. B. Wrightam have to do with your theories of a Brotherhood? It is all

intangible, preposterous, impossible. Do you hear? Get out of my house, you miserable meddler with things that don't concern you!" He shook his fist in Stanton's face, and every mean demon of hate and selfishness and past riot of evil ambitions, and, above all, of gold-thirst and greed, struggled up through the soul to battle for their own in the presence of the Christ of God, the Holy One, who had come up to the tombs to unchain this maniac and set him free and clothed in his right mind.

Something of this great truth gleamed instantly on the soul of Stanton as Wrightam confronted him. Under the strong emotion of the scene, he had risen from his seat and taken a step towards the door. He knew Wrightam would not offer him any personal violence, but he was still doubtful as to the extent of conviction that he struggled to smoulder.

"You sent for me. Why?"

"I don't know! I fear! O my God! The fear! Dr. Stanton! Pardon me! Do not leave me alone! Pray for me! Do something! I am not ready to die!"

Stanton grasped at that one word, "Pray!" He kneeled. And his prayer was based on a simple, childlike faith in the promise of the Holy Spirit. He did not know that Wrightam had gone over by the window and was crouching down on the wide window seat, a remarkably strange figure as compared with his usual bold, aggressive, assumptive manner.

But when the prayer was over and Stanton had

risen, the sight of Wrightam, silent and immovable, struck him as a new phase of an extraordinary evening's experience.

He waited for the magnate to speak, but Wrightam was dumb. Then Stanton spoke again, gently, but Wrightam still kept the same attitude. What was passing in his soul? Some infinite struggle was being waged between the unequal forces of right and wrong, between demons and angels, between the devil and the Son of God. What battleground more historic, more terrific in its charge and countercharge, more tragic in its defeats, more glorious in its victories! A soul that for forty-five years had allowed hell's sullen, but exultant spirits to camp on God's holy ground could not, without a rebellion that partook of downright revolution, dethrone the usurping forces and put the rightful Prince in his own place. Stanton, awed at the sight, in spite of the marvels of regeneration he had witnessed in the mill men, felt as if the scene were almost too sacredly personal to view. He spoke to Wrightam again; getting no answer, he walked toward the door, saying to himself, "I will leave him alone with God to fight out the battle." At the door, as he turned the key in the lock, he said aloud, "I am going, Brother Wrightam. If you need me, send for me."

Still no word or sign that Wrightam was conscious of Stanton's presence. He did not move or turn his head. Stanton went out into the hall, shutting the door of the "den," and as he was going out of the

house, Wrightam's wife came downstairs and stopped at the foot of them. With a gesture she beckoned Stanton to wait. The sight of this woman reminded Stanton with a shock of what was in store for Wrightam in case his soul was won in the battle now being desperately waged only a few feet away.

Mrs. Wrightam was a beautiful woman, magnificently decorated, or disfigured, according as you have been brought up to regard it, with expensive jewelry. Her whole attitude was one of superiority as a member of that most select inner circle of the most fashionable Lenox society, that revolved in a constant succession of parties, receptions, dinners, theatres, fads, dress parade, a surface knowledge of books and events, a little religious observance in morocco-covered prayer books during Lent, and a total disregard of all Christian teaching on the subject of humility, sacrifice, true prayer service, and the giving of one's self for the redemption of the world. What were the Lenox mills to the wife and daughter of J. B. Wrightam? Nothing, absolutely nothing but a source of revenue to the Wrightam family and its need of luxuries. As to the men and women who worked there, who lived in the tenements, who were at the centre of the industrial whirlpool that sucked them in and out, Mrs. Wrightam had no thought except that of a turbulent mass that fought her husband's interests, and might possibly endanger his financial profits. Can you imagine a creature, gifted with wonderful physical graces, clothed with garments that were representative

of a whole year's salary of hundreds of honest public servants, going through a world filled with God's need, and absolutely having no higher or larger thought of life every day than how she might increase her social standing as the leader of the most haughty, exclusive and wealthy section of Lenox society? This was J. B. Wrightam's wife. She had been divorced from her first husband on account of incompatibility of temper, and she had married the mill magnate, so society said, on account of his great wealth. Her two children were at home with her, Alfred, the young man who had summoned Stanton that night, and Eileen, the daughter, two years younger.

"Dr. Stanton. Is Mr. Wrightam ill—or——?" she said, pointing towards the door of the "den."

"I think not. He is——" Stanton was uncertain what to say. How should this woman be made to understand what was happening to her husband?

"What is the matter with him? I have not seen him all day. He did not come in to dinner. I am going to see what is the matter."

She took a step towards the door. Stanton spoke quietly. "I do not think Mr. Wrightam ought to be disturbed, madam. Excuse me, but I know something of the situation. of the experience Mr. Wrightam is having—and——"

"What do you mean, sir?" the woman spoke sharply. "Situation! Experience! What do you mean?"

"I mean, madam, that Mr. Wrightam is passing

through a religious crisis in his life, and it would be wise to leave him alone just now."

She paused an instant as she stood in the centre of the hallway, her tall figure gleaming under the lights.

"Religious crisis!"

She laughed, as if the thought gave her some amusement. "Religious crisis! I think you are mistaken, sir. J. B. have a religious crisis! It would be a miracle!"

"It is a miracle, madam," Stanton said, looking at her steadily. "In that room to-night your husband is confronting superhuman powers. He is waging the soul-battle of the ages. It is my prayer that God will win for him, as I believe he will."

She looked back at Stanton, and then, without speaking, laughed again, and moved towards the door. At that instant, Eileen came down the stairs, and seeing her mother and Dr. Stanton, paused on the last step.

"Where is father?" she inquired, suppressing a yawn.

"He is in the 'den,' and I am going in to see what is the matter," her mother answered. "Mr. Stanton, you are interfering where you have no right," she exclaimed haughtily. "I shall do as I please in this matter. What you have said is simply absurd. Eileen, Mr. Stanton says Mr. Wrightam is passing through a religious experience! I believe he is excited over these vulgar revival meetings, and possibly worried over the effect of them on the men."

*L. Harper*

200 THE HEART OF THE WORLD

“Madam,” said Stanton, remaining where he first stood when Mrs. Wrightam came downstairs, “I have no authority in this house. But I most sincerely believe that if you go in there now, you will be guilty of an intrusion so great that the result of it may not be measured by eternity. There are some experiences in a man’s life so sacred that not even his most intimate relatives have a right to witness them.”

He spoke so earnestly, withal in so calm and dignified a manner, that even the woman she was, she felt impressed. Still, her purpose was unchanged, and, after an instant of indecision, she stepped again towards the door. At that moment Alfred came into the hall, out of the library, which adjoined Wrightam’s “den.”

“Mother,” he said hurriedly, “what’s the matter with father? I thought a moment ago I heard him groan. Mr. Stanton,” he continued, seeing the minister for the first time, “what is the matter with——”

“I am going in to see,” Mrs. Wrightam exclaimed, and her hand was on the knob, when the door was opened by her husband.

## XVIII

### THE NEW MAN

**T**HE look on Wrightam's face was one Stanton will never forget. The fear was gone. In the place of it was a look of redemption that made Stanton's heart leap up.

Mrs. Wrightam had stepped back when the door opened so suddenly. Next instant she cried out, "John, what is the matter? Why have you shut yourself up so all day?"

He did not appear to see her or to hear her. Quietly he spoke to Stanton, "Will you come back 'n here, Dr. Stanton?" Then he seemed suddenly to be conscious of the presence of his wife.

"Amy, I wish to be with Dr. Stanton a few moments. I am not ill. I will——"

He looked at his wife with an expression she had never seen in his face before, and the next moment he had gently drawn Stanton into the room and shut the door.

Mrs. Wrightam paused a moment, as if minded to disregard her husband's wishes; but finally she turned and beckoned Eileen and Alfred to go upstairs with her.

"Your father is not himself," she said to Eileen, as they entered the upstairs drawing-room. "I fully

agree with Mrs. Rodney, that Dr. Stanton is a dangerous man. If J. B. should once get led away by his socialistic theories——”

“But there’s no danger of that, mother,” Eileen replied in astonishment.

“I don’t know what to think of J. B.’s conduct to-day,” Mrs. Wrightam said petulantly. “Of course, I don’t believe your father will ever do anything so foolish. Let me know, Alfred, the minute Mr. Stanton goes out.”

She went into her room, and Eileen and Alfred continued to discuss the conduct of their father, and give some reason for it.

Yet not even their most extravagant imagination for one moment approached the wonderful truth. J. B. Wrightam, the modern captain of industry, the trust promoter, the financial magnate, the commercial highwaymen, who gambled in millions as other men gambled in hundreds, had been born again and was a new man in Christ Jesus. The Carpenter of Nazareth had measured power again with the demoniac, and Wrightam was sitting clothed and in his right mind. He had come to himself, and for the first time since his prodigal riot and beggary among the swine he said, “I will arise and go to my Father.”

As the door had closed behind them, Stanton, realizing even through the mystery of it what had occurred, grasped Wrightam’s hand.

“Thank God, Brother Wrightam!”

“I can scarcely realize, Mr. Stanton, what has

happened. But of one thing I am certain. From this time forth Jesus Christ is my Master. Oh, Brother Stanton, tell me what I must do. Show me how to make my discipleship known!"

It was the old cry of Paul repeated, twenty centuries later—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It was the martyr cry of the ages, longing to make restitution in evidence of its honest faith.

"There is much to say on that point, Brother Wrightam. Do you realize yet what it means to be a Christian?"

"I suppose not. One thing, however, is very clear to me, as I said. If Christ is my Master, my future cannot be anything like my past. All things have become new."

