

all done in the name of the religion of the Prince of Peace, the God of Love! And the same spirit still speaks—though but in whispers in these latter days: the same internecine war still slays and roars on all the plains of Christendom! Meanwhile the "*poor* perish, and no man layeth it to heart!"

" With fingers weary and worn ;
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread."

How many thousands are just thus doomed tonight in the great Christian (?) cities that wallow in luxuries, unrebuked of priest or preacher!

All the churches profess to hold one and the same belief as stated in the Apostles' Creed—the sum and substance of the faith, and yet all are at variance as to *what* to believe! Is not this the very riddle of riddles? The fact is, each church has *two* creeds—a primary creed, built of a few stones both massive and divine, and a supplementary one of pebbles, chips and straw, very largely human. Now, does not this latter pretty generally obscure the former? Are not the by-laws made to do duty for the constitution? Have not man's pride, prejudice, obstinacy, a tendency to magnify the microscopic, and fight for little traditional shibboleths, lamentably drawn him away from the conten-