

ES HAT NICHT SOLLEN SEIN.

Es ist im Leben haslich eingerichtet  
 Das bei den Rosen auch die Dornen steh'n  
 Und was das arme Herzauch sehn't und  
 dichtet  
 Zum Schlusse kommt das Von ein-ander-  
 geh'n.  
 In deinen Augen hab'icht einst gelesen,  
 Es blitzte d'rinvon Lieb und Gluck ein  
 Schein.  
 Behut dich Gott : es war'zu schon gewesen,  
 Behut dich Gott ; es hat nicht sollen sein.

Leid, Neid und Hass auch habe ich emp-  
 funden,  
 Ein Sturm gepruffter, muder Wanders  
 mann,  
 Ich traumt von Frieden, dann, und stillen  
 Stunden,  
 Da fuhrte mich der Weg zu dir hinan  
 In deinen Armen wollt ich ganz genesen,  
 Zum Danks dir mein junges Leben weih'n;  
 Behut dich Gott: es war' zu schon gewesen,  
 Behut dich Gott: es hat nicht sollen sein.

Die Wolken flieh'n. Der Wind sauft durch  
 die Blatter,  
 Ein Regenschauer sieht durch Wald und  
 Feld.  
 Zum Abschlednehmen just das rechte  
 Wetter  
 Grau wie der Himmel steht vor mir die  
 Welt.  
 Doch wend' es sich zum Guten oder Bosen  
 Mein Leben lang im Treuen denk' ich  
 dein :  
 Behut dich Gott : es war zu schon gewesen.  
 Behut dich Gott : es hat nicht sollen sein.

TRANSLATION.

KATHARINE MELICK.  
 (For The Courier.)

Forever, weaves our Fate  
 with cruel fingers  
 The thorns among the roses  
 of our morn,  
 Forever, though the sad heart  
 waits and lingers  
 At last the weary  
 parting time is born.  
 Once in thine eyes  
 I read in tender shading  
 Of love and hope,  
 unflinching and free.  
 Oh, fare thee well :  
 too fair is but for fading,  
 Oh, fare thee well :  
 it was not so to be.

Sorrow and want and hate  
 have been my portion.  
 A wanderer, wind-tossed  
 and tempest pressed,  
 I dreamed of quiet, then,  
 and long devotion  
 Then led my way  
 before to thee, and rest.  
 There in thine arms  
 my weary woes unloading,  
 There would I vow  
 my young life unto thee ;  
 Oh fare thee well :  
 too fair is but for fading,  
 Oh fare thee well :  
 it was not so to be.

The storm clouds fly,  
 the wind with fitful starting  
 Sobs over wood and valley  
 from the skies,  
 The weary weather  
 for a weary parting,  
 Grey as the clouds  
 the world before me lies.  
 Though yet my fate  
 bring glad or joyless lading  
 My life troth  
 is forever unto thee :  
 Oh fare thee well :  
 too fair is but for fading,  
 Oh fare thee well :  
 it was not so to be.

GOD AND THE RICH MAN.

"Rockefeller's church struck by light-  
 ning," was a headline in the papers, a  
 few days since. We used to think a  
 church was God's house, but we've  
 changed all that in these latter days.  
 Now a church is spoken of as the  
 church of its richest member or par-  
 ishioner. And it's logical. The con-  
 temporaneous rich man seems to run  
 his church simply by virtue of paying  
 its bills. When he pays the pastor's  
 salary, the lighting bills, the coal bills,  
 the organist's salary, the rich man re-  
 serves to himself the right to dictate  
 the doctrine to be taught, and as the  
 doctrine is his doctrine, the church be-  
 comes his church. Very soon, if mat-



U.S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND FOUNTAIN OF MAN.  
 PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