Stanton looked at him as one might look at a man who had suddenly walked out of a grave where he had been buried forty-five years.

"Of course, you understand the Christian life means——"

"Confession," interrupted Wrightam promptly. "Public confession. I am all ready to make it, Brother Stanton," he spoke with tears in his eyes, the first Stanton had ever seen there. "No one can understand the joy it will be to me to confess my Lord."

"Your family——"

Across Wrightam's face a look of great and wonderful emotion passed.

"I must tell my wife and children. But how can they understand——"

For just an instant the old look of fear was on his face, then it was succeeded by the divine peace, that knows no fear.

“Of course, your business, the other members of the mill company, the men, the—”

“It will all have to be changed, it cannot go on, the old life, the old practices. The whole of it must be made new.”

“Do you comprehend, Brother Wrightam, how difficult it will be for you to readjust your business relations with the other men who are still unchristian? Are you ready to face——”

“I am ready to face anything for my Saviour,” said Wrightam, like a child.

For a moment Stanton did not venture to break the silence.

Wrightam got up and began to pace the room.

“This is a wonderful thing that has happened to me, Stanton. I don’t cheat myself by thinking it is hypnotism or anything of that sort. I had an experience in here while you were out of the room that I can’t relate even to you. It was real, and it was sane and it was true. But it was supernatural. I saw all my past life, in all its hideous, unrelieved selfishness. It had not one redeeming quality. It was ghastly in its paganism. As I cowered under it, I seemed to be lowered into a perfect hell of condemnation. A fear seized me, so great that what I felt when you came in first was nothing in comparison. For a few moments I suffered all the tortures of hell. I believe if any one

had entered the room during those moments, even you or my wife, I would have tried to shake off that horror, and in my madness have driven the Spirit of God forever out of my soul. But when those moments passed, I was permitted, by the grace of God, to see eternal forgiveness in the face of Christ." The tears rolled over Wrightam's coarse face, glorified now by his unearthly experience. "What I saw I cannot describe, not even to you, Brother Stanton, but I shall never forget it. The most distinct, real, joyful experience of my entire life was that moment when the Son of God said to me, 'Your sins are forgiven.' It has seemed to me that I have been alone for several days. What is the time?"

He suddenly took out his watch. Stanton mechanically took out his, also.

"Only half-past eleven! Do you believe in miracles?"

"I believe in the miracle of regeneration," said Stanton softly.

"It is wonderful! wonderful! My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine," Wrightam murmured.

The old hymn was the last one sung in Saint Cecilia that evening. To hear Wrightam repeat the words, to see the love-light of the crucified Son of God in his greed-hardened eyes, was like viewing the unseen glory of the dying robber on the Cross.

Wrightam continued his walk for a few moments. Then he came up close to Stanton and said gently,

"Before you go, pray for me. I shall need all the strength I can get for this new life."

The two kneeled. Stanton's voice faltered in the first sentence, then went on, strong and joyful. As he prayed, the very air seemed pulsing with the divine presence; the Holy Spirit pervaded the room, and Stanton knew that Wrightam was conscious of that eternal fact with him. The knowledge charged his petition and framed his appeal for the new life that now kneeled beside him.

When he finished, before he had time to ask Wrightam to pray also, the converted mill owner began in a broken, but utterly childlike prayer, that brought sobs to Stanton's breast, and drove away the last faint lingering doubt lest the regeneration of Wrightam might be fictitious. No unsaved man could have prayed like that. The physical and mental difficulty in the way of such a man as Wrightam offering a prayer was something tremendous. But, that was nothing by the side of the spiritual lack, which such a man as Wrightam had always known. The very sound of his simple, beseeching, halting, but truthful petition for God's help, touched Stanton more than he had been touched in the case of Johnny Parr, the gambler. The two cases were not alike, except in the similar work of reconstruction which the Holy Spirit had wrought in the two men.

In the pause after Wrightam's prayer, again that pervasive, subtle, but strong and exhilarating reality of the Divine presence thrilled them. How strange,

that, in a world which has seen this miracle so often performed, men are still skeptical of the fact of the loving and living God! How sad, that, after the day of Pentecost has been recorded in human history, the Christian Church should be content with outward forms and ceremonies, miss the glory of the supernatural, and shut its eyes to the vision of that light that never was on sea or land!

The two rose to their feet and faced each other. Stanton's hand went out lovingly to rest on Wrightam's shoulder. Wrightam's words came with difficulty.

"I owe you everything. You have helped me to the Cross. Men do not thank one another for such a thing as this. I have been a very sinful man. How sinful only God knows. But I don't doubt his forgiveness. Before him, Stanton, I want the rest of my life to be a witness for restitution and repentance, even if it brings me to the Cross on which my Saviour died. Pray for me, won't you? I cannot meet it alone."

Stanton promised, moved to the depths by the great event, and went out into the hall. As he opened the front door, he saw Mrs. Wrightam coming down the stairs again. He waited a moment, thinking she had spoken his name, but she did not even look at him as she came slowly down the stairs. Eileen and Alfred were behind their mother, also coming down with her, for the purpose of seeing their father. Stanton's glimpse of the three compelled a vision of their inter-

view with Wrightam, and the dramatic outcome of that scene fascinated his imagination all the way home.

The first words Mildred uttered were, "Is it true? Has Mr. Wrightam really been converted?"

"By the grace of God, I believe he has, Mildred. But has any one told you?"

"No, Fredrick. But all the time you have been gone it has seemed to me that the presence of the Holy Spirit was so real it filled all Lenox. What a wonderful event! What will be the result of Mr. Wrightam's conversion?"

"I don't believe any one can tell. If he is really a Christian, as I believe he is, the fact may change the entire history of Lenox. Meanwhile, he has a tremendous cross to carry in the effort he will make to explain his change of life to his wife and children, and readjust his business relations and put them on a Christian basis."

"Oh, Fredrick, will he do that? Do you really think he will succeed in making Mrs. Wrightam, Eileen and Alfred understand his new life? Mother used to know Mrs. Wrightam when she was Mrs. Lynde. I have heard mother say that her divorce was altogether wicked. This is a great deal for mother to say. But how will such a woman ever understand or accept the change in Mr. Wrightam's life? I can hardly believe that such a change has taken place. Are you sure of the fact?"

"I believe there is no question as to the fact. It is

one of the miracles of the ages. It has occurred to reveal to this sinful city the superhuman life. The raising of Lazarus was not a greater revelation of God's power than the change that has taken place in this Mammon worshiper."

When Mrs. Wrightam entered the "den" that night she was angry with several people. She was angry with her husband, because of his unexplained absence and his church attendance that day. She was angry at Stanton, because of his part in the revival meetings among the mill men, and his possible influence over Wrightam. She was angry at Alfred, her son, for disobeying her command not to go to Dr. Stanton's that evening, at his father's request. At the bottom of her resentment at the Stantons rankled a bitterness towards Mrs. Rodney, who had never forgiven her scandal of divorce and never accepted her leadership of Lenox society.

She came into the room with her head up, her children silently following. Wrightam was standing in the middle of the room. The exaltation of the vision he had experienced pervaded his whole person; the love-light of the crucified Son of God was still in his eyes.

"J. B., what is the matter? Why have you been with Mr. Stanton all this time? What have you been doing? You have neglected me shamefully!"

Wrightam put out his hand, and placed it on his wife's shoulder. I think the man really loved his wife a little. At any rate, he had been proud of her

good looks, and he adorned her person as he might have decorated a favorite horse.

"Amy," he said gently, "I wonder if you can understand I am a Christian. I am a new man in Christ."

"A Christian!" The simple, sudden announcement affected her strangely. Her face flushed angrily, and she stepped back.

"Do you mean that this socialist, anarchist preacher has deluded you with his quack religion?"

"It means, Amy, that I am no longer the same. I am a different man. The whole world is changed to me." He continued looking over her head as she confronted him erect, exasperated, astonished, rapidly forecasting the effect on her future. Wrightam suddenly began to sing:

"My Jesus, I love thee,  
I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the follies  
Of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer,  
My Saviour art thou,  
If ever I loved thee,  
My Jesus, 'tis now."

She listened as a tigress might listen to a mother singing an evening lullaby to her babe.

"Leave the room Eileen, Alfred!" she stamped her foot as she spoke. "I want to talk to your father alone!" The children went out overwhelmed by what they had heard. Mrs. Wrightam turned to face her husband, and he, as if for the first time fully con-

scious of the family crisis that confronted him, returned her look as she stood there alert, profoundly angered, the jewels he had given her gleaming at her throat and on her fingers, the incarnation of the world in its lust for the pleasures that pass away before the breath of the eternal God.

## XIX

### HIS CROSS

**T**HE moment the door had shut behind Alfred and Eileen, Mrs. Wrightam exclaimed.

“I suppose one of the ‘follies of sin’ you are going to resign is your wife. She will hardly be good enough for you now.”

“Amy,” her husband went nearer to her. He spoke earnestly, but calmly. His whole attitude was that of appeal. “You do not understand. My entire purpose in life is changed. But I never had a greater longing to be true to those I love. I have lived a very sinful life. We have both been deeply guilty.”

“Speak for yourself, J. B.!” She uttered the words contemptuously. She was enraged at the unexpected event. She saw, in her shrewdness, the crumbling of her social fabric so painfully erected. For this divine interruption, this astounding transformation of her husband, she had nothing but hatred, so far as she understood it. Wrightam walked to the end of the room, and came back again.

“Amy, I do not deceive myself, and I cannot deceive you in the matter. The change wrought in me by the grace of God will compel me to change almost every habit of my life.”

"What do you mean?" She turned upon him savagely, anticipating to some extent his answer.

