

# IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD

What the Church Folk Are Thinking About and Doing.  
News From Various Lands. Suggestive Words From Many Men.

...Sunday School Lesson and Young People's Topic...

## WHEN MEN FIND LEVEL.

Kipling's "Ship That Found Herself" came to that knowledge in the storm. Trouble tests it, it is the mid which proves whether it is metal be gold or brass. Before the presence of a real sorrow all artificial distinctions among men flee away. The king at his son's bier is no longer a king, but only an anguished father.

The nobleman who figures centrally in the story which is today's Sunday school lesson moved in another world from Jesus. He was in "society"; Jesus was beyond the pale, with the other poor people. The humble sabbi would doubtless not have been a welcome guest at this high official's residence. Between the two was an insuperable social barrier; and it would have been an insult to the nobleman to ask which one of the two was the greater.

But when trouble came, and when he was face to face with an elemental grief—such a passion as moved in the breast of a father in the stone age—the nobleman was forced to take his place as a suppliant at the feet of Jesus. Then the men found their respective levels, and it was the great one who was looking upward. For all his hope for the health of his son lay in the compassion of this worldly ruler, the Teacher Mowgli sat along pretty well in the serene days without religion, and they even affect to look down upon the preacher; but when death comes knocking at the door of their homes they send for the man in a hurry. As an epigrammatist has put it, "Some men have to be thrown flat on their backs before they will look up to heaven."

The really great questions, the president of the United States, who is famous as a preacher, has recently pointed out that the real "living issues" are not those which concern the tariff, the trusts, international treaties, and like questions of statecraft; but that they are rather those problems which concern the home, the family and the moral character of the individual. If a man's wife is lying at the point of death he cares little whether a high or low tariff is in effect. The conduct of a first born son, who is inclined to be wild, the progress of an only daughter at school, the cunning ways of a new child or grandchild—these are matters of greater moment to a man than any of the business deals to which he devotes his days.

What did Herod's chief steward care about his title or position or honors, while his boy suffered? The one profoundly interesting subject in all the world to him was the son's health. Nothing else counted in his sight just then. And it was in this intensely human attitude that Jesus approached Herod for succor. The Master would not have cared about any question of title or property; but he could not resist the appeal of a needy spirit. For it is as such that men have access to God; not as kings and lords and aristocrats and plutocrats, but simply as living souls craving help.

The Briefest Biography. Peter condensed the biography of Jesus into five words—"Who went about doing good." Service was His life mission. He could not resist an appeal to him. This is the fatherhood of the Father. This is the Fatherhood of the Father. This is the Fatherhood of the Father. We are nearer to God in our need than in our self-sufficiency. The publican's prayer for help is heard while the Pharisee's boast of self-sufficiency is wasted. The best possible credentials for approaching God is a consciousness of necessity and helplessness.

So great was this father's sense of urgent need that he came up from the city of Capernaum, where his home was, to the town of Cana, where he found Jesus was there. The story of the first miracle at Cana, when the water was made wine, was undoubtedly familiar to him, and he knew that only one supernatural power was then displayed could save the little one who lay at the point of death. He did not wait for Jesus to come to Capernaum; he fulfilled the first condition of a miracle by doing everything in his own power to bring about the desired result. Official etiquette might require that he send a servant with a message to the Healer to come down; but parental love could not wait upon the ways of ceremony. Indeed, in his impatient request that Jesus should come down to Capernaum at once, we see the selfishness of sorrow; he had not thought of the possible weariness of Jesus, or anything else than his own great need, which he believed the Master could not refuse to meet. The Master could not show small consideration for doctors.

The World's Great Need. The story is altogether a lesson in faith. That is why it is told. With all his shortcomings the nobleman really believed in Christ. He had that genius for faith which is the deepest quality of any man. The cynicism of ancient Rome, which likewise cursed our own time, had not touched him, or else its veneer had been swept away by the torrent of his grief. The nobleman displayed that which the Son of Man says He will seek in the earth when He returns again—faith. It must be granted that much of the culture of our day runs to a shallow cynicism. The average man of the world is inclined to scoff at piety, at honor, at innocence, at faith. He does not believe in people; he does not believe in himself. He thinks he is wiser than he was in his trustful boyhood days, and counts himself vastly superior to the humble folk who still hold to an old-fashioned God and to the old-fashioned virtues. Yet he will admit that he finds little life in to enjoy; his unbelief gives him no happiness; his world-weariness has turned to ashes all the sweet fruits that he ties to his lips. Pity him, and all like him.

