

care of itself, and if we hear of want, and squalor and heathenism outside, we say: "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks. Suppose there were a great war, and there were 300,000 soldiers, but of all those 300,000 soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents, or scouring their muskets, or cooking rations. You would say: "Of course, defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations, or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is saying to the rich and the well-conditioned: "If you can pay your pew rent, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man: "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to Heaven, you will have to go by way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that, ever on bright and sunny days, are not half full of worshippers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied regulation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room.

Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the maker of them all. Mind you that I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted; but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the church that have kept back the masses; and woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for Heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston in which, it is said, there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper, and said it was not so at all; "they were elegant people, and highly-conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright; and when I laugh, I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. It seems to me that you must be faring sumptuously every day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the Gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt 50 splendid equipages on the Sabbath day, I would have a church by whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance. You do not need the Gospel so much as they. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down! The financial boastings of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say that the present mode of conducting

business is the best. It is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry: Revolution! It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down, in one terrific crash, the arrogance of our modern Christianity. The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the church lifeboat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout: "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a lifeboat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these seats in the middle 50 cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer till the mission boat, whose work is to save you penniless wretches, shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green, and blue, and yellow, and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of Heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday. The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shotts, where 500 souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennant preached and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre, and warehouses, and blacksmith-shop, and factory, and engine house; and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting, in which the people cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Archias, the magistrate of Thebias, was sitting with many mighty men drinking wine. A messenger came in bringing a letter informing him of a conspiracy to end his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, put it into his pocket, and said to the messenger who brought it: "Business to-morrow." The next day he died. Before he opened the letter the government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. To-day I put into the hand of every man and woman, who hears or reads these words, a message of life. It says: "To-day, if you hear His voice, harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say: "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee!

Inconveniences of War.

"You are a sailor on a torpedo boat? Isn't there a great deal of danger in serving on such a vessel?"
 "A great deal, ma'am."
 "It must be almost as dangerous to be on a torpedo boat when it destroys a battleship as to be on the ship itself."
 "It is, ma'am. When we blow up a ship, we generally have to swim back home."
 "What a very disagreeable thing war is!"—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Was Thankful.

"I 'ear as 'ow your lodger's bin took at last, Mrs. Feeler."
 "Yes, poor feller; it were 'is cough that did it. Ah, well, it's a mussy 'e died afore spring cleaning begins, 'cos them coffins does knock yer wall paper off the staircase awful."—Comic Cuts.

BEN S. WHITE,

**Machine Shop
and Foundry.
Brass Foundry and
Cabinet Shop**

Saw Mill Men can get Castings in ten hours from order.

226 STRAND STREET, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.



FRED. W. BOWERS,

Successor to A. J. Bogel.
Art Materials, Drugs, Books

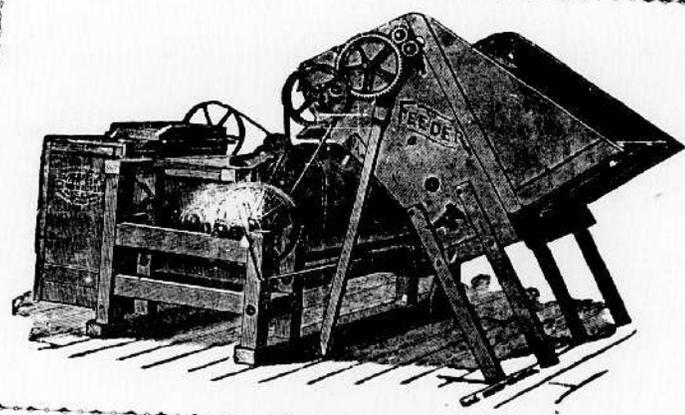
Stationery, Toilet Article and
Fancy Goods.

Agent for SMITH-PREMIER
TYPEWRITING MACHINE.

Manufacturer of flavoring extracts.
Pure Soda and Mineral Waters. . .

Streets, Shreveport, La.

W. A. PLEASANT'S HARDWARE CO., Limited.



Houston, Stanwood & Gamble engines and boilers, Pratt gins, Thomas cotton Presses & elevators, Straub corn mills, Walter A. Wood and Emerson & Stanwood mowers and hay rakes, Brinley, Avery and Kelley plows, Avery and Planet Jr. cultivators Timkins celebrated side spring buggies. Waskegon barb wire, stoves tin ware etc. etc. etc.

PLEASANTS HARDWARE CO. LIMITED.

**ECLIPSE
Shaving Parlor.**

513 Market street—Next door to M. Lewin's Confectionery.
None but experienced workmen employed. First-class accommodations at lowest prices. Give us a trial. Hair cut 25c. Shave 15c. Shampoo 15c.
JOHN H. JACKSON, Proprietor.

The Favorite

**SALOON, AND
RESTAURANT**

W. A. KELLY,
Proprietor.
827 Louisiana street,
Opp Union Depot,
Shreveport, La.

Meals, Lunches and Short Orders served promptly and satisfactorily.
The Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars, which are served at all hours, day and night, by polite and experienced attendants.