"My business affairs. I have, as an individual and as a member of a corporation, repeatedly broken the law of the State and of God's higher Kingdom. I cannot do this any longer."

"Do you mean that you will retire from the business of the mills?" she asked sharply. During this interview her whole physical appearance had seemed to age before his eyes. The lines of her face had hardened, the beauty of her features had taken on a look of repulsion. Or was it because he now saw her for the first time as she really was?

"I shall retire from it if I find I cannot change its methods. Plainly, Amy, all these years I have been a gambler, a thief and a worshiper of Mammon. The fact that I have held place in society, and have been allowed to go my ways outside of the penitentiary, does not alter the fact that I have been guilty, on a stupendous scale, of wickedness which has resulted in conviction and imprisonment for scores of men who have robbed the people of smaller amounts. In the sight of God I am guilty. I cannot continue this sort of life. If to change it means——"

"If it means the giving up of all the things worth having, do you mean to follow that course?" his wife almost shrieked in her anger. Her shrewd forecast was not far from the knowledge of the facts.

"If it means the giving up of anything that has

broken God's laws and hindered the growth of His Kingdom, I am ready to give it up."

"But I am not! You are reckoning without me! Do you imagine I intend to let go my social ambitions, to adopt a life of sentimental fanaticism, to take up with a foolish, dangerous anarchism like Mr. Stanton teaches, to lose my hold on the things I need for my life, all on account of a mistaken religious excitement? Do you think I will accept such a dreary programme of existence? I will not, for one moment. I will not live such a life, and I will not accept the terms of such a union!"

"Amy, what do you mean?"

"I mean, J. B., that I will leave you rather than live the life you propose. I will not, and cannot, endure such an existence as I foresee. My whole life depends on the possession of money and social power. I will not forego them for any dream of men like Mr. Stanton or Bruce Harvey. J. B., this is an illusion you are under. These meetings are exciting. You have in some way come under the spell of them. Shake it off. Are you J. B. Wrightam, the great captain of industry, the man who holds Lenox finances in his hands, the daring leader of great enterprises which have astonished the industrial world, or are you a poor, fanatical convert to a sentiment which was never intended for a practical world; a weak, useless theoretical vision of a dreamer who lived centuries ago——"

"Amy, I cannot listen to that. You must be

silent." He spoke in stress of agony for her and himself. She had come close to him, and her appeal, while pagan in its coarse, brutal confession of her paganism, had nevertheless shaken him. She had possessed a certain fascination for him. The vision he now had of his future was that of a narrow way, at the ending of which stood a large black cross. The few significant words his wife had uttered about leaving him threw up at once the veil before a future, disgraced by social scandal which now, under the finer impulses that moved him, was simply torture. The social and business revolution he was contemplating was nothing short of stupendous in its effects on all the surroundings of his existence, as it involved with him his family, his business associates and his acquaintances. The woman who now faced him, his children who were wondering at this experience of their father, were the products of such a false and selfish social environment as he had helped to create. What else could come out of it except what did come? There was no anger in his heart towards this woman. A deep-growing pity was moving him. Nevertheless, he saw everything now in its true light. And at the heart of it all was his Divine Lord, who beckoned him calmly to follow Him. "If any man will not deny himself and take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple." The words kept repeating themselves in a rhythmic refrain while his wife was talking.

"Amy, you know not what you say. This dreamer of twenty centuries ago is the one great Person in my

life at this moment. I believe in Him as I believe in no other being on earth. I would die for Him with joy. I will do what He tells me to. His commands are first. My duty to you is plain. You are my wife, and by the sacred law of our union now, even though we committed sin to be husband and wife, I am bound to provide, to protect, to care for you. All that a man can do towards that I am ready to do in every honest way. But I will not, and cannot, deceive you, Amy. I cannot, as a disciple of Christ, continue to make money or maintain a social position at the expense of my conscience. I will no longer be a party, silent or otherwise, to the unchristian practices of which I have been guilty in the commercial world. Rather than do that, I will go to work myself in the mills, as Harwood did, as an honest laborer at a dollar and a half a day. How else shall I become a witness for my Saviour? In what other way can I prove to the world the truth of my new life?"

She listened with eyes that contracted with impotent anger. She drew herself up, and the jewels flashed on her arms and about her throat. There was a beautiful wristlet of opals that Wrightam had given her when they were married. She raised her arm and deliberately unclasped this circle of gems, and in her madness threw it with all her might on the floor. The opals broke from their delicate gold settings, and rolled over the polished surface. One of them fell near her foot. She set her heel upon it. The soul of the woman was towering up with satanic fury.

"I will go my own way! I give you warning, J. B. Wrightam! You cannot impose such a life on me! You are not my lord and master! I renounce any such union with any such fanaticism. I refuse to ruin my happiness by any such madness!"

For a moment Wrightam faced her, white-lipped but calm; sorrow, pity, anguish, suffering, tugging at his heart. She then turned away and walked out of the room. When she was gone, he stood still for a minute. Then he walked over to the window-seat. He sat down and buried his head in his hands. Tears rolled over his face, but from his lips softly there came the words of the old Gospel hymn: "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

The night passed on, and he remained in the room until daybreak. It seemed to him that, in a very peculiar sense, the room had been consecrated by the wonderful experience he had known there. In that room, with his business friends, many times during the past years he had worked out those bold, shrewd schemes which had given him the name of a great captain of industry. The very walls had been witnesses to commercial fraud on such a stupendous scale that the general public could not dream of their extent and character. But henceforth this "den" would always remind him of his first meeting with his real Lord, Jesus Christ, the Master of earth and the hope of the world. Do you not think that when Paul returned to Jerusalem from Damascus, he remembered that spot in the highway where Jesus spoke to

him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" We can imagine the new-born apostle falling on his knees in the dust of the road, and with streaming eyes, returning thanks that the vision of eternal life was granted to his soul at that spot.

Even so, Wrightam, as he kept his vigil there, watching with his Lord, bearing the cross of his new relationship to his wife and family, was upborne by his vision of the Divine which the room had witnessed. It was holy ground and would be historic to him henceforth.

Neither his wife, Alfred nor Eileen appeared at the breakfast-table. He ate his meal in silence, alone, and then went back into the "den."

He tore the slip off his desk calendar, as he had been in the habit of doing, but instead of throwing it into the basket, he folded it carefully, and put it in a small card-case. As he did so he noted that he had marked ahead on the calendar an important directors' meeting for that very date. It was the election of officers, and a very important meeting in many other ways.

It meant the organization of a new combination of Capital against Labor. As the largest shareholder in the mills and in the First Bank of Lenox, Wrightam was secure in his position as the head of the combine. The election of directors was a form, and had been for years past, with no other result anticipated except that of the giving to Wrightam supreme control over the business. Harwood's death had removed the only man who had at any time rivaled Wrightam as a

trust leader. If a single individual ever could be said to own a town, that could be said of J. B. Wrightam, in regard to Lenox. He had been, up to this morning, its financial autocrat, dictating its largest industry, shaping its financial policy, and reaping the overwhelming financial gain for himself.

As he prepared to go down to this meeting, his mind, clear, and to his own great satisfaction, calm and even joyful, called into view the different members of the Board of Directors of the mills and the bank.

There was Cummings, the Vice-President, shrewd, cold, a polished man of the world, a member of Saint Cecilia, and one of the bitter opponents of Stanton and his ideas.

There was Rollins, a local merchant, proprietor of a great department store, long-headed, with energy and push, always adding some new feature to his business.

There was Judge Rodney, able and convincing, a lawyer of great repute and the best-read man in Lenox.

There was Fleming, a capitalist, who had made his money in selling South African war supplies, who owned the most expensive house in Lenox, and whose wife was a personal friend of Mrs. Wrightam.

There was Collins, another capitalist, who had been Wrightam's lieutenant or go-between in the various deals which the magnate had brought to a successful finish for himself.

There was Durand, a silent, uncommunicative man, who, it was said, had made a fortune by manipulating copper stocks and railroad shares.

As he thought over the personality of these money-makers, Wrightam could not think of one of them, with the exception of Judge Rodney, who would probably understand his change of attitude in regard to financial matters. To most of these men it was the meat and drink of their existence to make money, as the first business of their lives. To make it in any way that would not land them in jail was considered by them to be legitimate. Even if in the doing of this, other men were ruined, even if no actual service was rendered society, even if the profits that came to them were possible on account of watering the stock and deceiving the public by representations of fictitious values that never had any existence except on paper, even thus these men, almost to an individual, were absorbed in the mad chase for wealth.

Was not J. B. Wrightam their great example? Was it not the ambition of every young man in Lenox to reach J. B. Wrightam's pedestal as a captain of industry? Had not one of the leading magazines printed a spirited biography of J. B. Wrightam only a few weeks ago, and pointed him out to the youth of the land as an example of what could be done by shrewdness, attention to details, and a rare combination of coolness, mental alertness and dogged persistence? Wrightam had at the time, with almost childish egotism, bought a large number of these

magazines, marked the article and sent it to his business acquaintances. He had cut out the magazine's picture of himself and hung it up at his desk at the bank.

When Wrightam entered the directors' room at the bank it was eight minutes to ten. The board was a punctual body, and although none of the members had yet come in, Wrightam knew that before the hour struck they would nearly all be seated about the long, polished table. He passed through into his own private office and shut the door, sat down at his desk and put his head down on it, praying for strength and peace. The wonder of his new life had not diminished. If anything, the exaltation of his vivid sense of relation to Christ was deeper than it had been the evening before; and, in addition to that, he felt an increase of joy, a vivid, but calm, assurance of divine companionship and support.

