

"Here is John Jones, a stout, stalwart laborer in rags, who has not had one square meal for a month, who has been hunting for work that will enable him to keep body and soul together, and hunting in vain. There he is in his hungry ruggedness, asking for work that he may live, and not die of sheer starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city of the world. What is to be done with John Jones?" Society, by its peculiar methods, is breeding the submerged classes, the destructive classes. You put Jones in prison if he steals a loaf of bread, but he had no notion of committing the deed until his necessities forced him to it. While he is in need of something to eat he sees men

about him living in ease and luxury. The conditions to which I have just alluded are very much stronger in foreign countries than they are in the United States. The conditions of working and living are far better in America than they are in England and on the continent.

If the rich did their full duty to the poor, they would not be so rich and Jones would not be so poor. The rich would give away more of their wealth. A man should make all the money he can honestly, and save all he can with due regard to the necessities of others. He should give away all that he can to those who have not been favored as he has been.

### PREACHERS EXCHANGING VIEWS.

Conference, Not Criticism—Not a Review Section—Not Discussion, but Experiences and Suggestions.

#### Lying in the Pulpit.

HARD words? Is it ever done? Well, what *shall* we call it when a man deliberately states as true what he is perfectly aware is not true?

The writer heard a preacher tell this story:

He [the story-telling preacher] was attending a little boy in his last sickness. The end was near. Heaven was beyond, but great mountains between. The little sufferer pleaded, "Who will carry me over the mountains?" and no one answered. The child turned his face to the wall, and in a little while turned back with a sweet smile and said, "Mamma, Jesus will carry me over the mountains."

Now the first question is, what were that minister and that mother (a lovely Christian woman, of course) about, to let the little boy struggle through unaided while they stood by (bathed in tears) and *neither of them mentioned the name of Jesus?*

But the second point is that the story is older than the man who told it, hav-

ing been printed in a tract of respectable, if not venerable, antiquity. When a man appropriates an ancient incident to his own personality and says, "*I* was there, and it happened to *me*," when he knows perfectly well that he was *not* there, and it did *not* happen to him, I consider it lying—and the worst kind of lying, because uttered in the most sacred place.

I have actually known a young preacher to defend this kind of thing. He thought it "made the incident more lifelike." Well, Jesus never thought so. He was content to say, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," "A certain man had two sons," and what have the ages found those matchless stories to lack?

But this dishonest impersonation has grave dangers. A respectable man told me the following incident: "*I* went," he said, "to hear a certain revivalist, and he told a story of his own experience, that when he was a boy he fell into a well. His father let down a rope to him, which he caught, and pulled him up till he nearly reached