

the life of little Fragrant Blossom ebbed away.

Fragrant Blossom's name in Chinese is Ming Chan. But he was born in America, and his father, Ming Chan, decided to give him a partly American name. So the little fellow was called Harvey Ming Chan.

Everybody in the neighborhood idolized the baby, who was only eight months old when the chilly blasts of the recent cold spell ended his brief career. He was a bonny baby, and there never was a time when there was not a smile on his lips.

Four years ago his mother left her home in China and traveled alone to this strange country to meet the man whom she had promised to wed. She is only a child now. But she came and met her sweetheart and they were married in San Francisco. He was already a rich man, but they came to Chicago and established one of the finest and most fashionable Chinese restaurants in the country. They were very prosperous. Then the baby came and their happiness seemed complete.

"He was the pride of the street," said Ming Chan last evening. "Everybody loved him, and—"

Ming Chan, who is refined, educated and intelligent, broke down completely and was led away. The little wife is so prostrated that she cannot leave her bed.

Lon Chan, a brother of the father, finished the story.

"We all feel too badly to have elaborate services," he said. "The funeral will be held to-morrow at the Rosehill cemetery. There will be no discharge of fireworks, no throwing of confetti or similar actions which usually mark the funeral of a Chinaman. Little Harvey was an American, and we will try and bury him as the American children are buried. His little body will always rest under American soil. This is one of the wishes of both his father and his mother. It is customary for a Chinaman to eventually be taken back to China for final interment, but his parents consider that he was an American-born child and that his body should rest here forever.

"A stone is already being engraved, upon which there will be the name of the baby, the date of his birth and his death, and implicit instructions that his body shall be allowed to remain where it is interred in Rosehill cemetery for all time. The 'Fragrant Blossom' has left us, but we, who consider ourselves as Americans, want his remains here with us."

At the funeral to-day all of the customs of the Chinese will be done away with. There will be no distribution of confetti to keep the evil spirits away, no slaughtered pigs and sheep and geese placed on the grave and no music from the tom-tom. Little Fragrant Blossom will be laid away in his death, as in life, an American.

THE CHURCH NOT RIGHT ON THE MORAL QUESTIONS OF OUR TIME.

At the second annual banquet of the Disciples' Social union, held at the Austin Christian church, Chicago, Tuesday evening, September 27, 1904, the 15 three-minute toasts were entirely devoted to the topic, of "The Evangelism of the City of Chicago," it being the desire of the committee of management that the speeches should exhort to earnestness in a campaign for such evangelism as a supreme effort of the Churches of Christ. "The Weight of Moral Influence in Bringing People to Christ" was responded to by Wiley Wright Mills with the following sober but searching analysis of the situation.

We are here considering how we may convert this great city; planning for the great revival that some think is sure to come this winter. "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." In sober earnest I declare unto you that there will be no great revival. There can be none. The church is not right on the great moral questions of the day. It has ranged itself on the side of the oppressor. While monopoly is despoiling God's children of their inheritance, the church stands by holding its coat, because, forsooth, out of the spoil it gets a pittance.

The church is not peculiarly recreant in this respect; it has merely failed to rise above the business world. It has partially failed in its great mission to lift up a standard for the people. Instead of lifting high a standard, it has accepted the low standard of the worldly, and shown itself partial to the man in goodly apparel. It is ready to excuse all the excesses of luxury, all the abuses and gross injustices of power. The Negro writhing in flames lit by church members, the children slowly dying in mines and factories owned by church officers, the masses who do not live, but drag out a wretched existence through embroiling poverty,—these all cry in vain to the church. We ignore their cry altogether, or make only a feeble and perfunctory protest; and no rich pew is made uneasy by earnest, insistent demands for righteousness, justice. They have our good wishes, our God-speeds, perhaps our earnest prayers. We build them missions, yet do not welcome them into our midst—these common people who heard, and still hear, the Master gladly; but we do welcome, we fawn

ad nauseam upon the successful manipulators of "frenzied finance." In the fine phrase of the great Tolstoy, we are willing to do anything for the poor but to get off their backs.

Revivals are not matters of chance, they are the results of causes. It is sometimes said that the great revival movement of 1857-60 was a special providence to prepare the men who were to expiate our guilt in the four years' shedding of blood. It was, rather, the natural result of the great moral awakening which the anti-slavery agitation had brought about. Likewise, Moody's great revivals were, in part at least, due to moral enthusiasm engendered by the renewal of the great temperance reform agitation which then took the form of the Red Ribbon movement.

In this period of moral atrophy, of ethical paralysis, due to the homage paid to greed and power through the fear of want begotten by the monopoly of God's gifts to His children, all real, vital reform and religious movements seem to languish. But there is a rift in the clouds. "Though now and then we have backward motions, the movement is always forward." Though there are moral ebbs, and we seem now to be in the depths of one, the trend is ever upward. As certainly as we are now in the trough of the waves of the moral sea, so surely shall we come again to the crest of its billows which shall roll higher than ever. When Christ is lifted up, when He is really exalted and His righteousness done in the church, then will He draw all men unto Him.

Brethren of the Disciples of Christ, it is your privilege to lead in this upward, forward movement that shall bring about just conditions and make the church a mightier power. You are not held back by a fast and formal creed; and what is of still greater importance, you are not weighted down by an episcopal polity, which always tends to centralized and irresponsible power and therefore to corruption and moral decay. There is nothing to hinder you from exemplifying fully the weight of moral influence, the power of moral courage.

A STATE WHERE THE MAJORITY DOES NOT RULE.

An article in the Chicago Tribune (Republican) of Sept. 23, from its special correspondent, "Raymond," writing from Providence, R. I.

Looking at the slender, gray mustached man who sits in an easy chair of an imposing chamber in the beautiful white capitol which crowns a conspicuous hill of the city of Providence, it is hard to realize that Dr. Lucius Fayette Clark Garvin is not a real governor, but