He opened his door and went out into the directors' room, taking his place at the head of the table, as usual. It was one minute of the hour and all the directors were present but Durand. As the clock struck he entered quietly, and with a slight smile, as if complimenting himself on the fact that he had not lost any valuable time, and had saved the five-dollar fine for being late, he took his seat.

Wrightam got up as soon as the hour had struck. His look around the table was significant. Not a man there failed to notice something unusual.

## XX

### THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

“WE are met, gentlemen, for the annual election of officers, and the transaction of other important business. Before anything else is done, however, I ask you to listen to a personal statement I must make.”

Every face around that long, polished table stared at the President of the First Bank of Lenox with a deepening interest that grew in intensity with every second. Wrightam leaned over a little and placed one large, heavy hand on the table. His face was the calmest in the room as he went on.

“This is the first occasion I have had to make a public confession of an experience I have no right to keep to myself. Yesterday, to be exact, last night, I had a religious experience which has changed the course of my entire life. I have become a Christian disciple, and I want you all to know the fact, as it will have the most important and practical bearing on my action here to-day.”

He paused, and the men around that table continued to stare at him in speechless amazement. The announcement made by Wrightam was so simple, yet so astounding, that there was no effort made by any one to speak. Again he looked into the faces of his associates.

“Of course, you all know I have been a member of

a church all these years and have passed for a Christian man. In reality I was never a Christian, only in name. It meant nothing to me as a force or a life. To-day I see all this as a new man. Christianity has come to mean to me the greatest and most beautiful thing in the world. I have been a money worshiper. I have never given the Kingdom of God a worthy thought. All that is completely changed. I say this to you, because I believe it is the first necessary act of my Christian life, confession after belief."

The silence around the table had deepened. It was absolute. If the great magnate had opened the meeting by saying that the First Bank of Lenox had suspended payment and closed its doors, there could not have been greater bewilderment.

"Gentlemen, you are all well enough informed to know, that I cannot, under these conditions that now confront me, continue to do business on the basis we have been accustomed to. The representations by which we obtained control of the plant at Oreville, for example, are, from a Christian point of view, absolutely dishonest. You will allow me to say that it is only a matter of a few months, at the longest, before the public will be in possession of these facts, and there may be a popular uprising against us. But that is not all. It is only one item out of all the rest. The business of the mills, as it has been carried on, has involved so much that it is unjust and non-Christian, that it will be a moral impossibility for me to have a personal share in it unless the methods are radically

changed. I am not so blind to the facts as to suppose the public can be kept in the dark concerning these matters much longer. But, even if I knew that our methods could be continued unrebuked indefinitely, under the present rule of conduct which governs me, I could not endorse such methods nor continue to practice them. It has come to the parting of the ways with me, brothers." It was the first time in his life that Wrightam had ever called these money-makers by that term. Now, as he looked into their astonished faces, there surged into his hear' a wave of feeling for them such as Paul had when he said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" The amazing depth, reality and joy of his conversion could not have been proved more clearly than by what now happened. "Brothers," he repeated the word, "I stand here before you to-day a saved man. I gladly acknowledge Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I am ready to follow Him. Would to God all of you might know with me the divine joy of this new life. Oh, my brothers, what wonderful things we might do for the Kingdom of God on earth, if once we were inspired with the love of God and our brother men! What miracles of redemption of the business of the world we might behold, if once we were eager to do the Christlike thing in the money-making energy of our lives. God be merciful to me! I count myself the chief of sinners. But God has snatched my soul out of the pit, and redeemed me with a wonderful redemption, and I am not able to hold my testimony from you. I say here calmly,

but without any reservation, that from this time forth I shall, by the help of God, obey his commandments as I believe they ought to be obeyed in the money-making world, and that means farewell to the methods I have all my life practiced. I would count it, next to the unparalleled joy of my own experience, the greatest happiness of my life if you would all walk with me along this highway of service."

In the history of revival movements, it has been true that very many souls of the redeemed have stood up and witnessed before the Church in public to the grace of a saving power. But it is doubtful if any man ever chose a better place to witness for his Lord than Wrightam chose when he stood at the end of that table in the directors' room of the First Bank of Lenox, and told those six men the facts about his discipleship.

Durand was the first one to break the silence that followed. Wrightam had taken his seat, and in the emotion following his confession, he had bowed his head upon his hands.

"Gentlemen, Brother Wrightam has mistaken the place. This is not the Rink, and one of Stanton's Gospel services, but, as I understand it, a called meeting of the directors of the First Bank of Lenox. I should like to be corrected if I am misinformed."

There was another painful pause. Cummings, the Vice-President, was tracing meaningless figures on the letter-head bank paper in front of him. He rose in his place nervously.

"I—we—perhaps we had better adjourn this morning to some other date—until—until—we—until Mr. Wrightam——"

"I move we adjourn to meet at the call of the Vice President," said Cummings hurriedly. "All in favor of adjournment say aye, all opposed no, it is a vote." Everybody rose except Wrightam, who remained seated. The most awkward pause of all followed, and then without a word every one went out except Cummings and Judge Rodney.

As the door shut, Cummings savagely struck the table with his open hand.

"Mr. Wrightam, this is a most astonishing thing you have done. Do you begin to realize what a crisis you have precipitated into our plans? Do you, for one moment, understand what all this will mean to us, to me, to the bank, to the mills, to our schemes in general?"

Wrightam raised his head.

"I understand, Cummings, something of what it means. I don't deny it is a serious matter for all of us. So far as I can receive the brunt of the trouble that will flow out of my action I am eager to take it. If my withdrawal from the company under its present management is likely to cause you or other members loss, I stand ready to give up all I possess to save you. I do not——"

"Do you mean," Cummings spoke with a great effort to control his excitement, "Do you mean——"

"I mean, Cummings, that if my action hereafter

should involve you, for example, in such a way as to cause you financial loss, I will gladly turn over to you and the rest every cent I have in the world, rather than have you suspect me of any other motive than the one I have here to-day acknowledged as the one greatest motive of my life."

"But your withdrawal from the bank and the mills will create a panic." Judge Rodney spoke. His face was very grave. He had listened to Wrightam's words with eyes fixed on him, the only man at the table who really understood, in some degree, what it all meant.

"It may be," Wrightam said slowly. "Still, what can I do? I have wronged the public by my wicked acts. To set those acts right, to restore justice to its place may, for a brief space, cause trouble to others. To help lessen such trouble I am ready, as I have said, to sacrifice my entire fortune. Money! What is that to me now by the side of right! I am not, of course, ignorant of the fact that in all probability, what I do now will precipitate some kind of a crisis in the business. It will involve the men who, with me, have all their years been precipitating crises of another kind among other men. The only difference is that heretofore the other men have lost and we have won. If we lose now, it will be no more than we have inflicted on the public. I do not see any other course open to me."

"It will mean much, I tell you, Wrightam!" Cummings seemed beside himself. He spoke with great agitation. "The minute this news is out on the street,

no man can tell what the result will be. The Oreville matter was a secret. What right had you to disclose that? What right, I say——”

The Vice-President was so near forgetting his usual polished, dignified demeanor that Judge Rodney interfered.

“This talk can do no good, Mr. Cummings. Plainly, I want to say, Mr. Wrightam’s statement about the Oreville purchase is news to me. I certainly do not approve of it if I understand him. As to other transactions of the Board of Directors in matters concerning the bank and the mill, I call you both to witness, gentlemen, I have more than once registered my protest against certain measures passed by the Board and, you will pardon me, Wrightam, I have always been overruled and voted down by your own approval of doubtful financial actions.”

“I acknowledge it, Brother Rodney,” Wrightam said sorrowfully. “It’s a part of my past that I am now eager to atone for. If you will show me how I can do it any other way, I wish you would tell me.”

“Any other way!” Cummings struck his hand again on the table. “Any other way! What more could a man do to deliberately ruin his associates than you have done here to-day? The mere rumor that you are to withdraw from the company will precipitate a slump in the price of Oreville and Lenox mill stock. Right on the event of Harvey’s move to withdraw the Unions and organize a co-operative stock company with mills of their own, the result of this

morning's unexampled fanaticism will simply mean the biggest panic Lenox has ever known. It will mean ruin, ruin, I tell you. And I, for one, am not prepared to stand it. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," Wrightam announced calmly. "What would you have me do?"

"Do? Call the directors back, before the news gets out. Tell them you have been laboring under religious excitement, and have been indiscreet in your language. Have the business we were planning go on as usual. Save ourselves from the inevitable ruin that faces us."

"Do you mean, Mr. Cummings, that you counsel me to retract all I have said about my conversion, and assent, as heretofore, to all methods I now regard as wrong?"

"You do not need to retract all you said. Assure the Board of your assistance in the plans we must make. At least keep silent or remain with the company until we have dealt with the Unions."

"And sanction the Godless measures we have established? Do you advise me to do that?"

"Godless! It is simply business, as business is conducted. You cannot inject the Golden Rule into business. It is a conflict. It has been established by common consent. You have been its best exponent. I say your withdrawal now and condemnation of our plans means ruin to us. It means ruin."

"It has meant ruin to us all our lives, Cummings. Ruin of all the sacred, loving feelings of man for man.

Ruin of all the religious aspirations, ruin of the holiest ambitions, and ruin of the dearest things of the soul. The loss of money is the smallest thing that threatens us. It is no longer my God. I cannot, and will not, support by silence nor consent the iniquity of the methods I have in the past endorsed and worked out. If my act means your financial loss, I believe, on the other hand, it will mean by the grace of God unspeakable gain to the commercial world at large."

Cummings was about to reply to Wrightam when Judge Rodney gravely interrupted. All three men were under great and unusual excitement, but Wrightam was by far the calmest of the three.

