CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

By Frank R. Stockton.

There was a Queen who founded, in her capital city, a grand museum. This institution was the pride of her heart, and she devoted nearly all her time to overseeing the collection of objects for it, and their arrangement in the spacious hall. This museum was intended to elevate the intelligence of her people, but the result was quite disappointing to the Queen. For some reason, and what it was she could not imagine, the people were not interested in her museum. She considered it the most delightful place in the world, and spent hours every day in examining and studying the thousands of objects it contained; but although here and there in the city there was a person who cared to visit the collection, the great body of the people found it impossible to feel the slightest interest in it. At first this grieved the Queen, and she tried to make her museum better; but as this did no good, she became very angry, and she issued a decree that all persons of mature age who were not interested in her museum should be sent to prison.

This decree produced a great sensation in the city. The people crowded to the building, and did their very best to be interested; but, in the majority of cases, the attempt was an utter failure. They could not feel any interest whatever. The consequence was that hundreds and thousands of the people were sent to prison, and as there was not room enough for them in the ordinary jails, large temporary prisons were erected in various parts of the city. Those who were actually needed for work or service which no one else could do were allowed to come out in the day-time on parole; but at night they had to return to their prisons.

It was during this deplorable state of affairs that a stranger entered the city one day. He was surprised at seeing so many prisons, and approaching the window in one of the prisons, behind the bars of which he saw a very respectable-looking citizen, he asked what all this meant. The citizen informed him how matters stood, and then, with tears mounting to his eyes, he added:

"Oh, sir, I have tried my best to be interested in that museum; but it is impossible; I can't get up the slightest interest in it. And, what is more, I know I never shall be able to do so; and I shall languish here for the rest of my days."

Passing on, the stranger met a mother coming out of her house. Her face was pale, and she was weeping bitterly. Filled with pity, he stopped and asked her what was the matter. "Oh, sir," she said, "for a week I have been trying, for the sake of my dear children, to take an interest in that museum. For a time I thought I might do it, but the hopes proved false. It is impossible. I must leave my little ones, and go to prison."

The stranger was deeply affected by these cases and many others of a similar character, which he soon met with. "It is too bad! too bad!" he said to himself. I never saw a city in so much trouble. There is scarcely a family, I am told, in which there is not some uninterested person—I must see the Queen and talk to her about it." and with this he wended his way to the palace.

He met the Queen just starting out on her morning visit to the museum. When he made it known that he was a stranger, and desired a short audience, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you visited my museum yet?" she said. "There is nothing in the city so well worth your attention as that. You should go there before seeing anything else. You have a high forehead, and an intelligent expression, and I have no doubt that it will interest you greatly. I am going there myself, and I shall be glad to see what effect that fine collection has upon a stranger."

This did not suit the stranger at all. From what he had heard he felt quite sure that if he went to the museum, he would soon be in jail; and so he hurried to propose a plan which had occurred to him while on his way to the palace.

"I came to see your Majesty on the subject of the museum," he said, "and to crave permission to contribute to the collection some objects which shall be interesting to every one. I understand that it is highly desirable that every one should be interested."

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "and although I think that there is not the slightest reason why every one should not feel the keenest interest in what the museum already contains, I am willing to add to it whatever may make it of greater value."

"In that case," said the stranger, "no time should be lost in securing what I wish to present."

"Go at once," said the Queen. "But how soon can you return?"

"It will take some days, at least," said the stranger.

"Give me your parole to return in a week," said the Queen, "and start immediately."

The stranger gave his parole and left the palace. Having filled a leathern bag with provisions from a cook's shop, he went out of the city gates. As he walked into the open country, he said to himself:

"I have certainly undertaken a very difficult enterprise. Where I am to find anything that will interest all the people in that city, I am sure I do not know; but my heart is so filled with pity for the great number of unfortunate persons who are torn from their homes and shut up in prison, that I am determine to do something for them, if I possibly can. There must be some objects to be found in this vast country that will interest every one."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Six cent cotton and fifty cent wheat are unimpeachable witnesses for the demands of the Alliance.

Young Folks' Post Office.

Sampson County.

Taylors Bridge, N. C., May 30th 1893. Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent Lillian W. from Union county asked the question how many times does the word Jehovah appear in the Bible. I will answer it. It appears in the Bible 5,855 times. I will ask a question. How many times does the word girl occur in the Bible? I will close. May The Caucasian go to every mans' home in the United States. It is a welcome visitor to our home.

