

NO PLACE FOR THE POOR.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER REBUKES HIS OWN PEOPLE.

The Hand of Christian Fellowship Kid-Gloved—Real Causes of "Sins of a City"—The Ideal Woman—News of the Churches.

Rev. Robert I. Fleming, pastor of the Lindell Avenue M.E. Church, preached last Sunday on "The Sins of the City." In treating his subject, Dr. Fleming did not place the blame for existing evils on officials for the non-enforcement of the laws, but blamed the churches for not awakening public sentiment. He accused the Church of to-day of holding aloof from and antagonizing the working people. He took his text from Luke xix., 41, "And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it."

This is the age of the search light, the preacher argued. It has come to pass that there is nothing hidden that is not being revealed. City and country politics and religion are under the searching scrutiny of the most fearless criticism to which they have ever been subjected. No calling, no institution, has been too sacred, no position in Church or State has shielded any from the focused light that gleams forth in this intensely democratic day. Nothing has been more noticeable during the last two decades than the interest with which the problems of the great cities have been studied. The cities are the controlling factors in the world's civilization. They dictate the politics and fashions; they give the keynote to literature and religion. From olden times the city has meant empire. It has wielded the scepter in nearly every land. Jerusalem was Judea and Israel, Athens was Greece, Rome was Italy, Paris is France, London is England, New York is the East, Chicago the Northwest, St. Louis and New Orleans are the lower half of the Mississippi Valley. The farmer is in the grip of the big cities, and he can not sell a dozen eggs in Oklahoma to-morrow until Chicago or St. Louis is heard from to settle the price. It is a sad fact of our humanity that sin abounds where people most abound.

In St. Louis there are, speaking generously, 300 churches, chapels and missions, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The estimate of the seating capacity of these churches gives a total of 225,000. St. Louis has a population of 600,000, so that should St. Louis want to go to church next Sunday, 375,000 could not get in. In 1880 we had a church for every 2,800 inhabitants; we need one for every 700. On the other hand, we have 2,000 licensed dramshops in the city, being one for every 300 of the people. Reckoning the cost of rent, light, license, labor, etc., at \$5,000 a year each, we have a cost for liquor of \$18.66 per every man, woman and child in the city. Take the running expenses of the churches at the same figure, we have a total of \$1,500,000 per year, while the mere cost of running the saloons amounts to \$10,000,000. Add to those ten millions of dollars the cost of say half the cost of justices' and police courts, half the cost of maintaining the hospitals, asylums, and poor house, directly or indirectly the result of the saloon, and we have a sum high up into millions, which imposes a tax on each individual of probably twenty times as much as the average school tax.

Not content with running six days in the week, the liquor traffic has been openly carried on, in violation of law, on the Sabbath. It is proposed now to stop it. It is proposed to organize a law and order league that shall create sentiment among respectable people of St. Louis, and compel something of decency in the enforcement of law. The Chief of Police and his men stand ready to enforce the law only up to the point demanded by public sentiment. They are not reformers, and say they can not push against the tide. What is proposed is a union of all good citizens who stand for the enforcement of the law.

As to the social evil, there are facts that confront us sufficient to awaken every father and mother to the magnitude of this sin. It is an arraignment of Christianity that the footfall of the Magdalen is heard under the shadows of the stately temples of our city. It is a continual sorrow to the Son of God that they are outcasts with scarce an eye to pity, scarce an arm to save.

Gladstone calls this the century of the workingman. This man has attracted

attention in America of late. Bureaus of statistics, States and nations, reviewers, political and religious, notice him with voluminous deference. He is a man with coarse clothes, rough hands, hard muscles and an earnest face. The anomaly in history is this American workingman. He is free. He holds a ballot. He controls elections. His vote will place any man in the presidency. If sovereignty is kingship he is king.

What is the attitude of the workingman toward the Church? Does it bridge the chasm of his discontent? The Church has preached the truth, it has spent money freely in evangelistic labor. The wage earners have had better clothes and a fairer chance than ever to hear the Gospel, yet there are indications that the tendency of Protestant churches are away from sympathy with the laborers of America. The drift of Protestantism is toward intelligence, respectability and excellent apparel. The Church has reached out its hand to the workingman, but the hand was kid-gloved. Go through the churches of a city where two-thirds of the population consists of workingmen, and, in the average congregation, not more than one-twentieth are laborers.

