

holding musical services once each month on Sunday afternoons. The services have been given in one of the churches, and people have crowded to them and have enjoyed them with enthusiasm. On these Sunday afternoons notable compositions of the masters have been presented by a large choir with orchestral accompaniment, under the leadership of Mr. Carl Retter. Things go in that way, for the most part, in this ill-adjusted world. These musical privileges were given to people who have pianos in their parlors and can afford to go to concerts. While down at the Point, where there are no pianos, and nobody goes to hear the symphony orchestra—for lack of dollars—there were no musical opportunities at all.

Several people with properly conducted consciences and capacious purses promised to provide money to change this unequal balance. The Exposition Society agreed to give the free use of their great building on certain Sunday afternoons for this good purpose. Mr. Retter consented to take the responsibility of the music. Father Sheedy and I, representing the two parts of the town and the two great divisions of the Christian Church, constituted ourselves an executive committee. Thus the preparations began.

Mr. Retter gathered together an orchestra of nearly fifty pieces, composed of the best musicians in the city. To these he added a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices. Some of the singers were Roman Catholics, some were Protestants. The distinction was not apparent in the voices, nor in their enthusiasm and devotion. Arrangements were made in the Exposition Building to seat about four thousand people. It was agreed to give three services. Admission was to be by card, and Father Sheedy was to have charge of the distribution of the cards.

The first service was held on the twenty-first of May, Whitsunday afternoon. The programme included "The Heavens are Telling" from "The Creation," and the "Inflamatus" from the "Stabat Mater," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The streets in the neighborhood of the building were crowded with processions of people. Every card had been given away, and there had been clamor for more. Every seat was occupied, and hundreds stood. The Point turned out *en masse*.

Several features of the meeting—which we called the "People's Praise Service"—attracted much attention. One was the fact that it was held on Sunday. We believe in Sunday here in Pittsburg, and we have clearly defined ideas about the way in which that good day ought to be kept. There was some doubt as to the wisdom of observing Sunday in this fashion. One good parson, that Sunday morning, gave us the benefit of a stout sermon in his church, denouncing the movement. There are still a few who hold that the best way to make men love Sunday is to make them hate it first. But the majority of the town, and all the newspapers, were on our side. And the service won over most of the doubters. It was a religious service from first to last. All the words sung were words of prayer and praise, and the great congregation was not outdone in respect and reverence by any that met that day anywhere in town. The religious meaning of the service was emphasized in the addresses.

The fact that a Roman priest and a Protestant parson stood upon the same platform and addressed the congregation in the same fraternal spirit was probably that which attracted most attention to these services. Both made speeches at each of the three services. The idea was repeated and emphasized by one as much as by the other that we ought to magnify our points of agreement and to minimize our differences. Nothing could have been more fraternal or more Christian. The need of closer unity, the prospect of attaining it, not by controversy, not by contention, but by doing the work of the Lord Jesus Christ together—this was insisted on in every speech. No two men in the same communion could have worked together more fraternally, more freely, more harmoniously.

At the second service a Te Deum was sung, of Mr. Retter's composition, and Beethoven's touching oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," was given in part. At the final service the choir part of Gounod's "Messe Solen-

nelle" was the chief number on the programme. At each service a leaflet entitled "Before the Music" was given at the door with the programmes, containing brief paragraphs, chosen with some care, to be read while the people waited for the opening of the service. The plain people came to these afternoons of praise, and appreciated the music greatly. There were tears shed by some who could not get in. The good pleasure that was given was worth the thousand dollars that were spent.

As a result of the project, a Roman Catholic Foundling Hospital and a Protestant Home united in a whole week of charity concerts, in which people of both communions worked fraternally together, sharing the large proceeds half and half. Everybody in town went to these concerts.

Thus there are a few bright streaks seen here in Pittsburg in the gray dawn of the millennium.



Where the Wild Things Grow

By Mrs. M. F. Butts

O for the bosky gardens,
Deep in the green old woods,
Where the oaks have woven curtains
To shelter their sylvan broods;
Where the pine-trees murmur and whisper
Secrets we long to know—
O to rest in the shadow
Where the wild things grow!

