

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance  
by Alan Adair...

## CHAPTER IV.

"Do you mind, my dearest?"  
"Yes; I wish I had been the first, Alan."

The two people who were speaking were sitting together on a boulder by the seashore of one of our prettiest watering places. It was early October, and although it had been a late season, yet there was already a touch of coldness in the air, notwithstanding the brilliant sunshine. The sea was as blue as the sky, tossing and little disturbed by the wind, yet only enough to give it color and motion. The little town looked white and clean, smiling in the autumn sunshine. A thoroughly conventional English scene, just as the girl herself was a thoroughly conventional English girl. Her dark blue eyes were brown and of a soft texture; her face a perfect oval, with a little square chin, into which there had been pressed, as by some loving finger, the prettiest dimple in the world. A tall, slight figure, that gave promise of a fuller, ampler womanhood; a clear white skin, flushed rosy; and lashes and eyebrows many shades darker than her hair completed a whole that was very captivating. She was dressed, too, conventionally, although the blue serge dress and jacket fitted her as only a tailor-made gown can fit. A little sailor hat was perched upon her head in just the most effective manner possible.

But at this minute the dark blue eyes looked troubled, the pretty hands were clasped round her knees, and she was looking seawards and away from the man by her side. He, too, looked troubled. It had cost Alan Mackenzie a good deal to record the events of his life, and to speak of the young wife he had lost four years ago. He had wanted the past to be past; and although Veronica's memory was dear and sweet to him, and the girl herself had been loving and tender, yet it seemed to him hard to bring up the dead past. There was such a chasm between that life and this, such a difference between the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girl he had wooed under the brilliant South American skies and this girl whom he was wooing beside the tumbling English sea, that it often seemed to Alan Mackenzie that he must be an entirely different person.

He leaned forward and looked at her. She had her face turned towards the sea, so that he could just see the delicate profile outlined against the blue sky, could just see the pink ear nestling against the coils of her hair. It was not for her beauty alone that he loved Joyce Grenville. He felt that she was his equal in most, his superior in some, things. He and she together, he thought, could live the perfect married life. And now there was the shadow of poor Veronica to come and throw a gloom over their wooing. Veronica, whom he had never loved like this girl; Veronica, for whom he had had the tenderest protective pity, but that was all.

And now he looked at Joyce, and felt to the full that if he lost her he lost everything that made life worth living; that life without Joyce would be incomplete, and that all his success in life—and he was by no means disposed to underestimate that—would mean nothing to him without Joyce. She was so desirable, was Joyce, with her high-bred, British air, and with all the qualities that he knew her to possess, and with that fact staring him full in the face that he loved her, and her alone.

His voice trembled as he said: "Do you mind so much, Joyce, that it will be an insuperable bar? Do you mean that you cannot say 'Yes' to me?"  
She turned round and faced him, and he could see the trouble in her eyes and the twitching of her lips. "No," she said, in a low voice, "I don't mean that; I cannot give you up, Alan. You have made me love you; I cannot change my love in a day. But it has cast a shadow over me. I cannot rejoice over my love for you as I did now I know this: That life cannot give the unalloyed happiness that I thought possible half an hour ago."

"Because you are not the first, Joyce? In one sense you are the first. I have told it to you all quite truthfully—how first I felt nothing but pity for her, and then gradually I wanted to shield her from the hardships of life, and there was no other way. I married her."

"And she—did she not love you?"  
Alan did not hesitate, nor did he prevaricate. A less truthful man than he might have made light of Veronica's devotion, but he could not. The dead girl's passionate eyes, fixed upon him with an expression of undying love in them, rose up before him. "She," he said, in a low voice—"she loved me more than her life."

Joyce gave a little exclamation. It was not altogether pain, but as if she had said that she had known it well. Of course she had loved him! What woman would not have loved Alan Mackenzie?

He said nothing, but she could see his lips quivering. That troubled her. She felt that he would say no more, but that the first words must come from her. He had stated his case; he had pleaded with her. It was for her to say "Yes" or "No." Only he had told her the whole truth. Some men would have said less; but then she

loved him for that very truthfulness, which would hide nothing from her. "I wish you had not told me," she said. For a moment she thought that this really was so, and that she would rather not have known; it was only momentary, however.

