

devil their due. Theatrical companies need not visit certain towns. Clowns, harlequins, negro-minstrels and crack singers are at a discount in many parishes. The Church provides all that is necessary both for saint and sinner.

The writer thought he would like to give a list of "modern methods," but the list would be too long to read, not to say *explain*—for words are being coined for the purpose. As an illustration of this, a lady spoke in glowing terms of the two societies existing in connection with her church at home which she called the

"Wi-mo-daugh-sis,"

And the

"Hus-fa-son-bro."

Being a man of very limited linguistic knowledge I asked her for the meaning of the words, when she told me that they were the first letters of the respective words:—

"Wife, mother, daughter, sister,"

"Husband, father, son, brother."

Let me read the following advertisement, taken from a Brockville paper:—

"NOVEL SOIREE

Under the auspices of — Church,
VICTORIA HALL.

"Miss —, Prescott's cantatrice, in itself a great treat; The Russian Tea, attended by all the placid loveliness of the ice-clad steppes of Russian Siberia; The Lemon Squeeze, adorned by beauty and grace (who no doubt will squeeze you all they can); The Lemonade Booth, under the supervision of the most charming and bewitching damsels of any known age, will refresh you with its cooling beverage; The path then leads to the Sweet of Sweets, where are displayed the delicacies which will tempt the palate, and assist the dentist.

"Hear ye, all ye, the sound of the trumpet! All will be borne to the land of weird and phantom spirits, where all will be surrounded by the dark and mystic enchantments of the future. Hear ye, all of ye, be prepared with extra change!

"Brockville's well-known and favorite tenor, —, will contribute to the evening's entertainment. One continual strain of music. Saturday evening will show many changes.

"Before the morning breaks the sweet and gliding music, intermingled with reels and graces of ye ancient and modern lassies, will be of the past.

"Doors open Quarter to Eight. Tickets, twenty-five cents, including either Past or Present Supper."

This was rivalled by the following in the same issue:—

"A chicken pie social at the M. E. Church,

—, last week, realized \$17.00, and about hundred people ate pie until they could hardly talk."

Now, remember, this sort of thing is going on everywhere. While out on the Pacific Coast recently, the writer made some clippings of "Church News." Under the heading "Society in general," an account was given of a "Christmas market" on behalf of — church, by the ladies of St. Agnes' Guild. There were fancy stalls and separate booths for the sale of ice-cream, chocolate, Japanese goods, fruit, peanuts and flowers. A specially attractive booth for the sale of dolls, presided over by the Rectorena. Last of all there was a booth for the sale of "Common Sense." The account says, "at the earnest request of nearly all in attendance the ladies kindly broke a previously determined rule not to allow any dancing. So to the strains of beautiful music those present indulged until nearly midnight." You see the patrons were not content with what they got for their money, even of "Common Sense,"—they must have a dance as "discount." In an advertisement of a "Lawn Social" given in Woodstock last fall, the following occurs, "The refreshments will be all the season's delicacies and in addition an ambrosial nectar made from a recipe from which the ancients prepared the feasts for their gods." A witty Presbyterian Elder once said, "And now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food, and then give it to the Church. Then go buy it back again. Then eat it up and your Church debt is paid."

This (exhibiting the bill) is not the handbill of a theater; but that of a "Church" where periodical "revivals of religion" are said to take place. I will read extracts. Note the heading: "A star of the first magnitude." That is the way to catch them! "A grand, high-class concert will be given in — Church, on Friday, March the 18th." Then follows a list of "Canada's greatest singers," and artistes of "Charming personality and rare musical gifts," "Favorites" and "Experts." Special requests are made in this common Music-hall-style-of-hand-bill "not to miss this greatest treat of the season. Don't fail!"

One of the songs rendered on the rostrum—or stage—of that church was one in which the singer persistently asserted that somebody grew "more like his daddy every day." One night such tom-foolery and another the most sacred subjects treated with solemnity. *To-night* the banjo, niggers and bones; *to-morrow* a penitent-form and groans! An infidel may go to the doors any evening he likes and ask as he might at a theater, "What's on to-night? Is it a play, a minstrel-show or a revival?"

On the 1st of July last a bright idea struck the managers of — Church, —. They decided to have a pyrotechnic display. It was a very popular church show. But our friends for-