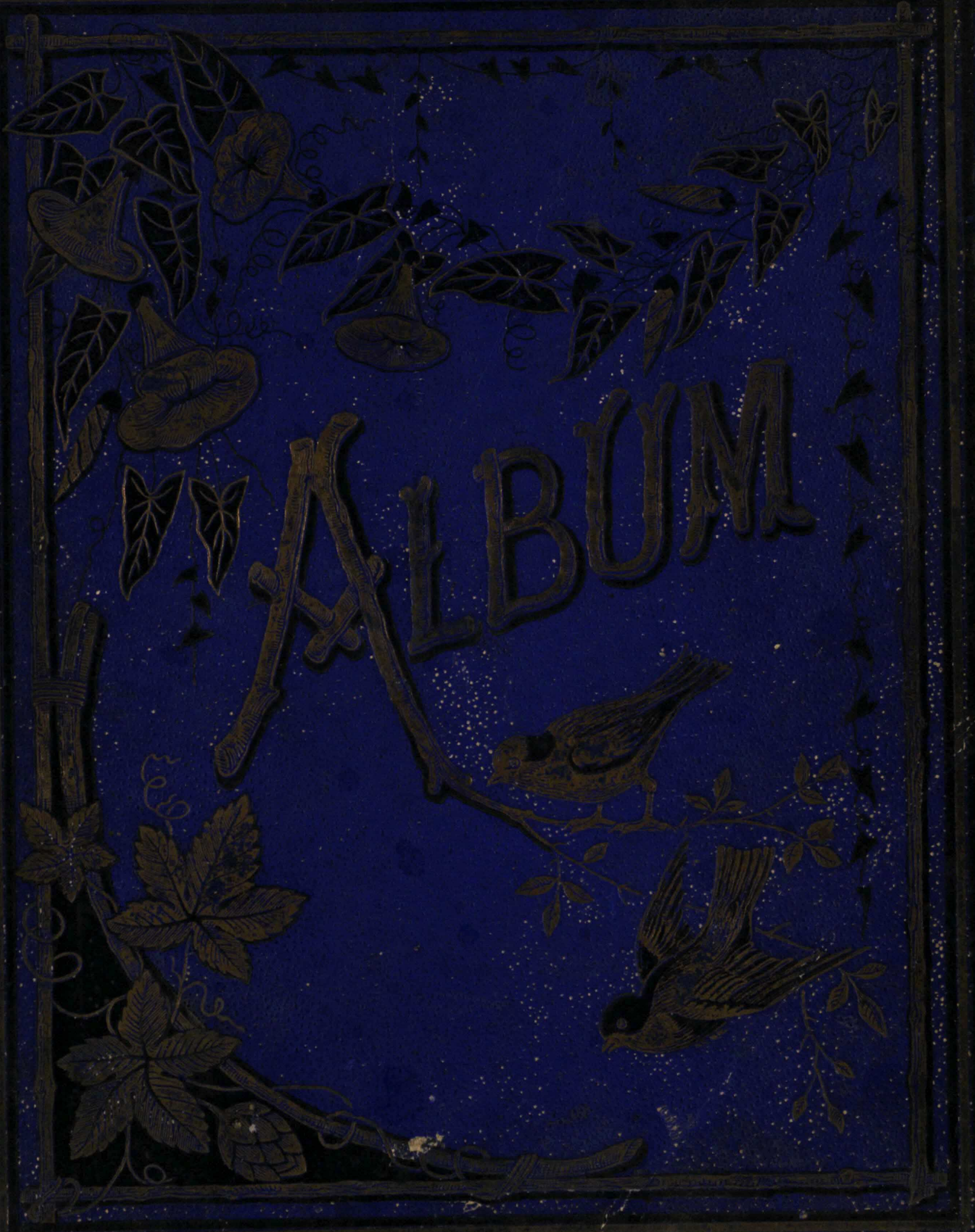


ALBUM



My Creed.

I hold that Christian peace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not—can there be
Circumference?

That I moreover hold and dare
Affirm wherever my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn taste, nor stated prayers
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears!

And when a man may live apart
From worlds, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CAREY.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1892.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The yearly income of the Salvation army is over \$3,500,000.

—Every fifth boy in India is at school, but only every fiftieth girl.

—Sweden, with nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants, has only 810 Roman Catholics.

—The growth in full numbers in the Methodist Episcopal church during 1891 was 76,668, and of probationers 25,928.

—There are said to be 8,000 children in Chicago who are debarred from attending school on account of insufficient clothing.

—Little more than eighty years have elapsed since the Primitive Methodist body was inaugurated, and now the membership exceeds 200,000 adults and 400,000 children. The first class only consisted of 10 members.

—In France there are now two hundred and fifty-two women students, of whom the greater number study medicine. The list includes women from Roumania, Turkey, Greece and Russia. About one hundred are engaged in the study of philosophy.

—The Methodist Magazine says: A new Out-and-Out Band Gospel Mission has been built at a cost of \$650, to be used in the north of Ireland. Its name is "Peace." A lady in Dublin offered \$500 toward the erection of another car and \$250 for books, to be used in the south of Ireland.

—Hiram Camp, of New Haven, who gave the \$25,000 with which Mr. Moody erected his famous school at Northfield, has in the last year added \$75,000 to the endowment. There have, of course, been other contributions. It is twelve years or so since the school opened. There are now 136 boys in attendance there.

—In New Zealand there are 1,197 churches and chapels—an increase of 134 since 1886. Among church goers in the colony Presbyterians lead the van with 40,785 in their ranks, and Episcopalians follow next with 37,352. The Quakers number 40, and the smallest denomination has a membership of 20, who call themselves Christian Disciples.

—There are twelve memorial kindergartens at work in San Francisco, and six of them were started by Mrs. Leland Stanford. To put them on a permanent basis she has now set aside \$100,000 as an endowment fund. She has given \$90,000 for those schools previously. The one opened in 1884 by Mrs. Stanford was the first memorial kindergarten in the world, it is said.

—The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient, which exists, was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandal wood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwada, near Bulsar, is visited by the Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.

—A recent census bulletin shows that the Presbyterian church of America has 6,717 organizations, 6,663 church buildings, valued at \$74,455,200, and 788,224 communicants. The Presbyterian church of the United States is shown to have 2,391 organizations, 2,288 church buildings, valued at \$8,812,152, and 179,721 communicants. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, or Presbyterian, church has 187 organizations, 189 church edifices, valued at \$625,875, and 12,722 communicants. The Cumberland Presbyterian church is shown to have 238 organizations, 192 church buildings, valued at \$202,961, with a membership of 13,439. According to this and previous bulletins on the subject, there are 13,490 organizations, or congregations, of Presbyterians of all branches in the United States. 12,462 church edifices, valued at \$94,876,283, and 1,278,815 communicants.

MAY CAUSE REVOLT.

BRIGGS' FRIENDS THREATEN TO LEAVE THE CHURCH

If He Is Ousted by the Presbyterian Assembly, His Prospects Are Now Bright for a Favorable Verdict.

Washington, May 22.—E. M. McPherson of Boston, who is here, speaking of the probable action of the assembly as to the Briggs case, said: "I am confident from expressions of opinions that I have heard that the assembly will be against Dr. Briggs, but I am just as confident that the masses of the Presbyterian church do not care to insist that Dr. Briggs, or any other man, shall be compelled to do his thinking in accordance with the rules laid down 300 years ago." Mr. McPherson is one of the intelligent, liberal laymen, and his judgment as to the trend of opinion in the convention is likely to be as good as that of any one. Casual observers have come to the same conclusion, so far as the probable action of the Presbyterian clergymen is concerned. The majority of them are ardent Calvinists of the strictest sort, and seem to believe the time has come to cry halt to the tendencies which threaten to liberalize the Presbyterian church in the direction of a material modification of its ancient dogmas and practices. The expectation is that Dr. Briggs will be summoned before a committee of the convention. It is hardly probable that he will appear before the whole convention to plead his own cause. Dr. Briggs, while a clear thinker and an aggressive polemicist, is said not to be a very impressive speaker. The Presbyterians all over the country have watched the assembling of this conference to determine whether or not the radical or conservative element should control. The radicals have threatened to leave if the assembly shall decide against Dr. Briggs.

Leading divines here seem to take the ground that any further toleration of Dr. Briggs and his doctrines will seriously threaten the integrity of the church. These divines maintain, not only that the doctrine of the Westminster catechism respecting eternal damnation is at stake here, but that the whole question of the infallibility, authority and even genuineness of the Bible is raised by Dr. Briggs,

and that, if he is to be upheld, it will be to admit that the Bible is not infallible, and to undermine the very foundation of the right of the Presbyterian church to claim existence by divine authority. This is the momentous question which is involved in the issue pending. Incidentally in the discussions of the clergy and the laity, one can discover a touch of pride in the history of this most noted church militant. One hears on every hand the suggestion that among those in attendance as delegates and observers and members of the assembly are the preceptors of the present president of the United States, that President Buchanan was a Presbyterian, and that Andrew Johnson came of Presbyterian stock. Today it is said that the president and his entire cabinet are nominally Presbyterians, with one exception. The majority of the members of the supreme court attend the Presbyterian church. The old-time Calvinists in the denomination point with much seriousness to the issue which is about to be debated, and insist that to sustain Dr. Briggs in his liberal views of inspiration and authenticity will be to commit the Presbyterian church to agnosticism, and to destroy the foundations upon which the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is based.

BRIGGS TALKS.

He Says He Has Once Been in Jeopardy.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERY

In Point of Size Having Tried and Acquitted Him.

The Lutherans Meet in Large Numbers in Annual Session—The Sunday Closing Question—The Cumberland Presbyterians Complete Their Work and Adjourn.

Washington, May 25.—This was the first day of the second week's existence of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, and after the disposition of some routine business, a report from the judicial committee was presented, recommending that the six complaints of J. J. McCook and others against the New York synod, growing out of the trial of Professor Briggs, be referred to the judicial committee for trial.

The recommendation was adopted relating to the Briggs case; overtures from twenty-nine presbyteries asked specific action upon the case now pending, fourteen others asked a change in book discipline to prevent any further future appeal being taken direct from a presbytery to the general assembly.

The committee recommended the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, A presbytery has undoubted right of petition to the general assembly as to matters relating to the policy of the church, but an overture from a presbytery, advising the assembly what action should be taken by said assembly in the now pending judicial case is an irregular and unprecedented procedure. Every presbytery has a right and opportunity to have its opinion on the pending judicial case expressed through its commissioner on the floor of the assembly, but it has not the right by overture

to try to influence the decision of the assembly on any pending judicial case.

We therefore recommend that all such overtures in so far as they relate to the action of the assembly in any case now pending before it be laid upon the table.

We further recommend that the part of said overtures relating to the change of discipline so as to provide that no cases in the future be taken by appeal directly from a presbytery to a general assembly, be referred to the committee on church polity.

A motion to accept and adopt the recommendations was promptly made and adopted.

Stated Clerk Reasts offered a resolution appointing a committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Craig, (moderator) Herrick Johnson of Chicago, and Rev. Baker of Philadelphia, and Elders Ketchum of New York, and Law of Colorado, to visit the proper officials and learn whether or not it was the intention to observe the requirement that the World's fair be closed on Sunday. The resolution was adopted.

Moderator Craig then resolved the assembly into a judicial court and Dr. Briggs resumed his speech.

After briefly restating the points made yesterday, Dr. Briggs said: "The presbytery of New York, the largest in the Presbyterian church, after a long and patient consideration of the merits of the case, gave a verdict of acquittal. Would the general assembly be willing to give the same amount of time and the same degree of patience to consideration of the merits of the case if the appeal entertained?"

Dr. Briggs asked whether the general assembly was likely to be in a more judicial frame of mind than the presbytery of New York. He then reviewed the history of the case, showing the dismissal of the charges in 1891, and an acquittal of 1892, by a court, as he said, which was evidently not biased in favor of Dr. Briggs, and which was under the external pressure of the unfavorable action of general assemblies. Is it," he asked, "equitable to put a defendant in jeopardy again for offenses charged against him. No civil court could do such wrong." The common law lays down the fundamental principle which applied to this case. If to any, it is for the public good that there be an end to litigation. At 12:15 Dr. Briggs yielded for recess.

INGERSOLL IS DEAD.

Some of the so-called orthodox newspapers are not willing to let him depart in peace, though in the day of his life they would not have been as gnawing on a bull's horn—at his death they are like green flies around a dead carcass. Once upon a time two brothers were commanded to go work in their father's vineyard. One said he would go and went not, the other said he would not go, but afterwards repented and went. He was justified. Ingersoll said he would not go and work in the vineyard. Perhaps he repented. At any rate there are many who promise to go, who show by their daily conduct that they are liars and hypocrites and will most likely descend just seven times deeper and into just seven times as hot a hell as they would have Ingersoll go.

High Opinions of the Hub.

Colonel Ingersoll used to tell a story of a Boston man who asked his advice as to what to read. The colonel recommended Shakespeare. After a year or two the Boston man came back and thanked Colonel Ingersoll for his advice. "The plays are first rate," he said. "I tell you, Mr. Ingersoll, there are not ten men in Boston who can write like that man Shakespeare."

A Tribute to John Shea.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish, is now a perfumed flower.

Dear friends, I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, friend, died when manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows were still falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silent and pathetic dust. Yet after all, it may be best. Just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave

tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of sweet flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in

the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustling of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his last breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the untimely dead. Farewell, dear friend. The world is better for your life; the world is looser for your death. Farewell. We loved you living and we love you now. HARRY MERRIMAN.

Rev. Buchanan's Shortage.

LITTLE LOCK, Feb. 9.—The legislature committee selected to examine the accounts of Rev. S. H. Buchanan, late pastor of the State Insane Asylum, and his last term of two years, has discovered a shortage of \$8000. Buchanan was treasurer of the institution ten years. Members of the assembly say his shortage for his entire term reach \$20,000. He is one of the prominent members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the United States.

"MODERN ST. PAUL."

The Gazette Snared Into Printing a Plagiarized Article.

In yesterday morning's Gazette appears "A Tribute to John Shea" of about half a column, over the name of Harry Merriman so as to appear an original composition of his. On reading it, one is surprised at its depth of thought and the smooth rhythm of its wording. To those who know Harry Merriman, the surprise is still greater. The article is a bold piece of plagiarism, being nothing more nor less than Robert Ingersoll's famous oration at the funeral of his brother and which is said to be one of the most beautiful and pathetic pieces in the English language. On the last two pages of the popular edition of Ingersoll's "Wit, Wisdom and Eloquence" this matter will be found, copied almost word for word. Here and there Merriman are transposed, put in a word or left out a passage but these changes do not occur often.