Grammar Wastes Time. Eugene Wood in February McClure's "Why, look here. It's a rule of grammar isn't it, that the subject of a sentence must be put in the nominative case? Let it kick and bite, and hang on the desks all it wants to, in it goes and the door is slammed on it. You think it is the subject of the sentence?" Second person, plural number, objective case. Oh, no; the nominative form is "ye." Don't you remember it says: "Woe unto you, ye lawyers? Those who fight against 'him and me we will down.' Who are the stars in their courses, for the ob-

jective case in every language is bound and determined to be "the whole thing." Arithmetic alone is founded on a rock. All else is fleeting, all else is futile, chaotic—a waste of time. What is reading but a rival of morphine? There are probably as many men in prison, sent there by reading, as by rum.

Comments by William T. Ellis. What the father asked was nothing less than life itself. It was a daring request. But it was justified. For this Man had life to give. That was his higher hope than simply to be a high official and to command respect. The distressed father asked greatly, and greatly was he rewarded. For he accepted in confidence the simple assurance, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." True, the place was twenty-five miles between Physician and patient, and the like of this wonder had never been known before. Nevertheless, he believed, and it was done unto him according to his faith.

Is the story any more wonderful than the story of the man who was born blind? The man who was born blind was brought up from unimpeachable sources during recent weeks? Almost the entire nation of Wales is aflame with a revival of religion which has brought forth wonderful fruits in transformed lives and communities, and which can be explained only on a supernatural basis. The revival was not "organized" or managed; it burst forth almost simultaneously, in widely remote districts, without the presence of any evangelists, and in the presence of the persons affected. Is this any less a "sign" than this second miracle at Cana, which was the healing of a nobleman's son? Or what shall be said of the lives known personally to every one of these words that have been wholly transformed at the touch of religion?

The Real Knighthood. The paradoxical Christ is the author of the new universal law which declares that they are the greatest who serve the most, and that there is no higher honor than simply to help. He Himself came to earth to be a king, but He proved His royalty by His ministry. In all the reaches of His career there was not a single life touched that was too lowly to be freely accepted of His humble ministry. He literally "emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant." "Wherefore," the narrative significantly continues, "God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

Service is the badge of true knighthood. The pessimist is not prone to withhold his word of gloom, and we have all heard how this good word of cheer is growing worse and worse: that truth and honor and loveliness have flown; and that only selfishness remains. One good antidote for all such pessimism is to sit down and count over the men and women and institutions, within one's personal knowledge, that are following in the train of the self-denying Christ. Consider those who are spending themselves for love's sake, the servants of humanity, the friends of the race, who watch for the self-abnegating acts of helpfulness which are daily being performed on every hand. They ask yourself, "Can I do anything which is so thoroughly leavened with the spirit of Jesus?"

Who is the "prime minister" of a state, but its first servant? And where do the undershepherds of Christ get their title of "ministers," except by virtue of having devoted themselves to the service of the flock. So transformed has the world become by the teachings of the lowly Messiah, that today "minister" is a title of honor, more proudly worn than that of master.

Self-surrender is the first law of heaven; self-interest is the first law of hell. Service is the livery of heaven. A baby's interests all center in himself. He has no thought for others. Complete and unmitigated selfishness is the law of infancy. That all of life should minister to him is natural; and his baby eyes people, things, the moon in the sky, exist only for his service. This is because he is a baby. As he grows older he attains a better knowledge of the scheme of things. He perceives that he must give as well as get, serve as well as be served. And when he has reached manhood's state he discerns, unless his spirit growth has been stunted, that the noblest law of life, the highest purpose of existence, is self-surrendering ministry to other people. Service is immortal. They live forever who live in other lives.

The women's magazines abound in prescriptions for looking beautiful. All of them are superficial, for there is no more depressing or painful face to be seen on the street or in the drawing room than that of the woman who has given years to the cultivation of her appearance and at last finds her most frantic efforts unable to overtake the course of nature. True beauty is soul deep. The faces that excite pleasure and love in the breasts of beholders are the faces filled with the light of a beautiful spirit, faces on which is written the story of a heart of unselfishness. They have no cosmetic to equal self-sacrificing service. That is why the faces of our saintly mothers come to old age in a sweet and mellow ripeness of countenance that is nothing less than real beauty.

