

powerful by provoking betrayals of every kind of trust in every level of life. Even if it be contended that the methods of the press are not more reprehensible now than ten years ago, and the contents of the papers no lower in standard, the influence of the same quantity of immorality is greater, for every year gives the daily press a wider field. The papers are cheaper because raw paper is cheaper, because type is set by machinery, and because perfected presses now print twenty thousand papers in the time that the presses of ten years ago printed half the number.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, on a recent Sunday in Washington, burst into a pæan of praise of the daily press. As the politician, the alderman, the business man, the professional man, and all who fear being overlooked and forgotten, pander to the press to their own advantage, so Dr. Talmage pandered. He never approached a subject that required such prayerful preparation; he never addressed himself to an audience more in need of sincere counsel, yet he indulged in oratorical fireworks, and was afraid to deliver his message. In church last Sunday, I thought of Dr. Talmage. In the pulpit stood a man who spent many years in training to fit him for the task of delivering that sermon to a congregation of about five hundred people. During his years of preparation he had been drilled and made perfect in the knowledge of the church to which he belongs—its traditions, its history; he had pored over the writings of its founders and its leading men. He had studied philosophy, psychology, logic, and the ethics. He was taught not only what was believed in other times, but why those beliefs were abandoned, and how truer wisdom succeeded the false. He was taught not only what was true, but why it was true, and was trained in logic so that he would know how to proceed in entirely new premises. More than all, his sincerity, his single-

ness of purpose and purity of life were tested, and after years of preparation he was finally ready to stand in a pulpit and speak to a congregation of five hundred people, fifty-two Sundays in the year.

The editor of a daily newspaper reaches a congregation, not of five hundred, fifty-two days in the year, but of five thousand, or fifty thousand, over three hundred days in the year. The editor speaks to the members of his congregation, not in an impersonal bulk, but he puts his message in the hand of the individual at the breakfast table, or in the quiet of his room in the evening. The parson reaches only those people who come voluntarily and predisposed to hear and approve what is said; the editor's message goes out in search of auditors, and not only strengthens those who agree with him, but argues with, and perhaps persuades, those who do not agree. Who, then, are the men who wield this immense power and enjoy this vast pre-eminence? They are not trained anywhere. They pass no examination as to knowledge; they possess no certificate of character; they forswear no heresy; they subscribe to no creed; they are not under bonds to respect anything, to promote any good cause, or to overthrow any evil thing. They arrive precariously at editorial chairs, where each one of them addresses daily a congregation vaster than any cathedral would hold; and, as a rule, they are wholly unconscious of their congregations. They wonder why the world is going so fast to Hades, without perceiving that they are standing on a lever to whose slightest depression the whole mechanism of life responds.

A man was hanged the other day—a man who had smothered many women and children. From the time of his arrest to the time of his execution he was, in the columns of the daily papers of North America, treated as the most important and interesting man on the face of the whole earth.