

SOME FAULT FINDING.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

It is Sunday morning. The sun is shining brightly. The streets are crowded with fashionably attired people wending their way to the churches. The bells peal out. From some tall cathedral spire the chimes ring out a jubilant peal and all the air trembles with the sound. The church doors swing and swing. The pews are soon filled. The preacher sits in the pulpit in his immaculate linen and clothes of sober black. The choir sings. The organ fills the room with its divine melody and then the preacher arises and preaches his flowery sermon.

It is over. The organ peals out the postlude; the people throng out into the streets and go to their homes. And now tell me what was the use of it all? What good did it do to go there and sit in that costly church and listen to the music and to that beautiful sermon? Were you made better? Are you here in the world simply to be made better or are you here to help make some one else better? Poor deluded creatures! You go to church every Sunday and pat yourselves on your backs and feel that you have done a good deed. You have worshipped God. What need has God for your worship? He has angels to worship Him. He does not care for your praise and your songs and your devotion. He never meant for you to go into the churches and idly pray with folded hands and leave the poor and the sick and afflicted alone and neglected. Go to the church if you will and as you go, look at the shadow of the steeple, that points like a great finger to a hut where poverty and sorrow reign, but do not heed its warning; go in and pray and sing; it is fashionable.

Which stately mansion towering high
Beside the busy way,
Would be the home that Christ would seek
Should he come here today?

Which massive pile of brick or stone
Whose spires point toward the sky
Would be the place where he would go
To pray to God on high?

What well made creed would he select
To recommend to all?
What form of prayer or mode of song
Would he and his install?

I think his home would be the streets
Where idle, hungry men,
Stand discontented, clamoring
For work, and then again,

I think he'd find a humble cot
Beside a sick child's bed,
Or watch by night with stricken ones,
Who mourn beside their dead.

No wretched beggars by the way
Or harlots penitent,
Would he consider e'er too low
Their cause to represent.

His robes would be the common clothes
That poorest people wear,
The only incense he would have
The sinner's pleading prayer.

Look over the congregation in that large church. See the fine dresses, the costly millinery, the fashion and the pride displayed. And these are the followers of Christ, the lowly Nazarene, the man who was homeless and tired and forsaken! Can the woman who wears that costly silk dress have an easy conscience as she passes by the homes of the poor on her way to the church, and sees the poor pinched faces of children look out of the windows at her? Can she take any pleasure when she sees the tired overworked women look wistfully at her as she goes by? It is hard to tell. It is a strange world. The people who have all that the world can give pass in and take all the comforts of religion while the poor and those who need it most are crowded out and driven to the wall. If some great white Christ would come through our temples today

with his scourge He would drive out a great many that sit in the front pews and lead in the worship of the house of God.

The church has its mission. No one doubts that; but whether it is to be simply a mutual admiration society, a club or a clique seems to be a question of vital importance to the coming generation. Some churches have fine singing, operatic singing, and all about the performance has the air of an entertainment, an amusement for aesthetically inclined people. Other churches have a sort of a spiritual intoxication. They become so wrapped up in feeling good and finding a heaven on earth that they let the poor starve, neglect the sick and the disappointed. There are others, and the Salvation army is one of them, where work is as important as prayer. Where the wants of God's poor are cared for first, and then the soul is looked after. They build no great stone churches, have no cushioned pews and hired singers, but worship out under the open sky, sing their songs amidst the dire poverty and suffering of the people in the slums, and while they work to alleviate suffering with their hands they pray in their hearts. I think that if Christ came here today He would be with the people who wear the blue uniforms and march the streets amidst the scoffs of those who follow Him in silks and satins and jewels.

The ragged beggar, old and gray,
The brazen harlot by the way,
The bloated reeling drunken man,
Are all included in God's plan
Of wide redemption through His son,
For such was all His suffering done,
It was for such that Christ has died,
For such was Jesus crucified.

—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

THEY WILL WALK.

Nat Sebastain, of St Louis, who has dabbled more or less in dramatic enterprises, has a scheme on foot, literally, which will appeal to every barnstormer in the land. He has organized the Bonnell Pedestrian Dramatic company, which is composed of Messrs. Will S. Bonnell, George F. Green, Leonidas Begg, Louise Angel, Warren Catlin, and Ed Forshay, and Misses Lulu Forshay, Adelaide Carleton and Neva Cross. It is safe to say that every one of them has practised histrionic pedestrianism, but hitherto on the return but not on the outgoing trip. The company is to be put in training several days before the date set for their departure, to "limber up the ladies," as one of the members said. They have not done any tie walking for some time, and they want to accustom themselves to it before they start out.

They are to line up on the corner of Fourth and Elm streets at noon one day this month and are to be searched in public to show that they have no money. They will play in St. Louis that night and then cross the bridge and start on their tour, which must be ended in New York city by noon on June 30. Here are some of the rules: There shall be one watch in the crowd, so that the manager may direct the movements of the members. No liquor will be permitted in camp. The members must remain together, none going ahead and none remaining behind. All money, except what is necessary for expenses, must be forwarded to a St. Louis bank, and any member who leaves the company forfeits his share. They must stick to railroad tracks. They must not ride at all. They must not sleep in hotels. The quartet must sing at every way station and pass the hat. They must carry their costumes with them. They expect to play "Oliver Twist," and to work towns which are only one day's walk apart.

INFERENCE.

"I want to git a collar fer my husband," said the hard faced woman, "and I declare I have plumb forgot the size. I ginerly buy all his collars and ties fer him, too."

"Ah!" said the astute clerk. "Then you want about a fifteen and a half or sixteen."

"Yes, that's right, but I don't see how you guessed it so easy."

"Oh, I have noticed that a man who lets his wife buy all his haberdashery for him usually has a neck of about that size."