Oh, this continent the idler is made to feel uncomfortable. No matter how great his wealth, unless he wants to be looked upon as a fool or a weakling, he is expected to do something to justify his existence. Service is counted manly. The world honors its workers,

but most of all those who work for the world's weal. Service is the only true standard of success. By a few strong strokes Robert E. Speer outlines in "The Sunday School" the principle of service as it animated Jesus. "The Son of God voluntarily chose this life of service. It was a self-limitation of His life. He rejected the principle of the world, and asserted instead a different principle—of constraint, of service, of self-sacrifice, not self-indulgence. He took upon him the form of a servant. No one compelled him to do it. He chose it. Here is a lesson for us—the glory of voluntary self-limitation. Some one says, 'Oh, I don't propose to be looked down upon. I am going to have my rights. I intend to attain to a place of power and authority. Self-abnegation is not my doctrine. I believe in assertion, push, in getting my share. No one shall walk over me.' How different the way of Jesus! He humbled himself. He took on him the form of a servant. He submitted to shame and death. And now? Is there any throne above His throne?"

Service is the royal road to greatness. Self-interest is the supreme heresy; service the supreme orthodoxy. No man who, in the fashion of Jesus, pours out his life for his fellowmen, can be far from the kingdom of heaven; while, on the other hand, no amount of crying, "Lord, Lord," nor taking the place of obedience to God's will for human welfare.

NEWS AND NOTES. The 12th of February is appointed by the World's Student Federation as a day of prayer for students. New Hampshire has a commission representing the leading denominations which aims to cover the over-churching of towns and the promotion of comity among the churches. New York's "hotel chaplain," Rev. Dr. W. Warren, is now holding religious services in the dining rooms of a number of hotels. Dr. Warren devotes his entire time to ministering to hotel guests.

The leading figure in the religious revival which is sweeping over Wales is Evan Roberts, a miner, 26 years old, who is preparing to enter the ministry. He is said to have no eccentricities. Bishop Wake of the Methodist Episcopal church says that "Ten times as many children have been taught in Porto Rico during the six years of American administration as in the 400 previous years of Spanish misrule. The first instance of the union of churches of several different countries has occurred in England in the course of a course of address in London. Seven Presbyterian bodies, representing denominations in the United States, Canada, Scotland and Ireland, have now become one national Indian church. The seven bodies thus amalgamated are based in the parts of India and comprise both missionaries and native converts.

The first instance of the union of churches of several different countries has occurred in England in the course of a course of address in London. Seven Presbyterian bodies, representing denominations in the United States, Canada, Scotland and Ireland, have now become one national Indian church. The seven bodies thus amalgamated are based in the parts of India and comprise both missionaries and native converts.

An outgrowth of the parliament of religions at the Chicago fair was the foundation of the Haskell lectures in India. The third lecturer in this course chosen to address Hindu scholars upon the subject of Christianity was President Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological seminary, New York, who was so successful in reaching the university men of the east that he has been appointed to deliver the lectures.

Three missionary cows were taken to Hingua, South China, last month by a Methodist missionary. When this missionary went to China fourteen years ago he had only cows had been used for dairy purposes, but only as beasts of burden. Under the American's instructions from two to four quarts of milk a day was obtained from the cows and sold as medicine for the sick and for infants at a rate corresponding to about a dollar a quart in this country. The three selected animals that have just been taken to China are expected to raise the quality of the Chinese cows to the point of producing ten or twelve quarts a day, thus greatly benefitting the poor.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS. Obedience is the organ of spiritua knowledge.—Robertson. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson. Why comes temptation, but for man to be glorified?—Robert Browning. And so be pedestaled in triumph?—Matthew Henry. The way to preserve the peace of the church is to preserve the purity of it.—Matthew Henry. Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—Webster. Life is a leaf of paper white. Whosoever each, of us may write His word or two, and then comes night. Greatly begin! Though thou have time But for a line, be that sublime. Not failure, but low aim is crime.—Lowell. What is the true test of character unless it be its progressive development in the bustle and turmoil of the action, and reaction, of daily life?—Goethe.

Timing an Egg. London Truth. Cooks are often accused of want of method, but the Aunt Dinah in Howard Paul's new egg story is not open to any such reproach. Invariably, when she put the eggs in a sauceman she began singing "Rock of Ages," and sang through two verses. "Aunt Dinah," asked Mr. Paul, "are there not three verses in that hymn?" "Dar is, massa, but I sings only two when I wants 'em soft and three when I wants 'em hard." His other egg story is good, too. He was traveling on a Pennsylvania Railway, and when he and breakfast was being the eggs were underdone. "What time are we making on this train?" he asked the waiter. "A mile a minute, sir." "Then boil the eggs another mile and they'll be quite right."

# IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

Copyright 1901 by T. Fitzgerald Malloy. Author of "The Dis of Destiny," "An Excellent Kneave," Etc.