"Would you rather not have known?" he said, and looked at her reproachfully. "Joyce, I hate having to give you this pain; but I have always thought that the very essence of married happiness lay in the fact that husband and wife had no secrets from each other."

"Did you tell her everything?" asked Joyce, woman-like.

"No, dearest. God forbid that I should wish to deprecate the girl who loved me so well; but she was not your equal. She was simply a pure, sweet, loving woman; but she would not have understood. She had pretty ways of making a house homelike and charming; but she had but very little education. I could not have told her everything. Joyce, you know all about our brief married life now. I don't believe that you—I don't believe that you would be jealous of the dead woman. Now tell me straight out if you will make me happy. I don't think you know or can guess what you are to me. How my whole life and soul are bound up in you, how empty my life would be without you. I think if you understood that you would forget all about the story I have told you, and give yourself to me, to hold and to keep as the dearest thing in the world."

The tears were standing in his eyes, he was so much in earnest. It seemed to him as if the making or the marring of his life was in this slender girl's hands; and she was moved, too. "Of course I mind, dearest," she said. "If I did not mind so much I should not love you so much. Just think how would you like it if some other man had had my first kiss, my first words of love?"

"I should not like it at all; I should hate it, Joyce," he said, frankly. "I knew you would. I should have asked you to marry me a year ago if I had not had this past behind me. I have loved you well enough all the time. It is only now that I have been presumptuous enough to think that you love me a little that I have spoken; and if you do truly love me, Joyce, you will only be sorry for all that I have suffered in the past."

Joyce was not an ungenerous girl, and though there was a certain sting in the fact that Alan had suffered through another woman, yet she could feel it in her heart to pity the girl who had only been Alan's wife for four months, and who had died in so tragic a manner. She rose. "Shall we go in to the others, Alan?" she said, softly.

But he caught her hand. "Not before I have had my answer, Joyce. Oh, no! not before I have had my answer! Don't be cruel, darling! Put me out of pain!"

"Dearest," she said, "you know your answer. You know that I love you, and that I would never deny my love. This unhappy story of yours has been a surprise to me, and a little shock; but it does not really make any difference, does it, when two people love each other?"

"Joyce," he cried—there was the purest joy in his tone—"Joyce, you have made me so happy that I have no words to express my happiness. And you will not think of this again? It will not be a bar between us? It only comes to me now and again, when I have thought that you would not like it. And now, Joyce, you are cheating me of my kiss of betrothal. Come behind this rock."

And as Joyce was just a sweet, loving girl, who had promised herself to the man she loved, she made no demur, but gave him his kiss; and they both walked up to the house, trying to forget the thing that had been discussed between them. And, as a matter of fact, they did forget it. They were so happy in each other, and so happy in the prospect of the new life before them, that they actually did forget. Alan told his story to Joyce's father as he had told it to Joyce, and after that he felt he had done all that would be asked of him. He revelled in the thought of Joyce's love, and poor Veronica might never have existed for him at all. There was nothing but talk of preparations for the wedding and settlements, nothing but congratulations and envyings of his luck, nothing in all this to remind him of the simple preparations for the civil marriage that had been the only one possible in Rio. Joyce had begged for a six months' engagement. Alan had insisted on three; and as there was really nothing to wait for he had his way.

He had known Joyce for more than three years, and had met her at the house of a mutual friend, had been attracted to her from the first; so that it seemed as if they had actually been engaged much longer than was the case. He was still in the firm of Dempster, only now he was a partner instead of an employee. He had been called to the bar, but did not practice regularly, seeing that he did not have much time. The three months passed very quickly; there was so much to do, so much to settle. It was a very

happy time, but one evening Alan got rather a nasty shock. He had been seeing Joyce, and they had spent the usual happy time together. He was immersed in thoughts and dreams of her, and was not looking very much where he was going. Turning a corner sharply he ran up against a man who seemed a little unsteady in his gait.

"I beg your pardon!" Alan said. The man uttered an imprecation. At the first sound of his voice Alan thought that it was familiar to him. He gave a start. "Hutchinson!" he cried. The man looked up. A gleam of recognition lit up his drink-sodden eyes, and with the recognition there came, too, a gleam of hatred.

"It's you!" he cried, and he swore again.