In Chicago, one person in nineteen is a member of an evangelical church; in Cincinnati, one in twenty-three; remembering, then, that the majority of church members are women and children, see in what insignificant proportions the workingman is represented in the house of God. Again, the fact is as important, as it is well known, that the loud and largely false declamations against capital, with the acknowledged alliance of the wealthy with the churches, has led the laborer to draw the line of division at the door of the sanctuary. When Theodore Parker said that "In the American church money is God," it was a false arraignment; yet a late writer in the North American Review has the boldness to declare: "Say what we may, the Protestant Church has no place for the poor man within its pale."

New York churches retire from the fashionable quarter below Fourteenth street. Chicago Christianity moves down to the aristocratic portions of the North and South sides. The tendency of St. Louis churches is to the West End. At Newark, N. J., recently in a workingman's convention, every mention of the word church was hissed, while the name of Christ was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The last Evangelical Alliance appointed two of its ablest men to discuss the alienation of the masses from the Church, and proclaimed from its platform that the masses are estranged from the Church of God. "In England not 2 per cent of workingmen attend church, Catholic or Protestant," says Lord Shaftesbury. When these facts confront us it becomes us to ask the question, if, after all, in this noon-tide age of Christianity, the spirit of the Lord is upon us, because he hath anointed us to preach the Gospel to the poor. The carpenter must be brought to know and feel there is no difference between him and the carpenter's Son of old, labor must be brought to know that there is no conflict between righteous capital and labor, and that the Gospel can unify the rich and the poor. The cross had two arms, as though the divine sufferer reached out to draw these two opposite ends of society together.—*Globe Democrat.*

CATHOLIC SEAMENS' CONCERT.

The Sailors' Club room was crowded on Thursday evening; the attendance was one of the largest of the season. Thursday was ladies' night, and all arrangements of the programme had been left to the ladies of the Sacred Heart. Miss Wheeler, the very talented pianist, deserves especial credit for the excellent programme that was provided. A Scottish air on the piano, prettily rendered, by Miss M. A. Lawlor, opened the concert. The violin playing of Miss Camille Hone was exquisite. The young lady handles the bow with a dexterity that is surprising in one of her years; more than this, she has the good taste to play airs that are appreciated by the sailors; sailors do not wish to be sated with songs about the sea; they have heard all these years ago. They appreciate anything sparkling and new. Miss Camille Hone's playing was greeted with an enthusiastic burst of applause; for an encore she played a charming musical piece that was the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening. Mr. Hunt, one of the sailors, deserves special

mention for his splendid songs, brilliantly rendered in a deep powerful voice. A mandolin, guitar and piano selection was very prettily rendered by Misses Watson, Ling and Wheeler. The concerts are improving weekly in quality, and the seamen must heartily appreciate them or they would not attend in such large numbers. The following ladies and gentlemen were the principal artists of the evening: Misses Wheeler, Watson, McDonnell, Holt, Delaney, Ling, M. A. Lawlor and C. Hone, and Messrs. Stewart, Hunt, Butler, Parks, Hamelin, Holm and Gruenwald.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

A Beautiful Scene at Cairo.

A beautiful and very edifying sight was witnessed on the evening of the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, at St. Joseph's Church, Ismailieh Quarter, Cairo. In cordial and ready response to the earnest desire of their chaplain, Rev. Father Twomey, his Catholic soldiers came from all parts of the garrison, Abbassiyeh Citadel, and Kasr-el-nil to take part in the magnificent procession of Corpus Christi, which he proposed to hold for a public homage to our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament. "It was most fitting," he said to his men, "that here in Cairo, the hiding-place of our Infant Saviour when He fled from Herod's hate and escaped being involved in the slaughter of the Innocents, that here within sight of that sanctuary-cave, in old Cairo, where His first few years of persecuted infancy were passed, that here we should make Him some slight atonement by bringing Him out from His tabernacle home and bearing Him in public procession with every display of pomp and rejoicing and worship due to our King and our God." And very deeply were the Catholic and religious instincts of his Catholic soldiers touched by these simple and touching words. The work of preparing for the procession went on vigorously for days. Nothing was left unthought of that could contribute to the public decorum of the assemblage or to the credit of the religious military parade. In fact a warm enthusiasm was aroused, and a laudable rivalry arose among the men of different regiments and corps as to which should share the largest in making it a lasting success. Success indeed there was, but it was the happy result of the combined efforts of all.