There, by the brook's clear mirror,
All on a summer's day,
The bees, the birds, and the blossoms
Have it their own sweet way;
There, in the tender twilight,
Barred by a golden gleam,
Hushed in the deepest silence,
The wood-ferns dream.

There many a grassy pathway
Leads to a fairy scene,
Where the partridge-berry's coral
Lights the dusk of the wintergreen;
Where the bells of the precious twin-flower
In the fragrant spaces blow—
O to rest in the shadow
Where the wild things grow!



Christian Larceny

By Irving Browne

An unsentimental lawyer was persuaded by his religious daughter once upon a time (this is not a fairy tale) to go out to the stated weekly prayer-meeting of the church of which they both were members. The subject of conference and discussion was the question whether Christians love one another better than "the worldly" love one another. In the judgment of the meeting there did not seem to be any question about it. They made out an impregnable case for the Christians. The lawyer stood it—or, to be more precise, sat it—as long as he could, and then, moved by his own spirit of combativeness and sundry nudges and winks from his daughter, he arose and spoke as follows, as nearly as I can now recall it:

"It is not wise for us to deceive ourselves on this subject, and take what is for what ought to be. It is undoubtedly true that Christians no longer burn their fellows for mere differences of dogmatic opinion, although, judging from the proceedings on heresy trials, they probably still have the inclination. Speaking for myself, and without desiring to complain in the least, I must say that the only really bad treatment I have ever received has been from fellow-Christians. To my recollection, no infidel, or agnostic, or non-communicant has ever injured me to speak of. There are

certain very common practices among church people which, for brevity, may be characterized as Christian larceny, and I cannot see that they disclose any particular tenderness toward their brethren in the faith. For example, there are many good Christian women engaged in housekeeping who, when they are in want of a cook, are guilty of coveting their neighbor's maid-servant and getting her away if they decently can. The good woman says to a third good woman: 'Oh, dear! how I wish I had a cook like Mrs. So-and-so's! I don't suppose she has any idea of leaving her place, though.' Somehow that cook calls on the covetous good woman in a few days, and intimates that Mrs. So-and-so does not altogether suit her, and perhaps she could be induced to make a change. But the good woman says very firmly: 'Oh, I couldn't think of taking you away from Mrs. So-and-so; but if you should leave her and want a place, why, let me know.' 'What wages do you pay, ma'am?' 'So much'—which is half a dollar more than Mrs. So-and-so pays. Curiously enough, that cook turns up in this new place at the end of a week, and Mrs. So-and-so makes it hot in the parish for the new employer. I have put this case very mildly for the covetous woman. Frequently she takes measures much more direct and undisguised to do her neighbor a culinary injury. I don't believe that agnostic women do any worse than this.

"Take another form of Christian larceny. I have been the sole music committeeman of this parish for many years, during which time I have received several anonymous letters of abuse, but never one of approbation, unsigned or signed. I have hired a great many singers at moderate salaries, and had them trained until they became skillful, and then some other parish would steal them away by the bait of a small advance of wages. This is an extremely demoralizing practice. It has even corrupted me, so that I no longer scruple to poach on my neighbors' musical preserves. I was never more ashamed of myself than once when I went to a church in this city, at the solicitation of the soprano, to hear her sing, in the hope that I would carry her away, and in the vestibule I was accosted by the pastor's wife, who said, 'So glad to see you, but so sorry you won't hear the Doctor—he's away; come and sit with me.' And so I sat in the minister's pew, and listened to his singers with that nefarious design. It will be a solace to my dying hour that his soprano sang so badly that I didn't want her! I can even endure her cutting me on the street afterwards. But the meanest form of Christian larceny is where churches steal away one another's clergymen. One would suppose that the churchly way of getting a clergyman from another society would be to go openly and say to that other church: 'We feel that we need your pastor; that ours is a larger and more useful field; that we can help you to another who will answer your wants just as well,' etc., etc. But no; nothing of the sort. The predatory church appoints a committee of three to go and hear sundry preachers on the sly—I know their tricks and their manners—I have been on 'smelling committees' myself. They pretend not to know one another at the hotel. They sneak into church separately next morning, and get separate seats. But all these are vain ostrich precautions. Everybody 'spots' them. Even the minister in the pulpit recognizes them, and startles his people with an unwonted display of eloquence and fervor. A loud 'call' follows—or doesn't follow—and in either event hard feelings are engendered.

