

must come in close heart-touch with life. It was Sir James Mackintosh who said of Wilberforce: "I never knew a man who touched real life at so many points." The secret, this, of his power to reach men. The genuine preacher will be full of what Whitefield called "soul life." The loves, the struggles, the sins, yearnings, tears, compassions, of other men will kindle his own soul. He will come in close heart-to-heart touch with individual men, and not into a sort of official and ministerial relation to man.

This element of sympathy will give an undercurrent of pathos to the message of the preacher. If he would reach hearts, he must keep the fires of sympathy burning on the altar. Paul was no sentimentalist, yet what pathos, what longing and suffering and weeping, quiver in those pathetic words to the Corinthians! What a ministry, that to the Ephesians: "I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." This sympathy the preacher must have—a sympathy that touches the imagination, tempers the judgment, acts on the will, determining relations and directing activities; that flows through the emotional nature out on society with its heartless greed and icy exclusiveness, as a warm and life-giving stream. This sympathetic, undying love for men is the fountain of all eloquence and power to move men. Joseph Parker speaks truly: "Without pathos we can never get that special and indescribable influence which touches all hearts, speaks all languages, and sheds the light of hope upon all lives." The preaching of such a preacher will relate itself to life. His appeal will be to life, and not to the Church or to any form of doctrine, as such. He will hear ringing always through his soul the despairing cry of dying men:

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, diviner, that we want,

and he will bring to them the message of the Life-bringer: "I am come that ye might have life."

To touch men's lives there must be in the preacher and his message the element of integrity, the ring of genuineness. The truth must possess the preacher through and through—"the truth as it is in Jesus." The conviction, "We believe and therefore speak," gives arrows of thought, headed with flame, that strike into the conscience. Such preaching "commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." He will preach on those truths that touch the moral emergencies of life, that throb with destiny. He will sound forth the eternal verities that mean life or death to men. He will waste no time on hypotheses or conjectural doctrines, or on dogmas that, when proved to the satisfaction of the preacher, will elicit from the struggling man in the downright tussle of life, "Well, what of it, anyway?"

These elements of sympathy and integrity will mold the language and form of the message. Every gift of expression will be subordinated to the supreme purpose to hold up Christ—"not with excellency of speech," not with "enticing words of man's wisdom," "lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." The sermon will be used only as a means to an end—the communication of life through the Spirit.

You ask, "What are the methods and form of organization by which the church may carry out its work?" As every individual church presents its own problems, to which methods and form of organization should be adjusted, as means to reach specific ends, my thought is that answer to this question should be expressed only in general terms. Organization means power. But it is not all. While organization may direct life, it cannot create life. You may organize a church to death, but no one has ever seen a church organized to life. The organization of a church spiritually dead may make it look like life and act like life, but it is only the galvanic life of a corpse.

Ezekiel's wheels were without power or movement till it was said, "The spirit of life was in the wheels." The Spirit of Life must be in the wheels of the church. Christ must be the central motor. The problem of organization is simply to distribute life from this center to dying men. Here is an electric plant. Its storage batteries fairly tremble with stored-up power. But it is simply consuming

itself, till organization stretches out lines from this center. Then the electric fire leaps forth, and sets suns to blazing on every street-corner; starts wheels to moving, cars to running; touches life with its tremulous and terrific power at a thousand points. The church needs organization, not for the sake of life, but for the distribution of life. If the church is the "body of Christ," it will not stand and look at itself and live for itself. It will send out currents of divine life on a thousand lines. It will be the body of Christ hastening about with glad, swift feet, doing good; it will be the eyes of Christ, looking love and sympathy on all; the ears of Christ, responsive to every wail of distress; the hand of Christ, stretched forth to uplift, to heal, to redeem.



Becalmed

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

With the stillness of an oil-calmed sea, and the glassy beauty of a land-locked pool, the Gloucester Harbor lies spread out before us as under the beating sun. The sail flutters like a weak fledgeling, and will not bear us from the harbor nest.

Whistle for a wind!

Climb the mast with the pin in your hand; for the higher you thrust it into the wood the fairer the breeze. Yonder sailboat on the other side of the harbor has her sails puffed with air. We will woo it our way. See, it visits us, and the sheets tighten, the sail seems to draw a deep breath, the boat quivers, and we are off.

Which way?

Oh, where the wind blows us.