"Yes," said Alan, "and I am sorry to see you like this. Can I do anything for you, Hutchinson?"  
"Do anything for me? You? I'll trip you yet!" cried the man, his hatred flashing like a knife. "Do you think I have forgotten how you got me turned out, how you ruined me? No! And I will be even with you yet if I hang for it! And there's that girl of mine, too! I always thought that you had a hand in her disappearance! I will be even with you yet, my fine young man!"

"Well," said Alan, coolly, "I would have helped you if you would have let me; not that I regard your threats. It was your own dishonesty and nothing else that was your ruin. And as for the girl, you are right there. I married her, and she was drowned; but she was no daughter of yours, and you knew it."

Hutchinson's surprise got the better of his caution. "I brought her up," he said, "even if she was not my own. In a way she was mine. And so you married her, did you? And now you say she is dead."

"She is dead, poor soul!" said Alan. "Died in the wreck of the 'Valparaiso' four years ago; and I'm to be married again. I wish you would let me help you, Hutchinson!"

An evil sneer crossed Hutchinson's face. "Married again, are you? Soon? Well, I will wish you joy, you and your bride. You may have an unexpected guest at your wedding, although I am not quite sure. We will see what way things will go. Good-by, my fine gentleman!"

He left Alan with a curious sense that something untoward had happened, although the young man could not say what it had been.

(To be Continued.)

## HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE.

Motive Is the Ground Color for Historical Pictures.

Unless an author can maintain, without deviation, from the first to the last pages of his book, the language of the period of which he writes, his work will be better, his pages will be more easily read; and whatever true atmosphere he may be able to create in other ways will be more convincing if he writes in the language of his own times. No books have a stronger flavor of their own period than the D'Arctagnan romances, well translated into modern English. It were as well for an English author to attempt to give German atmosphere to a story of German life by writing it in broken English, as to attempt to give old-time flavor to an old-time tale by writing in a tongue composed of both the old and the new. If I am right in my conclusions, atmosphere may be imparted by facts and language, subject to the conditions above stated. These two methods, although generally attempted, more frequently fail than succeed. Novels wherein old-time phrases and historical facts only are relied upon to give old-time color are accepted without question, perhaps, by those who do not know the period of which the novels treat, or do not care to analyze the question. But to an inquiring mind, knowing the period, such a novel as to its atmosphere is usually as disappointing as wet gunpowder. It is from the setting of the story and from the acts, motives, and methods of thought of the characters that true atmosphere may be imparted. What the characters are made to feel, do, and say give real atmosphere. What they say is the important matter; not how they say it. Motive is the ground color for all historical pictures. There is no period in history of which we have a complete view. At best we can only catch glimpses of the environment of men and women who have preceded us, and who have faded into the dim, hazy light of the past. We have but fragmentary pictures, that come to us in sections, like the picture-blocks of a child, with many parts missing. Those parts which we lack we try to fill in as best we can, guiding our hands, as we draw, by the parts we have.—Charles Major in the June Scribners.

## Ingredients of Toilet Soap.

The basis of the better qualities of toilet soap is generally curd or yellow soap, in the making of which special precautions are taken to insure absence of free alkali. This is most important, as otherwise the soap would be altogether unsuitable for toilet purposes, the free alkali being injurious to the skin. This is the reason why so many of the cheaper laundry soaps produce chapped hands and similar results when used for toilet purposes. If, on the other hand, there is an excess of fat, the soap is greasy and does not possess the cleansing properties of a good soap should. A laundry soap may be made without much difficulty by an amateur, but it is better to buy whatever toilet soap is required, for the reasons stated, and also because special apparatus is required to make a soap of first class quality.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### TALK ON ONE OF THE MISSIONS OF CHRIST.

Efficiency of Divine Power in Healing the World's Wounds and Deformities—The Intimate Relations of Surgery and Theology.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfisch.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage (who is now traveling in Europe) puts in an unusual light the mission of Christ and shows how divine power will yet make the illnesses of the world fall back; text, Matthew xi, 5, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no," he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them. A sublimer and more merciful art never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion—namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans, and then by the early Christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation, they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

### The Surgeon in History.

But the world from the very beginning, kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism, and we see it again in II Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked latticework in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid, and Aesculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery, that he was deified and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidauros and Podellirus introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy, and Damocedes cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius and the cancer of his queen, and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures and introduced amputation, and Praxagoras removed obstructions, and Herophilus began dissection and Erasistratus removed tumors, and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat, and Alexander of Tralles treated the eye, and Rhazas caterized for the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine, and in our century we have had, among others, a Roux, and a Larray in France, an Astley Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients, and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds, received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeon the people only invoked the gods!

