

in the front pew. These, no matter *how* their "piles" have been got, sit there, carefully unchided! And how have most of them got rich? By keeping millions poor. Talk of the Pharaoh! This continent groans under Pharaohs! And the churches receive this ill-gotten gold, and are dumb! And no Moses appears. And we still go on prating about "the Church"! Where is it?

What marvel that, in the United States, the laborer is not seen at church, and is steadily dropping out elsewhere! The toiling masses see through the whole wretched business. Not that they are turned *infidel*—nothing of the kind. They simply no longer believe *in the churches*, and who shall blame them? They know that Jesus felt—still feels—for them as the churches do not. They know they are not welcome where fashion assembles, and pride pretends to kneel.

Not long ago there was a great national gathering of the representatives of labor in New York. Vigorous addresses did *not* compliment the churches—the mere word called down a very blizzard of hisses! A spectator would have thought himself in a den of infidels. Was it indeed so? One speaker at last, in accents of reverence and love, alluded to the greatest workman ever seen on earth, the "CARPENTER of Nazareth." At the mention of that name, as a