His Brother's Keeper;

Or,

Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcom Kirk," Etc.

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think a girl who had such a career before her, gifted with such talents, musical and social, should give them all up to fling her life away in the slums over horrid, dirty, drunken, miserable people. "She must be crazy," said Louise. "Her father was right in saying, if the report was true, that Rhena never should come into his home again as his daughter." His aristocratic family connections were very deeply disgraced by the event. His own standing in society was under a cloud. He felt the shame of it with great bitterness and never alluded to it.

All this Stuart called up as he neared home. He had never met Miss Dwight before and knew nothing of her reasons for the complete change in her life. He wondered thoughtfully if it had not been something like the experience that had come to himself that morning.

Louise met him with the news that his Aunt Royal, who had been expected on the noon train, had telegraphed that she had waited over a day on account of the troubles liable to follow the bringing of the troops. Ross Duncan's sister had planned for some time to come and make Louise a visit and be with her through the winter if Louise wished.

"Eric has been calling for you. He is very nervous. Life isn't worth living with all this excitement over these labor troubles!" said Louise sharply. "When Aunt Royal comes, I mean to plan for something besides all this."

Stuart did not reply and went in to see Eric, while Louise walked into the parlor and began to thump the piano as hard as she could. She was angry with Stuart and vexed with everything in general.

"Well, old fellow," said Stuart cheerfully, "we had an exciting time, but no one killed yet, and I think the worst is over."

"Tell me about it." Eric tried to sit up a little and nervously moved his fingers over the bedclothes.

Stuart briefly described the scene at the train, and Eric listened with frowning brow and strained muscles.

"That Salvation lass must be a brave one. Who did you say she was?"

"Miss Dwight. She has just come up here, I understand, within a day or two." And Stuart went on to tell Eric her story as he knew it. Eric listened with great eagerness. Then he inquired about the men; how they had behaved, what they were planning to do, what the next move would be, whether the men who had gone on down to the lower range would probably go into the mines or whether they would be prevented by the miners.

"I tell you, Stuart," said Eric after question and answer had been going for several minutes in this way, "I must get up out of this, and very soon too. The doctor can't keep me here two weeks, because I mean to be carried down to the square if I can't walk. Now is just the time when I ought to be with the men. If they once begin to break over the law the cause of labor will suffer a setback that it cannot recover from for years."

"That's true. But there is a lawless element already roused that is growing worse every day. If a gun had gone off this noon I doubt if a soldier of the entire number of troops would have left the spot alive. The men would have climbed over 100 dead bodies to tear the soldiers in pieces. I think I never came so near to seeing the claws of the wild beast in the mob in all my life."

"Ah," replied Eric sadly. "I have seen them more than once. Heaven grant you don't see what I have." He referred to scenes which had occurred when he was a boy in the coal regions of England. Stuart had often talked them over with Eric.

"Amen," answered Stuart. He remained silent then, his thoughts busy with the events of the morning. He was casting about for a good opportunity to tell Eric his experience at the beginning of the day. In the midst of all the perplexing and complicated situation in which he was now placed Stuart went back repeatedly to his change of attitude toward all the facts of his own life. That must have been a tremendous event to hold so supreme a place in his mind as it did.

Just then Louise went by the door and called out, as she went on into the dining room, "Luncheon is ready!" Stuart had forgotten all about eating, but he left Eric to go in and keep Louise company.

All the time he was eating he felt that he must tell his sister the facts about his—what did he call it? The word "conversion" had always been distasteful to him, but what had happened to him? Something very remarkable and so remarkable that it seized him and held him in a loving and joyful grasp, making him feel that all other matters were as nothing compared with this. He was not of an emotional nature. His whole education and training were of such a nature that he had always prided himself on being a refined, self possessed man of the world, telling the truth, living purely, being strictly honest and brave, but without exhibition of passion or feeling, except at rare intervals when a strange, hereditary outburst would sweep away all traditions as if he were mad.

But now he felt as if a new passion had caught him up and held him; a new life swayed his whole being; he was calm, and yet he felt thrilled with this new existence. There was no yesterday any more. Everything was today and tomorrow. Jesus was the one great central, throbbing, pulsing, moving impulse with him. He was a new man. And yet men say, superficially, sometimes in these days, that the times of miracles are gone by. Is there a greater miracle in all the earth than when a human being like Stuart Duncan is born again, made a new man in Christ Jesus?