That this is done for effect cannot be denied as Merriman has been posing before the public for some time in various ways. He was formerly an employee of the city waterworks but was discharged; so the superintendent said in his report, for incompetency. He had mixed some in politics, turned politician and was an infidel lecturer but later became a "reformed infidel" — was called the "Modern St. Paul" and has for several weeks conducted a gospel meeting in a tent in the acre where he has a large following.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

To Commemorate the Life and Work of the Founder of Pythianism.

A large audience gathered at the First Baptist church last evening, at which time were held services in memory of the late Justus H. Rathbone, founder of the order of Knights of Pythias. A large portion of the church was taken up by the members of the uniform rank of the order, who attended in full uniform and regalia, presenting a very imposing appearance.

The services, in addition to the marching of the order, consisted of music and addresses. The music was furnished by a full choir, conducted by Professor Hall, the organist, and was very fine.

The addresses were delivered by T. J. Powell and Rev. J. Morgan Wells. Both gentlemen dwelt somewhat at length upon the objects of the order, its benefits and the beauty of its purposes, and upon the life of the man whose work they were there to commemorate.

The services, all in all, were interesting, imposing and beautiful.

The remains of Robert G. Ingersoll were cremated yesterday and his ashes placed in an urn on which his loving wife had caused to be engraved, "This urn holds the dust, the heart, the memory."



REV. G. W. BAINES.

bars — New York Times
March 5, 1896
March 5 is past and gone. The sun rose, set and rose again. The earth turned round after its usual fashion. Its hundreds of millions of inhabitants got up, went about their business and lay down again to sleep. Only in the Memorial hall in Farringdon street of the city of London was any watch kept upon the fleeting hours or any note made of the fateful steps of time.

Out of all the swarming millions that crawl upon this earth only some 50 men and 300 women cared to mark the fact that another year had come and gone; that 1,893 years were now passed, and only three more years remained in which to prepare for the coming millennium. The Memorial hall, we learn, had been suitably decorated for the occasion with huge cartoons representing the "Dream of Nebuchadnezzar," the "Dream of Daniel," and the "Pale Horse of Pestilence," and there beneath these pleasant emblems of prophecy sat the faithful few, while the latter day prophets expounded to them the dread meaning of the Apocalypse.

Only three more years! On March 5, 1896, the end of this world, the resurrection of saints, and the ascension of 144,000 living Christians will take place, and the 350 watchful Christians of Farringdon street will meet with the reward of their pious vigilance.—London Spectator.

When Robert G. Ingersoll was asked, several years ago, what the South most needed, he replied, "Silk hats and suspenders." At the Waco real estate convention Mayor Paddock of Fort Worth was equally terse and epigrammatic in speaking to the question, "What Texas Needs," the whole being summed up in the sentence, "More patriots and fewer politicians."—San Antonio Express.

SLANDER OR NO SLANDER.

FOR some days past there has been in circulation on the streets of this city reports about a certain minister of the gospel of Fort Worth, the nature of which is such as to prevent them being published. A MAIL reporter interviewed to-day the minister whose reputation is at stake and other parties with whom he is said to be implicated, and the reporter informed that the charges made are infamous lies from beginning to end. Such charges as have been made in this case should not go by unnoticed, and it is not the intention of the MAIL to slight them. If they are true all parties implicated should be run out of Fort Worth—preacher and others, but if they are not true the busy tongues that have spread, originated and repeated the vile, slimy slander should be pulled out by the roots. There is no more devilish agent on earth to blast good names than slander. It is a horrible, hidden monster that spears neither young or old, innocent or guilty. It is a foe to the home, the church, the social circle, the business circle and to mankind generally. It is a coward, for it skulks in the dark and shoots its victim from covered places; it is a monster because it glories over the ruin it has wrought.

The reports in this case are, if true, most damnable; if false, ten times more damnable. If there ever was an instance that called for tar and feathers, if the parties charged are guilty, then this is the case; if there ever was a case that called for shotguns, if the parties charged are innocent, then this is the case. A man's good name is sometimes all his fortune, and the brute who would drag it in the dirt, or the other brute who would give cause for it to be so dragged should have no place in the city. There will be more of this.



the desert—were
want of water—

sun rises.

Ingersoll on Liberty.

And let me tell you what I mean by the liberty of the body. It is to give to every man what he earns with his hands. And this great question of division has got to be settled even in the United States. Capital takes too much; labor gets too little. Labor will not always live in a hut with capital living in a palace. Flesh and blood are more sacred than gold, and the time will come when the law will see that every man has the right of life, liberty and the pursuit not only of happiness, but the right to catch some of it before he dies. I want to live until I find an aristocracy of honesty, of generosity; an aristocracy of intelligence; an aristocracy of heart and brain. I am sick of the old kind. I want liberty for every man. I do not believe in the law of supply and demand as applied to flesh and blood. If they who toil cannot have some of the good things of this world, then I do not want anybody to have them.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

A Beautiful Tribute.

The following touching tribute to woman was uttered by the eloquent Ingersoll in his famous argument before the star route jury some years ago. It was spontaneous and suggested by the counsel for the prosecution twitting Dorsey for permitting his wife to share his trouble:

"There is a painting in the Louvre, a painting of desolation, despair and love. It represents the night of the crucifixion. The world is wrapped in shadow, the stars are dead, and yet in darkness is seen a kneeling form; it is Mary Magdalene, with loving lips and hands pressed against the bleeding feet of Christ. The skies were never dark enough, nor starless enough, the quick bolts of heaven were never lurid enough, and arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side. And so it is of all human speech—the noblest word is woman."

A Connoisseur in Gods.

New York Sun.

We call the attention of Robert G. Ingersoll to the fact that Postmaster General Wanamaker is advertising for sale at the bargain counter a

"Large Egyptian carved idol, \$30."

Col. Ingersoll, we understand, is a connoisseur and amateur of heathen gods and buys them up whenever they are put on the market at a reasonable figure. Wanamaker's price seems to be dirt cheap, if the idol he offers isn't bogus.

Protest Against Ingersoll's Visit.

ATLANTA, Jan. 21.—The ministers of Atlanta are in arms over the proposal of a local literary society to invite Colonel Robert Ingersoll to lecture in this city. The crusade is led by Rev. Henry Morrison, general secretary of the Southern Methodist church.

INGERSOLL INDIGNANT.

The Great Agnostic on the World's Fair Sunday-Closing.

He Draws Caustic Similes from the Position of Painters and Pastors, and Incidentally Lampoons Elliott F. Shepard and His Followers.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 8.—"Col. Elliott F. Shepard is one of the biggest fools on earth. His influence in favor of the Sunday closing of the World's Fair doesn't amount to a snap of the finger," said Robert G. Ingersoll at the Grand Pacific Hotel to-day. "Were I criticize his speech delivered at the Auditorium last night in favor of Sunday closing it would be giving him prominence totally unmerited. The resolutions adopted by the meeting are all I care to consider. Colonel Shepard is such a jackass that his braying cuts no figure in such an important controversy. You didn't know, did you, that I have been converted by Col. Shepard's prayers? Just hear me talk. Of course the Fair is the enemy of the Church, and the Church ought to have it closed every day as well as Sunday. People looking at the Apollo Belvidere will be in danger of forgetting Abraham and Joshua. Those who look at the Venus de Milo will cease for a moment to be a part of hell. Beautiful landscapes will woo the mind from the day of judgment and the contribution box. One look at a landscape by Corot will make the average Chicago church member forget the last sermon he heard. Besides, after looking at the wonderful machinery on the ground the poor workman who toils all the week will be in danger of putting inventors above parsons, and may think a good manufactory will help a town more than a poor pulpit. By all means let the fair be closed on Sunday, so that faith and superstition can flourish. Give the world over to creeds and in a few years there will be no fairs, because there will be nothing to show. That is the gospel, according to the Shepard."

His attention being called to the resolutions adopted at the Auditorium meeting, Mr. Ingersoll said: "I do not care for them (snapping his fingers). They are what might be expected to emanate from such a bigoted source. The assertion that Almighty God had anything to do with closing the Fair on Sunday is the climax of blasphemy. As a matter of fact Congress in its cowardice deliberately violated the Constitution in order to curry favor with those hide-bound bigots. The members of Congress who voted for the Sunday closing provision did so in open violation of the Constitution and against the best interest of the masses. And then the audacity to assert that behind this legislation is the consciences of millions of law-abiding men and women. Why, it is a notorious fact that more than half the signatures to the petitions were literally forged. Every man, woman and child whose name had ever appeared on the Church rolls were made to appear as signers. Thousands and thousands of them were dead and most of them who are still living are wishing they were dead. If the doctrine of these people is correct, people having pictures in their houses should cover them up Sunday. The women should put their old clothes on statues, musical instruments should be made dumb. According to their belief God is a constant violator of the Sabbath, for Sunday the sun will shine, the grass will grow, the brooks will sing, the birds will warble, the flowers will burst into blossom. Surely that shows that God is not a Christian, or he would have stopped all these activities of nature on the Sabbath. He would have covered the sun with a tarpaulin and cut the clouds square on that day."

"I want to know what the Sunday closing people have to offer as a substitute for the beautiful creation of art, of science and of genius which may be seen by the working people at the World's Fair on Sunday. Do the priests and parsons offer any better attractions? Will the churches contain any such exhibits of the marvelous creations of man and the tangible evidences of the world's onward march from barbarism to the highest degree of intelligence and brotherhood of man? I fail to hear a reply."

"Col. Shepard tells us that he is making arrangements to ship poor people and workmen from the East to the World's Fair in train-load lots at \$1 or so apiece. Such a proposition is an insult to the poor and an insult to humanity. From what I can learn they will be shipped like cattle and fed like brutes. The trip will be a privation and hardship from beginning to end. The suffering people carried by Col. Shepard must endure it yearful to contemplate. Yet he proposes this and denies the rights of the workingman and his

children to visit the Fair on Sunday and spend the day in learning the noblest object lessons in the world."

It was evident that "Pope" Bob's opinion of the pious Col. Shepard had been acquired by more than casual observation of the latter's pharisaical tendencies. One of the stories told of the pious editor illustrates Col. Ingersoll's contempt of Shepard's snobbery. At a big social event in Gotham recently a prominent society man escorted Mrs. Shepard in to dinner, Col. Shepard following with another woman. As the party entered the banquet room the prominent society man stopped to introduce his partner to a friend.

"Mr. Blank, let me introduce you to Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard."

Before the usual salutations could be exchanged Col. Shepard, who was close behind, craned his neck between the couple and added:

"Formerly Miss Vanderbilt, Mr. Blank."

Col. Ingersoll lectured on "Voltaire" tonight to more than 5000 persons, who packed the Auditorium. Tomorrow he will speak in Streator, and will return on Monday to attend to some legal business.

Ingersoll's Poem of Life.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babies—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes, learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls of limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built, with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song, growing the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no longer

by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thoughts, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star about the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray and growing love of other days and half remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to the horizon where the dusk is waiting for that night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of one he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his palid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

INGERSOLL ON PHELAN.

The Great Infidel Reviews the "Watchman's" Article on Normile's Suicide.

The Church and Its Relations to Infidels and Scoffers — "Warm Personal Friends" Consigned to Perdition — Honesty and Virtue Among Pagans — Devout Robbers and Penitent Murderers.

In an article on the death of Judge Normile, the *Western Watchman*, of this city, in its issue of August 14, took the extreme ground that the deceased, because he had been born a Catholic and had abandoned that faith, had gone to perdition. Coupled with the name of Judge Normile was that of Henry D'Arcy, who died in this city a few years ago, and who, like Normile, though born in the Church, had died outside of it. The *GLOBE-DEMOCRAT* thought it would be a good idea to set one extreme against another, and immediately wrote to its New York correspondent directing him to submit the *Watchman* article to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, requesting his views for publication in these columns. Col. Ingersoll proved to be a very hard man to find. He was out of town, and nobody knew just where he was summering in the woods. His office was visited from day to day, and finally the wanderer returned. The *Watchman's* article was submitted to him. He read it and smiled, and said he would say something about it. The correspondent called next day by appointment, and the following interview with Col. Ingersoll is the result of his mission, as received by telegraph last night. It was carefully revised by Col. Ingersoll, and is printed exactly as he dictated it.

Q. Have you read an article in the *Western Watchman* entitled "Suicide of Judge Normile"? If so, what is your opinion of it?

A. I have read the article and I think the spirit in which it is written is in exact accord with the creed—with the belief—that prompted it. In this article the writer speaks not only of Judge Normile, but of Henry D'Arcy, and begins by saying that a Catholic community had been shocked, but that, as a matter of fact, the Catholics had no right "to feel special concern in the life or death of either," for the reason "that both had ceased to be Catholics and had lived as infidels and scoffers." According to the Catholic creed, all infidels and scoffers are on the direct road to eternal pain; and yet, if the *Watchman* is to be believed, Catholics have no right to have special concern for the fate of such people, even after their death. The Church has always proclaimed that it was seeking the lost—that it was trying in every way to convert the infidels and save the scoffers—that it cared less for the ninety-and-nine sheep safe in the fold than for the one that had strayed. We have been told that God so loved infidels and scoffers that he came to this poor world and gave his life that they might be saved. But now we are told by the *Western Watchman* that the Church, said to have been founded by Christ, has no right to feel any special concern about the fate of infidels and scoffers. Possibly the *Watchman* only refers to the infidels and scoffers who were once Catholics.

If the New Testament is true, St. Peter was at one time a Christian—that is to say a good Catholic—and yet he fell from grace and not only denied his Master, but went to the extent of swearing that he did not know him; that he never had made his acquaintance. And yet the same Peter was taken back and became the rock on which the Catholic Church is supposed to rest.

Are the Catholics of St. Louis following the example of Christ when they publicly declare that they care nothing for the fate of one who left the Church and who died in his sins? The *Watchman*, in order to show that it was simply doing its duty, and was not actuated by hatred or malice, assured us as follows: "A warm personal friendship existed between D'Arcy and Normile and the managers of this paper." What would the *Watchman* have said if these men had been the personal enemies of the managers of that paper? Two "warm personal friends," once Catholics, had gone to hell, but the managers of the *Watchman*—"warm personal friends" of the dead—had no right to feel any special concern about these friends in the flames of perdition. One would think that pity had changed to piety. Another wonderful statement is that "both of these men determined to go to hell, if there was a hell, and to forego the joys of heaven, if there was a heaven." Admitting that heaven and hell exist—that heaven is a good place, and that hell, to say the least, is, and eternally will be, unpleasant—why should any sane man unalterably determine to go to hell? It is hard to think of any reason, unless he was afraid of meeting those Catholics in heaven who had been his "warm personal friends" in this world. The truth is that no one wishes to be unhappy in this or any other country. The truth is that Henry D'Arcy and Judge Normile both became convinced that the Catholic Church is of human origin, that its creed is not true, that it is the enemy of progress and the foe of freedom. It may be that they were in part led to these conclusions by the conduct of their "warm personal friends."