W. B. Rivenbark.

June 10th 1793. Mr. Editor.—I will ask a question of those who read the Bible. How many times does the word Lord occur in the Bible? Answer it kind little friends. I am taking an interest in the Childrens' Corner. Wishing The Caucasian much success, I am Yours

W. B. Rivenbark.

Wilson County.

Saratoga, N. C., June 12th '93. Mr. Editor.—I have been waiting some time to see a letter from Wilson county, but have not yet seen one, so I will be first to ask for admittance. I hope I may be welcome, although I may not prove interesting to all. Papa takes your valuable paper and all are highly pleased with it.

Prof. W. L. Smith has just closed his writing school here, and all wish for him to come again.

I will answer master Walter Owens' question. Texas was admitted to the United States in 1845. Wishing you and your paper much success, I am your

Unknown friend.

Sadie Felton.

Sampson County.

McKoy, N. C., June 13th, 1893. Mr. Editor.—I am a girl thirteen years of age, my papa takes The Caucasian and I am very much pleased with it. I will answer two questions. First, the University was opened in 1795 and the faculty was constituted by Rev. David Kerr and Samuel A. Holmes; second, Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845. I will ask two questions. First, what three ex-Presidents died on the fourth of July? Second, what celebrated philosopher, when a boy, went without meat to buy books? Wishing you and The Caucasian much success, I am your

Unknown friend,

Nancy Westbrook.

Newton Grove, N. C., June 10th 1893. Editor Caucasian.—I once more attempt to write to your most valuable paper. We all read it and prize it most highly in our home. I now answer Fred Johnson's question. The oldest church is at Bath, Beaufort county, the edifice is still in good condition and is used regular for public service. I think it is an Episcopal church. I will now ask Fred a question. "Who are the Bankers, where do they live and what is their occupation? I will now answer the question asked by the correspondent at Poe's N. C. The first printing press was set up in New Bern by James Davis in the year 1749, and the first book was a copy of the State Laws. I will also answer Lillie Watt's question. The University of N. C., was regularly open 1795. The Rev. David Kerr and Samuel A. Holmes constituted the faculty, and now will some one tell who was the first student to arrive. With every good wish for The Caucasian. Sallie Williams.

BUNN PUKES UP HIS SILVER VIEWS.

We believed that Congressman Bunn, of the Fourth North Carolina district would fail to redeem any of his pledges, but hardly expected it this early. He was in New York recently and a reporter of the Daily Press interviewed him. The Press says:

"Congressman B. H. Bunn, of North Carolina, told me yesterday at the Astor House that a sentiment is growing in that State in favor of the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing act. 'A year ago,' he said, 'there was a free silver coinage craze, but the outflow of gold to Europe and financial depression seem to have changed public opinion. The congressmen of my State may now favor State bank currency, but not free coinage. So far as the tariff is concerned, I am in favor of a revision. I can't say, though, that I favor the repeal of the McKinley law. I heard from the administration yesterday that the extra session of congress will begin about September 18th."

So the McKinley bill is all right now. It was simply awful before the election. Bunn says he is not in favor of its repeal. The "free coinage craze" is no more than we expected, but how does that jingle with a speech made in congress by Bunn in favor of absolute free coinage about a year ago, and in which he showed that he believed free coinage to be the paramount issue. Well, how does his constituents feel now?—Prog. Farmer.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said: "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what will you be acting with to-day? tf.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

HE SIZES 'EM UP.

TOM WATSON DRAWS A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE VOTER AND THE OFFICE SEEKER.

THE WAY IT WAS, THE WAY IT IS, AND THE WAY IT WILL BE AGAIN.

Let Every Voter Read.

At this time last year, the Democratic Campaign orator had the country by the ear. No such floods of talk, talk, talk ever deluged the hustings.

The patriotic effuerings of the Democratic Candidate brought the sweat to his marble brow in copious fragance. He agonized for his fellow-man. The woes of the oppressed tax- payer, the poor, down-troden tax-payer, were almost greater than the Democratic Candidate could bear. They gave him no rest day nor night. They planted his pillow with thorns, his daily walk with flinty obstructions, and they griped his intestines in a way that made him cry aloud with pain.

The Republicans were the authors of the calamity They had had the Statute Book in their exclusive lap ever since the war, and they had diabolical laws which were running the people. For this reason the Democratic Candidate suffered in his mind. For this reason he was willing to leave the luxurious ease of his private business and give himself to the service of his native land. For this reason he wanted the chance, just one chance, to snatch the Statute Book out of the lap of the diabolical Republicans and scratch out those laws which were cruelly robbing the poor, down-troden tax-payer.

