

not equal the woe of those who had not found the bodies of those they loved and might never find them, for they were past identification. Many of the victims were buried on Friday. Whole families were carried to the grave, not in one hearse, but in two, three and four hearses, and in a great many cases in the undertakers' 'black waggon.' Saturday was a day of universal mourning, and Sunday was devoted to the memory of the dead. In nearly every church, Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish was sung the well-known hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' Terribly stricken is the city of Chicago. The gloom which now rests upon the city will pass away, but the horror of this dreadful disaster will haunt the hearts and homes of hundreds for a generation. Out of this calamity it is hoped may come more respectful obedience to the laws of God and man. Every public building in which people assemble should be rendered not only fire-proof, but sufficient and easy exits afforded for the quick escape of all who may be in them.

It will be a matter of deep regret to the church that two ministers and some esteemed laymen were victims of the dreadful catastrophe. They were in the theatre. We cannot judge their motives, but we sincerely regret the fact. The church will be doubly grieved—grieved because of the death of those it loved and grieved because of the manner and place of their death. The lessons of this sad calamity are for the living, not the dead. 'Let your lights be burning. . . Be ye, therefore, ready also, for the son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.'

#### WILLIE M'LAUGHLIN—A HERO.

Among those who displayed special heroism in connection with the Iroquois theatre fire was Willie McLaughlin, son of the Rev. Dr. William P. McLaughlin, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Buenos Ayres, South America. Willie was a student in the Ohio Wesleyan University. He had come to Chicago to attend the wedding of his cousin, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of the Central Church, and president of the Armour Institute. Willie had spent Tuesday night with friends in Evanston. He returned to Chicago on Wednesday morning, went to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Gunsaulus, and after attending to several errands for her, said he would go down town for a while and see the city. Willie happened to pass the theatre, and recalling the fact that this was the place in which his uncle was to begin holding services the next Sunday and, out of curiosity, he entered. He found standing-room in the extreme end of one of the galleries. When the fire broke out he was near the entrance to the rear fire-escape. The calciminer who threw the ladder across the space between the fire-escape and the Northwestern university building states that young McLaughlin could have been the first to escape, but that he refused to go and assisted in the escape of seventeen women and children. The flames then came rushing through the doorway; his clothes caught fire and he was severely burned. He was taken into Northwestern University and laid in a room in which were a number of others severely injured. When the physicians reached him they found his face scorched

terribly, his hair burned entirely off, his hands burned almost to a crisp, his legs and body scorched and he was injured internally. Suffering as he was, he begged the doctors to attend first to the women and children around him who were shrieking in their agony. To a reporter who reached him soon after he was rescued, he told who he was and said feebly: 'Tell Dr. Gunsaulus where I am, please, as soon as possible, and hurry up the ambulance, because I know that I am going to die. I am nearly burned up, and somehow or other I feel that my life is going out. I want to go to the Presbyterian hospital.' There he died Friday night. He was a noble, lovable boy. He was a hero as truly as anyone whose name has ever found a place in the pages of heroic history.

#### A HEROIC ELEVATOR BOY.

The elevator boy, Robert Smith, stuck to his post, and by his coolness saved many lives. On his second trip up with the elevator young Robert Smith ascended into an atmosphere that was so thick with the smoke that he could not see nor breathe. He found Miss Reed on the sixth floor and then took on another load of girls from the fifth. By the time he had come down with these, the flames and smoke were threatening the men in the chain. Nevertheless they threw the girls out and waited for the third load. This load came near not arriving. The smoke was so thick that Smith had to find the girls and drag them into the elevator and by the time he had done this he was almost overcome. The elevator was burning at the place where the controller was located, and Smith had to place his left hand in the flame to start the car. The hand was badly burned, but the car was started and came down in time for the girls to receive assistance from the men who were waiting. When the last girl was out the men left the building.

'I stuck to the car until the ropes parted,' said young Smith, 'and then I began to get faint. Someone reached in and pulled me out just in time to save my life. The larger part of the girls were in the dressing-room when the fire broke out, and they all tried to get out at once. A great many tried to crowd into the elevator, and it was hard work to keep it going. I made as many trips as I could, I guess.'

#### The Need of The Hour.

In nearly all churches there are problems of skepticisms, weak faith, indifference and inactivity in Christian service clamoring for solution. In most congregations there are persons who dislike a positive gospel. They do not quite believe in man's lost estate, in the necessity of forgiveness through a crucified Saviour, or regeneration through the agency of the Holy Spirit. With many the form of so-called sound words has lost its effectiveness. The chief need of to-day is that this condition of things should be removed, for, while certain changes in expression may be necessary, truth has not changed. Man is still a sinner. He cannot gain eternal life apart from the aid of the Holy Spirit. Apprehensions of truth, and even of the na-

ture of the work of the Saviour, may not always remain the same, but Jesus Christ himself is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. Believers to-day ought to be better able to present him to their fellow-men than those who lived in the sixteenth or in the eighteenth century. Every year brings new witnesses to his power and grace. His promises to give the spirit to those who ask for him are verified before our eyes. We can no more deny this than we can deny the ordinary experiences of daily life. This gift of the Spirit can bring new life to the churches, and it is needed to-day as no other. Skepticism cannot be met by argument or counter assertion. Spiritual power alone can overthrow it. It cannot survive in a spiritual atmosphere. Neither can indifference, nor so-called Christian inactivity.—'Congregationalist.'

#### The Steward's Reward.

Christian stewardship has its final issue in the reckoning before him for whom men have been stewards. The wage-earner and the millionaire, the one who had the least committed to him and the one who had the most, each must stand before the judgment seat of Christ and have their gettings and their givings, their accumulations and their expenditures, their motives and their methods, brought under the searching scrutiny of him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. All wrong ways of getting money, all fraud and dishonesty and oppression, together with all wrong ways of using and spending money will be laid bare in that day. All withholding from God, all selfishness and covetousness, all wastefulness and extravagance, all spending of money to gratify pride or sensual desires, will be seen in the light of the eternal throne, and no cloak of respectability or religiousness, no paltry excuse, such as is so often made by those who do not give, will be able to conceal or extenuate any blemish or flaw in any man's stewardship. Every man will be rewarded according as his works have been.

On the other hand, all diligence and fidelity in the service of God as his stewards, all getting and giving for God's glory, all prayerfulness and consecration, all unselfishness and liberality and self-sacrifice, whether by those who have had little, or by those who had much, will be remembered by the Lord of those servants.

Blessed indeed shall those stewards be to whom it shall be said when the King shall come to reckon with them: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: thou wast faithful over a little, I have set thee over much; enter into the joy of thy Lord.'—The Rev. C. A. Cook.

#### Postal Crusade.

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