It is claimed that these men—Henry D'Arcy and Judge Normile—"studied to convince themselves" that there was no God; that "they went back to Paganism and lived among the ancients," and that they soon revealed "in the grossness of Paganism." If they went back to Paganism, they certainly found plenty of gods. The Pagans filled heaven and earth with deities. The Catholics have only three; while the Pagans had hundreds. And yet there were some very good Pagans. By associating with Socrates and Plato one would not necessarily become a groveling wretch. Zeno was not altogether abominable. He would compare favorably, at least, with the average Pope. Aristotle was not entirely despicable, although wrong, it may be, in many things. Epicurus was temperate, frugal and serene. He perceived the beauty of use and celebrated the marriage of virtue and joy. He did not teach his disciples to revel in grossness, although his maligners have made this charge. Cicero was a Pagan, and yet he uttered some very sublime and generous sentiments. Among other things he said this: "When we say that we should love Romans, but not foreigners, we destroy the bond of universal brotherhood and drive from our hearts charity and justice." Suppose a Pagan had written about "two warm personal friends" of his who had joined the Catholic Church, and suppose he had said this: "Although our two warm personal friends have both died by their own hands, and although both have gone to the lowest hell, and are now suffering inconceivable agonies, we have no right to feel any special concern about them or about their sufferings; and, to speak frankly, we care nothing for their agonies, nothing for their tears, and we mention them only to keep other Pagans from joining that blasphemous and ignorant church. Both of our friends were raised as Pagans, both were educated in our holy religion, and both had read the works of our greatest and wisest authors, and yet they fell into apostasy and studied day and night, in season and out of season, to convince themselves that a young carpenter of Palestine was, in fact, Jupiter, whom we call Stator, the creator, the sustainer and governor of all."

It is probable that the editor of the *Watchman* was perfectly conscientious in his attack on the dead. Nothing but a sense of religious duty could induce any man to attack the character of a warm personal friend, and to say that, although the friend was in hell, he felt no special concern as to his fate. The *Watchman* seems to think that it is hardly probable or possible that a sane Catholic should be-

come an infidel. People of every religion feel substantially in this way. It is probable that the Mohammedan is of the opinion that no sane believer in the religion of Islam could possibly become a Catholic. Probably there are no sane Mohammedans. I don't know. Now, it seems to me that when a sane Catholic reads the history of his Church, of the inquisition, of centuries of flame and sword, of philosophers and thinkers tortured, flayed and burned by the "Bride of God," and of all the cruelties of the Christian years, he may reasonably come to the conclusion that the Church of Rome is not the best possible Church in this the best possible of all worlds. It would hardly impeach his sanity if, after reading the history of superstition, he should denounce the hierarchy, from priest to Pope.

The truth is, the real opinions of all men are perfectly honest, no matter whether they are for or against the Catholic creed. All intelligent people are intellectually hospitable. Every man who knows something of the operations of his own mind is absolutely certain that his wish has not, to his knowledge, influenced his judgment. He may admit that his wish has influenced his speech, but he must certainly know that it has not affected his judgment. In other words, a man can not cheat himself in a game of solitaire and really believe that he has won the game. No matter what the appearance of the cards may be, he knows whether the game is lost or won. So men may say that their judgment is a certain way, and they may so affirm in accordance with their wish, but neither the wish nor the declaration can affect the real judgment. So, a man must know whether he believes a certain creed or not, or at least what the real state of his mind is. When a man tells me that he believes in the supernatural, in the miraculous and in the inspiration of the Scriptures, I take it for granted that he is telling the truth, although it seems impossible to me that a man could reach that conclusion. When another tells me that he does not know whether there is a Supreme Being or not, but that he does not believe in the supernatural, and is perfectly satisfied that the Scriptures are, for the most part, false and barbarous, I impliedly believe every word he says. I admit cheerfully that there are many millions of men and women who believe what to me seems impossible and infinitely absurd; and, undoubtedly, what I believe seems to them equally impossible. Let us give to others the liberty which we claim for ourselves.

The *Watchman* seems to think that unbelief, especially when coupled with what they call "the sins of the flesh," is the lowest possible depth, and tells us that robbers may be devout, murderers penitent and drunkards reverential. In some of these statements the *Watchman* is probably correct. There have been "devout robbers;" there have been gentlemen of the highway, agents of the road, who carried sacred images, who bowed at holy shrines for the purpose of securing success. For many centuries the devout Catholics robbed the Jews. The devout Ferdinand and Isabella were great robbers. A great many Popes have indulged in this theological pastime, not to speak of the rank and file. Yes, the *Watchman* is right. There is nothing in robbery that necessarily interferes with devotion. There have been penitent murderers, and most murderers, unless impelled by a religious sense of duty to God, have been penitent. David, with dying breath, advised his son to murder the old friends of his father. He certainly was not penitent. Undoubtedly Torquemada murdered without remorse, and Calvin burned his "warm personal friend" to gain the applause of God. Philip II. was a murderer not penitent because he deemed it his duty. The same may be said of the Duke of Alva and thousands of others. Robert Burns was hot, according to his own account, strictly virtuous, and yet I like him better than I do those who planned and carried into bloody execution the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Undoubtedly murderers have been penitent. A man in California cut the throat of a woman, although she begged for mercy, saying at the same time that she was not prepared to die. He

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cared nothing for her prayers. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. He made a motion for a new trial. This was denied. He appealed to the Governor, but the Executive refused to interfere. Then he became penitent and experienced religion. On the scaffold he remarked that he was going to heaven; that his only regret was that he would not meet the woman he had murdered, as she was not a Christian when she died. Undoubtedly murderers can be penitent.

So, I admit that drunkards have been pious and reverential, and, I might add, honest and generous. Some good Catholics and some good Protestants have enjoyed a hospitable glass, and there have been priests who used the blood of the grape for other than a sacramental purpose. Even Luther—a good Catholic in his day, a reformer, a Doctor of Divinity—gave to the world this couplet:

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Will live a fool his whole life long.

The *Watchman*, in effect, says that a devout robber is better than an infidel; that a penitent murderer is superior to a free thinker in the sight of God.

Another curious thing in this article is that after sending both men to hell, the *Watchman* says: "As to their moral habits we know nothing." It may be then taken for granted, if these "warm personal friends" knew nothing against the dead, that their lives were at least what the Church calls moral. We know, if we know anything, that there is no necessary connection between what is called religion and morality. Certainly there were millions of moral people, those who loved mercy and dealt honestly, before the Catholic Church existed. The virtues were well known and practiced before a triple crown surrounded the cunning brain of an Italian Vicar of God, and before the flames of the auto-da-fé delighted the hearts of a Christian mob. Thousands of people died for the right before the wrong organized the infallible Church.

But why should any man deem it his duty, or feel it a pleasure, to say harsh and cruel things of the dead? Why pierce the brow of death with thorns of hatred? Suppose the editor of the *Watchman* had died and Judge Normile had been the survivor, would the infidel and scoffer have attacked the unreplying dead?

Henry d'Arcy I did not know; but Judge Normile was my friend and I was his. Although we met but few times, he excited my admiration and respect. He impressed me as being an exceedingly intelligent man, well informed on many subjects, of varied reading, possessed of a clear and logical mind, a poetic temperament, enjoying the beautiful things in literature and art and the noble things in life. He gave his opinions freely, but without the least arrogance, and seemed perfectly willing that others should enjoy the privilege of differing from him. He was, so far as I could perceive, a gentleman, tender of the feelings of others, free and manly in his bearings, "of most excellent fancy" and a most charming and agreeable companion. According, however, to the *Watchman*, such a man is far below a devout robber or a penitent murderer. Is it possible that an assassin like Ravallac is far better than a philosopher like Voltaire; and that all the Catholic robbers and murderers who retain their faith give greater delight to God than the Humboldts, Haeckels and Darwins who have filled the world with intellectual light?

Possibly the Catholic Church is mistaken. Possibly the *Watchman* is in error, and possibly there may be for the erring, even in an other world, some asylum beside hell.

Judge Normile died by his own hand. Certainly he was not afraid of the future. He was not appalled by death. He died by his own hand. Can anything be more pitiful

more terrible? How can a man in the flowing tide and noon of life destroy himself? What storms there must have been within the brain; what tempests must have raved and wrecked; what lightnings blinded and revealed; what hurrying clouds obscured and hid the stars; what monstrous shapes emerged from gloom; what darkness fell upon the day; what visions filled the night; how the light failed; how paths were lost; how highways disappeared; how chasms yawned, until one thought—the thought of death, swift, compassionate and endless—became the insane monarch of the mind.

Standing by the prostrate form of one who thus found death, it is far better to pity than to revile—to kiss the clay than to curse the man. The editor of the *Watchman* has done himself injustice. He has not injured the dead, but the living.

I am an infidel—an unbeliever—and yet I hope that all the children of men may find peace and joy. No matter how they leave this world, from altar or from scaffold, crowned with virtue or stained with crime, I hope that good may come to all. R. G. INGERSOLL.

THE PRINCE OF AGNOSTICS

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL ADDRESSED A LARGE DALLAS AUDIENCE LAST NIGHT.

THE BOYHOOD OF THE NOTED INFIDEL

What the Orthodox Christians Believe—Burns and Shakespeare. Moses and the Bible.

The highway of oratorical distinction and greatness was opened to Col. Ingersoll by that same divinity which "shapes our ends" in other matters, and natural motives and incentive urged and promoted him to aspire to its lofty elevation. Without many friends, perhaps, or fortune, he entered upon his agnostic teachings under the most adverse circumstances, but permitted no obstacle to dim his mind's lofty ideal of the dignity and glory of the oratorical profession. At the present point of his remarkable career he is regarded as the brightest star of the agnostic firmament. Whether or not his popularity has been attained by purely legitimate means will be a question for biography when the final curtain has been rung down upon his illustrious career. At present his name is sufficient to excite the curiosity of all lovers of silver-tongued oratory, agnosticism and strong argument and the gathering of so numerous and fashionable an audience as that which assembled at the opera-house last night has come to be considered as a natural expression of appreciation from an intelligent and cultured public.

The following is a small part of his remarkable lecture delivered last night:

"The Scotch are Calvinists because their fathers were. The Irish are Catholics because their fathers were. The English are Episcopalians because their fathers were, and the Americans are divided in a hundred sects because their fathers were. This is the general rule, to which there are many exceptions. Children sometimes are superior to their parents, modify their ideas, change their customs, and arrive at different conclusions. But this is generally so gradual that the departure is scarcely noticed, and those who change usually insist that they are still following the fathers.

"Like the most of you, I was raised among people who knew—who were certain. They did not know—they were certain. They had no doubts. They knew that they had the truth. In their creed there was no guess—no perhaps. They had a revelation from God. They knew the beginning of things. They knew that God commenced to create one Monday morning, 4004 years before Christ. They knew that in the eternity—back of that morning, he had done nothing. They knew that it took him six days to make the earth—all plants, all animals, all life and all the globes that wheel in space. They knew exactly what he did each day and when he rested. They knew the origin, the cause of evil, of all crime, of all disease and

"They not only knew the beginning, but they knew the end. They knew that life had one path and one road. They knew that the path, grass-grown and narrow, filled with thorns and nettles, infested with vipers, wet with tears, stained by bleeding feet, led to heaven, and that the road, broad and smooth, bordered with fruits and flowers, filled with laughter and song, and all the happiness of human love, led straight to hell. They knew that God was doing his best to make you take the path and that the devil used every art to keep you in the road.

He eulogized Burns. He said: "Burns had his faults, his frailties. He was intensely human. Still, I would rather appear at the judgment seat drunk and be able to say that I was the author of 'A man's a man for a' that,' than to be perfectly sober and admit that I had lived and died a Scotch Presbyterian."

He admires Shakespeare also: "And then I read Shakespeare, the plays, the sonnets, the poems—read all. I beheld a new heaven and a new earth. Shakespeare, who knew the brain and heart of man—the hopes and fears, the loves and hatreds, the vices and the virtues of the human race. Whose imagination read the tear-blurred records, the blood-stained pages of all the past and saw falling athwart the outspread scroll the light of hope and love. Shakespeare, who sounded every depth—while on the loftiest peak there fell the shadow of his wings.

"I compared the plays with the 'inspired' books—'Romeo and Juliet' with the Song of Solomon, 'Lear' with Job and the sonnets with the Psalms, and I found that Jehovah did not understand the art of speech. I compared Shakespeare's women his perfect women—with the women of the Bible. I found that Jehovah was not a sculptor, not a painter—not an artist—that he lacked the power that changes clay to flesh—the art, the plastic touch, that moulds the perfect form—the breath that gives it free and jovous life—the genius that creates the faultless.

"The sacred books of all the world are worthless dross and common stones compared with Shakespeare's glittering gold and gleaming gems."

He paid his respects to the theologian, saying:

"The theologian says that God governs the wind, the rain, the lightning. How, then, can we account for the cyclone, the flood, the drought, the glittering bolt that kills?

"Suppose we had a man in this country who could control the wind, the rain and lightning and suppose we elected him to govern these things, and suppose that he allowed whole states to dry and wither and at the same time wasted the rain in the sea. Suppose that he allowed the winds to destroy cities and to crush to shapelessness thousands of men and women and allowed the lightnings to strike the life out of mothers and babes. What would we say? What would we think of such a savage?

"And yet, according to the theologians, this is exactly the course pursued by God."

The Bible, his first history: "From my childhood I had heard read and read the Bible. Morning and evening the sacred volume was opened and prayers were said. The Bible was my first history, the Jews were the first people and the events narrated by Moses and the other inspired writers and those predicted by prophets were the all-important things. In other books were found the thoughts and dreams of men, but in the Bible were the sacred truths of God.

"Yet in spite of my surroundings, of my education, I had no love for God. He was so saving of mercy, so extravagant in murder, so anxious to kill, so ready to assassinate, that I hated him with all my heart. At his command babes were butchered, women violated and the white hair of trembling age stained with blood. This God visited the people with pestilence—filled the houses and covered the streets with the dying and the dead—saw babes starving on the empty breasts of pallid mothers, heard the sobs, saw the tears, the sunken cheeks, the sightless eyes, the

new-made graves and remained as pitiless as the pestilence.

"This God withheld the rain—caused the famine—saw the fierce eyes of hunger—the wasted forms, the white lips, saw mothers eating babes and remained ferocious as famine.

"It seems to me impossible for a civilized man to love or worship or respect the God of the Old Testament. A really civilized man, a really civilized woman, must hold such a God in abhorrence and contempt.

"But in the old days the good people justified Jehovah in his treatment of the heathen. The wretches who were murdered were idolaters and therefore unfit to live."

Entertained the Agnostic.

Captain and Mrs. Halloway and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Dingee entertained Colonel and Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll for luncheon yesterday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock at the residence of A. S. Dingee, 708 West Seventh street.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Exalts Texas as the Greatest of the States.

SOON TO LEAD ALL THE OTHERS.