"Really, brethren, all these practices are apt to seem very reprehensible to the world's people, and one cannot blame them if they take the negative of the question here under discussion, with a good deal of vehemence."

This is the substance of what that lawyer said. He expected it would excite some opposing remark, but it did not. Shortly after he closed, they sang a hymn about the beautiful agreement of the brethren, and were dismissed. I have always believed that the pastor picked out that hymn 'with malice prepense and aforethought,' for while the lawyer was going on in this sacrilegious strain, I observed him doubled up behind his desk, occasionally slapping his ministerial thigh, and trying to hide his laughter in the pretense of looking up a hymn. That lawyer expected to

meet with some remonstrance on going out, but he did not. On the contrary, one of the elders came up to him, put out his hand, and exclaimed, "Brother B——, it did me good to see you get down to hard pan!" The foregoing was recalled to my mind in reading the proceedings of the late General Assembly on the case of Professor Briggs, and, leaving out of view the particular phase of Christian larceny, it seems to me that it would be well for Christians to inquire publicly, about once a month, "Do we love one another any better than the world's people love each other?"



How People Live

XVIII.—Among the Charcoal-Burners

By E. B. Findlay

Charcoal-burning, it would seem, is often a hereditary occupation. Certain it is that many, if not most, of the men who burn the trees owned by the Mount Alto Company, and who live in the camps on South Mountain, in Pennsylvania, are the sons and grandsons of "coalers." Among other things, they have inherited a deep-rooted feeling that a tree was created to be cut down. There is small wonder that this should be the case, for not only does the "coaler" earn his bread indirectly by the destruction of the forest, but in each new camp he is dependent directly upon the felled trees for his home. It is in October or early in November that new clearings are begun. The winter's work in a charcoal camp consists in the felling of trees, and then chopping the wood preparatory to burning it in the pits. The number of men in the camps will vary from four to six in the smaller, to thirty in the very largest of the camps. The first step taken in a new camp is to build the houses where the men must live. Occasionally a man lives alone, but the rule is that two men occupy the same house. The important part of the house is the chimney. This, therefore, is built first, and the house annexed. In 1891 a man called by his mates "Wash" lived with his brother, Jack, on the "Gap" road. Their hut was a good example of its kind, as "Wash" and Jack were typical charcoal-burners. They were ready to assure any one who asked them that "they didn't want no better house," though the building of it (both men worked hard) occupied but three days.

The chimney was built of stones, found in great abundance on South Mountain. It was six feet wide on the inside, with a depth of about three feet, and a draught that would make a tiled chimney in the city puff more than ever from envy. "Wash" and Jack had no theories about ventilation, and, as a third of their house was chimney, they needed none. Hygiene is an unknown word to them, and "Nature, that dear old nurse," takes care it does not need to be translated for them, though the only cooking utensil visible in their hut is a frying-pan.

When the chimney was finished, the walls of the hut were built of logs, with mud daubed between to fill the spaces. The roof was made of smaller logs laid close together, and then covered with several layers of bark. There was a door in one side, and at the end opposite the fire "Wash" had fitted a pane of glass in a square sawed out of the wood.

Sods are sometimes used by the charcoal-burners instead of bark; and on the roofs of some huts are ferneries which many an amateur florist might covet. Scarcely anything could be more picturesque than one of these little houses seen from the outside. Inside, too, perhaps even those very practical persons who insist that picturesqueness and comfort, if ever wedded, have long since been divorced, might admit that in Wash's hut there had been an attempt at a reconciliation. The hut, exclusive of the fireplace, was small—about twelve by fourteen feet; the chimney representing the kitchen, the bunk at the opposite end the bedroom, and the space between the reception or sitting room. Thanks to the kitchen, there was not a stuffy room in the house, though it would have been im-