"Do you consider your mind clear on this religious question, Mr. Wrightam? Do you consider the experience as in every way worthy of intellectual, mental assent? Is it safe to follow the excitement, the emotional stress under which you are laboring?"

Wrightam clenched his hands. His face grew red, then white. In the old days (how far away they seemed now!) any hint from his business associates that he might be mistaken in his mental conception was enough to enrage him to the point of passion. Under the cold, critical questioning of the eminent jurist, he felt for a moment the stirring of the old man. Only for a moment. That new life instantly asserted its lordship, and when he answered Judge Rodney it was with a quiet, sane, well-balanced reply that staggered the lawyer and effectually silenced him.

"Judge Rodney, my religious experience is the san-

est, truest thing in my whole life. I don't deny the emotion. I have felt more within the last twenty-four hours than during all the years since I was born. But is emotion not to be trusted? May it not be as trustworthy a witness as the will or the intellect? I am not mad any more than Paul was, though I may seem so to you and all the rest who have never seen my soul in any manifestation of itself. I claim here and now, that I am acting in a saner, more sensible manner than any member of the Board of Directors of this bank. They think, as I did once, that the first business of a man's life is to make money. All the teaching of Jesus Christ the Son of God is contrary to that idea. The Kingdom of God ought to be the first of all objects in a sane man's life. I believe that now. And I claim that in believing with the greatest and best Being that ever lived, I am living in a truer, calmer, more rightly-balanced intellectual and mental condition than the man who denies that Jesus Christ taught the only way to live."

Cummings broke in again. "It is all sheer nonsense! The commercial world cannot be run on any such principle. Business is business, and must be run as such. It cannot be run like a Sunday school." He picked up his hat. "If the bank goes to the wall it will be your doing. If ruin faces us all you can take the blame. Fine thing! Your precious Christianity!"

He went out and left Judge Rodney and Wrightam together.

"It is what I expected," Wrightam murmured. The Judge eyed him with conflicting feelings.

"Your course is not altogether clear in its details. The whole affair is complicated. Your action will involve grave changes in all Lenox industries. Have you realized that?"

"I have, in part. I have prayed for wisdom to meet all these changing conditions. I desire to save as many as possible from disaster. I will do my utmost, Judge Rodney, to shield the innocent. But what other course is open to me, as a Christian, except to withdraw myself from schemes which are positively wrong and unchristian? Do you see anything else for me to do?"

The Judge answered slowly, a strange look in his eyes as he did so.

"I see no other course, logically, if you are really going to try to be a Christian. Of course, if your Christianity is nominal, that is one thing; but if it is real——"

The Judge rose to go. He held out his hand. "Whatever happens, Mr. Wrightam, I wish to assure you of my respect. I cannot doubt your sincerity. As to where that will lead you——"

"God knows. I will trust Him," Wrightam answered, tears in his eyes as he clasped Rodney's hand firmly. The Judge went out and left him alone.

He had been gone only a few moments when the cashier of the bank opened the door, and said a re-

porter for the *Times* wanted to see the President of the bank.

Wrightam let him come in and told him the simple truth. The reporter could hardly trust his senses, but he rapidly took down the statement Wrightam furnished, and hurried out after the interview to write up for the first edition of the afternoon the most remarkable occurrence ever chronicled by the Lenox papers.

That was a strange day in the experience of J. B. Wrightam. He stayed down at his office, telephoning out to his house that he would not be up to lunch as usual. All the afternoon visitors, business acquaintances, crowded the office, angry, incredulous, astonished, overwhelmed at the occurrence. Out on the main street when the first edition of the *Times* appeared, men in excited groups stood about holding the paper, reading the astonishing news of the "Conversion of J. B. Wrightam, the mill magnate!" "Will withdraw from the Trust." "Effect of Dr. Stanton's preaching last Sunday." "Run on the bank is expected to-morrow." "Shares in Oreville have a tumble!" "Other members of the company enraged and aghast." "Probable effect on the actions of the Unions." "Harvey's views on the situation." "Unparalleled excitement in Lenox over the event."

It was after dark before Wrightam could get away. He started for home at last, and as he came out on the street the newsboys were even that late crying out his name and selling papers. He walked along, going over the day's experience. It had been full of crosses,

bitter reproaches, threats, estrangements, revilings, curses from the men who, with him, had made Mammon their God. Still, at his heart was the peace of God and the love of his Redeemer. He was full of a strange joy, and had nothing to retract or change.

As he drew near home he began to think of his wife. All his other crosses were light by the side of this.

"God help me," he prayed, as he entered the house. "God help me and her!"

He went into the "den" after hanging up his coat and hat. It was dark, and he went through into the library. That was empty, and he went on to the dining-room. The table was set for dinner, and one of the servants was standing near the dumb-waiter.

"Where is Mrs. Wrightam?"

"I don't know, sir. I——" The girl seemed frightened and looked strangely at him. He went out and up the stairs, and called his wife's name. Getting no answer he suddenly turned, and, as if obeying some direction, went down into the "den" and turned on the light there.

As he did so he saw on his desk a piece of paper, placed on the middle of the blotter, addressed to him.

He picked it up, anticipating its contents, and read: "I am no longer your wife. I have read the accounts in the paper. The whole affair is disgraceful. I will not endure such a life. I am leaving you, and you need not expect me to return. Alfred is with me."

That was all, and he was dazed by the brief brutality of it. It mattered little to him afterwards that she

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had taken with her the family jewels and all the money she could secure from both Alfred and Eileen. For the moment the fact of the woman's departure out of his house and his life smote him deeply, and that was all he realized until, after a few moments, the last line began to detach itself from the rest. "Alfred is with me." His daughter, then, Eileen—had she——

There was a rustling sound in the hallway, and he turned, his heart in a tumult.

Eileen came in, timidly at first, then as she saw him standing there holding the note in his hand, she ran up to him, and with a sob threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, father, I could not leave you! Father! Father! Do you need me now?"

"Thank God! Thank God! Dear child!" was all he could say as he clasped her to him, and she passed her hand over his face, wet with tears, as she cried again, "Father!" and that day of cross-bearing for the once selfish-hearted magnate came to a close with a radiance not of earth, that filled the souls of father and daughter, as they mingled their tears of grief and affection in one never-to-be-forgotten love of each other.

## XXI

### HARVEY AND THE "NEW MAN"

**A**FTER the first joyful exclamation of Wrightam over the fact that his daughter's love for him had become more real, question and answer revealed the facts of his wife's departure.

She had first commanded Eileen to go with her; then, when the girl steadfastly refused, she pleaded and threatened alternately. This did not move Eileen, and Mrs. Wrightam had finally written the note, and packing up all available valuables that she could carry, had gone away. Where, Eileen did not know.

In answer to her father's inquiry, she had heard her mother declare her intention of going back to the stage. As the handsome Mrs. Lynde, she had acted with remarkable success for a year after her divorce, and before her marriage to Wrightam. The old life always had peculiar attractions for her. Wrightam was certain she would return to it.

But his daughter filled his thought, even more than this event which had divided and broken his home. Eileen was really unknown to her father. A girl with extravagant tastes and a superficial education, she yet had a strain of the old Pilgrim blood of New England in her character. When the crisis had flashed up sharply and without warning, she had quietly, but

with invincible firmness, made her decision to stay with her father. At the moment she flung her arms about his neck as he stood there in the "den," her nature grew at a bound in affectionate feeling for him. His religious experience was an unknown page to her, but her heart spelled without mistake his yearning and need as he faced her, and the revelation of that feeling affected him as a new experience, to add to his Christian faith a factor hitherto unknown.

"Eileen, girl, your father has had a strange day. In some ways the strangest of his life."

"Father, I have not been a good daughter to you, and I don't understand now. But," she said it timidly, but tearfully, "you need some one; it did not seem to me I could leave you. Do you need me?"

The tears streamed over Wrightam's large, coarse face. Yet its coarseness was in reality washed away by those drops, every one of which was pure affection out of the spring of his new-born nature.

"Need you, girl? Your father is heart-hungry for you. Oh, I will be such a father to you, Eileen! If God will permit me to make good a part of my neglected past."

So they sat there and talked on the past and present and future; and over the disgrace of the faithless wife was gently spread the all-enveloping mantle of a heaven-born relationship between these two which was destined, by the will of the Divine, to grow tenderer and deeper through the amazing experiences of Wrightam's career in the weeks that followed.

Through all that period that now meant testing to the converted financier, he walked calmly and even joyfully. The storm of public criticism, misunderstanding and abuse burst full upon him. The papers published full and detailed accounts of his wife's action, and with journalistic "enterprise" added columns of scandal that had no foundation in truth except that of surmise and rumor. Even Eileen was subjected to the torture of a brow-beating process to extort the minutest items relative to her mother's flight and her own stay with her father. The most sacred and private feelings were deliberately exhibited as part of the "story" of the Wrightam family sensation.

All this fell brutally and unfeelingly on Wrightam and his daughter. Through it all he offered no rejoinder, asked for no redress and expected no quarter. Old friends fell away from him as from a plague. Members of Saint Cecilia regarded him with cold distrust.

When the storm burst on the bank, Cummings, Durand, Fleming and others saved themselves by every artifice known to their commercial diplomacy. Through all those days of stress, Wrightam lived straight on, putting his own fortune into the bank and stopping the run on it, and, true to his promise, paying out, dollar for dollar, to Cummings and the other directors, every cent they had lost by the panic. Immense as his resources had been, the drain on them through this unexampled use, as the mill stock fell, was enormous. In his conscientious desire to redeem

the promise to Cummings, he began to realize, as the days grew into weeks, that his millions had shrunk to thousands, and his once limitless wealth was fast taking wings to fly away. The inevitable result he began to foresee, did not, however, disturb him. The money he once had worshiped he no longer deified. He even began to feel a sense of relief at the thought of beginning life new on an absolutely clean, honest basis, with no unclean dollars to haunt his memory and torture him with the silent, persistent accusation of a selfish past which God had forgiven.