But while the Republicans had thus broken his rest and forced him to seek office, contrary to his natural appetite, the Populists had much to do with his agonies. They were a bad lot. Their leaders were men who merely wanted once, not from high mugwump considerations of political morality, but from the base and sordid love of salary attached. Extermination was too good for such a crowd. The down-trodden, tax-payer must be saved from these ravenous wolves.

It is true they had some good principles. But, then, those were the very things the Democrats had been trying to do ever since the war, and had got no chance.

Now, just at the time when the Democats were about to get a chance to do these things, here came the infernal Populists, stirring up strife, dividing our people and trying to keep the Democrats from passing laws.

Where is the gallant Gordon?

Did he not slap himself upon his manly chest and make grandiose declartion of what halcyon days should flood us with golden effulgence when Cleveland should come to power?

Where is the "peerless gentleman," (who talks dry and votes wet), the Hon. J. C. C. Black?

Did he not throw his fat legs into the air and stamp the bottom out of the platform every time he mentioned the adored name of Grover Cleveland? Did he not turn the the cornucopia our way, and show us the good things which were about to be showered upon the poor, down-trodden tax-payer?

Answer me, ye memories of last summer!

Give us a chance!!!

From Gulf to Lakes, from New England's rocky shores to California's sunny slopes, went this frenzied appeal of the Democratic Candidate—this appeal which was wrung from him, not on account of his wanting office. Perish such an unworthy imputation! No. It was wrung from his tortured soul because of dire distress and sore discomfort of the down-trodden taxpayer!

What cared such patriots as the Democratic Candidate whether they got office or not if they could but remonetize silver, abolish National Banks, give the people more money, and repeal the McKinly Bill?

Give them but the chance to do these things and the offices might "go to grass and eat mullen."

Magnificent in its impudence, unscrupulous in its purposes, shameless in its methods, this collossal "confidence game" succeeded.

The farmer was buncoed; the laborer blindfolded; the country merchant bamboozled.

The suffering Democrat was taken at his word. The Statute Book was put into his hands. The keys of the crib and the smoke-house were given into his eager keeping. The joyous hosannahs of an expectant people rose like incense all about him.

The down-trodden tax-payer, away off in his mortgaged fields, clucked cheerfully to the little brown mule, and whistled, actually whistled. as he pushed his way down the furrow.

For mark you, my brothers, this man remembered the Democratic speeches of last summer, and he believed in them as the novice clings to the creed!

And when the Democrats elected everything, got into their hands every department of the government, this humble plowman saw good times ahead. His troubled mind, racked and tortured many and many a night by dread fears of the future, by dismal pictures of the day when he and his little homegang might have to take the big road and become wanderers upon the earth—upon God's fruitful earth which he surely made as a home for us all! His troubled mind, I say, grew calm and confident. His manly lips had never framed public lines for selfish purposes, and he could not dream that his superiors, his leaders, his counsellors, could do it. When he heard the best men of the country, the cultured, the collegebred, the distinguished, make definite pledges for his relief, he believed them.

He put his honest hand in theirs, trustingly!

Therefore, when the little mule was hitched up in January, to begin the twelve months' race against poverty, his heart was lighter than before. His friends posessed the Government. He had put them in charge. They wouldn't go back on him. They loved him too well. They had suffered too much on his acount.

So down the furrow goes the little brown mule; and, behind the little brown mule, goes the confident farmer. Already he feels that the McKinley Bill does not weigh quite so much. Already it seems the tariff robbery is not quite so terrific as it was during the campaign. Already things seem brighter. There is a burst of sunshine above his cosy home and the mortgage cloud, hovering, hawk-like, doesn't seem quite so black.

Thus it is with the farmer, the voter.

How goes the man he elected? How goes the Democratic orator whose cravings and achings to get a chance were so painful last summer?

He has gone away. He went to Washington on the 4th of March. He has carried his deeds with him. He has been there ever since. He has made himself a spectacle to the disgusted universe.

The like was never seen before. The jostling and scrouging, the pushing and shoving, the scrambling and trampling, the snarling and snapping, the biting and scratching, the trading and intriguing that has gone on at Washington since March 4th has not only discouraged the polecats, but has sickened the buzzards.

Campaign pledges? Where are they? The man who made them can't be found.

Financial politics are just as Harrison left them. Even more so.

The volume of money grows smaller every day by comparison.

The McKinley Bill sits on the top rail of the fence and crows with defiant self-confidence.

And where is Cleveland, whose name the Democratic orator couldn't mention last summer without enthusastic controtion of the arms and legs?

