

less than six cities of considerable size were crowded along thirteen miles of coast-line on its western and northwestern shores; its waters furnished employment for hundreds of fishermen; lying on the direct caravan route between the East and the Mediterranean shore, it was the center of a busy trade; it was the watering-place of the wealthy and the fashionable at certain seasons of the year; and on the hillsides around were cultivated vineyards, and in the fertile plains the farmer turned the furrow and dropped his seed. Here, therefore, were gathered representatives of every class, and their vocations furnished the material for every type of parable: the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, the net cast into the sea, the sower sowing his seed, the vineyard with its unfruitful tree, the guests invited to a royal marriage feast. Cast out from Nazareth, Christ came down to Capernaum, one of the principal cities upon this lake, and made it his home, so far as he could be said to have any home. The disciples of John the Baptizer, who had for a little while gathered about him on the banks of the Jordan, had gone back to their peasant occupations. Jesus Christ was alone.

It was apparently upon a Friday that he finds four of these men, after an all-night fishing expedition, washing their nets on the shore of the lake. He begs the loan of one of their boats, pushes it out a few feet from the shore, and, sitting down in it, talks to the people gathered in a natural amphitheater upon the beach. His sermon over, he turns to Simon and bids him push out into deeper water and throw his nets again. It was hardly to be expected that a fisherman who had toiled all night in vain would take directions respecting his own craft from the son of a carpenter. But there was something in the personality of Jesus Christ which overrode all such prejudices. Simon followed the direction, and the net was filled to breaking.

This is the time, strangely inopportune it would naturally seem, which Jesus chooses in which to call on these four fishermen to leave their work and attach themselves to him; but Jesus was accustomed to choose times which afforded a test of character. The four fishermen stand the test; they leave their catch of fish, their nets, their boats, with some of their comrades, attracted by no other promise than this, that they shall be successful in catching men. Not till some time after, it must be remembered, did these disciples have any conception that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and not till after his death and resurrection did they have any true conception of what his Messiahship meant.

The next day—certainly within a day or two after—Jesus enters into the synagogue at Capernaum, and repeats there his message that the kingdom of God is at hand. The power of his glad tidings, which evokes all that is manliest and divinest, in his auditors, and fills them with a new hope for themselves and their fellows, is felt by the audience, who recognize the fact that here is a preacher of a different sort from that of the hair-splitting, technical, scholastic scribes. A lunatic in the synagogue, whom the people of that age believed to be possessed of an evil spirit, interrupts the service; the Master cures him with a word.<sup>1</sup> The lunatic in that age was looked upon, not, as now, with sympathy, but with reprobation, and Christ's response to the interruption of the service, not by an angry rebuke, but by a merciful remedy, probably quite as much as the remedy itself, surprised the people.

The service over, Jesus goes with his four disciples to the home of Simon Peter, who was married, and whose mother-in-law lay sick in the house. In the simple society of that day fevers were classified as "little" and "great." Luke, a physician, characterized this as a great fever; that is, one of the most serious and aggravated type. Simon appeals to the Master for help; it is granted; and the woman, without passing through any period of convalescence, straightway arises and ministers to the household.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is not possible in a paragraph to discuss the problem of demoniacal possession. For reasons which I have stated in my "Life of Christ," Chapter XIII., I believe not only that there really was, but that there really still is, such a phenomenon.

<sup>2</sup> In this incident one may, without undue fancifulness, see a type of Christ's spiritual cure: he not only banishes the disease, but he inspires health and strength for newness of life.

Sunset is a sign for the commencement of the greatest social activity in Palestine, and at sunset the obligation of Sabbath rest comes to its close. As the sun goes down behind the western hills, a motley crowd begins to besiege the house of Peter. Hither come the helpless paralytic, the unhappy epileptic, the blind groping their way, the lunatic in his half-consciousness of disease; hither invalids borne by others on their mattresses, or parents bringing their children, or children supporting their aged and infirm parents; hither also a great crowd drawn by curiosity to see and hear this rabbi and physician, whose words and works have filled the city with his fame. To them all Christ ministered. Nor was it till night had spread its curtains over the whole scene that the crowd dispersed and left Jesus to repose. Soresly must he have needed it, for at every touch he felt virtue go out of him. Every struggle with disease or death, or the greater evil of sin, cost him effort, and the more effort because in all diseases and death he saw at once the symbol and the consequence of sin. So apparent was this cost to the Master that his disciples looking on him instinctively applied to him the words of the ancient prophet, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." The nervous exhaustion of the day was too great to permit sleep, and, rising early in the morning, he sought repose in solitude and prayer, away from the haunts of men.

Such was one day of Christ's life. Such the industry, the energy, the enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice of his service.