Sitting in his "den" one evening at this time, when he first began to understand that he was no longer a millionaire or even a rich man, he was surprised to have Bruce Harvey call.

Harvey had been in Oreville after Wrightam's conversion. When he read the accounts in the papers, his lips had curled contemptuously. He had not believed it. But on returning to Lenox he had seen Stanton, and had been staggered at the minister's positive faith in Wrightam's sincerity. The events that followed the run on the bank, the surrender on Wrightam's part, to the other directors of all the Oreville stock to save them, the evident change of purpose in the life of the magnate, had seemed to Harvey incredible. His old distrust and hatred of Wrightam was too recent and too deeply entrenched, however, to be dislodged, and he still entertained a belief that the shrewd captain of industry had a game to play, and was using the religious dodge to make a grand coup that would place him

at the head of the industrial column and rout his commercial rivals once for all, beyond hope of recovery for them.

"Why," said Harvey to Stanton, "I would as soon expect the devil himself to join the Church and be converted at heart as to expect J. B. Wrightam to stop loving money or power. He is an old bird. He has a card up his sleeve that he isn't showing you or the public."

Stanton felt hurt at Harvey's cold-blooded disbelief.

"If you don't believe the facts, go and see Wrightam for yourself. Test him in any way you can. But in the name of that judgment by which you will be judged yourself, Harvey, don't discredit as plain a case of God's dealing with a man as the world ever saw."

"Well, I don't mean to be unfair, Mr. Stanton," Harvey had replied, somewhat abashed; "but you must remember how many years I have been thinking of Wrightam as having horns and hoofs. I can't wipe out that picture in a minute."

But he took Stanton's suggestion, and called at Wrightam's that evening. When he walked into the "den" he was in a condition of mental curiosity, and a large reservation of distrust.

"Glad to see you, Brother Harvey," said Wrightam heartily. "Take off your overcoat and draw up to the fire. It's cold out."

"Thank you," replied Harvey slowly. "But I

guess I won't trouble to take off my coat. I can't stay long."

Wrightam looked at him earnestly, but did not repeat his invitation. Harvey coughed and seemed a little embarrassed.

"What can I do for you?" asked Wrightam.

"Nothing! Did you think I called to get anything?" Harvey said roughly.

Wrightam's face expressed surprise. Then he replied gently:

"I did not know. If I could be of any service——"

"See here J. B., I am not fooled by this part you are acting. You've got a scheme. Well, I want to say, so have I. You want to crush the Union. That is the great desire of your life. Let me tell you, it can't be done." Harvey put his hand in his pocket and drew out a paper. "Read that!" he said, with a tone of coarse exultation that measured the limit of his reckoning with the man who had for years stood in his path as the enemy of every ambition he had ever felt.

Wrightam took the paper and read it with every expression of surprise.

It was a contract signed by over five thousand men in Lenox and Oreville mills to withdraw from the mills and organize a joint-stock company to run on a co-operative basis, entirely independent of all aid or assistance from outside capital. It was the culmination of years of planning on Harvey's part, the result of painful wrestling with dull and slow minds, and an

almost superhuman overcoming of prejudice, fear and conflicting forces at war in Labor's own camp.

It was, Harvey believed, the first really successful attempt ever made by organized Labor to free itself from the unequal union with Capital, where Capital claimed the lion's share of the benefits.

Under the contract, most of the skilled labor in both the Lenox and Oreville mills agreed to withdraw and help form the new combination.

"This will be made public to-morrow. Perhaps you would like to take stock in the new company, Mr. Wrightam. I understand you have lost a little in the recent flurry," said Harvey with a sneer.

Wrightam made no answer. His eyes looked into the fire thoughtfully. Not even a flush of color had touched his face at anything Harvey had said. The man who sat clothed and in his right mind had been too close to the source of divine happiness and peace to feel disturbed over these common taunts. Harvey looked at him uneasily. He did not comprehend this new man.

Wrightam handed back the contract quietly.

"I hope you will succeed, Mr. Harvey. But I know you will not, unless you put into the scheme one thing which fear is altogether lacking."

"What's that?"

"Let me ask a question. In this list of names how many men have you who have become Christians during the Rink meetings?"

Harvey's face grew dark with passion. Then he

experienced an unusual emotion of shame as the incident with Stanton over that event recurred to him.

"Very few, if any, I guess. We don't need them. We can get along better without the snivellers."

"Mr. Stanton tells me there were about four hundred men soundly converted during the meetings. You say almost none of these men are going out into your new company?"

"Practically none of them. But it makes little difference. The Lenox mills will have to close down when we pull out."

"Do you really believe that?" Wrightam asked the question keenly. Back of it lay all his past shrewd knowledge of facts in the commercial world.

"I know it," Harvey said; but in spite of himself there was a note of uneasiness in his tone.

"I do not, Harvey. If you imagine Cummings and men like him are going to let the Lenox and Oreville plants lie idle and permit you to open up without rivalry, you are very much mistaken. There are two thousand men idle now in Raymond, who, with a month's experience, could operate the Lenox mills fairly well. You have chosen a poor time to pull out. There are hundreds of good furnacemen who will rush into Lenox and Oreville to take your place."

"We expect to get our share of the Raymond men," Harvey replied doggedly.

Wrightam shook his head. "After all, these things are not the important ones. Even granting that you have a clear field to organize and operate under the

most favorable circumstances, Brother Harvey, I believe you are destined to fail in the end, because you are leaving out of the enterprise the great essential to any solution of the whole terrible Labor question."

"What's that?" Harvey asked incredulously. Not even his close acquaintance with Stanton and knowledge of his convictions prepared him for Wrightam's obvious answer. He had been too long accustomed to thinking of Wrightam as an enemy, as a money-lover. He could not readjust his thought of the man.

"You leave out the religious love of man for man, Harvey. You are going to do with your new industrial combination just what men like me (as I used to be) have been doing in the past. The entire Labor question could be solved in ten years, or less, if men loved one another. It can never be solved around the sign of the dollar, as fought for by either party. Men have need to be born again. The first object in life is the Kingdom of God. And even if you seem to succeed in your enterprise and do not have love, it will profit you nothing."

Harvey listened, angered. Was this J. B. Wrightam, the captain of industry, the financier who for years had dictated terms to Lenox, and held the fortunes of thousands in his pocket?

He looked at Wrightam more carefully. The one thing that struck him most of all as he looked was the peace on Wrightam's face. It was unmistakable. The next thing was the happiness. There was an

actual glow on those large, heavy features that even Harvey could not explain.

"Fanatic!" he said to himself. Still he did not believe in the man's transformation. The whole thing was absurd. It was also irritating, and he got up suddenly, as if the atmosphere of the "den" had become choking to him.

"I didn't come here to be preached to," he said sharply. "Good-evening."

"Good-night," Wrightam said calmly. "If I can be of service sometime, perhaps——"

Harvey turned at the door, and looked back curiously. Wrightam was standing under the light, the expression on his face unchanged.

"Are you going to continue with the Lenox company?" Wrightam had gone out of the bank. Harvey knew that.

"I handed in my resignation to-day. It will be public news to-morrow."

Harvey stepped back into the room. A question trembled on his lips as a sudden possibility flashed into his mind.

"Do you suppose——?" the question remained unasked. Harvey still doubted. The miracle was too great to be credited. He abruptly turned and went away, and Wrightam did not know how near Harvey had come to making a most astounding proposition to the former head of the Lenox mills.

This proposition that nearly came from the Labor leader was an offer to Wrightam to come into the new

enterprise as its general manager. For all Harvey's assurance, he had at heart a deep misgiving concerning the management of affairs. There were scores of men out of Lenox mills who could act as foremen or heads of departments, but did he have material capable of general oversight in the administration of such a huge affair? He silently went over the list of possible managers, and the enumeration did not reassure him.

He mentioned his doubts to Stanton.

"Why don't you ask Wrightam to take charge?" Stanton queried.

"I don't trust him, to tell the truth. I don't really believe in what you call his conversion."

Stanton was angry.

"What do you want for proof? Are you waiting for miracles?"

"I don't understand him," Harvey replied sullenly.

"And, of course, you don't believe anything you don't understand! If that was logically your creed, Harvey, you could not breathe another second. But you will learn, in time, that Wrightam is converted as truly as St. Paul was. As to the management, though, as I think it over, I don't believe Wrightam would take it now. He is going through a crisis in his business relations, and has not yet satisfied himself as to his future."

Stanton was exactly right. In the mind of the magnate there was, as yet, an unexplored and unknown world before him. He needed time to work it out. His heart was at peace. But the problem of his

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future was not yet revealed to him in its details. He was conscious, as such a man would be, of possessing unusual powers in the way of administration and organizing ability. Somewhere in God's great world he believed there was an honest place for the exercise of those powers to the glory of God's Kingdom on the earth, and in the confident belief he now reposed in his heavenly Father, he bided his time and went his way, facing the loss of his wealth with a quiet fortitude that amazed both friends and enemies.

## XXII

### WORKING OUT SALVATION

ONE evening, a year after this conversation, he came home and met Eileen in the hall. She had daily grown in the grace of affection, and the brightest part of the day for Wrightam was that period when he returned from the complicated settlement of his changed business relations to the house where his daughter was growing into a place of respect, as well as love.