Because of Her Soils and Climate and the Absence of All Provincialism.

Dallas, Tex., Feb. 8.—(Special).—

A representative of this paper met Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll this forenoon in his rooms at the Oriental hotel and found him in the appearance of perfect health, although he said he was dieting himself rather severely. He spoke most sanguinely as to the future of Texas, remarking that "this was destined not only to be, but soon to be, the greatest State in the Union. The matchless soils and delightful climate of her vast area were things that could not be imported into other states, nor exported from this. But beyond all that," he said, "was another greatly attracting feature, and that was the cosmopolitanism of the people of Texas who came from all the other States. Especially noticeable was the absence of provincialism. There are States where the people believe that they are without peers. I find Texas a great improvement on this narrow view and corresponding conduct. "It is true," he went on to remark, "the very low price of cotton has kept millions from your people, but good times will come to you. They are bound to come. They have come to some other States, and you will shortly get your share. It is impossible to keep back a State with such gigantic resources and incomparable opportunities."

Mr. Ingersoll is full of his old-time humor. The Times Herald man observed that he hoped the colonel would come to us soon again, as he had hosts of friends here who would always welcome him as they do now and did two years ago.

"Well, I hope to meet you here 65 years from now." On a counter response by the representative, "let us make it 99 years, to be odd, and in the mystical number," he said: "No, no, let us make it 65 years and stick to it, like men." The company of gentlemen retiring, he warmly pressed each hand, saying, facetiously and with a wink, "Good bye, boys and girls, call again; come often and stay frequently."

Amongst the callers was Mr. O. Paget who informed Col. Ingersoll that it had been proposed to meet him on arrival with a brass band, etc., but that it had been determined this was not best, they knowing the distinguished visitor's great modesty. The colonel said: "That was best. I fully appreciate the feeling that prompted the suggestion, but I prefer things as they are. I never like to put anyone to any trouble or expense, whatever, on my account."

Mrs. Ingersoll, who is the personification of superb health, and geniality, accompanies her husband and appreciates the attentions shown him.

Bob Ingersoll is a good orator but a level of a theologian.

Ingersoll on Renan.

[From the North American Review.]

Ernest Renan is dead. Another source of light; another force of civilization; another charming personality; another brave soul, graceful in thought, generous in deed; a sculptor in speech, a colorist in words—clothing all in the poetry born of a delightful union of heart and brain—has passed to the realm of rest.

Rearched under the influences of Catholicism, educated for the priesthood, yet by reason of his natural genius, he began to think. Forces that utterly subjugate and enslave the mind of mediocrity sometimes rouse to thought and action the superior soul.

Renan began to think—a dangerous thing for a Catholic to do. Thought leads to doubt, doubt to investigation, investigation to truth—the enemy of all superstition.

He lifted the Catholic extinguisher from the light and flame of reason. He found that his mental vision was improved. He read the Scriptures for himself, examined them as he did other books not claiming to be inspired. He found the same mistakes, the same prejudices, the same miraculous impossibilities in the book attributed to God that he found in those known to have been written by men.

Into the path of reason, or rather into the highway, Renan was led by Henriette, his sister, to whom he pays a tribute that has the perfume of a perfect flower.

"I was," writes Renan, "brought up by women and priests, and therein lies the whole explanation of my good qualities and of my defects." In most that he wrote is the tenderness of woman, only now and then a little touch of the priest showing itself, mostly in a reluctance to spoil the ivy by tearing down some prison built by superstition.

In spite of the heartless "scheme" of things he still found it in his heart to say, "When God shall be complete, he will be just," at the same time saying that "nothing proves to us that there exists in the world a central consciousness—a soul of the universe—and nothing proves the contrary." So, whatever was the verdict of his brain, his heart asked for immortality. He wanted his dream, and he was willing that others should have theirs. Such is the wish and will of all great souls.

He knew the Church thoroughly, and anticipated what would finally be written about him by churchmen: "Having some experience of ecclesiastical writers I can sketch out in advance the way my biography will be written in Spanish in some Catholic review, of Santa Fe, in the year 2000. Heaven! how black I shall be! I shall be so all the more, because the Church when she feels that she is lost will end with malice. She will bite like a mad dog."

He anticipated such a biography because he had thought for himself, and because he had expressed his thoughts—because he had declared that "our universe, within the reach of our experiment is not governed by any intelligent reason. God, as the common herd understand him, the living God, the acting God—the God-Providence, does not show himself in the universe"—because he attacked the mythical and the miraculous in the life of Christ and sought to rescue from the calumnies of ignorance and faith a serene and life-giving soul.

ROBERT BURNS.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cotter king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.
'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day,
And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here beneath this lowly thatch
Love's sweetest bard was born.
Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years—
As long as day returns—
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll

LEAVES FROM LIFE.

INGERSOLL GENTLY REBUKED.

The mention of Colonel Bob Ingersoll's name recalls a touching story of Washington life. One cheerless, rainy night the venerable Simon Cameron was sitting in the office of the Ebbitt house, gazing out through the window into the fog and darkness. He was lost in thought and his face was the picture of melancholy. Presently Colonel Ingersoll entered.

"What has happened, general?" he asked. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

"Ah, Bob," said the old man, with a sigh. "I've just seen a cruel, pitiable sight. An aged and crippled soldier was painfully toiling up the street yonder, and was making some progress, when along came a double-fisted, broad-shouldered fellow and kicked the crutches out from under the cripple, leaving him, feeble and helpless, to pick himself up as best he could."

"I would to God I had been there!" cried Ingersoll angrily. "I'd have trounced the ruffian! I never heard of so brutal an outrage! What, abuse an old and crippled man like that! I'd make quick work of the brute!"

"Wait a moment, Bob," interposed old Simon Cameron gently. "I was that aged and crippled veteran, and I was toiling along to my grave. And it was you, Bob, who came across my path and kicked from under me the crutches that have supported me in that last journey."

Colonel Ingersoll made no answer; the old man continued to look mournfully out into the night.

INGERSOLL AFTER DIXON.

The Hanson Place Pastor Will Defend His Phonograph in Court.

Bob Ingersoll is after the Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Hanson place Baptist church, with a sharp stick. Dixon said in lecture that Ingersoll was a defender of obscene literature. Thereupon Ingersoll wrote the following letter to Dixon:

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1892.

Rev. A. C. Dixon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR—My attention was called, for the first time, this morning to a report that appeared in the Brooklyn edition of the New York World of February 1, 1892, of a lecture delivered by you on January 31 at the Hanson place Baptist church, and in that report the following is said to have been uttered by you: "A few years ago it was found that pictures and impure publications were passing through the mails. Anthony Comstock decided to stop it. On investigation, whom should he find representing publishers of impure literature but Col. Ingersoll, paid to pollute the minds of the young of this generation." I write for the purpose of giving you an opportunity to retract—either by stating that you used no such language, or that the statements are absolutely untrue. If you do not make such retraction, I shall commence an action against you for having uttered a malicious libel. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

The Rev. Dixon replied that he didn't say the things Ingersoll quoted, because he forgot them. Then he delivered his lecture; but that the reporter got the paragraphs from his phonograph, where he had spoken them in preparing his lecture. Mr. Dixon then quoted at length from Anthony Comstock's book to prove that his charges against Ingersoll are true, and then said:

"I believe, sir, that these charges against you are true, and if you desire to test them before a court of justice, I will be happy indeed to represent the purity of this country as against the defenders and propagators of obscene literature."

—The following is a will left by a drunkard of Oswego, N. Y.: "I leave to society a ruined character and a wretched example; I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can bear; brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring on them; I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life of shame; I leave to each my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave."

CONSUL JUDD A FREE THINKER.

HE BELONGS TO TEMPLE ISRAEL ONLY TO HEAR DR. HARRISON.

St. Louis, April 4.—Max Judd, the prominent cloak merchant, who has been appointed consul-general to Vienna, is experiencing in a marked degree the envy which assails the successful candidate for office. When his selection for the Austrian berth was announced, the German newspapers of St. Louis attacked him, principally because he was a Hebrew. A representative of a German daily interviewed Mr. Judd on his religion, an inquiry as to his creed having been received from Vienna. Mr. Judd was quoted as saying that he was a free thinker, and belonged to Temple Israel for business and social considerations. This alleged statement incensed Rabbi M. Spitz, editor of the Jewish voice. Today's issue contains a long issue on Mr. Judd, which says:

"Mr. Judd is, as a Jew, unjustly persecuted. He is no Jew. He himself has declared it, and for all eventual purposes we wish to record this fact. The Jews, as such, do not wish to profit by his advancement, neither do they expect to suffer any possible consequences of a defeat of his which we surely hope he will never meet with."

To a reporter Mr. Judd said: "I did state that I belonged to Temple Israel, but that I did not believe in the tenets of the Jewish religion, being a free thinker. I did not, however, say that I joined the church for business and social reasons. Such reasons could never induce me to do so. My motive for being a member is to hear Dr. Harrison's excellent lectures. I am a member of the Ethical Culture society, and am a great admirer of Professor Felix Adler."

Mr. Judd was asked what he had to say to the discovery made yesterday that he had voted for Joy, the Republican candidate for congress, whose seat is being contested by Congressman John J. O'Neil, the Democratic candidate.

"Yes," said Mr. Judd, "I voted for Mr. Joy, and I did so for purely business reasons. It was the first time in twelve years that I scratched a Democratic ticket for in my national politics I am a follower of Carl Schurz."

Mr. O'Neil has telegraphed a protest to Washington against issuing Mr. Judd's commission until he (O'Neil) can be heard.

THE great liberal Robert Ingersoll knows what he is talking about when he says, relating to Sunday closing of the World's fair:

"Personally I am in favor of giving the laborer a day of rest. By rest I do not mean that he should be shut up in a kind of religious penitentiary to hear good news of almost universal damnation and call it recreation. I think that Sunday should be a day of joy; a day for the cultivation of friendship; a day upon which a man may become acquainted with his wife and children. There is no better day for looking at pictures and sculpture and machinery and the wonderful things that the genius of man produced. Those who oppose the opening of the World's fair on Sunday have the Scotch and New England idea of the day, which is almost insane. The holiest day is the day on which most people are happy. I think if the fair is kept closed on Sunday it will hardly be a financial success."

Bob Ingersoll may be a little "off," viewed from an orthodox Christian standpoint, and as a full-fledged Republican loses caste with the great Democratic family of the country, but there are hundreds of thousands of Democrats who will agree with him in the following as far as it relates to the question of protection to American industries:

A nation that has no protection and no factories is a nation of ignorance and poverty. The farmer who sells raw material will never lift his mortgage; the man who digs ore will grow in ignorance. It is better to sell furniture than logs, and steel rails than ore; it requires more intelligence to do it. We must have raw material; we must dig ore and raise crops, but the best in the world for any nation is a crop of intelligent men and women. I want every man to have pay and employment; I want his wife to be well clothed, his children well educated. Then we can keep our markets at home, pay a fair price for what we used, so that all may have a profit and bring prosperity to the nation. It is better to pay a fair price at home than to get things a little cheaper from abroad. You can get a ton of steel rails in England for \$20; suppose you pay \$25 at home; let us strike accounts. In the first deal our country has a ton of steel rails, England has our \$20; in the second we have a ton of rails and \$25. In my opinion the reason of the defeat of '92 was due to the fact we were getting along too well, had too much to eat. It is said that an over-filled stomach interferes with the action of the brain. Our workingmen had ceased to think. But there is no bother now. The conditions are very favorable for deep meditation, and the people are at it. When next their time comes to vote they will show people what they have been thinking about.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Owing to the extraordinary demand upon the news columns of The Register by reason of the Odd Fellows convention and other matters, a demand which exceeded the capacity of the paper, a number of important news items were unavoidably left out. Among these was the lecture at Greenwall's delivered by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Any attempt to epitomize the lecture must necessarily be doomed to failure, inasmuch as the lecture itself is an epitome. Colonel Ingersoll shows the signs of advancing age, both in appearance and in the decline of the vigorous eloquence that has stirred political conventions and patriotic assemblages in the years gone by, though there is no apparent weakening in the vigor of his mentality. A large audience greeted him.

PRAYERS FOR GRACELESS BOB.

Cleveland Religious Societies Unite in Prayer for Ingersoll.
Cleveland, Nov. 28.—Many fervent prayers were doubtlessly offered in this city today for the conversion of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted agnostic. The Christian Endeavorers of Cleveland requested that the 3000 members of the society here engage in prayer at noon. The president of the Epworth League made a similar request of the members of his organization. Public prayers for the conversion of Ingersoll were offered at a mass meeting of the Salvatic army and at Olivette Congregational church by the pastor.

T. J. DICKSON.

Ingersoll Answers His Challenge to Lecture.

HE REPLIES TO THE ANSWER FROM COL. "BOB."

MAKES A STATEMENT.

Evening Mail
Says Ingersoll Does Nothing to Better Humanity But Every Thing That Tends to Weaken Faith in Each Other.

Thomas J. Dickson, the Kansas City attorney who lectures on the "Fallacy of Ingersollism" and who challenged Colonel "Bob" to a joint debate on Sunday, received the following reply yesterday afternoon:

Fort Worth, Texas, Feb. 7.—Thomas J. Dickson, Esq: My dear sir—I have many appointments that I must fill and have no time to discuss with anybody. To tell you the truth, I know nothing of your intellectual standing, of whom or what you represent or what you believe and consequently am not in a position to determine whether it would be desirable to meet you in debate, even if I had time. I would however, suggest that you persevere in your efforts to answer my arguments and if you succeed I will adopt your views.

Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

After reading Col. Ingersoll's reply to his challenge, Mr. Dickson wrote him the following letter:

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 7.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Fort Worth, Tex.: My dear sir—Replying to your refusal to meet me in public discussion in Fort Worth or any convenient place, will say, I believe you have heard of me before else you are not familiar with the western press. I sent credentials with my challenge. I am a Christian and will defend Christianity vs. agnosticism at any convenient place you name. If it is agreeable I will gladly place the entire receipts of the discussion at the disposal of the mayor, where the debate is held, for distribution to the poor.

You have the reputation of being the friend of humanity. Here is the opportunity to drive want from many homes. If this is not satisfactory, you may make any disposition of the receipts you choose. I believe you have misrepresented some of the best people on earth. Any one of the prominent branches of Christianity has more organized charity than all the agnostic organizations combined. I believe Christians are doing more for

humanity. If you were conscious of this I believe that instead of robbing the church graveyards of dogmas that have been buried for hundreds of years and parading them as discoveries, that you would gladly join the men and women of the present century, whose only aim is to place humanity upon the highest plane possible.

I do not want you to adopt my views unless you can do it consistently. I believe if you realized the harm that you have done humanity by the promulgation of agnosticism that you would do as I did, burn your manuscripts and take a solemn vow that the next time you sallied forth you would choose a foe more worthy of your steel than a church organization.