Eastern Point to our left at the harbor's mouth, Norman's Woe to the right.

Sweep close to the bell of the Woe. It is silent now, for there are no waves to shake it awake.

This is a "ladies' sailing day"—sun and kind air and a quiet sea.

Over there, by Eastern Point, the whistling buoy laments inharmoniously—mocked by the boat's crew.

Sweep yet closer to the bell. To cast a coin on its platform when leaving harbor buys a safe return. Here is our tribute flung, and another, but the sea swallows both with a little gulping splash, and the bell stands unbribed.

Eastern Point to our left, Norman's Woe to the right, and now both at our stern. We are at sea, with the harbor behind us, and a "ladies' sailing day" before.

A day to lie in the shadow of the sail, your head resting on that soft, wind-filled pillow, your shoulder pressed against the boom, while you gaze at the Magnolia shore, where the sea stretches out his arms, to hold in their loving hollow Gloucester, beautiful rock-bound Gloucester, in the right arm, and Salem shore, with its spreading pastures, in the left.

On we sweep towards that left arm, to reach it, crossing the ocean's bosom, where Magnolia nestles. From there we catch faint sounds of brazen music which jars, telling as it does of another life which man has made. Nothing should intrude on nature to-day.

On past Manchester-by-the-Sea, and then the sweet pastures of Beverly, sunlit and peaceful to merriment, a softly laughing land, frowned on by the islands of Misery, scowled at by bleak unmusical Baker's Island; yet still smiling Marblehead, over there in the distance, stares at us, disdainfully turning her graceful neck as an arrogant dame might scorn intruders. So on and on down the arm to Salem, and then we have touched the hollow of the hand in greeting. About ship and home!

A fair wind and a setting sun to the left, Baker's Island to the right. Dip, dip, as we go. Curl up your dangling feet from the water, you who sit there on the bow, tiptoeing on the ocean. The breeze freshens, the sun dips with us and is gone, leaving his legacy of color. A flight of birds floats across the sky, wing quivering to wing, an undulating ribbon drawn southward by its center. They cut the air as our bow the water. A pink bursting with purple

girdles the horizon. The sails in sight purple with it, losing their white or gray.

A yacht coming to anchor fires her small cannon, and the stillness breaks in waves of sound unwarrantably loud in the silence. As if answering to a signal, the red flashing light of Eastern Point bursts into bloom. The white lights of the sister lighthouses of Baker's Island follow.

The world grows stiller and stiller. The very waves seem to lap in a dream. On and on in a silence gathered from nature, Magnolia now to the left, and the world asleep. Even the wind lulls suddenly. The boat slumbers also. Stillness, utter stillness, like a spell. Calm lays its soft hand on the heart of the world, its faint breath flutters, flutters again, and dies.

The red light shines from Eastern Point. The two lights of Baker's Island lie behind, all as fixed as fate. There is no motion save that of the waves rocking the boat. The only sound is from the boom as it bangs its block back and forth on the traveler with a monotonous creaking and rattle.

Darkness has fallen on Magnolia and on its cove. Through the gloom start the red and green lights of a passing yacht, its high topsail catching some breath nearer heaven.

We are still becalmed.

Let the hours pass; at least they are beautiful. The moon is rising red and benignant over the high rocks. The loveliest of nights breaks as a perfect day might break from the horizon. The stars prick the heavens, the moon shines, and the lightest of breaths—a woman might have blown it—holds the sail steady on the traveler. Exquisite silence, the radiance of moon and stars above, a caressing sea beneath—all seem to reek with stillness, the boat their center. These are the powers that hold us, not a negative wind. But see, the breeze blows softly, and, drifting a little, blowing a little, we ride slowly out to sea from the cove's shelter. The wind holds and strengthens. The smothered world wakes, and with it the boat. Point her for Gloucester! Push through the ocean, and once more for home.

What, again becalmed! And not so peacefully as before. The mast points the high moon now, and waiting grows weary, though the hours are no less lovely. Surely this imprisoned restlessness must have power to urge forward. The hours drag and tug at time.

Patience! Patience!

Will it come at call?

No more than the wind comes.

Whistle to the coquettish breeze, sing to her, wait for her, watch for her, woo her. And at last she answers with the wee small hours, answers coquettishly, but comes sighing and blowing the sail before her to Gloucester Harbor. The red light of Eastern Point smiles cordially, now darting far out into the silver night, now hidden wholly, only to flash out jovially again. The wind holds and the boat answers. How soft those stars seem on the horizon's edge; softer than those beating down their brilliancy from above. And the horizon line, how meltingly soft in the moonlight! The line seems nearer, and our world smaller.

