

accentuated by the words "very funny." *O tempora! O mores!*

A most offensive feature of these unscriptural methods of supplying the treasurer with money enough to meet the current expenses is that in many instances they are exhibited and prosecuted without any apparent sense of shame in the very House of God itself. We have seen the "audience-room" shamelessly dismantled for this purpose: the carpets were removed, the pulpit furniture was concealed, the Holy Bible was put out of sight, and the chancel was extemporized for a bazaar for the sale of goods on commission; a booth was erected for a mock "post-office," through which were circulated missives of outgushing, sentimental twaddle; and a fraudulent "art gallery," and a "Jacob's Well," from which was dispensed, at five cents a glass, diluted lemon-juice; and the tops of the pews were covered with boards serving as tables for miscellaneous lots of crockery, glass, and wooden ware, tidies, needle and worsted work, a medley of toys and bric-a-brac, and a thousand other things "useful and ornamental" as the usual prior advertisement puts it—all for sale at prices which were simply extortionate. It is sacrilege pure and simple. If Christ came to church on such an occasion, it is not improbable that it would excite in Him just indignation, as on an occasion not very unlike it in His own day. Find-

ing, on entering the holy precincts of the temple, that some avaricious Jews had turned its sacred courts into a cattle-market, and others were using them as *pro tempore* brokers' offices, and still others as aviaries of salable doves, He quickly extemporized "a scourge of small cords" and "drove them all out of the temple," upsetting their tables and dumping upon the floor their ill-gotten gains, exclaiming the while in angry tone, "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves. Take these things hence: make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

If we must have these things, fairs, pumpkin socials, rhyming frolics, soapbubble parties, theatricals, comic operettas, *et id genus omne*, to serve as feeders of small change for depleted treasuries, why should not Churches that feel this necessity so oppressively build an annex to their church edifice in which to display and sell their merchandise, to have all their funny shows and comic exhibitions? There might be made a side door, or private entrance, from the annex into the church proper; and, now and then, becoming tired of and disgusted with these things as current means of keeping the Church "in the swim," possibly a few of the "outsiders" might unobservedly enter the church and themselves become good, staunch, paying members thereof.

## EDITORIAL SECTION.

### LIVING ISSUES FOR PULPIT TREATMENT.

#### The Submerged Tenth.

By REV. B. F. KIDDER, PH.D.

No one may build his house over a miasmatic quagmire and reasonably expect to enjoy either health or safety. From mere selfish policy, if for no other

reason, he should first seek to drain the bog. But the labor thereof is great and its performance most disagreeable.

Yet there is the slough, right in the midst of the world's fairest acres; and it is breeding death for every passing breeze.