Cleveland has gone fishing.

Where is Mr. Carlisle, who was to bring Wall Street to its senses?

Gone fishing.

Where is Herbert, of Alabama?

Gone fishing.

And Morton, of Nebraska?

Gone fishing!

The other members of the Cabinet have not yet gone because the "little bottle-shaped appartus" Cleveland invented, is considered a dangerous implement for the whole Cabinet to tackle at the same time:

"Ride and tie," you know. Cleveland, Carlisle, Herbert and Morton go this month.

Gresham, Lamont, Bissell and Smith go next month.

Then comes the turn of Claude Bennett, Possumphat and the "groomlet"—assisted (let us hope) by the man who mauls sentiment and splits rhyme for the Atlanta Journal, at so much per cord.

Yes, sirree! Fishing is now the order of the day.

Just after the November election it was promised that the new Congress was to be assembled in March to relieve the poor, down-trodden tax-payer. Then it was thought wisest to wait till June.

Then the postponement leaped down to September.

In the mean time where is the Taxpay?

Plowing. Not fishing.

Are his burdens just as heavy as they were last summer?

More so.

Is the Democratic Candidate, who suffered so much on his account last summer feeling any intestinal derangement on his own account at this time?

No. Not at this time.

When did the Candidate recover from that complaint?

The day following the election.

Will that ailment, that inflammatory sympathy for the poor, down trodden tax-payer ever trouble that candidate again?

Yes.

When?

Next summer. And it will grow steadily worse as election day approaches. His frothings at the mouth will make him look dangerous. The convulsions which shake his body and cause his legs and arms to whirl about in spasmodic pain, will creat universal sympathy and attention.

After the election they will once more disappear, and the little brown mule can go to plowing again.

The Democratic boss will have achieved his purpose and can once more go fishing.

"Gee-up, Mike!"

Hurrah for Possumphat, and the "dear old Democratic Party!" T. E. W.,—In People Party Paper.

BE VIGILANT.

We learn that a certain man in a certain county is putting in his time working to be made delegate to the meeting of the State Alliance. It is hardly probable that he would spend much time at this business merely for the honor there is in it. There must be some scheme on foot. We ask the brethren everywhere to be on their guard. Be careful who you elect as delegates or to important officers. Elect no man who so far forgets himself as to begin a systematic campaign in his own interest. In saying this we do not mean that members of only one party should be elected delegates or officers. The Alliance is far above any party and there are enough well meaning men in all parties to have them all represented in the list of officials or delegates. But no members, no matter which party he may be with, shoud be recognized as eligible to any position if he unfits himself by campaigning. Be careful who you elect to represent you at your county meetings and there will be fewer mistakes in sending delegates to the State meetings.—Prog. Farmer.

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THE SAVORLESS SALT

REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR., ON CORRUPTION IN THE CHURCH.

Ninth Sermon of the Series on the "Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon"—Churches as Social Clubs and Cliques—Romanism Without Rome's Power.

New York, June 18.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached this morning the ninth sermon of the series on "The Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." The subject of the morning sermon was "The Failure of the Church In the City." The text chosen was from Matthew v. 13: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost it savor wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

One of the most serious causes for the present condition of the city is to be found in the failure of the church of Christ to keep pace with its rapid development. The fact is that the failure of Protestant Christianity in the centers of civic life in America has been one of the most painful facts in the history of the nation in the last quarter of a century. There are fewer Methodists in New York city today than there were 20 years ago. There are fewer Baptists in New York city today than 20 years ago. And this in the face of the fact that in the meantime the city has practically doubled its population—grown to be the metropolis of the new world. The truth is, while everything else has advanced with marvelous strides the church has lost ground. And what is true in New York is true really in many other great cities. The essence of Christianity lies in its power to save. The work of Christianity is to save the world. When the salt is removed from the earth, it is not to be wondered at the corruption that results. There is a terrible failure today in the work of applying Christianity to the needs of the people in the city.

The sad fact is forcing itself on the hearts of many who love the Lord that thousands of the churches in our centers of life are today practically dead.

The trouble about it is, too, that they are still above ground. They are dead, and no permit to bury has been issued. The consequence is that there is natural embarrassment. We see this painful fact—

First—In the empty pews in the churches of the city. The primary idea of the church of Christ is an assembly. The word church in its original means assembly. The trouble is they have ceased to assemble. The congregation in the average church in our great cities is conspicuous for the people who are not there. Empty pews are the first thing that strikes the eye of the observer. There are various excuses made for this condition of affairs. It is owing to the point of view from which you look at it as to the answer you would make. A man asked another how he accounted for the small attendance at our churches. He said he could not account for it. He said he went one night himself, and he never could understand what could attract those people that were there.