ters go on as they have been going, we shall find that our rich men, like the nobility of England, will have livings at their disposal. They will have their preachers as they have their private secretaries or their butlers and be as much masters of the preachers' actions. They will make of the preachers, as in many instances in the big cities they have already been made, parasites. The preachers will not preach Christ and Him crucified, but the patron and him glorified. The tendency doesn't manifest itself in any particular sect above the others. In every sect we hear of preachers who had to get out of pulpits because they did or said or failed to do or to say something, that some rich church member did not wish or did desire. The preacher who can't get "next" and stay "next" to the wealthy people in his congregation eventually has to get out. His doctrine must be suited to his hearers of the wealthy class or the wealthy classes will find some preacher who is willing to tell what his auditors wish to hear. The preacher with a mistress-keeping patron dare not discuss the seventh commandment. The preacher with a clientele of gambling speculators dares not preach about business morality. None of the fashionable vices may be denounced to persons who have them all. The wealthy members of a congregation will not be told their sins. They don't want to hear anything but generalities of the most scattering sort. The word of God must be made to conform to the prejudices of the well-to-do. The toes of the wealthy must not be trampled upon. The Bible must be expurgated of everything tending to confirm the saying about the camel, the needle's eye and the rich man entering heaven. And so the church that Mr. Rockefeller attends, or the church that Mr. Pierpont Morgan attends, is no longer the church of God, but the church of Mr. Rockefeller or of Mr. Morgan. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, there are churches known as millionaire churches. They are pointed out as having memberships aggregating so-and-so much wealth. They are remarkable, not for the good they do, but for the fact that so many millionaires frequent them at certain times and condescend to bestow upon God and religion their distinguished consideration for an hour or two at a time, provided God's minister doesn't remind them of

any thing unpleasant that God may have said concerning any of the things that millionaires do in their pursuit of business or pleasure. The eyes of the congregation are turned on the richest man present. The preacher preaches soft-soap at him. The choir sings the music he likes. Religion is the millionaire's handmaiden and the service is designed for his delectation just as a vaudeville show might be designed to the same end. The religion of the wealthy is a new growth. It is not a religion at all. It is an organized system of flattery of rich people perpetrated by preachers who do not worship God, but do worship the patrons who pay their living expenses and take them on trips in private cars to Europe. These millionaire churches are increasing and consequently religion is decreasing. The wealthy are growing into the habit of thinking of religion or of church attendance as being only a matter of social form. The church is not much better thought of than the theater. The wealthy do as they please and the church rarely brings them to task for their follies or their sins. If a preacher accidentally gives a swell congregation the gospel with the bark on the incident becomes a sensation. In view of all of which, it is wonderful that, if there be a God who deals out lightning, as we used to believe, many more of the millionaire's churches are not stricken with bolts of shattering and consuming flame. In too much of our present religion God is made to take a back seat for the rich man. The rich man cuts out anything that God has said, that he doesn't like. The rich man hires preachers and builds churches to have incense burned to him, not to his Maker. And the result of this is that the poor man begins to see that religion is of a different brand according to the wealth of him to whom it is preached. The old religion disappears.

The sermons to the wealthy are becoming aesthetic essays on timely topics. The poor man, therefore, won't stand for hell-fire and damnation. The preachers to the rich are sinking to the level of mere parlor entertainers. The rich have a bastard religion that means nothing. The poor have no religion to speak of. They prefer the summer garden or the continuous theatrical performance. If they go to church at all they are apt to go to the church that puts up the best show and can exhibit a few millionaires in the

front pews down the centre aisle. Most clergymen will agree that this statement of the case is true. None of them has any remedy, or if, perchance, any of them have a remedy, that remedy is something along the lines of a general revolution the mere mention of which makes them "anarchists" in the eyes of the wealthy, and puts them under a cloud with the managing geniuses of their denominations. The preacher who can't get money is not in good standing with his superiors. He can't get it from those who haven't got it. Therefore he must cater to the rich or be dangerous and submit to being marooned in some country charge or city slum work. The churches need a shaking up. The churches are becoming decadent and spineless. They are more under the influence of wealth than is the government, and it is church truckling to wealth that sets the fashion of sycophancy among the people.—The Mirror.

UTAH  
 AN IDEAL CLIMATE

The first white man to set foot on Utah soil, Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, who reached the GREAT SALT LAKE on the 23rd day of September, 1776, wrote in his diary: "Here the climate is so delicious, the air so balmy, that it is a pleasure to breathe by day and by night." The climate of Utah is one of the richest endowments of nature. On the shores of the Great Salt Lake especially—and for fifty miles therefrom in every direction—the climate of climates is found. To enable persons to participate in these scenic and climatic attractions and to reach the famous **Health, Bathing and Pleasure Resorts** of Utah, the UNION PACIFIC has made a rate to OGDEN and SALT LAKE CITY of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00, from Missouri River, to be in effect June 15th to 30th inclusive, July 10th to August 31st inclusive. Return limit October 31, and \$30.00 for the round trip on July 1 to 9 inclusive, September 1 to 10 inclusive. Proportionately low Rates from intermediate points. Full information cheerfully furnished upon application. E. B. SLOSSON, Agent.