

from which we quote the above editorial appears this letter from a correspondent, "E. N. P.," whose description will fit that of probably a large majority of the Sunday performances at the orthodox churches, where the only gods really worshipped are the Trinity of Mammon, Comfort, and Mother Grundy:

"Yesterday I attended the morning service in one of your great city churches. Several clergymen were present, and there was a large congregation. The sermon was on the high calling of the Christian ministry. The clergyman must be an upright man. He has to deal with eternity. He represents God on earth and man in heaven. He must draw the line between justness and unjustness. The man who is called to the ministry of God is called to come up higher, etc. Admirable commonplace! No need to think or feel here.

"Innumerable prayers, long and short;

the Lord's Prayer twice. There was an alternation of many voices, among them one especially pleasant that intoned the Litany. Purple and fine linen, perfume, 'a dim, religious light,' five hundred persons well dressed and physically comfortable for two hours. But 'Oh, the pity of it, Iago!'

"The sound of music was as the trilling of nightingales and the gush of woodland streams to the weary traveller in the desert. Otherwise it was 'words, words, words.' Vain repetition. What solace to the perplexed heart and brain? No place for the God of love: all for the God of incense—the same God to whom the Romans sacrificed their bullocks.

"I believe in the eternal verities. I believe in the divinity of Christ. But with all my soul I disbelieve in a church that can substitute a perfect routine for an active, living, warning factor. Better a hundred times a moral theatre than a cut-and-dried, lifeless church."

TO THE SPIRIT OF PEACE: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OH, come, gentle spirit! How long will you tarry?
Too fleet are your visits, too swift is your flight;
The moments are flying, the old year is dying—
Come, rest your white wings in my bosom to-night.

Oh, cast your bright robes round the flaw in each idol,
And let me behold but the semblance of clay;
To-night, in my dreaming, I would have the seeming
Of cankerless roses that fade not away!

To-night, I am tenderly, wistfully thinking
Of hearts heavy-laden with sorrow and care,
Of idols all shattered, of friendships all scattered,
Of bright hopes all ended in doubt and despair.

If my foot hath trespassed to sadden my neighbor,
To cause him a heart-ache, a sigh, or a tear,
Ere his heart may harden, I crave for his pardon—
God bless him, and send him a Happy New Year!

Oh, leave a white gleam from your wing in departing—
A leaf from the olive-branch-emblem so dear!
To brighten the dawning and gladden the morning—
To greet with a welcome the coming New Year!

—Boston Investigator.

E. E. CHEVELEY.