But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill in the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them—the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah, the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy, the sunstroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head, my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; deflection of teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, almost equal to anything modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind by the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire, and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox and going out to the fields to pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery or from paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound and oil to soothe it. Thank God

for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering!

### Surgery Without Pain.

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Drs. Parre and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, with their amazing genius, came forward, and with their anaesthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hasheesh and mandrake and quieted him for a while, but at the return of consciousness distress returned. The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear or reduce a dropsy without any pain at the time or any pain after, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and he deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and halleluiah of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles, and false ligatures are formed, and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of twelve years, and he stopped it. Another was a curvature of eighteen years, and he straightened it. Another was a cripple of thirty-eight years and he walked out well. The eighteen-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out from getting worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humbly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine surgeon put both his hands on her, and from that doubled up posture she began to rise and the empurpled face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude and up toward heaven in transport. Straight! After eighteen weary and exhausting years, straight! The poise and gracefulness, the beauty of healthy womanhood reinstated. The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature. The bath, 120 feet long, forty feet wide and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man, if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average human life. Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon, walks along these baths and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered or a year or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless and to this thirty-eight year's invalid said, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

### Christ the Chief Surgeon.

The question asked not because the surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man. "That is what I came to these mineral baths for. I have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand nor foot nor head. Oh, if I could only be free from this pain of thirty-eight years!" Christ the Surgeon could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" and the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright, as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the doctor, with a joy too much to hold, the doctor says: "Shoulder this mattress, for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh, what a surgeon for chronic cases then and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eighteen years, thirty-eight years. Here is a surgeonable to give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I cannot rise." Are you flatter down than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the surgeon who offers you his right hand of help, I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exigencies! A Christ for a dead lift! A surgeon who never loses a case!

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon I must consider him as an oculist or eye

doctor, and an aurist or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That he was particularly sorry for the blind folks I take from the fact that the most of his works were with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got his cure. Two blind men in one house; also one who was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creator of the cornea and ciliary muscle and crystalline lens and retina and optic nerve and tear gland; also the blind men of Bethsaida, cured by the saliva which the Surgeon took from the tip of his own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside.

### Unloosing the Barred Tongue.

Our surgeon, having unbarred his tongue, will now unloose the shackle of his tongue. The surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that he used on two occasions for the cure of blind people—namely, the moisture of his own mouth. The application is made, and lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the tongue and teeth was born a whole vocabulary and words flew into expression: He not only heard, but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and another gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it that, while other surgeons used knives and forceps and probes and stethoscopes, this surgeon used only the ointment of his own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if he touches us not we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. Oh, thou greatest of all artists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the painlessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases he took were all moneyless. Did he not treat the nobleman's son? Did he not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did he not affect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They would have paid him large fees, and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias who would have given this surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as he could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received \$1,000, \$5,000 and in one case I know of \$50,000, but the surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In his whole earthly life we know of his having had but 62½ cents. When his taxes were due, by his omniscience he knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and he sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman sester, or 62½ cents, the only money he ever had, and that he paid out for taxes. This greatest surgeon of all the centuries gave all his services then and offers all his services now free of all charge. "Without money and without price" you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind or soul, let them remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Besides that, there are powerful anaesthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to cocaine as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

### Healing the World's Wounds.

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this surgeon shall have completed the treatment of the world's wounds! The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmities, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts, for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sunstrokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning hooks, while in the heavenly country we shall see the victims of accident or malformation or hereditary ill on earth become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such brilliant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our surgeon found bent almost double and could in no wise lift up herself, and he made her straight. Who is that listening with such rapture to the music of heaven, soul melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee and by two touches opened ear gate and mouth gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring looks and thanksgiving and cries of "Oh, what he did for me! Oh, what he did for my family! Oh, what he did for the world!" That is the surgeon of all the centuries, the oculist, the aurist, the emancipator, the Savior. No pay he took on earth. Come, now, and let all heaven pay him with worship that shall never end and a love that shall never die. On his head be all the crowns, in his hands be all the scepters and at his feet be all the worlds!

Doing is the proper end of doctrine.