The language of empty pews is a sad one to the church. They are mocking ghosts. It is a chilling experience to any man to come from a country district into the city and face these solemn evidences of the decadence of church life. I shall never forget the first sermon I preached in a city church. The house seated about 1,500. There were about 80 present. They were scattered over the solemn building. They shivered in the cold, and I shivered in sympathy. It is needless to say the service was a dismal failure.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

Second—Many of our churches have become social clubs and cliques. Man's social nature is a mighty lever when it is properly used. It should be utilized for spiritual ends. But a social club is one thing, and an assembly of people gathered in the name of Jesus Christ to do his work, to follow his teachings and be the medium through which his spirit shall operate in the world—this is another thing Every part of man's social nature may be and should be utilized, but when the great spiritual fact is overlooked and the church degenerates into a mere clique, in which there are parties with all sorts of games, in which there are festivals with all sorts of swindling, kissing bees and all sorts of cheating inventions, we have here the evidences of decay.

A pastor recently resigned in one of our great churches because some of his people insisted on having a dog show in the church. He said he could stand a good deal, but he drew the line at a dog show. A young man was recently forced to resign his charge because he insisted on wearing a mustache. The congregation did not like a preacher with that style of beard. He refused to part with his ornament, and they parted with their pastor.

Our churches, many of them, have become apostles of the gospel of geography. They believe in moving. One of two things is true. By this fact either the gospel is a lie or the methods they use to propagate it are false. The first of these alternatives need scarcely be discussed. Is the gospel a failure? Hardly. Is it weak? Can it not answer every accusation of the enemy of man? Let the ages answer. Let every generation since Calvary answer. Has Jesus Christ, who promised to be with his church always, deserted? Ask the church militant today, and you will have the answer. Does not God hear prayer today? Ask those who have faith, who pray. There never was a time when Christianity was such a power as today. There never was a time when it wielded such resistless influence over civilization as a whole as today. It makes and unmakes the policies of nations and of parties. Its past triumphs have been glorious. Its present power is practically resistless when brought to bear on society.

It need not be said that our methods are false. The gospel of geography applied to the city's life is a travesty on Christianity. It is the cry of the traitor that leaves the ground to the enemy from whom he has fled. We are told that the churches leave these districts because the people are gone, and yet they were never so crowded in the history of the city. As far as the eye can reach to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, rolls the endless tide of humanity, wave on wave, 10 stories high. The simple fact is they have been drowned in an ocean of humanity hunting for people. And yet the simple truth is they have not tried to find people.

MAGNIFICENT MAUSOLEUMS.

Fourth—We are convinced of their practical death from the fact that they are so still. There is no motion, movement, stir, about them. There cannot be growth without movement. Action is a necessary postulate of life, and growth is a predicate of life. Many of these churches have grown cold and numb. They never have a sensation. Dead people never have sensations of any sort. The dying object to sensations. In proportion as people are dead they are free from sensations. Christianity is a sensation. Christ was a sensationalist. He spoke on sensational themes. He spoke in a sensational way. The great problems of religion are in themselves soul stirring. No man can believe them in vital ways and not have his soul set on fire.

From the beginning of Christ's ministry to its close his history is the history of one sensation succeeding another. And yet churches built in his name in this day believe that they are disgraced if they have a sensation of any sort in the pulpit or in the pews. They are cold and stiff and numb and formal. This is the hand of death. The dead are stiff and dignified. In proportion as men die they grow stiff. Speed, force, are postulates of life. Many of our churches are magnificent mausoleums in which the dead move with silent tread, sit in solemn silence in solemn pews. They need life. They need a sensation to do them good: to have any sort of a sensation for a change. Some of them never get it except an accident happens.

I saw the other day how that a parson in a certain town long ago had a habit of putting off till tomorrow what ought to have been done today. Having something to do with a bottle of aqua fortis, which he should have used on Saturday, but which he put off till Sunday, he went into the pulpit with this bottle in his pocket. In the midst of his sermon, while his hands were uplifted and he was about to close a fine sentence, he leaned heavily against the pulpit, and smash went the bottle. With hands uplifted, still with his unfinished sermon, he rushed down the pulpit stairs, through the center aisle, out of the church, and all the congregation followed him. Had the good man gone crazy? On he rushed till he came to a pond a short distance from the church, into which he plunged, while the congregation stood in amazement, wondering if their pastor was about to commit suicide. He explained the action of the aqua fortis and in a short time secured some dry clothes and returned to the pulpit and finished his sermon.

