

attempt to shift responsibility, when the first editorial sentence reads, "Ten to one it is your own fault if to day is 'Blue Monday.'"¹ We would like to have watched the expression on the countenance of one of the exhausted pressmen as he perused that effusion of editorial charity and wisdom.

Robbing the laborer of his much-needed Sabbath rest, rendering him, if not indifferent to, at least disqualified for his Sabbath obligations, incapacitating thousands upon thousands of minds for the proper reception of Divine truth, if not altogether disinclining them thereto, the Sunday newspaper may be regarded as one of the greatest of existing enemies of Divine institutions and of human interests, one of the most aggressive and baneful of all modern forces of evil, the more so that its assaults upon morality are not open and direct, but insidious and indirect. As such, Christian men owe it to their Master and to the world to discountenance it by every means in their power. They should refrain from its perusal and use all proper means to induce others to do the same. They should refuse to use its columns for the advertisement of their business. Churches should not patronize it by announcing their services in it. Ministers should exert their influence against it in public and in private. A lost Sabbath means ultimately a lost morality, for the loss of that which conserves religion is the loss of that which conserves morality. A lost Sabbath means a lost nationality, for its loss means the exhaustion of all the resources which constitute the strength of nationality. This it was that the experience of Israel, which is held up in the Holy Scriptures as a warning to the world's nations, attested. Toward a similar experience, urged on by the baleful influence of the "Sunday newspaper," America is hurrying with increasing speed. For that influence, in measure at least, the membership of the Christian Church is responsible. Let it bear the burden of that responsibility no longer.

Extravagance and Poverty.

Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses, while this house lieth waste?—Haggai i. 4.

THAT the occasion of the irritation, which, in increasing degree, is manifesting itself among the poor, is not simply the contrast in conditions between themselves and the wealthy, we think is very certain. Other occasions combine with this to give double intensity to the feeling. Among these is the conviction that so much goes to absolute waste simply to gratify a morbid desire for display. It is not that the poor of a certain class, at least, would have that which is thrown away thus apportioned directly or indirectly among themselves, but simply that it is galling to them to see that, which comes so hardly as a compensation for their labor, poured out like water before their eyes in useless extravagances; doubly so, because they recognize the fact that in the social world this display, or the financial ability to make it, is regarded as the one great essential, the *sine quâ non* of recognition and influence, by the side of which moral and intellectual worth have no value whatever. Shakespeare voices the sentiments of these irritated classes when, in the opening scene of "Coriolanus," he puts into the mouth of one of the citizens of Rome the words, "We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear."

It is a matter for congratulation that the wasteful luxury of certain classes in society is arousing to indignant remonstrance not only those who might be denominated professional humanitarians, but some of the most brilliant of our distinctively literary writers. The voice of the popular litterateur is able to reach many an ear inaccessible to others. Its power in securing needed reforms is shown in the wonderful