Mrs. Wrightam had never written again, except through her lawyer, to institute divorce proceedings. The matter had caused Wrightam crucifixion. Into the secret chamber of his communion with his Lord he had carried this burden also, and brought the assurance of help. Under the State law he could not prevent the appeal nor the final decree. There was, however, a period of three months remaining before the divorce could be obtained. He had noticed in the paper that day a theatrical notice of Mrs. Lynde's acting in a sensational play. She had taken her old name, and, according to the press reports, was winning ovations everywhere. Wrightam had written her to her address in the town where she was last with her company, begging her to return home, telling her of

Eileen's devotion, and also giving her an account of his financial losses. He had closed his letter by saying to her:

"Amy, I am obliged to give up the house and its furnishings, except what is necessary for Eileen and myself, and for you, if you will come back. I have not time to tell you the reason for all this. I am at peace with God and have a clear conscience. It will be a cross for Eileen to leave the house. I have not yet spoken to her about it, but expect to do so to-night. She has been a true daughter, and I am sure of her loyalty. But oh, Amy, my wife, the past will be as if it had never been if you will only return, and with Eileen and Alfred, who I learn is with you still, start a home life with love at the heart of it and a great forgiving God to shed his mercy over us. My prayer, as I write this, is that you may come. God help us."

The writing of this letter was fresh in his mind as he let Eileen take his coat and hat. He bent down and kissed her, and after chatting a few moments in the "den" they went out to supper.

When the meal was over they went back into the "den." The familiar room had become the regular sitting-room of the house, dear to father and daughter on account of its associations.

"Eileen," Wrightam began, following an old habit contracted in his previously crowded business career, "what would you think of moving away from Lenox?"

"Why, father, I have never given it a thought. What do you mean?"

"What would you say, girl, if your father should tell you he must let this house go and move into a far less expensive one?"

The girl's naturally unchecked extravagant tastes rose up to rebel.

"You don't mean, father, that you are not able——"

He feared, for one bitter moment, that she was going out of his life as her mother had gone. But he went on calmly to tell her the unwelcome truth.

"Eileen, my fortune is gone. The house that has sheltered us is no longer rightly mine. I have a piece of unencumbered property in Brandon, with a comfortable house, where we can go and make our home. But we shall have to give this up. Do you realize, girl, that your father is no longer a rich man? I have talked with you about this matter a little. It is hard for you to understand it. I am sorry for you, Eileen."

She looked at him more thoughtfully. The marks of struggle he had made for over a year were plainly indicated in his face and figure. But there was no mark of defeat. It was all stamped with the victory, not the humiliation, of the Cross. But the greatest thing Eileen saw to-night was a wistful yearning for sympathy and affection. She saw he needed assurance of her willingness to share with him the new and

probably strange life now awaiting them. She hesitated only a moment. Next instant her arms were around his neck, and she was crying a few natural tears of regret at the earthly loss of the things she had prized; but he knew, as he proudly stroked her hair, he was a richer man than he had ever been; for this which he now possessed was worth more than all the money he had ever called his own.

Later in the evening, after they had discussed freely their plans, Eileen suddenly asked, "Father, isn't Brandon the place where Harvey has begun his experiment with the new mill company?"

"Yes, the mill has been running for four months now."

"Are you thinking of going into that—into the business there?"

Wrightam smiled, "I have not been asked to take a position. Harvey is having all sorts of trouble. Mr. Stanton told me to-day that matters were in confusion. They have a fine plant, and Harvey succeeded in getting interested over six thousand men in his scheme. But as you know, Cummings and Fleming have more than held their own here, and it looks like a battle between the same old forces, and I doubt if Harvey has the administrative and organizing ability to win out."

Wrightam's eyes flashed with the old war spirit of the commercial days, when he was the leader in gigantic efforts to control the market. Perhaps even then he had some vision of what his own Master could do

with his regenerated powers. Surely, they had been given him for some great purpose. He brooded over the matter, and in the weeks that now followed, while busy with the details of his removal to Brandon, he was praying for guidance and wisdom from that source which he had come to regard as infallible.

He had been settled in Brandon only a few days, and was still without any definite plans for his future, when, going out one afternoon with the intention of visiting the new mills that stretched along the river, their tall chimneys streaming with smoke and the shorter one spouting flame, he encountered Arthur Harwood, just entering one of the company offices.

“What! Arthur! You here?”

“Yes, I’m foreman of the new model-room. I finished at Amherst last June, took a summer course in mechanical engineering at Waldeck, and then came over here and applied for a place.”

He spoke earnestly, but gravely. Wrightam admired the young man’s appearance immensely, and asked him home to dinner that evening. He came, and after the meal the two men spent the evening talking over the situation of the Brandon mills. Eileen, who was keeping house for her father, and blossoming into a most charming housekeeper, was an interested listener. Young Harwood defined the situation in a sentence.

“Harvey thinks he knows it all. He has wonderful qualities, but I believe this task is too much for him. He has some fine foremen. They understand

their departments, but can't go outside of them. The general management is ineffective. The co-operative plan promises all right. The men don't complain much. But the whole thing lacks a head. Then, besides all this, Harvey, with all his executive ability and his real desire to bring about the Brotherhood, has no use for the religious factor. To my mind, he invites defeat by ignoring this great essential. All he is after is the loaves and fishes. And I predict defeat even in that line, because he leaves out the most essential thing of all."

Wrightam nodded vigorous assent. "I believe with you, Arthur. What can be done? It would be a pity to have all this thing go to the wall."

"I am only a kind of experimenter," Harwood answered with a sigh. "I can only be counted a drop in the bucket. I have my work to learn. And I have absolutely no influence with Harvey in such a matter."

"The possibilities here are wonderful!" Wrightam muttered. The sight of the great chimneys, the hum and whir and stir of the mighty plant, as he caught them during his already brief stay in Brandon, had affected him strongly. The knowledge of his own powers, directed, as they now were, along the way to the Kingdom, excited in him such ambitions as he had never known.

Yet he hesitated to go to Harvey with any proposition or proffer of counsel, or even an application for a position. Somehow, it seemed to him the way was

going to open for him in God's good time, and when it came it would be exactly what he wanted.

During the evening Eileen played and sang, and Harwood sang one selection with her. They had been acquainted in the days before Arthur had gone away to college, but had not seen each other much, as they had not moved in the same circle of social life. Harwood regarded Eileen with respectful curiosity, having heard the story of her devotion to her father. Eileen regarded him with interest, knowing something of his plan, as he suggested it that evening, to do as his own father had done in an attempt to study at first hand the conditions of Labor. When Harwood went back to his boarding place that night he carried with him a pleasant picture of Eileen and her father standing together in the hall, heartily inviting him to drop in often of an evening. If the young man began to take them at their word, and to prize those precious visits in the "den" (for the little house in Brandon had its "den" also), it is no more than he felt perhaps he had a right to after wrestling with the human and machine problem in the dusky mills.

Before all that became a part of this history, however, an event occurred that led to the opening of the door Wrightam was praying for; but it came along a mysterious track that he had never dreamed, and in a way that he would not have chosen. But God's ways are not ours, and his dealings with the children of men are past finding out.

## XXIII

### HUSBAND AND WIFE

**I**T was less than a week after Harwood had been to Wrightam's that evening, that Wrightam, walking down by the mills, fascinated and attracted in that direction, noticed, staring at him on a high board fence across the street, a theatrical poster announcing the coming of "Mrs. Elsie Lynde, the great melodramatic actress," to Brandon, in her famous play, "The Last Act."

He stared at the many-colored poster, which contained a large picture of his wife, and on his way back home hoped that Eileen would not see it. But when the papers that week gave large notices of Mrs. Lynde's play and sensational accounts of herself, Wrightam knew Eileen must have knowledge of her mother's coming to Brandon. The girl had not mentioned it to him, but he noted an increase of tenderness in her manner towards him.

Brandon boasted a new theatre building, erected at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, and catering largely to the new mill element. That night of Mrs. Lynde's appearance the building was packed to the roof.

The play was both sensational and questionable. The acting was indifferent, even bad, from every standard, except Mrs. Lynde's. She really possessed

large histrionic power, and knew how to thrill an audience as much by her acting as by her unquestioned beauty. Those who were there that night acknowledged the marvelous charm of her presence. Mrs. Wright spoke of it after the event of that night had become less vivid in its horror. She came and went looking like a person without a sin or fault. She was not a wronged and injured one. Her tears fell naturally and sympathetically to the accompaniment of the orchestra, and their realism affected hundreds of the mill operatives, many of whom carried from that evening's acting a firm belief that Mrs. Wright had been a most abused and ill-treated woman.

Into the midst of a climax in the third act, an odor of burning wood startled the members of the orchestra. The leader let his baton fall to the floor and ran towards the little door under the stage. Before he reached it a wave of white smoke drifted across the footlights, and the whole theatre, from wings and stage entrance, seemed to burst into flame with a miraculous rapidity. Then arose that maddening cry of fire. It turned the audience into senseless animals fighting for life. The gallery stairways became choked with bodies. Scores were found afterwards suffocated in the passage, only a few feet from the wide open doorways. It was an insane, wild beast mob, each member of it caring for nothing except his own escape.

Wrightam had been going over the mill situation with Harwood that evening. They were at the house,

and Harwood had repeated a statement about Harvey's real ability to face a coming crisis for the mill management, when Wrightam said, "Hark! Wasn't that the fire-alarm?"

They went to the window, and the glow of the fire showed over the housetops. "It's down on the street. Shall we go?" Wrightam said, and Harwood nodded.

When they reached the theatre the police were trying to hold the people back. Wrightam went at once to the chief and said, "My wife is in there." The next minute he was climbing in a window at the rear of the building. As he jumped down into the smoky darkness, he felt Harwood beside him.