I will meet you any time you desire and defend Christianity against agnosticism. If I never meet you in public debate it will be because you deny me the opportunity. Assuring you that I have the highest respect for you and your attainments I remain yours very respectfully,

THOMAS J. DICKSON,
Member Kansas City Bar.

This morning just as Mr. Dickson was leaving for the northern portion of the state he said:

"I do not follow the dogmas of old churches. I simply defend Christianity in the light of the nineteenth century, and try to put forth doctrines that will alleviate the suffering of humanity as we find it in the present day. Colonel Ingersoll in his lecture does not build up the cause of humanity, but simply pulls it down.

"I do not take all the parables in the Bible as truths, but take them for the good thoughts and morals they contain, and use my own reasoning to get at the gist of them.

IN WOLF'S ATTIRE.

It worth a up
A Pious Colored Sexton on the Certain Road to the Penitentiary—A Good Piece of Official Work—Particulars.

Yesterday morning Officers Pemberton, Garrett and Scott caught on to a clew to the thief who stole the kit of tools from the carpenter named Rogers on Henrietta street, and found that the same thief stole a lot of clothes from the yard of W. J. Boaz. They proceeded to the house of a negro named Bob Welch. There they found Bob; and also a part of the tools. He was taken to the lockup, denying indignantly the theft. Later on he told Officer Pemberton he wanted to "fess up," and did so. He had disposed of some of the tools at no less than a half dozen places and had some remaining on hand. He said that those not disposed of were in the closet of Mt. Gilead church, of which he was sexton. There they were found. The remainder of the kit was gathered up, in all amounting in value to about \$80. Pemberton then asked where the clothes were, and discovered one of the shirts on Bob at the time. He replied that they were at his house between the mattresses of his bed. There the property was found. Bob was locked up in the county jail for future reference. Bob is no less than fifty years of age, and is certain to spend a few of his declining years serving the state.

If, from the shape of a dog's paw his master can tell what sort of a chase he is best fitted for; or from a horse's hoof you can tell his breed and the kind of work he is fitted for; why should you not be able to tell from the human hand the peculiar temperament, disposition and abilities of its owner?

If a zoologist can, from a single bone, reconstruct the entire animal to which it originally belonged, why may not the man who has studied the subject reconstruct the character of a stranger from his hand? A farmer can tell by looking at a ploughed field what kind of a plow was used on it; a brick-layer can judge from the dimensions of a building and the size of the bricks, the number used in its construction; a machinist can tell, by looking at the results of a piece of work the instruments used on it; why shall not the palmist tell, from the furrows ploughed by experience, or the chiselings of time on the human hand, what they shall mean, and what they have meant in the past?

There is visiting New York to-day the most wonderful palmist of the present century. Although he is still under thirty, he has read the palms of over 20,000 people. His life reads like a romance. He was born of a Spanish father and a Greek mother and is the last of both lines. When he was a small child he took up the science of palm-reading, and seemed to have a strange, natural gift for it. While he was still a boy he was stolen by a band of gypsies, on account of this wonderful faculty, and he travelled with them fifteen months. He soon learned all the traditions of the gypsy-palmists, and became the best one in the tribe. Later he went to India and studied the subject which lay closest to his heart under the most famous old priests of occultism. After some years he returned to London and began to read palms there. In England there is a law imposing not only a heavy fine but imprisonment upon anyone practising palmistry; and soon officers of the law, disguised as private citizens began calling on "Cheiro" for the purpose of obtaining evidence against him. But so wonderfully correct were his readings of their lives—that finally the chief of police, whose curiosity had become aroused to the highest pitch, went himself; and the result was that it was decided that this man was no charlatan, but a scientific student, and he was allowed to remain unmolested. He soon became the fashion in London and read over 10,000 hands, including Queen Victoria's, Mr. Gladstone's, Sir Morell McKenzie's, Lady Randolph Churchill's and a great many others belonging to noted people. Since coming to New York last September he has become as



COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S HAND.

much of a fad in New York, and has there been put to some remarkable tests. For instance, he was given several imprints of hands of people he had never seen, and whose names even he did not know. His readings of the characters and lives of their owners was in every instance marvelously correct.

COMFORT, always eager to place the best authorities on any subject which it takes up, to its readers, has secured from this wonderful being—"Cheiro the Palmist"—a new, full and complete guide to palm-reading and has originated a novel plan for putting it into the hands of every reader free of cost. As all other reliable and complete works on palmistry are not only difficult to obtain, but are written in an abstruse and uninteresting style, and as the book which we are about to put out is so plain and simple in its rules as to be easily understood by the most ordinary reader, we can not only congratulate ourselves but our six million readers on their good fortune in having Cheiro's work placed within their reach.

We promised to give several readings of hands this month, and are glad to submit the following. The first one is that of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, one of the most eloquent and fearless orators of the day, but also noted for his defiance of established religious and theological creeds. The lines of his hand explain the peculiarities which have made him famous. His is a very unusual type of hand. His fate-line indicates that the first part of his life was a very hard one, and very much influenced by others. He is wonderfully magnetic, attracting people to a great degree. His hand shows that he would be very popular with women, and that he probably made an early marriage. Since the first part of his life he has had a tremendous success, as shown by the sun-line, which grows from the line of fate. This indicates that he has built up a brilliant career for himself. Between forty and forty-three he came into great prominence, and had some difficulty in money matters about the age of

fifty. Beyond that there is nothing but success, with a probability of business relations in other countries. He has a great many personal friends, is generous and very benevolent. Firmness and decision are shown and opposition does him good, only strengthening him and his powers. He has great inventive power, especially in new lines of thought. He has both business ability and love for the artistic and beautiful. He is firm in his opinions, but not self-assertive. In matters of religion he necessarily thinks for himself. It would be impossible for him to accept established theologies and creeds, until he had thought of them and weighed them carefully in the balances of reason. He would then form his own conclu-

sion, and be very firm in his principles and convictions of honor. His lines show that he is an excellent orator and could sway multitudes by the force of his eloquence, never acknowledging defeat, and when beaten on one line, trying another. He would not be afraid to boldly announce his own beliefs, after having thought them out, and would stick to them to the death, if need be.

A CHURCH SCANDAL.

A Bishop of the Evangelical Association in Ohio Tried for Conduct Unbecoming a Christian Gentleman.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 19.—Bishop Randolph Rubs of the Evangelical association, was placed on trial to-day at Salem church for conduct unbecoming a Christian. Fifteen clergymen constitute a trial committee, and Bishops Esher and Bowman of Chicago were present. Charge against Bishop Rubs is that he accused Rev. H. M. Fittinger of Buffalo and E. B. Esher son of the bishop, with having falsified a telegram which he sent several years ago, and which referred to church business, and that on two occasions he was familiar in his conduct toward two women. One of the women was eating dinner at her home when he entered, and placing his hand on the back of her chair, he asked if her "dinner was good." Other instances of familiarity are laid in Switzerland some twelve years ago, and the woman in the case a servant in a hotel. Nothing criminal is alleged in either case. The Evangelical association is a strong denomination, having many churches in Illinois, Northwestern Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Rubs has always been a very popular man, and his friends declare that envy is back of the present trial. The investigation is being made behind locked doors, although Rubs was emphatic in his desire to have the public admitted.

THE METHODISTS.

Bishop Randolph S. Foster Gives Some Statistics in Regard to the Denomination.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 25.—Bishop Randolph S. Foster, who is on his way to the conference at Cumberland on March 5, in an address to the Methodist Episcopal ministers on the work of the church said that forty years ago the Methodist Episcopalians numbered 700,000 and now they number 5,000,000. Then there were only three important educational institutions, while now there are a large number connected with the denomination, and the educational work among the colored population alone is greater than all the educational work of forty years ago. Then he was pastor of the Mulberry street church, New York, and received \$1250 a year, the largest salary paid to any ministerial bishop or book agent at that time. Bishop Foster has been a minister fifty-three years. He is seventy-two years old.

INGERSOLL ON THE COACH LAW.

The Courier Journal says: The statement has frequently been made that Col. Robt. Ingersoll had been engaged by the colored people of this state to take their side in the fight on the separate-coach law. Col. Ingersoll was seen by a reporter for the Courier-Journal at the Galt House. He said that the report was untrue. Asked if he had received any correspondence in regard to the case, he said: "Not that I know of." In answer to the question as to whether it was at all likely that he would be engaged by the colored people, he said the future withheld its secrets.

"But I'll tell you this about the law," he burst forth. "It ought to forbid white people from going in colored coaches just as emphatically as it prevents colored people from entering white coaches. The law should make no distinctions."

It was explained that the railroad companies were enforcing just what he insisted on.

"Yes," he resumed, "but the law must say that. As far as I am concerned I would rather sit by a clean negro than an unclean white man. The world, as

"I saw 'Pagan Bob' Ingersoll entertain a crowd of Methodist preachers once, and it was, perhaps, the most appreciative audience the great agnostic ever had," said Maj. Chas. Edwards, at the Southern. "I was en route from St. Louis to Indianapolis. Travel was tight and I had the chair car all to myself when we reached Vandalia. Ingersoll, who had been lecturing at some point on the Central, got on there. He was pining for society and we became well acquainted in about two minutes. He was fairly overflowing with animal spirits and the stories he told that night would make the fortune of a dozen professional humorists. A few stations beyond Vandalia we picked up a contingent of Methodist preachers who had been attending some kind of a gathering of the faithful. Ingersoll winked to me and proceeded to make himself agreeable to the good brethren. He was a veritable magnet, and soon the entire party was hanging about him enjoying his flow of wit. Men laughed till they cried, who looked as though they had not cracked a smile for twenty years. At Marshall the party left us with many expressions of regret. They all told us who they were, where they had been, etc., but Col. Ingersoll was not equally confidential. Finally one good old brother, whose laughter had cracked the paint on the coach, asked his name. Ingersoll handed him his card. He looked at it, and let it drop as though it burned his fingers. His jaw fell, and he looked as though he had seen a ghost. 'All off for Marshall!' yelled the porter, and they hustled out. They congregated on the platform, and the old man who had dropped the card whispered hoarsely, 'Brethren, we've been a talkin' t' that awful atheist, Bob Ingersoll!' 'Lord have mercy on us!' ejaculated a pious brother, as his chin dropped down behind his paper collar. The younger members of the party appeared to rather enjoy the confusion of their elders, and as the train pulled out I heard one of them say: 'Well, men and brethren, they do say that the devil is not so black as he is painted. Pagan Bob is a daisy.' I thought Ingersoll would explode with laughter after his visitors had departed."

To Convert Ingersoll.

Robert G. Ingersoll is to be the new St. Paul. A persecutor of christians, he is to become the defender and friend of the christians—is to become a christian himself.

This is the remarkable theory and belief of W. S. Cowdy, who proclaims himself the new St. John the Baptist of Kansas.

Mr. Cowdy has started for Washington. He is going there on business, but the Ingersoll feature of his mission is the most remarkable. He says he represents the new religion which is to sweep the earth. Two years ago, he says, he got the revelation in Guthrie, O. T., and it has been working in him ever since.

Mr. Cowdy is a negro. He has many followers. Those who join him are saluted with the "holy kiss," and when one



W. S. COWDY.

has received that salute he is a disciple. Mr. Cowdy conceives his mission to be to preach what he thinks is the truth to the president and to congress. That is why he is going to Washington. He has some remarkable ideas. Among them is this: That Col. Ingersoll will be converted and will become a second St. Paul, or, as he expresses it, "a second Paul of Tarsus."

INGERSOLL TO MR. DICKSON

A SPECIMEN OF THE CELEBRATED AGNOSTIC'S MOST MAGNIFICENT IRONY.

WHAT DICKSON SAID IN REPLY.

Will Have City Registration—Preparing for the Cattlemen—Politicians in the Fort—The Court News.

(The Fort Worth office of The News is in the rear of the G. G. & S. F. Ry. ticket office, next to corner Third and Main streets (long distance telephone, No. 120), where subscriptions and advertisements are received. The reportorial office is located in the writing-room of the Hotel Worth, corner of Seventh and Main streets, where news matter will receive attention. Telephone. 243.)

Ingersoll and Dickson.

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 7.—The Thomas J. Dickson challenge to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for a joint discussion, as printed in yesterday's News, was handed the distinguished agnostic lecturer this morning. He sent the following reply to Mr. Dickson this afternoon:

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 7.—Thomas J. Dickson, Esq.: My dear sir—I have many appointments that I must fill and have no time to discuss with anybody. To tell you the truth, I know nothing of your intellectual standing, of whom or what you represent or what you believe and consequently am not in a position to determine whether it would be desirable to meet you in debate, even if I had time. I would, however, suggest that you persevere in your efforts to answer my arguments and if you succeed I will adopt your views. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

Mr. Dickson late in the afternoon sent the following reply:

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 7.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Fort Worth, Tex.: My dear sir—Replying to your refusal to meet me in public discussion in Fort Worth or any convenient place, will say, I believe you have heard of me before else you are not familiar with the western press. I sent credentials with my challenge. I am a Christian and will defend Christianity vs. agnosticism at any convenient place you name. If it is agreeable I will gladly place the entire receipts of the discussion at the disposal of the mayor, where the debate is held for distribution to the poor.

You have the reputation of being the friend of humanity. Here is the opportunity to drive want from many homes. If this is not satisfactory you may make any disposition of the receipts you choose. I believe you have misrepresented some of the best people on earth. Any one of the prominent branches of Christianity has more organized charity than all the agnostic organizations combined. I believe Christians are doing more for humanity. If you were conscious of this I believe that instead of robbing the church graveyards of dogmas that have been buried for hundreds of years and parading them as discoveries, that you would gladly join the men and women of the present century, whose only aim is to place humanity upon the highest plane possible.

I do not want you to adopt my views unless you can do it consistently. I believe if you realized the harm that you have done humanity by the promulgation of agnosticism that you would do as I did, burn your manuscripts and take a solemn vow that the next time you sallied forth you would choose a foe more worthy of your steel than a church organization.

I will meet you any time you desire and defend Christianity against agnosticism. If I never meet you in public debate it will be because you deny me the opportunity. Assuring you that I have the highest respect for you and your attainments I remain yours very respectfully,

THOMAS J. DICKSON,
Member Kansas City bar.

REV. RAPIST VEAL

WAS THE ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD

Sent to Fort Worth—More Testimony in the Jones Habeas Corpus Case—Judge Kendall's Testimony.

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 19.—(Special.)—Judge Chas. Fred Tucker of the Forty-fourth judicial district court resumed the hearing of evidence in the habeas corpus case of Dr. R. H. Jones to-day. The court room was crowded.

Judge Tucker announced that he did not desire to hear any more character witnesses and an hour or more was consumed by the attorneys in a discussion of the law points involved.