I think myself a little of the aqua fortis would be good for some of the brethren, and it would be wholesome perhaps in some of the pews. We need the old negro's prayer to be fulfilled here in New York. He prayed for the northern brother who came down to preach for him. He said: "Lord bless dis yer white man dat's come down from de north to preach for us. Fill him with de flame of de spirit, annint him wid de kerosene ile of salvation and set him afire."

FIGHT IN THE CHURCH.

Fifth—They show that they are dead in the fact that they have no ear to hear, no heart to pity, no arm to save the struggling, suffering thousands that surge about their doors. There is a ceaseless cry about the city that goes to the heart of one that knows its distress. It is like the low moaning of the wind before the storm, and he whose ear is tuned to its weird music can hear it in the noonday rush above the din and roar; can hear it in the silence of the night above the city's groan, for it never sleeps. And yet there are hundreds of churches that hear this cry and hear it unmoved. They are complacent in their ease. They have gotten in the old traditional jog trot and think it is all right. They jog smoothly along and never hear it thunder, and if anybody suggests that it thundered they are shocked, because they have been disturbed. They are wedded to the mechanics of a traditional progress that is no progress at all—that is simply the refuse of small minds and weak personalities.

Many of these churches have been corrupted by the forces of our corrupt civilization. Fashion and pride and wealth have made their inroads and erected their standards around the very altar of the Most High God. A pastor was recently driven out of one of our great churches because of an old fight in the church. Four years ago a minority of the members of the church attempted to force him out, and on what grounds do you suppose they brought their action? First, he was not an orator; second, that he paid too much attention to the poor. Amazing fact! And yet Jesus said when John's disciples came to ask if he be the Messiah, "Tell John the poor have the gospel preached unto them." The whole truth is that these churches have pushed back the people and neglected them for their own clique and their own coterie until the spirit of God has in grief departed. They have lost the capacity to convey the spirit to other hearts.

Sixth—Many of our churches are dead, and we know it, because they have dead preachers. We exclaim today, with the sacred seer, "Lord, they have killed thy prophets!" The power of the pulpit is the power unto life when properly applied. There is no power today in this nation equal to the power of the Christian pulpit when it is used for all it is worth. Men may say that they despise it, that it is the parson who is prattling, but when the pulpit is united upon a great theme its influence upon any community in America is simply resistless. Men of the world know this. The editors of our great newspapers know it, and know it to the bottom. And if there is a failure in our cities to save people we must take upon our own shoulders a large share of the weight of this fearful responsibility.

The present condition of the city cannot be stated and waved aside by laying it upon other shoulders. We, the ministers of God, are in some measure certainly responsible for that fact. If the power committed to the ministry had been used in teaching the pews, such would not be today the fact. In ancient times the prophets of God were the leaders of the race. Their authority was the authority of truth, and it was supreme. The prophet spoke to kings and princes with his power. The prophet of the modern day has the same right. He has the same commission. He has the same duty. The prophets of today are men of talent. They are magnificently endowed. They are the best trained ministry the world has ever seen. Why this pitiable weakness in our centers of life? Alas, they have killed the prophets! There is no doubting the fact. Some of them have been choked to death by orthodox collars.

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

Protestantism has failed in our great cities often because it had in it too much Romanism without the power of Rome. The brethren have been busy keeping the faith. They have kept a large pack of hounds to chase heretics out of the fields. They have spent their energy in silencing men that do not follow after their sect. For the last 20 years the church has been busy manufacturing preachers who wear the collar of certain creeds. Some of our seminaries have advertised that their collars are warranted to hold, and when the victims have begun to grow, the collar being made of immovable material, they are of necessity choked to death. You can go by some of these churches and hear them wheeze. You can hear the death rattle in their throats. Their teacher told them that a sermon is a work of art, and they have been making it a work of art so skillfully that there is not a point or a corner anywhere about it. It makes not the slightest impression upon the hard conscience of men and women who hear it.

When some of these poor fellows get tired of the collar and try to take it off, there is a sensation of the wrong sort. Some of these preachers in our cities have been murdered to death. They have been murdered to death by conventionality and traditionalism. In all the pews in these solemn mausoleums there sit stranglers whose hands are skillful in the art of throttling the personality of the men who fill the pulpits. Men come to the city full of rural enthusiasms. They are fools enough to believe in the possibilities of saving men and women. They get into one of these iceboxes and preach for a few months, until the very marrow in their bones is chilled, and then they try to get the people in. They grow restless. They make a desperate effort, but the dear brethren sit down on them, and they are smothered to death.