There was not a word exchanged between them, but they acted deliberately, and as if by spoken concert. The theatre was blazing through the stage and the back part of the roof. The two men had entered a narrow passage leading to the greenroom. It was almost the only part of the building which was as yet untouched. The firemen were in different parts of the theatre, and Wrightam could see and hear them as they fought the flames or helped rescue the unfortunates still clinging to the balcony of the upper lobby.

The smoke was so dense that Wrightam got down and crawled on hands and knees towards the stage. Several bodies were at the foot of the greenroom entrance. In the awful half-light he tried to find if any of these forms was that of his wife. Suddenly

the greenroom door, which opened inward at the top of the short flight of stairs, was burst from its hinges, and two men, howling and fighting together, struggled through the narrow entrance, treading in complete indifference upon the faces and bodies of the prostrate ones that choked the passage. At the same time, the entire greenroom seemed to explode, with a shock, into flame. The smoke rolled up and was apparently transformed into billows of fire, and in the middle of the room, from which she had risen as if suddenly aroused out of some deadly trance, stood Mrs. Wrightam, her dress beginning to burn and the terror of madness on her face.

Wrightam leaped up and past the cursing, struggling figures in the doorway, crying, "Amy! Amy!" She heard him, and ran screaming to him. A blazing fragment of timber fell from the ceiling and smote her down, just at the moment her husband caught her. Harwood helped raise the figure, and extinguished the fire on her dress, and then, scorched, blinded, gasping, they succeeded in getting her to the window and outside. The back wall crashed in as they were carrying their burden farther from the building to a place of safety. They all sank down for a time insensible. Kindly hands helped them into an adjoining house, and Wrightam and Harwood were able by morning to care for themselves.

Wrightam painfully hobbled into the room where his wife had been carried. He found a pitiful figure, semi-conscious, disfigured, tortured with mental and

physical agony from which he shrank as if from a blow.

A week later he knew, with her, the worst. It had been possible to move her to his house. The nervous shock had resulted in a curious mingling of loathing for herself and hatred of God.

He told her the truth, as she insisted on knowing it. She would lose one eye. Her famous beauty was destroyed at a blow. The scars left by the burning of her hands and arms would disfigure her for life.

When she had listened to what she had forced him to say, she suddenly attempted to tear the bandage from her face. He prevented her from accomplishing her purpose, but not before she had partly succeeded, and fainted away under the self-inflicted torture. After that, either Mr. Wrightam or Eileen was with her day and night. She finally yielded to the unexpected horror of her future with a sullen despair. For weeks she never spoke. Wrightam surrounded her with every mark of affection. She watched him with cold and critical aspect, and Wrightam grew to think her absolutely heartless.

At last, one day, after weeks of heart-breaking forbearing, he saw a tear on her rough, scarred cheek. It was God's tear, the first this proud woman had shed in years. It was the beginning of the end. That night Wrightam could kneel and thank the Father for softening her heart. And oh, how his own heart leaped up one day yet later on, when she suddenly drew his face down, and almost fiercely demanded why

and how he could care for such a wreck as she had become.

"I never loved you more truly than at this moment," he said with an honest glow of his transfigured face that she could not doubt. She broke down under it all. Love conquered her. There was no future for her except in that. Along any other track lay madness, darkness, death. Alfred, her boy, had left her shortly after the letter Wrightam had written. He is not a part of this chronicle. But for her now there was nothing left but love, and by God's grace she found that harbor, and in its peace she grew content to spend the rest of her days. And that is a history by itself that some one, sometime, should write for the encouragement of souls who have been smitten in like manner.

But out of this burning came another opportunity for Wrightam. Harvey had nearly lost his life that night. Two of his most trusted and capable superintendents did lose theirs. During all the time Mrs. Wrightam was fighting her way towards the liberty and sweetness of love, Harvey, who had been caught by the panic-smitten crowd on the stairway, was slowly recovering, always to bear about with him a disabled body. His spirit was fierce and untamed as ever. Stanton came over to Brandon and found Harvey writhing over the prospect, unreconciled to the future, bearing the burden of the mill management with a grim stoicism which did not deceive Stanton in the least.

## XXIV

### LOVE CONQUERS ALL

“**T**HE mill is going to the dogs. Harwood has been in to tell me of things. But somehow, I’ll make it yet.”

Stanton shook his head. “I have had a talk with Harwood. Matters are worse than you suppose. The whole thing needs a head. You won’t be able to get around for months yet.”

Harvey groaned, but protested, and at last gave up to Stanton’s suggestion.

“Here is Wrightam. Ask him to help you to straighten things out. He has wonderful ability. There isn’t another living man who knows how to manage this matter like him.”

“Ask him to come over then, before you go back to Lenox,” said Harvey, who did not want to be alone with Wrightam.

So Stanton went over and told Wrightam what the situation was. Wrightam went back with him to see Harvey. Harvey greeted him at first stiffly, but before an agreement was reached he had thawed out perceptibly.

Wrightam was to undertake the entire supervision of the plant, and choose his own superintendents. He was to have liberty in the matter of meetings with the

men and use whatever religious influence he could to shape their purposes. Harvey was incredulous. But Wrightam insisted, that only on condition that he be given a free hand would he undertake the management, and with this clear understanding he began the greatest work of his life.

How well he did that work let Fredrick Stanton relate. Another year had slipped by since the theatre fire. It was the Christmas week. On Harvey's invitation, Stanton had gone over to Brandon to be present at the profit-sharing meeting. Stanton had spent three days with Harvey and Wrightam. On his return he told Mildred the story of that year's work.

"It is almost beyond belief, Mildred. If I had not seen McAndrew's co-operative stores in Raleigh, England, I would have said a miracle had been wrought. Wrightam has a wonderful hold on the men. There is not one of them, Slav, Scandinavian, Irish, Hungarian, Italian, who does not swear and pray by Wrightam. Every morning the men assemble in the big hall over the machine shops, and Wrightam has a twenty-minute service into which he packs the love of his soul for those men. You should see him. His eyes glow, his face is transfigured, his whole being shines with the love of Christ. It is a passion with him to save those men, not only industrially, but spiritually. The men trust him implicitly. His salary has been the same as the wages of any man in the shops who is working at skilled labor. The first year's experiment proved the possibility of the co-operative plan even

under a great handicap of mismanagement. It can be done. The dividends this season were fifteen per cent. of the wages. By the common arrangement agreed upon at the beginning, superintendent, foreman and workmen share equally in the profits and losses. Wrightam does not claim that this is the only or best method; but he does claim, with Harvey, that by this method the men have been unified and a spirit of Brotherhood has been established, such as they never knew before.

“But the great thing about Wrightam’s management is the religious grip on the whole affair. That twenty-minute service every morning puts its stamp on the whole thing. I saw tears in men’s eyes that were worth more than a million dollars a year to them and to Wrightam. He is absolutely correct when he says that the whole Labor question will never be settled right until it is settled on the basis of a genuine love of man. His remarkable powers of organization and leadership, that once made him the dreaded captain of industry, are now consecrated to leading Labor into the higher and better way of God’s service. And at the centre of it all beats one of the truest, tenderest hearts that God ever regenerated for his glory.”

“How about Mrs. Wrightam?” asked Mildred.

“I saw her a few minutes. She is so changed you would not know her. People say her beauty is gone. In place of it there is something better. I believe she is not far from the Kingdom of God. She reverences

her husband, and is apparently reconciled to her new life. She struck me as one who had a profound feeling of unspeakable relief to be surrounded by a perfect affection."

"And Eileen?"

"Eileen is a splendid girl. By the way, Arthur Harwood seems to feel perfectly at home there at Wrightam's. I ventured to speak to Wrightam about him, and he smiled and said he should not discourage a co-operative union in that direction. Arthur has capabilities, and is logically in the line of succession after Wrightam?"

"And Harvey?"

"Well, Harvey is broken a great deal. He has never recovered from the injuries received at the fire. Sometimes I think he is not far from the Kingdom, either. One morning, while Wrightam was talking, Harvey sat on the platform, his great dark eyes fixed on Wrightam with a wistful look, as if he envied Wrightam the power he possesses over men. When the service closed Harvey took up his crutches and hobbled down and shook hands with Stollwitz, who is foreman in the casting-room now. Stollwitz returned his grasp heartily, and I heard him say to Harvey:

"'Brudder Harvey, ven will you gif your heart to the Lord mit von whole surrender, eh?'"

"I did not hear Harvey's reply; but I knew he was deeply affected, for his eyes were glistening as he went out."

Stanton sat silent, looking into the fire. The Christ-

child spirit was abroad in the world. The happy greetings of some passers-by outside the house reached them: "Merry Christmas!" and the hurrying feet on the crisp snow passed on. The world still lay in the hand of God, and he had not forgotten it. The tall chimneys at Lenox and Brandon would all alike be smokeless to-morrow; for it was Christmas day. The strife would be resumed afterwards; and greed and conflict, and man against man, and man for himself would sway the passions of the world's commerce. Capital would hug to itself selfish gains and cheat itself with its false happiness, and Labor would suffer and sin and struggle to reach happiness along the same track that Capital failed to find it, yet over all this world of warring interests between the men of money and the men of muscle, brooded the Brotherhood. Fredrick Stanton and Mildred, his wife, sat together that Christmas eve and watched the fire glow in the faith that was always a vision of better things farther on, and Stanton murmured again, "It is true. Wrightam has seen the Christ. The heart of the world is love. There is no answer to all questions between men like that. Nothing is ever settled right until it is settled by that test. God grant to the world the vision, in large measure, at every Christmas time." And Mildred, his wife, whispered, "Amen."



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