The first witness placed on the stand was Judge T. T. A. Kendall, an intimate friend of the prisoner. Judge Kendall stated that in April or May last Dr. Jones called him aside one day and told him that Mrs. Jones had confessed to him that Captain Veal had over-powered and ravished her twenty years ago.

"I told him," continued the witness, "that I would not believe it unless I heard it from the lips of the lady herself. I called on Mrs. Jones that very day. She, in reply to my question, said that the story of the outrage was true. Veal had by force compelled her to submit to him. Dr. Jones came to me time and time again and talked the matter over. He was deeply moved and shed tears. He acted like a crazy man and I told him so. I did what I could to quiet him. He postponed a visit to New Orleans last spring during the Confederate re-union, in order to avoid meeting Captain Veal. I saw him the day before the killing and also the day following the killing at the county jail."

Judge Kendall was at times deeply affected, and his voice grew husky with emotion when he told of his visit to Mrs. Jones to obtain from her own lips the story of the midnight assault upon her person by the man who prayed for God's blessing to descend upon the widows and orphans next morning.

Dr. R. H. Jones, the slayer of Captain Veal, was the next witness. He gave a detailed account of his wife's statement of her treatment by Captain Veal, and the effect it had upon him. According to the witness the terrible tale almost dethroned his reason for the time being.

Colonel Jerome C. Kearby, for the state, produced a package of letters and a postal card. The letters were directed to "Captain W. G. Veal, Fort Worth, Tex." The postal card was directed as follows: "Rev. Rapist W. G. Veal, Fort Worth, Texas."

Dr. Jones could not remember whether or not he had written these letters to Captain Veal. He hardly knew what he was doing for months, he declared. He might have written them but he could not say what their contents were.

The witness was on the stand an hour or more, but he stuck to his text.

This afternoon J. M. Prodjeski, the guard who was present at Camp Sterling Price headquarters, when Veal was killed. General Bush, Captain S. P. Mendz, Judge R. E. Burke, Sheriff-elect Ben E. Cabell and others testified. Nothing of a sensational nature was elicited, however, and at 5 o'clock court was adjourned till Monday morning.

Mrs. Jones and her son, Jimmie Bullington, were interested spectators during the entire day.

I look at it, is divided into two great classes, the gentlemanly and the clean, and the ungentlemanly and the unclean. So a clean negro may object to an unclean, rough white man coming into his car. And, as I said, the law, if it makes a distinction, should guarantee the same right, the same protection to the white and black.

"The use of separate coaches and cars for classes was not the custom in this country as it was in Europe," he said. In England he had known a lord who rode in third-class coaches, who, when asked why he did so, replied: "Because there is no fourth class." A man should be allowed to ride wherever he wished, according to the money he wished to spend. The negro, as he knew him, was very submissive, was not revengeful, was clean and neat. These qualities did not make a bad traveling companion. He had employed servants of all kinds and had found that the negro was the most trustworthy.

The reason, he presumed, that the colored people objected to the law was that it implied that the white people were better than the negroes. There was in it the suggestion that the whites did not wish to mix with the colored people. The wording of the law showed that. Had more care been taken in drawing up the law, had it showed that the separate coach was as much for the benefit of the negro man as it was for the white man, not so much objection would have been made to the law. There was a sting, a bitter sting in the law. "But," concluded Col. Ingersoll, "there would have been another cause for objection—the law was passed by white men."

Col. Ingersoll then touched upon the negro question in general. "I pity the poor negro," he said with much feeling. "I pity him from the bottom of my heart. Angel of the Lord Called Titus and Titus Killed Himself."

For daily mail

MOBERLY, Mo., Feb. 9.—Titus Elston, aged 18, who resided ten miles east of Moberly, committed suicide Sunday afternoon by shooting himself. Sunday he went to church, and in the afternoon he visited several persons in the neighborhood, being more sociable than usual. He then went to his home, and, after talking to his mother a few minutes, he went to an adjoining room to write a letter to the family. In it he said the angel of the Lord had called him. He also gave directions for his funeral. Going to the barn, he took a .42 caliber bull dog revolver in his right hand and sent a ball into the middle of his forehead.

"JESUS WEPT."

An Eloquent Discourse by
Rev. J. Morgan Wells.

In a Most Touching Manner He Shows
How a Blasted Opportunity May
Dig a Premature Grave for
its Victim.

The First Baptist church was unusually crowded yesterday. The lecture room was thrown open and the spacious galleries were filled to listen to Fort Worth's popular preacher, J. Morgan Wells.

The morning scripture lesson selected, read:

"And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen;

"Saying, blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

"And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.

"And he answered and said unto them, Tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.

"Saying, if thou badst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes.

"And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought;

"Saying unto them, it is written, my house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.

"And he taught daily in the temple, But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him.

"And could not find what they might do; for all the people were very attentive to hear him."

At the close of the scripture lesson, Mr. Wells prayed:

"Jesus, we thank thee for the manifestation of thyself in the beautiful sunlight that greets us this morning. Now—

Com e holy spirit, heavenly Dove,
With a l thy quickening power;

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Come, Jesus, and let the light of thy countenance shine into our souls as the light of day shines into the world. * * *

After singing 499, "Jesus Lover of my Soul," by the audience, Mr. Wells read his text, 41st verse of the 19th chapter of Luke.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."

"To see a child weep, whether from physical pain or not, we are affected, while we may not be able to ascertain why the child weeps. When we see a woman weep we are affected and know that something has touched her heart that has caused the tender emotions to assert themselves. When we see a strong man weep, we are still more affected, and when he stands in the presence of men and women and weeps, we are constrained to enquire into the cause.

"Now, when we behold Jesus, the greatest, the noblest, the grandest specimen of majestic manhood, standing before the multitude and weeping, the world is struck with silence. Not simply out of respect for his superior position, his sonship, his priestly office; but because a strong man is moved to tears. Why did he weep? Why did he stand weeping over the city? Was it not God's city? When Mary Magdalin stood weeping at the sepulcher, a voice said: Woman, why stand ye here weeping? But no one asks Jesus why he wept. When a father and mother stand over the prostrate form of blighted hopes of a loved one and weep, we say: Why do they weep, is he not the very ideal of physical manhood, etc.? But those parents had builded hopes, had framed a destiny for that boy that could never be realized. He had wrecked their sweetest desires, he had rendered it utterly impossible for their least anticipations ever being realized. Now they weep not only for what he is, but for what he might have been and for what he will be.

What was Jesus weeping for? 'Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem; thou that killest the prophets and stones them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.' Jerusalem was the city of God. It was within the sacred precincts of this city where God had so often and wonderfully manifested himself to the children of Israel. It was to this city they were instructed to go up once a year to worship God and to obtain his

blessing. Now it is a religious and moral wreck of its once glorious condition. Sin and iniquity everywhere abound. It is in the last throes of moral degradation; it is in the iron grip of inequity and at the mercy of wicked men.

"At this awful crisis Jesus, the redeemer of the world, appears on the scene. He stands on the mountain side overlooking the city writhing in sin and pollution. In his divine nature he can realize the situation as none of those around him could. He looked at the awful picture. He realized what Jerusalem had been, and wept; he realized what Jerusalem was, just then, and wept; he realized what Jerusalem would be, and wept * * *

Mr. Wells, made the application as follows: "The World is Jerusalem, Jesus is looking down on us and is weeping over our sins, weeping over our sins, weeping for what we might have been, weeping for what we are, weeping for what we will be. Oh, sinner! may I not implore thee to flee from the wrath to come. Change your course before the dirges of eternity is sounding in your ears, change your course before loved ones, who have built found hopes upon your destiny, weep over your coffin.

Let the curtain fall on the past and forget it. Nod has promised to forget your sins if you will turn away from them. * * *

"I once knew of a brick house being built and occupied in one week, but life is not a seven day's wonder, but a seventy years of natural development and natural growth. In these years fond hopes are realized or for forever blasted, Heaven may be attained or forever lost. The chief aim of life is charter building and if Christ is the architect then all will be well. * *

Took the Black Veil:

BALTIMORE, Md., August 18.—Thirty-three young novices were invested with the black veil in the order of the Sisters of Notre Dame at the convent of Notre Dame in this city. The names of the young ladies and their homes are as follows: Theresa Hock, Baltimore; Barbara Stuppert, New York; Clara Muller, Philadelphia; Josephine Schmitt, Pittsburgh; Lizzie Gedbauer, New York; Anna Schieffer, Baltimore; Clara Villing, New York; Martha Achuit, Rochester; Barbara Saelwacutter, Rochester; Amanda Raab, Philadelphia; Margaret Dietrich, Buffalo; Jennie Dugan, Philadelphia; Bridget Lynch, Vermont; Appalonia Leicht, Rochester; Margaret Dietrich, Baltimore; Eva Lutz, Brooklyn; Mary Kraeger, Philadelphia; Mary Karzelus, Buffalo; Henrietta Moesch, Buffalo; Barbara Schmitt, Baltimore; Elizabeth Brechner, Rochester; Anna Schmitt, Philadelphia; Mary Reil, Baltimore; Bridget McIntyre, New York; Anna Stalder, Pittsburgh; Kate Graen, Philadelphia; Mary Dick, Rochester; Mary Kolb, Rochester; Frances Busch, Buffalo; Mary Ann Laubacher, New York; L. Singer, Pittsburgh; Barbara Everson, New York; Augusta Boden, Baltimore.

Chinese Credulity.

A returned traveler relates some curious stories about Thibet, says the China Mail. An old monk, about seventy years old, is said to be a god who has come to this world for a temporary sojourn. In his previous existence he was the head monk of the old temple in which he lives now. One day he called together his followers and told them that his soul would leave its abode, to be born again on a certain day in a certain family; that they should assemble at the time of his new birth at the house and welcome his arrival with prayers and that he would show his knowledge of them by lifting up a certain light musical instrument out of a number placed before the infant. The eventful day came; the followers marched in procession to the house indicated; the infant was brought forth, prayers were read, and strange, but true, the infantile lips moved as if in prayer, the puny hands wandered about the table, touched several musical instruments, found the right one, and held it up for a second, then dropped it. His parents were greatly rejoiced at having a prodigy in their midst. At the age of seven he was made a monk and returned to the temple. He again became the head one. The year before last, when the English surveyors entered Thibet, one day the aged monk was fasting with closed eyes. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Strangers have entered our country, hundreds of li from this place. These strangers are wily, experienced and deeply crafty. Tell the people to guard against them." This monk often said that he would depart at eighty years of age from this mortal earth and then re-enter it in a new form.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Heretical teaching in the Baptist university of Chicago threatens to lead to a rumper, beside which the row in the Presbyterian church with Dr. Briggs was trivial.

Prof. Drummond, one of the university's most distinguished professors, announces his belief, with Darwin, that men are the descendants of monkeys. Not only does he believe this, but he teaches it to his classes. He believes in the monkey and will stand by him and honor him as a worthy ancestor.

Baptists don't believe in such foolishness, and they will not stand any "monkeying" of this kind on the part of one of their educators. The orthodox Baptist parent who earns that an educational institution founded and maintained in part by his money is instilling in the minds of his children a belief that God didn't make Adam out of clay "in the image of God," and then throw the new-made man into a deep sleep and fashion a woman out of his rib, is pretty certain to raise a disturbance about it.

Prof. Drummond may be a man of the strictest integrity, but he is in the wrong place. No man who disbelieves the Bible is a fit teacher in a denominational school where the Christian religion is the basis of instruction. To teach that the human race had its beginning in the very lowest forms of animal life, and that mankind owes its present existence and perfection of organism to no higher agency than that employed by itself through "natural selection," is to discredit the Bible, and especially the book of Genesis. A man may honestly believe all this and be none the worse a man for it; but when he gets to that way of thinking it is time for him to resign his position if he is a teacher in a school that professes faith in the Bible.

WHY I AM NOT A CHURCHMAN.

The "Arena," in a recent issue speaks of "our unchurched millions," and while the author of that article tries to give a reason why many who have a religion do not "flock to church," he fails, for he does not comprehend or understand that a man can be a Christian without belonging to any church. That, in fact, in these days of "religious rows" he cannot belong to any church and hold firmly to the doctrine of Christ. I am fully aware that the egotistical "I" must be frequent, and yet I do not see that it is one bit more assuming than the word "you." Douglass said "God and I are a majority," and he was right, and not egotistical, and therefore let no man charge me with this crime in the eyes of the church, if it be a crime.

It has been taught from the time of David that God was a God of war. The song of David was "blessed be the Lord my strength which teaches my hands to war and my fingers to fight," but David's Lord would not let him build the temple because his hands were stained with blood. God is a God of peace. When Christ was born the angels sang, "Peace on earth." Christ taught the doctrine of Peace. He taught that to him that taketh away thy cloak give thy coat also. He rebuked Peter when he used the sword, and the earlier Christians were slaughtered by the thousands unresistingly. Christ taught forgiveness, that it was better to be the wronged than the wronger, the slain than the slayer. Man has changed the doctrine, the pulpit has resounded with petitions to the Almighty to "give our soldiers the victory." How often have I heard preacher and priest say: "I'd knock a man down who insulted me," and we have only recently the case of an alleged minister who telegraphed home the news that he had "licked the mayor." For nearly 1500 years war has been carried on in the name of peaceful Christ, and if we had a war with Chili our preachers, our priests, our army and navy chaplains, would be praying to God to give us a good chance to kill the Chilians, and then we would call ourselves Christians.

"The unchurched millions" are asking another question: Why build costly buildings to be used only a few hours each week, when there are so many houseless, starving, naked poor around us? The earlier Christians met where they could, in the house of a Christian brother or some devout lady, and it was not until Christianity had been mixed with pagan Rome that church building began. Is the house of "Our Father" made with hands? True, God did fill the temple with his glory, but has he done so with any church? Christ commands us to "preach" the gospel, but not to support it, but the "unchurched millions" are told that Paul on this subject is a better authority than Christ.

Let us see what the gospel is in these modern times. I hold that what Christ taught is the gospel. In the beginning the four gospels were written and held together, while the epistles, being of man and not of God, were of minor importance. Until this day the Catholic church has what is called the gospel side and the epistle side of the altar. So, then, the gospels alone are authoritative, and the epistles may be accepted as of lesser authority. Paul and Peter wrote not unto any church now in existence. We must cling to Christ and to the teachings of Christ; not what "they" said about him, but what he said. Christ, not Paul, nor James, nor Peter, Christ alone.

Does preaching the gospel consist of building churches, supporting the minister and the minister's wife, and his children, and the many other parts of the machinery of the modern church, such as the bishop, the evangelist, the boards of foreign and domestic missions? Where in the gospel are we taught to do these things? If we must take the epistles as an authority, why not let James be our authority and with him say, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." I have known of men who had lived a wicked life and then built a church and gave liberally to the "support" of the gospel what they had robbed from the widow and the orphan.