There are fewer Methodists in New York now than there were 20 years ago, and yet a stirring Methodist evangelist has been packing a great theater full of people during the past few months, and his head in a charger. They say he is disturbing the cosmic dust that has settled on their churches. They say that he is drawing away their constituency, and they are going to make a motion to cast him out of the synagogue. A man passed by a church where there was great excitement the other day. He asked if a revival was in progress. The sexton said no; they were trying a heretic. We have life of a certain sort. It is expended in hunting out the heretics and crucifying them and letting the world go to the devil.

THE THIRTEEN REASONS.

Some of these men are scared to death, not because they are weak and craven, but because they are human. They have the 13 reasons for not doing many things they want to do—a wife and 12 children. They are anxious to please the pews, and they imitate the great preacher of the sixteenth century. A fellow wrote to me some time ago to recommend him to a church looking for a preacher and begged me to write him in advance the day the committee would come to hear him preach that he might be on the lookout for strangers in the pews. Many of our preachers are afraid of the power of criticism. It is hard to be cursed, to be lied about, to be misrepresented and slandered by the traditional forces that maintain things as they are and by a blackguard press that is ever ready to take up any cry against a minister of Christ.

And, alas! some of these men are worked to death. The work to be done in a modern city church cannot be done by one man. Whatever our fathers may have done, the man who stands at the head of a church in a modern city and attempts of himself to master its work has undertaken the impossible. It cannot be done. The only churches in the city of New York—the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic—that have made any progress have been the churches in which the number of workers in a given parish have been adequate to the work to be accomplished. There are churches in this city that require 10 men in the capacity of associates and assistants, in which a solitary little Protestant preacher stands up and hammers away until they carry him off to the cemetery and bury his little wornout body, for else they take him to the insane asylum or to some sanitarium, where he has the luxury of an invalid's life and poverty and suffering for his portion.

THE BROADWAY CABLE.

It is time for our churches to wake to the fact of their failure and to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of modern city life. We do not need any more ecclesiastical tombs buildings. The people do not want them. They will not go into them after they are built. They are useless baggage. We need buildings adapted to catch men. We need sacred secular buildings. We need gospel cars to preach to railroad men beneath the sheds. We need to lay our hands on the ways of travel. We need to preach through the press and to convert the modern press to Jesus Christ—to preach to the press and through the press. The time has come for us to be all things to all men, if by all means we may save some, and not be afraid of making a sensation; to be wise as serpents, to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness—that is, to use common sense, to be alive, to do the work of the Master in living ways.

Whenever the church determines to do its work it will be done. The power is at hand, if we will but utilize it. It is not a question of the loss of power; it is the refusal of the Christian to use the power. A little child exploded the mine under Hell Gate and cleared the channel of rocks that had defied navigation for centuries. The little child simply pressed the button that connected the electric current with the hidden battery. The Christian has simply to touch the electric current of the Spirit of the Most High God, and the hidden mines deep down in the human soul will be exploded; the hidden rocks that have obstructed our progress in society through the centuries of the past will be cleared, some of them in an instant.

A little child with her tiny hand started the great cable on Broadway and sent the cars spinning over their track. The child simply opened the steam valve, and the steam did the work. The Christian has simply to lay his hand—as a Christian—on the world, and the Spirit of God will do the work. The trouble with us simply is that we have not come in vital contact with the world.

The Evils of the Installment System.

"As a compiler of statistics and a student of social conditions I have recently made some studies that may be interesting," said F. T. Croyden. "It is in reference to the effect that the time or easy payment credit system has upon the people throughout the land. I have studied this phase of the social problem in three of the largest cities in the country and find the system to be an evil influence at work among the poor classes. To do this I have been compelled to be a collector and visit daily a certain number of persons where payments fell due weekly or monthly. The goods on which the payments were made were of decidedly small value—articles being sold for $5 and $10 and being paid for at 25 cents a week or $1 a month. Now, all these goods were sold in the small homes where the parties could not pay cash, but had a craving for fine furnishings, which they satisfied with a cheap semblance of luxury.

"This was one of the evil results. A second was that this little payment system taught them to shirk their duty of promptly paying it. It taught them to put off the bill week after week until the whole was due and then to avoid payment by all sorts of excuses and subterfuges, the practice of which is degrading. A continued period of this kind of buying makes of this people what the dealers term bad cases."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Enforcing Her Views of Cremation.