Mackworth on leaving the hospital drove directly to the flat in which Valerius Galbraith lived. Gaining this, the inspector was at once admitted and shown into the handsomely furnished sitting room, where he waited with the impatience of one who has important business to communicate; taking off his gloves, stretching, and placing them on the table, opening his great coat, glancing at himself in the glass, and smoothing down his hair meaningly.

It was 7 o'clock when he entered the room, but half an hour had elapsed before Valerius appeared, attired in evening dress, his Inverness cape on one arm, his gloves in his right hand, his air, handsome face lightly flushed, an air of grace and distinction in the movements of his slight, well made figure.

"Excuse me for having kept you so long," he said, "but I was dressing for dinner, to which I am going out. I would not have disturbed you, but that I have something very serious to say," replied Mackworth deliberately and reprovingly, he being pleased at having waited so long.

"Very serious?" replied Valerius. "I am sorry to hear—then pausing suddenly in his sentence as his eyes met Mackworth's, he added in a quick, anxious voice, 'You have made a discovery—'

"Not exactly a discovery—but the nan I suspected—"

"Who is that?" Valerius demanded sharply. "The man you spoke of a couple of days ago," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Bosstock, of course! Is he dead?" Galbraith asked, as he flung his gloves and cloak upon the table. "Not yet."

"Then what about him?" "I have made a confession."

"A confession?"

had already conveyed to him. Knowing there were no news criers in St. John's Wood, and that the evening editions of papers were slow to arrive at that suburb, he believed the account would not yet have reached his cousin; but he saw likewise he had no time to spare if he would first convey the tidings of George Bosstock's confession.

On reaching the house he was told Mrs. Dumbarton was at dinner, when, without standing on ceremony he entered the dining room.

"It's Valerius!" exclaimed Veronica, who faced the door. Olive Dumbarton rose, and with outstretched hand went towards him, saying, "You have almost finished, but if you will dine here the dishes can be brought back."

"No thanks," he answered. "I didn't come to dine, but—to tell you something." And he glanced at the servant.

His cousin noticed the restraint he sought to exercise over his excitement, and her thoughts reverted to the dread tragedy from which they were seldom parted. But she made no reply until the maid had left the room, when Olive Dumbarton turned to him expectantly, pale from her fear of that unknown event of which he had come to tell.

And now he was before her, he scarcely knew how to begin, until suddenly he plunged into his subject saying:

"I suppose you have not heard of Bosstock lately?" "I have not seen nor heard from him for some days," she replied, somewhat surprised by his question.

"You were not likely to have seen him; he has met with an accident of which I didn't like to tell you before, lest it might add to your worries."

"Nothin' serious, I hope?" she said quietly.

"It was his love for you that made him kill your husband." She winced at the words as she might from a blow.

"Cruel, cruel," she murmured. But her suffering made the man who witnessed it still more infuriated, and losing all control of a mind which was now raging with jealous fury and with vindictive hate, he cried out:

"Ay, and your love for him strengthened him to take the life that stood between you."

She could bear no more. With a cry on her lips she fell senseless into a chair from which she had just risen. In a second more Veronica was beside her, calling on her piteously, moistening the rigid face and chafing the nervous hands.

As one dazed and bewildered Valerius looked on, his anger checked by the effect of his words, compassion overcoming his vindictiveness, until suddenly he flung himself on his knees beside the unconscious woman, and taking the hand nearest to him he kissed it again and again, calling out: "Olive, Olive, forgive me; I didn't know what I was saying. I was mad; forgive me."

Before he could add more, Veronica with a dignity and self-command scarcely to be expected in one so young, touched him on the shoulder and pointed to the door.

"Go," she said. "Veronica," he began penitently. She walked across the room and touched the bell, then without another word, he rose and left the presence of her he had so cruelly wronged.

CHAPTER XXVII. On reaching his home after his interview with Valerius Galbraith, Mackworth was told by his housekeeper that a gentleman who particularly wished to see him, and had volunteered to await his return, was in the sitting room. Wondering who this visitor might be, the inspector hastened to that apartment, entering which he immediately recognized Richard Headwick as one of those present at the scene of George Bosstock's confession.

An expression of interest became perceptible in the inspector's broad face, and bowing, he said: "I think we have met, sir, but a few hours ago." "We have," Headwick answered, advancing a few steps. "I am Mr. Bosstock's friend, and it was to me he expressed his wish that George Coris might be sent for to take down his dying depositions. As you saw, I was present when that confession was made, and it is regarding that I have come here to consult you."



(Continued Next Week.)