The modern priest or minister has "a call." What that "call" is, or who else heard the call besides himself, I have never been able to find out. He is the sole authority on this point. One man told me that day and night he could see in letters of fire, "G. P. C.," which he understood to mean, "Go preach Christ." After hearing him preach on the "Sin Against the Holy Spirit," I made up my mind that the letters of fire meant, "Go Plow Corn." But as I have said, the modern minister has a call.

Very often like Jonah he abandons the call I have known several to do this. He visits his flock but he seeks not the poor and needy, the wicked and the vicious. He preaches two sermons per week, and the "unchurched millions" who work ten hours a day, think that it is hard to pay for the support of the gospel. That he is not a preacher of the gospel is evident. Please read Mark xvi, verses 15 to 20, inclusive. Do these signs follow the modern preacher, who claims that he is called of God? When one goes to the church he is informed that the Jewish dispensation has passed away and that we live

under the Christian dispensation, but very often the text is taken from the Jewish Bible, and the gospel of Christ is only a side issue. Christ did re-enforce the ten commandments, but nothing else. In all the modern churches I am taught that I can lay my sins on Christ, that He, the Sinless One, will bear the load of all my iniquities. That after a life spent in wickedness, He, the Spotless One, will assume all my crimes. Where in the gospel is this taught? The doctrine of reparation is taught. I am to do all that I can to right the wrong. I am to refund the ill-gotten money. I am to do all that in me lies to repair the evil I have committed, and then, and not until then, will God in his everlasting mercy forgive me and put my sins away from me as far as the east is from the west, and number them no more against me. This, of course, is not a popular doctrine, and the doctrine of restoration and personal reparation, if preached from any pulpit, would sadly diminish the membership of the church.

The preacher teaches, also, that each one of us has an "immortal soul." I deny the fact. Each human being is born with the capability of becoming immortal, but whether he is to have immortality rests with himself. "God only is immortal." This is but the "apprenticeship" of life. To each one of us who runneth the race well God promises immortality. Immortality is the reward of him that loveth God and his fellow-men. The preacher, however, tells me that this same immortality is to be the reward of the wicked, the unjust man. He seems to have more pleasure in holding the keys to "hell" than in pointing the way to heaven. When Beecher and Ingersoll attacked hell, they attacked the very foundation of the modern church. The preacher believes that "some there are, who need the hangman's whip to keep the sinner in order," and they bring men into the church through fear of hell. He, indeed, is a sorry Christian (if he be a Christian at all) who in a half-hearted way serves God through fear. I fear to do wrong only because it offends him whom I love. The greatest of all commandments is the one, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do and thou shalt live." Then, if a man does not do this, he shall die. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." I have heard of immortal life, but never of "immortal death." With the wicked death ends all. They are dead.

Still one more point: When I talk to a preacher he insists that the church is but a human organization, and being human is imperfect; then if there is not any perfection in man why am I to "mark the perfect man," and why am I commanded to be perfect?

The obscene author of "John Bull and His Island" says in one of his impure articles, "Christ raised the standard so high that no man could attain to it." This is not true. Men and women have lived pure and holy lives. The trouble in these things is that men are not inclined to give up all for Christ, as poor Pilgrim did. Christ lived on earth to show us how to live, and we can follow his example if we choose.

One more point: Very often when I go to church I do not hear the gospel of Christ preached, but "doctrine," and the covert sneer at some other one's religion. Each church expects me to accept the preacher's doctrine; and if I do not do this I am in his eyes worse than a heathen. I claim that each man must make his theology to fit himself. His duty toward God and his fellow man is so plain that no man need err therein. "Let us have peace" in the churches. Let love rule and error will vanish. The enemies of our God are too often found in the church, and I regret to say sometimes in the pulpit.

No Ingersoll can lead "our unchurched millions" astray if the gospel of Christ be preached and his teachings made our guide.

D. A. D.

MISQUOTING THE BIBLE.

It is a Common Mistake—Facts About the Great Book.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.]

Ingersoll—Pagan Bob, as he is sometimes called—occasionally attempts to quote from the same Scripture that he ridicules so mercilessly, and he doesn't always get his quotations correct. Of course he isn't a Bible student, and doesn't profess to know anything about it, but that is not a good and sufficient excuse for misquoting a popular text.

In an article on avarice, in the *North American Magazine* for June, he says:

"Few people will suspect me of going out of my way to take care of the clergy, at the same time I can afford to state the truth. While there is not much in the Bible with regard to practicing humanity toward animals, there is at least this: 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast.'"

This quotation does not appear in the Bible, although a great many think it does. The text that suggests it is found in Proverbs xii, 10: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is often quoted by preachers as from the Scriptures. It is from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

"In the midst of life we are in death" is another phrase that a great many suppose belongs in the Bible. It is found in the burial service of the Lutheran Church, and was taken from a hymn by Martin Luther.

"Prone to sin as the sparks are to fly upward," is a familiar quotation, but it is not good. It should be: "Prone unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

"That he who runs may read" should be read: "That he may run who readeth."

"Money is the root of all evil" is the way Paul's advice to Timothy is usually quoted, but he said: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"Cleanliness akin to godliness" is sometimes quoted as a Scripture text, whereas it is from a sermon on dress by John Wesley, in which he used the expression: "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness." He used it as a quotation, and it has been traced back to an old commentary on Isaiah, in which the writer concludes that the practical doctrines of religion are resolved into "carefulness, vigorousness, guiltlessness, abstemiousness and cleanliness. And cleanliness is next to godliness, which is next to holiness."

"No cross, no crown" is believed to be a Scriptural phrase, but there is nothing of the kind in the Bible.

The probabilities are the most of us get our Scripture second-hand, which will account for it not being quoted as it is written.

It hasn't been a great many years since only the fewest number were able to read, and they had to depend upon others for a knowledge of the Bible. All could sing, the hymns being lined out, two lines at a time. The hymn-writer often tortured passages of Scripture to make them fit the meter and rhyme. In this way misquotations were spread among those who could not or did not read, and they have been handed down from generation to generation, and are still on the go.

Lord Byron was quite a philosophical agnostic. In a letter to Mrs. Shepherd he said: "Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason: that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there is no hereafter they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the most for them) out of nothing nothing can arise—not even sorrow."

Many great men in times past were constant readers of the Bible, notwithstanding there was more skepticism then than now. They read it for its literary style, for its great truths, and for the endless number of wise sayings and suggestions it contained.

Daniel Webster said of the Bible as a book of inspiration:

"If anything I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow-countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the Holy Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and all comfort."

Addison, of Spectator fame, says: "After perusing the Book of Psalms let a judge of the beauties of poetry read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar and he will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a poverty of imagination as will make him sensible of the vast superiority of Scripture style."

A MINISTER IN TROUBLE.

He Kisses a Young Lady Convert and Being Tried For His Conduct.

HURON, S. D., Oct. 10.—Rev. A. Burrows, the Methodist evangelist who has been making a tour of the towns in this state, has got himself into a pickle and the South Dakota Methodist Episcopal conference, which meets at Brookings tomorrow, will get him out or discharge him in disgrace from the ministry. While holding a revival at Gettysburg a few days ago the Rev. Mr. Burrows became overzealous and more than ordinarily interested in the conversation of a remarkably pretty girl of 20. He talked, quoted Scripture and prayed with her, and at last succeeded in subduing her stubborn will and getting her to come forward to the mercy seat. It was then that he forgot his ministerial obligations and deliberately implanted a fervent kiss upon the soft cheek of the damsel. The lady not objecting to this familiarity, the man of prayer repeated the osculatory operation again and again. The repetitions of the kisses became so frequent that the girl "squealed" and soon the whole town was stirred with indignation. An explanation was called for and the preacher acknowledged having committed the act, but said he only had the lady's good at heart and not the least evil intention was in his mind. Much testimony from Gettysburg will be taken and the trial will be the most racy in South Dakota church history.

SETH SANDERS' RELIGION.

Seth Sanders kept a grocery store
At Squashburg, state of Maine,
Wherein the thousand things were sold
That country stores contain—
Molasses, codfish, cotton cloth,
Grindstones, lung balsam, shoes,
Ink, paper, mopsticks, sewing silk,
Mixed paints in reds and blues,
Hoe-handles, bonnets, pocket-knives,
Salt mackerel, hats and caps,
Umbrellas, hair dye, woolen pads,
Wheel grease and ladies' wraps.
An absent-minded chap was he,
And sometimes goods got low,
Or ran completely out of stock,
Ere he the fact did know.
Folks would ask for this or that,
And Seth would say (or squeak),
"Just about all aout;
Have some in next week."

So oft he had to use this phrase
It got to be a joke,
And everybody used to laugh
Whenever the words he spoke;
But Methodist camp-meeting came,
And to it people flocked
In numbers such that half the roads
With teams were fairly blocked,
The joke was quite forgot, and all
The townsfolk stayed away
To sing and shout and cry "Amen!"
And one warm, sleepy day,
While Seth dozed idly in his store,
A solemn man passed through
The village and stepped stiffly in
And slowly said: "Have you
Religion got?" Seth, half awake,
Replied, with same old squeak:
"Just about all aout;
Have some in next week."

FAIRBANKS' IMMORTAL WORKS.

Men may come and candidates may rise, may shine and fall amid conventions' roar and snag themselves on platforms' splintered wrecks, and be but has-beens in the realm of pull, but there be things of spirit that will live, heart-harmonies that pulse from man to man, symphonic ties that link the present time with all the years to be, when in the house of history shall stand hoary traditions pointing to the past, dust-covered and dream-wrapped with centuries dead.

In that far day when antiquaries pry into the musty facts of Roosevelt's reign; when we have whipped Japan, and Panama, its scars of spade and pick long healed, shall slumber in the sun, a rival of the laziest land on earth; when tariff schedules, reciprocity and anti-railroad muck-rake magazines have passed away; when Oyster Bay is silent, save the sound of sad waves rolling on the lonesome shore; when wild vines clamber over Skibo's gifts, and from their crumbling walls the horned owl hoots—even then the spirit substance named herein, the tie of concord mentioned heretofore, shall be with men as fresh and new and bright as in the days when first its fame arose.

Fairbanks, the man, will fill an unmarked grave perhaps, where rolls the Wabash and where sigh the Hoosier winds in autumn's mellow moods; Fairbanks, the candidate, will be forgotten quite; his buttermilk, the place he wasn't born, his iceberg record and his tombstone look will leave no wrinkle on the face of time; but for the Fairbanks cocktail destiny hath made provision different and more kind, for it shall live, defying chance and change, affecting all except the hearts and gastric juice of men.

To farthest generations will go down this cherry-hearted fluid, frosty-rimmed, with squirts of bitters, snips of lemon peel and aromatic flavors hanging round, to say, "Long Charlie lived in some old time, and from a handsaw knew a hawk quite well."

I MAIL-TELEGRAM.

H, TEXAS, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, 1896.

INGERSOLL ANSWERED.

Masterly Sermon by Rev.
J. Morgan Wells.

BAPTIST CHURCH CROWDED

The Holy Bible Has Been the Ef-
ficient Cause of Progress and
of Development.

The Lecture of the Pagan Taken
Up Point by Point and the Dan-
gers of Its Teachings Pointed
Out by the Talented
Christian Preacher.

A Man Who is Unsound on the
Liquor Question, Who is an Apol-
ogist for Evil of Suicide and
Who Advocates the Trans-
mission of Obscene Lit-
erature Through the
Mails is Not a Safe
Man to Guide
the People.

It was noticed that a number of the
ministers of Fort Worth attended Col.
Ingersoll's lecture on Wednesday night,
and there has been a general expecta-
tion that from the pulpits mention
would be made of this lecture.

The First Baptist church was never
more densely thronged than at the
morning service on yesterday. Rev. J.
Morgan Wells addressed his congrega-
tion as follows:

Before beginning my sermon this
morning I wish to say that
I feel that I owe a duty
to the citizens of Fort Worth; to the
Christian people, and more especially
to those who are not Christians, and
those who may be easily led astray.
For that reason, I have chosen to speak
as I shall today, because of a duty that
I owe to God, to my fellow men, and
to my city.

I have chosen two passages of scrip-
ture, containing the same text, as the
basis of my remarks. The first is found
in the 61st chapter of Isaiah, in first
part; the next is found in the 4th chap-
ter of Luke and the 13th verse. One
is a prophecy and the other is a ful-
fillment. "The spirit of the Lord is
upon me, because the Lord hath an-
ointed me to proclaim liberty to the

captives." Is. 61. "To proclaim liberty
to them that are bruised." Luke 4: 18.
The language of Christ.

The purpose of Christ's mission to
the world was liberty. His preaching
throbbed with the heart of liberty. The
effect of his preaching is liberty. Prop-
hecy 700 years before his birth con-
nected him with liberty. The first pub-
lic announcement that he made was in
the synagogue of Nazareth, and the
first thing that he said: "The spirit
of the Lord is upon me, for he hath
anointed me to proclaim liberty."
"As light is to the eye, air to the lungs,
blood to the human heart" is liberty to
the religion of Jesus Christ. Pluck it
out, and there is blindness. Take it
away, and there is congestion. Re-
move it and the live-giving fluid is gone.
It is dead. But true liberty cannot
exist without the protection of wise and
just laws. It degenerates into license,
and the might of the strong robs the
weak of their rights. Thus liberty with-
out law becomes what? Anarchism.
What would our country be without the
protection of wise and just laws backed
by civil power. Thou shalt not steal,
is the law. Without it my property
becomes your property, if you have the
inclination and the power to take it.
Thou shalt not kill, is the law, and
without that law my life is held in the
hands of the drunken debauchee or the
midnight assassin. The law is, thou
shalt not bear false witness. Without
the protection of that law about me,
the vilest tongue of slander could rob
me of my character. Liberty to do
right, but no license to do wrong! Un-
der the old testament dispensation
there was one year in every fifty that
was called the Year of the Lord, to
distinguish it from every other year.
It was also called the Jubilee of the
people, because there was a law, and
a wise one, by which the people of
Israel were governed, that the old
homestead reverted to the original fam-
ily at the end of fifty years, and it was
just and right, because all bargains and
trades were made with the understand-
ing that at the end of fifty years all
property would revert. Every prison-
house door was opened, and every pris-
oner set free. Every chain that shack-
led the limbs of a prisoner was stricken
off. Every slave became a free man:
And happiness reigned where poverty
and misery abounded; and it was called
the Year of the Lord, because of its
blessings, and the year of the Jubilee,
because of the rejoicings of God's peo-
ple. Under the New Testament dis-
pensation this is taken as a figure to
represent what shall take place then,
and the same promise is used, the same
prophecy is declared in its fulfillment,
when Christ comes to the synagogue in
the fulfillment of His mission in its
beginning, saying: "The spirit of the
Lord is upon me, for He hath an-
ointed me to proclaim liberty to the
captives; the opening of the prison to
them that are bound; to give beauty
for ashes; the garments of praise for
the spirit of heaviness; to comfort those
that mourn in Zion." The figure taken
is that freedom from bondage of every
fifty years, and the reversion of prop-
erty, to represent a freedom that would
be once and forever, as He makes a
sacrifice once and forever for the lib-
erty of His people. Spirit freedom;
soul freedom; mind freedom. He said:
"If ye continue in my words ye are my

disciples, and ye shall know the truth
and the truth shall make you free.