Does the moon's power wane?

What is this creeping nearer and nearer, shutting out the horizon stars and dimming closer lights? Fog? Surely the west wind will not bring in fog!

And yet—the stars grow fainter, the red rose of Eastern Point blooms flauntingly crimson beside them. A soft gray, no—a thin white cloud wraps us as softly and solemnly as a dead bride might be wrapped in her gauzy veil.

Above us hangs Cassiopeia's Chair, the moon, and near the moon one piercingly white star. These shine as before, but the lesser lights twinkle feebly. The compelling glow of Eastern Point still shames them all with a blatant yet perhaps more subdued luster than before.

The veil draws closer. Has a fold of its drapery doubled suddenly across our eyes? Is the red light longer than its wont in reappearing? The white veil has a shroud's thickness now. Liquid frost seems to enter the veins—deathly cold.

The tearful moon holds, and near it one piercingly white star. Those two further stars in Cassiopeia's Chair point Gloucester. The shadow of the sail must fall thus for one

tack, thus for the other. The whistling buoy, too, moans inharmoniously but unmocked, directing as it best can.

The moon holds steady, and one white star. Cassiopeia's Chair grows dim, and dimmer, and is gone.

Eight minutes on one tack, eight on the next, eight again, all gropingly. How near the breakers roar!

Are those surely the breakers of Eastern Point? May they be the crushing waves off Norman's Woe? Strain your eyes through the fog. Does the buoy wail to the right or the left? The rollers beat on the ear. Is the course lost?

The moon holds steady, the white star is fixed, the shadow of the sail drops where it should. We sail by their teaching. Eight minutes on the next tack—six are gone. Peer out under the sail. Fog, nothing but fog, icy, exquisite, like a dream of death—and then, a blush of carmine on the gray.

Hold up your hand to the candle, and see the ruddy light sift through the corpse-like fingers; all the vital blood seems drawn from them to color that glow. All the vital power of death seems drawn from the mist to enrich the living flood of rose which sifts through its drapery, first as a dawning blush, then a blood-red heart, its rays the arteries. Luminous and warm as a ruby, watchful and glancing as a cat's eye, the red light of Eastern Point opens and takes us in.

About sail sharply and away. Back into the shrouding fog, away from the glow and warmth, and away from the brown rocks on which that light lies more gently than our bow might fall. Eight minutes to the left, and towards the Woe. The next tack may mean Harbor. Now to the right, and the glow again. See it come to meet us, shivering through the mists; and, at our stern, Harbor is made as the false dawn breaks on a white world.

Low rocks, which the sun lit yesterday, now tower shimmeringly above us, Gibaltars. The floats of the fish-nets rise and fall near us—tiny kegs as we sailed out yesterday; to-day, frosty looming hogsheads. Landings we have stepped from rise as ghostly scaffolds. A glorious white bird, mammoth as is all the world, sweeps near us curiously. Nearer, and it is a magic ship, with all its lovely gossamer sails set, and manned by a giant; nearer, and a human voice speaks raspingly from a fishing-sloop steered by an old fisherman.

"Out all night?"

"All night—becalmed off Magnolia."

The sloop is at our stern—a ship again with huge lovely sails, the man a giant. His voice falls back to us faintly through the fog—"Magnolia's Satan's own place for—a—calm."

The sun is a glow of golden haze in the east.

One peachy cloud floats between us and the nearing land. Day breaks, and the dream is done.

The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
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CHAPTER XII.—Continued

"I, when I am grown up, I shall do as I like," said Wendela to herself in French. Not a child that was ever born but has found comfort in those delightful words, since little Cain first muttered them, when his mother ordered him to put on his furs again. Even Abel must have thought them.

"I, when I am grown up, I shall do as I like," said Wendela. Then she added, "without being naughty," and ran away in the wake of her father. She did not, however, follow him into the chapel—a pardonable divergence when it is remembered how frequently she was obliged to accompany the Baroness thither. She branched down a lane which leads to the kitchen-garden and orchards, and, when she got close to the garden wall, she gave a shrill whistle—a most unladylike thing to do. The whistle was answered,

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