## Ike Miller

By Margaret Meredith

Henry Moorhouse was holding a series of meetings in a mining district in the North of England, when one evening a notorious rough, Ike Miller, came in and took a seat near the front. Preacher and helpers trembled; this was the man who had threatened to break up the services.

The sermon was on the love of Christ, and "The Boy Preacher" longed to reach the heart of the wild, grimed miner who sat so strangely quiet gazing into his face. He could but think that there was an eager look in those hard eyes. But when the meeting was over, some of the good old men gathered round regretfully. "Ah, Henry, you didn't preach right. You ought to have preached at Ike Miller. You had a great opportunity, and you lost it. That softly sort of preaching won't do him any good. What does he care about the love of Christ? You ought to have warned him. You ought to have frightened him, and tried to make him see his dreadful danger, and the dreadful punishment he is going to get." "I told them," said Mr. Moorhouse, in his childlike tone, so sweet to recall—"I told them that I was *real* sorry I had not preached right to him. I wanted so to help him."

Meantime the big miner was tramping home. His wife—poor gaunt woman!—heard his step and started: "Home so early?" and she ran in front of the children crowding themselves into a corner. But as he entered she stared in bewilderment; he was not drunk; he was not scowling.

He put his arms around her and kissed her, and said, "Lass, God has brought your husband back to you;" then, gathering up the shrinking children, "My little boy and girl, God has brought your father back to you. Now let us all pray," and he knelt down. There was a long pause, a silence but for the many sobs; he could not think of any words; his heart was praying, but Ike Miller had uttered no prayer and heard no prayer since his boyhood. At last words from those distant days came to him—something that his mother had taught him—and from that hovel floor, in the midst of that remnant of an abused family, sounded out in rugged gutturals:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

We know well that he was suffered to come, helped to come.

# The Religious World

## A New Episcopal Movement

It is with hearty sympathy that we announce the decision of the Parochial Missions Society of the Episcopal Church to hold general pre-Lent missions in New York and Philadelphia. The plan starts with the earnest indorsement of Bishops Potter and Whitaker, and it is hoped that every clergyman in the two cities will participate in furthering the revival. The aid of Americans and Englishmen representing all schools of churchmanship, and who have proved their excellence as missionaries, will be secured, and by the beginning of Advent, December 1, it is expected that the endeavor will be fully inaugurated. It will continue to Lent, when, as is well known, the Episcopal Church annually keeps many extra services, which this year will themselves be augmented by the revival. The most interesting, important, and hopeful feature of the movement, however, is the determination to unite all forms of organized Christianity in a synchronous endeavor for the health of souls. Similar evangelistic meetings will be held among the various Protestant Churches, and special efforts put forth at the same period by the Evangelical Alliance, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army. The Roman Catholics, too, will probably hold their missions at the same season. Thus every Christian force ought to be in the field at once, and it is sensibly suggested that Holy Week be made a universal Week of Prayer as an appropriate climax.

Bishop Potter is the President of the Parochial Missions Society, and the Rev. Charles F. Canedy, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Secretary. The Committee of Arrangements consists of the Rev. E. A. Bradley, D.D., rector of St. Agnes's Chapel, New York City; the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, Harlem; and the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D., rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. These clergymen have themselves been the conductors of successful missions in various parts of the United States. They have issued a circular-letter which has been sent to the bishops and clergy all over the country, inviting their cordial co-operation. One prelate, however—Bishop Paret, of Maryland—actually thinks that the proposed revival will do no good and has decided to oppose it. He says that the methods "are wild and Quixotic, and even though they seem to promise, and may seem to bring, an immediate and apparent success, the final result will be harm and loss." Let us hope that his view may be due to a misapprehension. The Outlook welcomes the admirable plan put forth by the Parochial Missions Society. There is every reason in favor of a concerted effort by all Christian churches to make bad men good, good men better, and sinners saints.



## Going to the Country

The Scene: Two rooms in a street on the East Side; it is the house of one of the University Settlements. It is ten o'clock in the morning, between which hour and twelve two hundred and twenty children between the ages of six and twelve have been told to report for a visit to the country. The first room is up one flight; at a table sits one of the residents with a list of names; by the window is the examining physician. The matron is called, and goes down to send up the children.

"Every boy must listen to me, now," cries the resident, "and when he hears his name called come up to the desk: Charles Moskowitz!"

"Where do you live?"

"848 Forsyth Street."

The resident turns to a list of the houses in the district; against some of them there stands an "s," against some a "d," and a few are marked "m." Charles's house is unmarked, and he goes on to the doctor, who sits by the window.

"Open your mouth!—wider! can't you open your mouth? Like this!"—and the boy finally has his throat examined, and then his hair.