As soon as luncheon was ended Stuart had resolved what to do. He must tell Louise. There must be the truest and frankest understanding between them on this matter. It was too vital to be neglected or passed over or postponed.

"Louise," he said as they went into the drawing room together, "I want to tell you something, now we are alone."

Louise did not reply, and Stuart went on, feeling the gap between his sister and this new life of his to be wider and deeper with every word he uttered.

"Early this morning I had a very remarkable experience," Stuart continued. "I had what seemed like a vision of my real life, and it was very distinct to me that all these years I had been neglecting the one most important part of my life." Stuart hesitated a moment as Louise sat looking at him in silent astonishment. "I have decided, Louise, that I must be a Christian."

There was an embarrassing silence. Louise colored and looked away from Stuart. At last she said in a low voice, "What do you mean?"

Stuart did not know what to say at first. He felt that Louise would not understand him, but he spoke with the directness and simplicity that seemed demanded by the occasion.

"I mean, dear, that I am going to live a new life, with God's help. I look at everything differently. I never used to think of Christ as anything more than a historical figure. Now he seems to me like a personal friend. More than that, he seems to be my own personal Saviour. I never knew before what the words 'saved' and 'salvation' meant to me. Now they are real. They apply to my own condition. I seem to look at all the events of life, my own and others, in the light of eternity. It is difficult for me to make all this clear to you, Louise. Would you understand it any

Louise turned about on the piano stool and struck a few chords.

better if I should use the old word 'conversion' and say I had an experience this morning that has converted me to a Christian life?"

"No; I don't know that I would," Louise replied coldly. She had gone over to the piano and sat down on the stool facing Stuart, but not looking into his face.

"Can't you understand me, Louise?" cried Stuart. His disappointment was very great, although he had been prepared for something of this kind before he spoke.

"No, I don't understand, Stuart. It is very strange. You seem to think you haven't been a Christian all this time. You speak as if I wasn't one."

"Are you, Louise?" asked Stuart gently. But the question provoked her as he had not foreseen. He wished strongly afterward that he had not put it. It seemed as if he was judging her from his own Christian experience, not yet a day old.

"Yes, I am! What am I? A heathen?" Louise stamped her foot, as she always did when angry. Stuart saw that her thought of the word was not his. He remained silent, and Louise turned about on the piano stool and struck a few chords fitfully. Then she wheeled back and said bluntly: "What are you going to do? Join the Salvation Army?"

Stuart shrunk back as if from a blow. It was all so contrary to his experience that he was entirely unable to shape his speech as usual. He was silent until Louise repeated her question.

"I shall join the St. John's church. And I may join the army too. I understand people can do that without belonging to the ranks in one way."

Louise rose to her feet with a look of scorn that Stuart could not endure. "Well, father ought to be here to see all this! He would want to know if this is Stuart Duncan, his son."

"It is true he would not see the old Stuart Duncan," replied Stuart, with a noble dignity that even Louise could not help noticing, "but he would find a better one, I hope. Louise, dear, I wish you could understand just what I've felt. It is impossible for me to look on very many things as I did once. I want to say this to you now, so that you will not be surprised at certain events which may take place in the future."

"To what do you refer? To your joining the army? I suppose the leader is an attraction just now. I hear Miss Dwight has been sent up to take charge."

It was as cruel and harmful a fling as Louise could be guilty of. But she was stung into bitterness by many events of the past few days, and her selfish, narrow nature had more than once delighted to make Stuart suffer.

Stuart was pale to his lips. His Christian experience, his "conversion," as he could call it, was not more sacred to his thoughts than the memory of the army leader and the thought of her sacrifice and surrender of all that most young women count dear.

"Louise!" he cried, and if he had not been in the grasp of a better strength here he would have been swept into one of his old time bursts of passion. "Louise, you do not know what you wound. You must not harm my conception of Christ or cast any dishonor on his work in my forgiven soul. You have no right."

He spoke on sternly and yet with so much evident right defense of his inner motives that Louise was frightened. She might perhaps have asked Stuart's pardon, but he, fearing to prolong the conversation, went out of the room and in to see Eric. Louise, after standing idly by the piano a few minutes, at last went up stairs to her own room.

Stuart sat down by Eric and asked the nurse to leave them alone a little while. He was suffering from his interview with Louise, but he wanted to tell Eric his experience. It seemed to him necessary before he went on with his life another day.