The people of Isham, a village between Kettering and Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, have lately been considerably agitated by the refusal of Mrs. Perry, a prominent local landowner, to give the parish any more land to add to their churchyard or to make a cemetery. At the present time the burial ground—which surrounds the parish church and is at a considerable height from the street in the middle of the village—is quite filled, and at recent funerals numbers of bones and pieces of half rotten coffins have been disinterred to make room for fresh graves. The reason given by the lady, who possesses eligible ground close by, is that she refuses on the ground that cremation is the most satisfactory way to dispose of the dead and that she disapproves of burial in the midst of the village.—London News.

MORE SILLY TWADDLE.

John A. Stevens, of Wayne county, a member of the last House of Listing Curiosities, has got out another letter. As he says The Progressive Farmer "abused" him, we publish his letter this week. He manages to work in the same old charges, but furnishes absolutely no proof. In fact he has the happy faculty of being able to write a two-column article without making a single point in the direction he seems to be driving. In his latest he charges himself to the minutes of the last State Alliance meeting, like the fellow who tied himself to a stump and when the steer ran away he yelled "somebody please stop me." Stevens is in exactly that condition now.

As every reader can see the truthfulness in Stevens' letter, it is not necessary to controvert any of it. Most of it can be found in the minutes of the last State meeting, has never been denied by anybody, and was published and copies furnished to every Alliance in the State. Stevens might select a number of verses from the Bible and have them inserted in between, but no sensible person would lose faith in the Bible on that account.

It will be noticed that Stevens denies voting for the repeal of the charter. He is more of a coward than we thought he was. We cannot deny that he was among the sneaks who plotted to overthrow the Alliance, yet when the time came he was too great a coward to own for his own work.

Nobody has denied the amount paid to Alliance lecturers. The Sub, County and State Alliances voted for it to be done and we have lecturing done as long as the Alliance exists. As to the delay on the part of the Trustee in paying the funds back to the fund, sorry, weak kneed contributors who have and will ask for it, nobody with the sense of a ten year-old boy will criticize, for the business had to be put in proper shape, calculations made, postage deducted and all the law on both sides complied with. More than that it would not be business to pay a fellow who rushed forward with the certificates right away and demanded others, and when Stevens or anybody eles intimates that there was no money to pay them, they tell a deliberate falsehood. A few small bills remain unpaid. For instance J. S. Bell owes twenty odd dollars. He was one of the sneaks who worked for the repeal of the charter. There was a small loss on cotton bagging, too much being bought, but it will probably be sold next season. Then there is a loss on one double seated back, ordered last summer from Cincinnati, Ohio, for E. A. Stevens, of Wayne county, business agent of the same Alliance that J. A. Stevens we suppose. And by the way, this same J. A. Stevens wrote the order for the back and did most of the correspondence about the back for E. A. Stevens. Owing to the factory being behind with orders the back was not shipped promptly. Stevens refused to take it and the State Agent had to pay for it. Hence we find J. A. Stevens and J. S. Bell, two of the prominent sneaks in plotting the overthrow of the Alliance, were the two who caused two of the losses that are to be adjusted before the funds are paid to anyone.

No business concern has had better management or fewer losses than the State Agency fund. Now we wonder if Stevens and Bell will not stay in their holes?—Progressive Farmer.

WHY THIS HOWL.

It seems as though Populists are not the only calamity howlers. A good many bankers are howling most lustily just now. What is the matter, you howling idiots? Don't you know that we are in the midst of unparalleled prosperity? And there can't be any scarcity of money, for your tools have declared from every platform in America that there is plenty of money, and that our financial system is the best the world ever saw. Say, what is the matter, anyhow? Stop your howling long enough to tell us why you howl. Did you consent to help squeeze the American people until they would howl for more bonds, and yourself get caught in the toils and squeezed?

General Weaver has for years exposed and denounced the monstrous injustice of our much vaunted "best financial system the world has ever seen." None have dared to meet him face to face before the people, but a horde of cowardly curs yelping at his heels "demagogue," "cranks," "Junmping Jim," "Pass the hat Jim." ect., have distracted the attention of the mass of the people, and prevented thousands who were compelled to acknowledge the force of his arguments from asserting their belief through fear of abuse and vilification. The financial structure (if it may be dignified by such an appellation) must tumble about their ears, before they will wake up to do their own thinking and dare to act according to their convictions. It is tumbling and they are thinking—the gain will be vastly greater than the loss—let it tumble!—Union Dispatch.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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