

After this burst of surprise and indignation, there came a sort of "me-too" commingling of ideas. Dr. Iliff followed the lead of Dr. Mabry and a number of others also relieved themselves by expressing similar protestations directed toward the Rev. E. E. Carr, but the latter is a gentleman not easily dismayed, and not readily put down. He again ascended the platform and, according to report, launched forth as follows:

"I want to state that I am backed in what I asserted by the statements of scores and hundreds of people, who believe in placing the blame where it belongs. When I spoke as I did I remembered that I was speaking to an audience of Methodist Episcopal ministers. I was just as much ashamed as Dr. Iliff or Dr. Mabry could be, to state that the church was in league with the liquor traffic. All resolutions introduced without work, are wind—all wind. The Christian church, by her ballots, is in league with the liquor traffic. [Applause.] Three-fourths of the people of Utah and the United States vote to sustain whisky men in office. Some one has said tonight that the whisky men have \$400,000,000 to fight their battles. We have the votes; they buy our votes. [Tremendous applause.] It is just as respectable for a man to stand behind a bar and sell drinks to damn souls into eternal hell as it is for men to vote to put them in power to sell whisky. [Applause.] I tell you the church is in league with the liquor traffic. Votes count, and I don't sell mine. Some of you cheered and cheered heartily when Mr. Mabry resented the charge that the church was in league with the saloon. Yet you all voted for whisky men at the last election. The church is not in league with the liquor traffic! Oh, no! Sentiment is all right, but it must be crystalized into action. Lord deliver us from evil." [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Mr. Carr is one of the clergymen who took a prominent part in the law and order meetings held in the Methodist Episcopal Church a year ago. It will be remembered that those gatherings were held for the purpose of urging the city government to enforce the laws against crime and vice in this city, which had grown to alarming proportions during even the first two months of "Liberal" rule. He is a man of both mental and physical vigor and his evident honesty and earnestness carry his hearers with him while he speaks. In the main point of the controversy under consideration he had the truth on his side, which can readily be proved, and he was therefore invincible.

LAZARUS AT THE GATE.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Here," said the good minister to the applicant at the back door, "you can have these crusts of bread; that is all I have for you today."

"Are we all brothers?" asked the boy, looking up into his face; "you said so last Sunday when you preached to us."

"Yes, yes," said the minister, turning red, "we are all, I hope, brothers in Christ."

"An' would you give your poor brother crusts of moldy bread to eat?" the boy asked seriously.

Lazarus does not often ask questions. It is more like him to take the moldy bread with meek civility, and when he

is out of sight to hurl it over the fence with murder in his heart and maledictions on his tongue. It is such a bitter affront to his poverty that he can neither forgive nor forget it. And on the lintel of that house he writes his shibboleth in the mystic letters of his tribe.

"Shall I ask him into my parlor and regale him on strong coffee and toast?" asks the well-housed citizen who denies relationship with Lazarus.

"Better men have done it, my friend. The good Bishop Rienvu, in 'Les Miserables,' the Monsigneur Welcome of the poor people, ordered another knife and fork laid for the rough traveler in search of a lodging, and clean sheets to be put on the bed in the alcove, then he said:

"Sit down and warm yourself, sir. We shall sup directly and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

And the astonished man who had announced himself as a convict said:

"You call me 'sir'; you do not 'thou' me. 'Get out you dog!' that is what is always said to me."

Then we are told that ignominy thirsts for respect. But alas for the climax, if we read it with the sordid interpretation of our earthly senses alone. Jean Valjean, the convict, steals the bishop's silver, is arrested and brought back with it in his possession. But the good bishop argues that all he has belongs to the poor and he tells the gendarmes that it is a mistake and the man is free. Then he gives him his silver candlesticks with the injunction that he is never to forget to employ their value in becoming an honest man. Here is the good bishop's formula for Christians of all creeds, when they deal with the vicious poor:

"My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I withdraw it from your black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

The Chinese never give an inferior thing to the poor. They say their best is none too good. The poet-priest, Father Ryan, now gone to his reward, was of the same opinion. He was invited by the ladies of Mobile to give a lecture. He told them he had nothing to wear, so they ordered a new suit and had it sent to his house the evening of the lecture. While he was eating his frugal supper a beggar rapped at his door asking for clothes.

"I have none except those I wear," said the good man. "Stay a moment. Here is a suit I have never worn. Take it, and God's blessing go with you," and he laid the package containing his new clothes in the tramp's arm and delivered the lecture in his old ones. There may have been zeal without judgment, but who doubts the goodness that led to the action and made it fine?

I knew an excellent man once who never refused the beggar at his gate a warm meal, but while the man ate he sat by him and took the role of father-confessor.

"You have sinned or you would not have been where you are," this good man would say, as the hand, palsied with age and dirt, conveyed the food in trembling mouthfuls. "Acknowledge your sin. If you are penitent and reform you may yet be saved."

If the vagrant tried to deny or evade a direct answer the superior man and

brother was ready with his texts. "I have the Bible for an authority," he would say. "David, the man after God's heart, said these words: 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.'"

And one day this respecter of persons met with a rebuff where least expected. A veritable old tramp without a single ear mark of respectability was eating the food of charity with apparent relish when the master of the house began his favorite canticle about helping deserving poverty, ending with the remarks of King David. The tramp pushed back his chair and left his food uneaten.

"I didn't ask for a sermon, an' I ain't spillin' fur a job. I've done some mean things in my life, but I reckon David warn't always straight himself, if my memory serves me, an' it ain't fair to hit a man when he is down. I'd rather go hungry; much obliged for your vittals, but the seasoning ain't to my likin'."

There has been a woman begging from house to house at occasional periods who always asks for luxuries. A little white sugar, some jelly—or, as she calls it, "jell"—a piece of cake or pie. She said she kept her family in the necessities of life, but her son dying of consumption craved delicacies, and for his sake she resorted to begging at intervals. Her wish to remain unknown and her refusal to give her address led people to think her an impostor. Finally she was traced to her home and it was a sight to move any heart to see the poor boy in the last stages of this distressing illness kept clean and comfortable and made happy by a supply of such food as he craved. There was no longer any need for the mother to beg. The substantial features of the case at once appealed to the charitable heart and hand.

You have only to imagine the spectres of want which attend unseen on every beggar who with bold persistence rings your door-bell to be snubbed by your cross man-servant or maid-servant who is clothed in a little brief authority for the occasion.

You do not need to join any society or wear any regalia or go slumming in order to exhibit a picturesque charity. The slums come to you every day—the poor you have with you always.

"Listen to my tale of woe," chants Lazarus at your gate and you call him an impostor, and are not willing to recognize him until he is in Abraham's bosom.

I would like to suggest that cold food is not good enough for Lazarus. Warm your buckwheat cakes and put syrup on them. Warm up your cold coffee. You need not serve it with a silver spoon, because that might be too great a temptation. Silver is convertible into money. We could not trust ourselves in his case, if we were cold and homeless and poor with winter coming on, and a rich man's sumpter-spoon in our hand. And if you give your oatmeal porridge of day before yesterday to an old beggar woman, just take the trouble to put it over the fire and heat it up. And don't grudge her that remnant of cream with it. She may be an angel before you are. In that wonderful novel, "Jane Eyre," we have a good picture of a beggar's treat-