"This boy is all right," says the doctor, "except that his hair is too long in front. Weren't you told to have your hair cut?"

"I did have it cut, ma'am."

"Well, you stand over here; it isn't cut short enough."

So the boys were gone through, and the little group with too long hair was sent out with instructions not to return at one o'clock (the hour of departure) unless their hair had been cut short. But there were some sad ones among them all.

"Joe Mendelssohn!" The boy came up to the desk; he had new shoes on his feet; his clothes and face were clean and bright; in his hand was a fishing-rod; I had noticed him downstairs showing it to a dozen boys, each one of whom had the promise of a loan of it.

"Where do you live?"

"939 Chrystie Street." Sorrow and unhappiness for the boy!

A letter "d" was against the house. The Board of Health said diphtheria had been there, and he could not go. So the doctor told him. Poor boy! he kept his face in pretty good order till he got out of the room, but downstairs he shed many tears; and not he alone; more than one child named his home among those marked "s"—that was scarlet fever; or "m"—that was measles. There were broken hearts, and shadow in the souls of many of them darker than the resident knew. Some of the older ones had been off before, but not every year does the invitation to spend ten days on "Life's" Farm come to this particular part of the East Side; and they wanted to go, with a want and a desire that could be measured only by the excitement of pleasure with which the fortunate majority discussed blueberries, cows, and bathing; baseball, hammocks, and the possible big barn; while back of all the items of pleasure was felt the new sight of the open country, and all its light and colors.

Then the girls came up. It is always wise to get rid of the noisy crowd first, and that's the boys. When the first troop has got into the room, the doctor cries:

"Girls, take off your hats! Now listen to me: How many girls have washed their hair three times in kerosene? Put your hands up." All the hands went up. These were wise virgins, and not to be caught napping.

The second company contained one sweet-faced child who set an example of honesty to all who followed her. "Girls who have not washed their hair three times in kerosene raise their hands!" cried the doctor. Then she gathered the delinquents at the table, and each one was asked why she had not done as she was told.

"Didn't you wash your hair?"

"No, ma'am," says little Miss Honesty; "only once."

They are of all sorts, the boys and the girls; some stupid, whose faces show no anticipation, none of the light of excitement; some quick and happy, chuckling together and executing a dance-step now and then when the resident's eye is off them. The older ones have a wise air; they know all about it; they have been before. The little ones are some of them anxious, thinking about their bundles that they must get ready; a bit afraid, too, at going away from their mothers, and not knowing where. And one little one is borne away weeping; the mother has come in at the last moment and says, "I daren't let her go; Matilda Abramowitz says she knew of two children that went into the country and they never came back." Some of the mothers are very fearful of that unknown place, "the country," and jealous, too, of all attempts to get their girls and boys out there.

Another name is called: "Celia Kronenberg!—where do you live?"

"879 Eldridge Street; please, sir, I want my little brother to go; can't he go?" and she looks down at her shoes and shuffles a little; she is very much embarrassed, but she has one good thought in her mind, and she is not afraid: she wants the little boy to go. He has hold of her hand, and doesn't quite understand what it is that he is there for.

"His name isn't on the list. Will you have his hair cut? All right; bring him with you at one o'clock, with his bundle, and we'll try to find a place for him. All you children"—and here the resident stood up—"be here at one o'clock, or a little before, with your bundles; now don't forget; if you are later than that, you can't go." And the little girl goes off happy with her brother; and all the crowd goes out, one by one, happy or sad, with instructions to keep clean, to get their bundles, and be back at one, or else with the hard word in their hearts that they must stay at home.

The other room is on the ground floor. It is half-past twelve o'clock. A crowd of bigger boys, girls, and curious passers-by stands at the windows looking in on the big front room of the Settlement house. Inside are the children; there are nearly two hundred of them, wild and noisy, crowding together on the seats, excitedly squabbling for places, running about hunting for one another, or asking questions of everybody. In a corner one of the helpers is tying up parcels for them; their bundles have come undone, or many of them have come with their night-clothes, their extra skirts or trousers, stuffed under their arms.

Mothers are there saying the last word; telling their boys how to behave; they have their babies in their arms, and both lean down to kiss good-by; some of them are anxious, and want to know the address, just how far it is, and when they are coming back. The serious little girls have postal cards, and are to write home as soon as they get there—hard work for the postmaster at Branchville, Connecticut!

Out in the corridor are little sad and tearful groups of the children that cannot go. They live in big tenements of ten or fifteen families each. Two weeks ago somebody's little child on the third floor had diphtheria, and to-day this other little child, with his hair nicely cut and his clean clothes, has to stay at home from the country while all the other boys are gone.

There have been new applications to fill the vacant places, and