In a few sentences he told Eric his experience of the morning. Eric listened in wonder. He was very weak. He grasped Stuart's hand and pressed it feebly when he paused in his narrative.

"I never had any such 'leading' as our men call it. I joined the army because I believed it was the only kind of Christianity that can really help things much."

"But how is it, Eric? Do you feel a personal relationship to Christ as a Saviour?"

"Yes, I think I do. But it is not so plain to me as I would like."

"That is the most astonishing thing to me," replied Stuart thoughtfully. "You know I never had any idea of ever talking about salvation or a Saviour. You don't remember, do you, that we ever talked on this subject before?"

Eric shook his head.

"And yet, now," continued Stuart reverently, "I seem to feel as I never felt or expected to feel less than a day ago. I can't explain it, Eric, but Christ seems the most real of all realities in my life. I can put it in this way: Henceforth I do not feel able or willing to do anything without first asking, 'Would Christ approve this?' Would he say, 'Do it?'"

"Does that apply to your use of property and money and the present mine troubles?" asked Eric bluntly.

"Yes." The answer came with a positive conviction that thrilled the pale face on the pillow. "Yes; my whole life is changed. All my relations to my fellow men, all my possessions and their use, all that belongs to my powers of any kind, seem under the law of this new indwelling. Eric, do you believe in the fact of God actually dwelling in man?"

Eric did not reply at once. There was a thoughtful silence.

"Yes, I believe it. I don't see it very plain. But if you feel as you say you do it will change matters in the relations you bear to the men and all around."

"Of course. I don't see details yet, but I feel willing to walk where the light shines. Lole, old friend, life even under our present troublous conditions seems like a very great, grand thing to me now."

"I am glad for you," replied Eric simply.

Stuart saw that he was not able to endure much, and he called the nurse back soon after that and went out. But that brief communion did the two men much good.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock. Word came up to Stuart that the men who had been persuaded to leave had gone back on the first train east. There had been a great demonstration, and then the miners had disappeared, many of them going on down to the lower range to help the men there in their dealings with the remaining strangers.

Matters were quiet in Champion as the day wore on, and there was no news of an exciting character from below. The owners there had not tried to set the new men to work, but were evidently waiting for a large addition of the force to come in from the south and west. These would not pass through Champion.

Affairs were in this waiting condition the next day at noon when Stuart's Aunt Royal came.

She was a large, showy woman, a slave to society and a thorough woman of the world, a born diplomat and financier. She had very determined views of life and among them was the conviction that one might as well be dead as out of the fashion or out of society. She spoke of the people who were not in society as "the masses," the "common people, you know," whenever she mentioned them at all. She had inherited a large amount of money, a great deal of which was invested in tenement and saloon property in New York. This is a very plain and perhaps shocking revelation of Aunt Royal's main means of support, but it is a historical fact and goes with a biography of her person. Besides, who does own most of the saloon and tenement property of New York and get the rentals from it?

To sum up briefly, Aunt Royal was very much like her brother, the late Ross Duncan, with the exception of his gruff and hard manner of speech. Aunt Royal spoke very sweetly and gently always. A French revolution in New York would not have provoked a rough or elevated tone of voice from Aunt Royal. She had little education, as her father had been a market gardener in one of the city suburbs. It was there he had begun to make his money, and Aunt Royal as a girl had helped him, more than once driving a wagon load of vegetables and fruits into the city. She never spoke of that now.

The first word Louise said was, "Aunt, you have come to stay all winter, I hope?"

"I think so. Yes, I would be glad to escape from the whirl this winter for a change."

"We're having a little 'whirl' up here, madam," remarked the doctor, who had come up to see Eric that afternoon and was standing in the hall where Louise greeted her aunt.

"Ah, Dr. Saxon," said Aunt Royal, "I am delighted to see you again!" In reality she hated the doctor vigorously, and the doctor returned her feeling with interest. "You are having trouble up here, you mean? I suppose it will soon be quiet. These people will soon be driven to work again. They never make anything by these uprisings."

"No, ma'am, only work for the doctors," replied Saxon. He went into Eric's room, and Aunt Royal and Louise went up stairs.

"So you have one of these people in the house. Don't you consider that rather dangerous?" Aunt Royal said in her sweet, clear voice as she was going up the broad staircase with her niece.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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