It is no disparagement, however, to others to state that the Catholics of the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment had the most to do with it. They have the advantage of numbers—being about half the battalion—but, more gratifying still, their hearts are sound, and beat responsive to ever call of duty. A little while ago close upon three hundred of these "Lancashire lads" received their Pascal Communion. Let this be some satisfaction to their relatives and friends in the mining districts. What wonder, then, that these were anxious to do all they could to prove their love and deep thankfulness to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? And so it was. A party of them "drilled" by Sergeant Campbell came and used their strong and lusty lungs in giving voice and volume to those beautiful hymns, "Sweet Sacrament," "Faith of Our Father," "Immaculate," and others in such fashion as was never heard in the open air at Cairo before. Another party, all non-commissioned officers, volunteered to act as armed escort or guard of honor to the King of Kings. Through the kindness and courtesy of the officers commanding, the Lancashire band attended, and under the skilful and sympathetic direction of Mr. Ramsay, the bandmaster, performed most exquisite pieces of sacred music. The time named for the starting of the procession was 5.30, but long before that hour the church and grounds attached were thronged by vast crowds of all nationalities—the majority sincere and devout worshippers, but all curious and anxious to see what *les soldats Anglais* were going to do. Sharp to the moment the processional cross, borne aloft by Quartermaster Sergeant Dooley, Lancashire Regiment, emerged from the church, and was a signal to the multitude that the procession was moving. Quickly all the troops took up their positions as prearranged. They ranged themselves in double ranks, with a space between, from the church door to far out in the street. They numbered over five hundred. There was something superb and majestic—one might

even call it overaweing—in the manner in which the Real Presence was acknowledged by that military assemblage when the Blessed Sacrament carried by the Reverend Chaplain, Father Twomey, came into their midst, and the clangour of presenting arms by the guard of honor was heard resounding whilst they took up their posts, flanking the canopy on both sides. The canopy was carried by the four senior non commissioned officers representing the regiments and corps in garrison. The idea of the chaplain was that Our Divine Lord should be in the very midst of his men. The procession, therefore, moved on with half the troops, headed by the band, preceded by two mounted military police in front, and the other half, led by the military choir, behind the canopy and attendant clergy. The general public followed in large numbers, whilst the streets on both sides and the windows and verandas of all the houses *en route* were crowded. A body of mounted police attended to keep order and prevent any rudeness or disturbance from fanatical Arab groups. But there was not the smallest incident to mar the beauty and solemnity and splendor of the entire scene. God had surely visited His people, and the Divine Babe who passed His infant years in the poverty and obscurity of that dismal little grotto a few streets beyond seemed to be pleased with our purpose of doing Him special honor and of making Him public acts of reparation, for He held the hearts of that vast multitude of varied nationalities in silent homage as He passed and reflected the sweetness of His satisfaction in the soft evening sunshine that lit up the beautiful banners and brought out the various colors in a scene and spectacle as pretty and as splendid as ever wended its way in holy procession. The general supervision of the whole, the marshalling and arranging of the different groups so as to prevent gaps or crowded gatherings was officially carried out by the Rev. J. C. Coleman, O.S.F., officiating chaplain to the troops at Abbassiyeh. Benediction was given at three altars—first at the altar erected with lavish and tasteful care by the Christian Brothers in the vestibule of their house fronting the street. It was an entrancing scene to witness so many devout worshippers and so many respectful, silent on-lookers, as the Blessed Sacrament was raised up for exposition, and sensibly impressive was the feeling when the "present arms" and muffled roll of the drum indicated the supreme moment of Benediction. The procession was speedily reformed, and, to the stately slow march time of the full band, playing Mozart's Gloria 12th Mass, it moved quietly round the remaining two sides of the square towards the main entrance to the church. Here the spacious grounds were filled by crowds desirous to see the close of the procession. As at starting, so here again the troops formed up in close lines; between them, as between two walls, the Blessed Sacrament was borne from the outer gate to the beautiful altar erected against the facade of the church. The decorations of the whole facade and church grounds were very pretty, and in some instances very beautiful. Festoons, with fresh flowers let in at intervals, garlands and wreaths, ornamented the front of the church, and were traced round the main entrance and windows, whilst plants and palms, gracefully arranged, converted the temporary altar and church doorsteps into a bit of fairy-land.

Around the grounds, having festoons of green leaves, interspersed with flowers, hung from tree to tree, and in some places having been drawn crosswise, imparted a bright and festive appearance to the scene. Benediction on this occasion was most impressive, amid hundreds of lowly worshipping troops and thousands of civilians, the even-timed movement of arms, and the thunder-roll of the big drum.

The final stage, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, in this splendid ceremony on this glorious May evening was soon reached. The third Benediction in the church followed immediately. The Divine praises were said, and Our Lord returned into His tabernacle home once more.

Many and loud were the words of admiration and praise and thanksgiving that British troops, under their chaplain, should break through the blighting traditions of Mahomedan fanaticism and hatred of the Christians of centuries, by successfully inaugurating in the streets of Cairo that glorious profession of Catholic faith—a Corpus Christi procession.—*New York Catholic Review.*