Christ in His ministry upon earth at-
tacked the idea of the union of world
power and religion, or the union of
church and state. He says: "My king-
dom is not of this world. My kingdom

is truth. Render to Caesar the things
that are Caesar's, and render to God
the things that are God's." And His
plan for His churches was that there
should be entire separation of Chris-
tianity from world power; no connection
between them. But His disciples (or
professed disciples) some hundreds of
years afterward thought that they
could improve upon His plan, and when
paganism began to decline and Chris-
tianity was in the ascendant, they united,
under Constantine, the church and
state, and had, as they had in the days
of the Pharisees, a politico-religious
party, and just as it happened to the
former political party, instead of im-
provement, there was retrogression,
and there arose errors and persecutions
in the name of Christ, for which Christ
was not responsible, because this was
subversive of His teachings and prin-
ciples.

I wish to say why I went to hear
Col. Ingersoll lecture the other night.
I had long heard much of his eloquence,
and had a desire to hear him, from that
standpoint. I expected, as I told him
in a private conversation, that I should
answer what he said, if I thought
proper. I wanted to know directly
from his own lips what his conviction
was; and I heard him. I heard a lec-
ture containing many beautiful ideas,
expressed in poetic fancy. Much of it
made a very pleasant impression upon
me; and his denunciations of bigotry,
persecution and fanaticism, I heartily
approved; but his misrepresentations
and sophistry I as heartily deplored.
Apart from his imagery and logical
deductions, he construed what I would
call a man of straw for the purpose, to
your delectation, of knocking down. In
his discourse he construed two images:
One of truth, which he named liberty;
one of misrepresentation, which he
misnamed Christianity. The one he
had the desire to destroy. The other he
wished to let remain as the ideal by
which you should fashion your life.
This was carried out to the taste of the
scripturally uninformed of the au-
dience, whom he styled ear-flappers of
the rudimentary muscle; for you re-
member that he told you that you had
a muscle here (upon either side of the
face) that was now unused—a rudi-
mentary muscle; and the inference he
drew was that his and your ancestors
had flappers in some ancient period,
and to those in the audience that recog-
nized their descent from something
with very large ears, he gave forth this
dissertation.

Now I wish to call attention to the
mistakes of Ingersoll.

Mistake No. 1. He condemns the Bible
because the Bible does not agree with
him. He says: "If God made the Bible,
and my brain, why don't they agree?
Whose fault is it?" Let me say to this
intelligent audience that God is not
responsible for the existence of Robert
Ingersoll, except as He is the creator
of our first parents; only mediately.
They who are responsible immediately
for his existence are his father and his
mother. Why his mind does not agree
with the Bible! When he was born into
the world his mind was as a blank
piece of paper. Nothing on it. His
mind today has been brought to this
stage because of circumstantial influ-
ences in life, called the human environ-
ment, for which God holds no responsi-
bility; but the responsibility is upon
those about him, and his own taste.

Let me go farther in this connection.
He said, in speaking about the Crea-
tion, that he would rather have ad-
vanced in the line of progress from a
headless vertebrate in the Laurentian
period, than to have been created per-
fect by the Creator and to have de-
generated to his present condition.
Now, Col. Ingersoll does not agree with
the Bible. He says the Bible is at
fault. He does not agree with paleon-
tology, or what we call geology, be-
cause he refers to a headless vertebrate

that existed in the Laurentian
The Laurentian period is an
period. "A" means without, and
means life—a period in which nor-
mal life whatever existed, and he
not be descended from a headless
tebrate of the Laurentian period
no vertebrate ever existed in
period. Now, Ingersoll's mind do
agree with geology. Who is
Geology or Ingersoll?

Another thing. I have no ob-
jection to the doctrine of evolution.
The great scholars of the world are
on it. The celebrated Delitzsch
such a thing is impossible. He
"That the races of men are not
of one genus, but are varieties
species, is proved by the agree-
ment of the physiological and pathologi-
cal phenomena in all men; the same
anatomical structure, the same ele-
mental powers and traits of mind, the
limit to the duration of life, habit
the same diseases, the same
temperature of the body, and the
mean frequency of the pulse, the
duration of pregnancy, the period
of the catamenia, the unrestricted
fulness of the cohabitation of all
with one another. Such sameness
nowhere found in the animal
among the species of one genus." I
only in the varieties of one species.

But lest you reject Christianity
idea that you belong to the school
of Darwin and are an evolutionist
will say there is no contradiction
between the Bible account of crea-
tion and the Darwinian theory. This
startle you, but it is a fact. The
greatest Darwinian scholar of today
Rev. John T. Gulick, a missionary
Japan, whose father was a mission-
ary in the Island of Madagascar; and
is what Nature, the great Darwin
periodical says of Gulick. George
Romanes was once a follower
of Christ, but he was an intimate
of Darwin, and accepted his theory
but by and bye, as editor of the
radical called Nature, in England
representative of the Darwinian
he began to receive letters from
concerning the molluscs, as he
them upon the shores of the land
which he lived, and having received
number of letters, which made a
found impression upon him, he wrote
to him and says: "Tell me how
you can be a Christian and yet a
believer in Darwin's theory," and I
the letter in my hand which Mr. Gu-
wrote in reply, which brought Roman-
back to the Christian faith.

Romanes says: "I cannot allow
present communication to appear in
these columns without again recording
my convictions that the writer is the
most profound of living thinkers upon
Darwinian topics, and the generaliza-
tions which have been reached by his
twenty years of thought are of more
importance to the theory of evolution
than any that have been published dur-
ing the post-Darwinian period."

It makes no difference to the Bible
whether you believe in evolution or do
not believe in it. It is not affected one
way or the other.

The second mistake of Moses—the
second mistake of Ingersoll. I beg
Moses' pardon. I never like to slander
a man when he is dead. Ingersoll says
"Our fathers wanted every man to be-
lieve just like they did, and if they did
not (he spoke about the Christian
fathers), then they brought out an ar-

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H. C. Wells

WHAT IS BLASPHEMY?

Col. Ingersoll Attempts to Answer the Question.

A Vigorous Reply to Rev. Dr. King, with a Few Words to Dr. Dixon—The Question Raised by Criticisms of His Christmas Article.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

NEW YORK, January 5.—The reply of Col. Ingersoll to the criticisms of the clergymen who attacked his recent Christmas sermon was given to the public to-day. Col. Ingersoll says:

The Rev. James M. King, who seems to have taken this occasion to become known, finds fault because "blasphemous utterances concerning Christmas" were published, and were allowed "to greet the eyes of innocent children and pure woman." How is it possible to blaspheme a day? One day is not, in and of itself, holier than another—that is to say, two equal spaces of time are substantially alike. We call a day "good" or "bad" according to what happens in that day. A day filled with happiness, with kind words, with noble deeds, is a good day. A day filled with misfortunes and anger and misery we call a bad day. But how is it possible to blaspheme a day? A man may, or may not, believe that Christ was born on the 25th of December, and yet he may fill that day, as far as he is concerned, with good thoughts and words and deeds. Another may really believe that Christ was born on that day, and yet do his worst to make all his friends unhappy. But how can the rights of what are called "clean families" be violated by reading the honest opinions of others as to whether Christmas is kept in honor of the birth of Christ or in honor of the triumph of the sun over the hosts of darkness? Are Christian families so weak intellectually that they can not bear to hear the other side? Or is their case so weak that the slightest evidence overthrows it? Why do all these ministers insist that it is ill-bred to even raise a question as to the truth of the improbable, or as to the improbability of the impossible? A minister says to me that I am going to hell, that I am bound to be punished forever and ever, and thereupon I say to him: "There is no hell. You are mistaken. Your Bible is not inspired. No human being is to suffer agony forever." And thereupon, with an injured look, he asks me this question: "Why do you hurt my feelings?" It does not occur to him that I have the slightest right to object to his sentence of eternal grief.

Does the gentleman imagine that pure men and pure women can not differ from him? There are many thousands of people who love and honor the memory of Jesus Christ, who yet have not the slightest belief in his divine origin and who do not for one moment imagine that he was other than a good and heroic man, and there are thousands of men who admire the character of Jesus Christ who do not believe that he ever existed—who admire the character of Christ as they admire Imogen or Perdita, not believing that any of the characters mentioned actually lived. And it may be well enough here to state that no human being hates any really good man or good woman—that is, no human being hates a man known to be good or a woman known to be pure and good. No human being hates a lovable character. It is perfectly easy for any one with the slightest imagination to understand how other people differ from him. I do not attribute a bad motive to a man simply because he disagrees with me. I do not say that the man agrees with me. I do not say that a man joins a Christian or a Mohammedan "for revenue only." I do not say that a man joins the Democratic party simply for office, or that he marches with the Republicans simply for position. I am willing to hear his reasons; with his motives I have nothing to do.

Mr. King imagines that I have denounced Christianity "for revenue only." Is he willing to admit that we have drifted so far from orthodox religion that the way to make money is to denounce Christianity? I hardly believe, for joy, that liberty of thought has advanced so far. I regret exceedingly that there is not an absolute foundation for his remark. It is indeed sorry that it is possible in this world of ours for any human being to make a living out of the ignorance and fear of his fellow men. Still it gives me great hope for the future to read even in this ignorant present, that there is one man and that man myself, who advocates human liberty—the absolute enfranchisement of the soul, and does it "for revenue"—because this charge is such a splendid compliment to my fellow-men. Possibly the remark of the Rev. Mr. King will be gratifying to the *Telegram* and will satisfy that brave and progressive sheet that it is in harmony with the intelligence of the age. My opinion is that the *Telegram* will receive the praise of enlightened and generous people. Personally, I judge a man not so much by his theories as by his practice, and I would rather meet on the desert—were it to perish—than want of water—

a Mohammedan who would give me a drink than a Christian who would not; because, after all is said and done, we are compelled to judge people by their actions. I do not know what takes place in the invisible world called the brain, inhabited by the invisible something we call the mind. All that takes place there is invisible and soundless. This mind, hidden in this brain, masked by flesh, remains forever unseen, and the only evidence we can possibly have as to what occurs in that world we obtain from the actions of the man or the woman. By these actions we judge of the character of the soul. So I make up my mind as to whether a man is good or bad, not by his theories, but by his actions.

Under no circumstances can the expression of an honest opinion, couched in becoming language, amount to blasphemy. And right here it may be well enough to inquire "What is blasphemy?" A man who knowingly assaults the true, who knowingly endeavors to stain the pure, who knowingly maligns the good and noble, is a blasphemer. A man who deserts the truth because it is unpopular is a blasphemer. He who runs with the hounds, knowing that the hare is in the right, is a blasphemer. In the soul of the every man or in the temple inhabited by the every soul there is one niche in which can be found the statue of the ideal. When in the presence of this statue the good man worships, the bad man blasphemes; that is to say, he is not true to the ideal. A man who slanders a pure man or an honest man is a blasphemer. So when a man that does not give the honest transcript of his mind is a blasphemer. If a man scribbles the character of Jehovah, as really thinks the character of Jehovah, as portrayed in the Old Testament, is good and prays to Jehovah as bad, he is a blasphemer. If he really believes that the character of Jehovah, as portrayed in the Old Testament, is bad and he pronounces it good, he is a blasphemer and a coward. All laws against "blasphemy" have been passed by the numerically strong and the intellectually weak. These laws have been passed by those who, finding no help in logic, appealed to the Legislature.

Back of all these superstitions you will find some self-interest. I do not say that this is true in every case, but I do say that if priests had not been fond of mutton, lambs never would have been sacrificed to God. Nothing was ever carried to the temple that the priest could not use, and it always happened that God wanted what his agents liked. Now I will not say that all priests have been priests "for revenue only," but I must say that the history of the world tends to show that the sacerdotal class prefer revenue without religion to religion without revenue. I am much obliged to the Rev. Mr. King for admitting that an infidel has a right to publish his views at his own expense and with the utmost cheerfulness. I accord that right to a Christian.

The only thing I have ever objected to is the publication of his views at the expense of others. I can not admit, however, that the ideas contained in what is known as the Christmas sermon are "revolting to a vast majority of the community in which character to the community in which majority of men and women who disagree with me are perfectly satisfied that I have the right to disagree with them, and that I do not disagree with them to any greater degree than they disagree with me. And I also imagine that a very large majority of intelligent people are perfectly willing to hear the other side.

I do not regard religious opinions or political opinion as exotics that have to be kept under glass, protected from the frosts of common sense or the tyrannous north wind of logic. Such plants are hardly worth preserving. They certainly ought to be hardy enough to stand the climate of free discussion, and if they can not, the sooner they die the better.

I do not think there was anything blasphemous or impure in the words published by the *Telegram*. The most that can possibly be said against them calculated to excite the prejudice of Christians is that they were true—that they can not be answered except by abuse. It is not possible in this day and generation to stay the rising flood of intellectual freedom by keeping the names of the thinkers out of print. The Church has had the field for 1800 years. For most of the time it has held the sword and purse of the world. For many centuries it controlled colleges and universities and schools. It had within its gift wealth and honors; it held the keys, so far as this world is concerned, of heaven and hell—that is to say, of prosperity and misfortune. It pursued its enemies even to the grave. It reddened the scaffold with the best blood, and kept the sword of persecution wet for many centuries. Thousands and thousands have died in its dungeons. Millions of reputations have been blasted by its slanders. It has made millions of widows and orphans, and it has not only ruled this world but it has pretended to hold the keys of eternity,

COL. INGERSOLL'S DEPICTION.

Attributes of the Improved Man, as Conceived by the Leader of the Agnostics.

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal liberty—that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights that he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste, no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title or power, and of him it will be said: "Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid."

The improved man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowledge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human happiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples nor in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the "theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the demonstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the state, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will also endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered beautiful to the end that these stones, called facts, may be changed into statues.

The improved man will believe only in the religion of this world. He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the happiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the things—and no other—that add to the happiness of man, is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto will be: "Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof." He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it cannot abdicate without degrading itself. He will not bow to numbers or force, neither to antiquity nor custom. He, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and stars—will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and supplications, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the "infinite," or alter the course of nature, neither will he employ others to do these things in his place. He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will appreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and ennoble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man nor ghosts. He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun rises.

The Improved Man will be that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation or by revenge. He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of states as victims of conditions, of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the well-being of his fellow men.

The improved man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth. He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace, while others who are good, industrious and kind are compelled to huddle in huts and dens. He will know that great wealth is a great burden, and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase, not wealth, but responsibility and trouble.

The Improved Man will find his greatest joy in the happiness of others, and he will know that the home is the real temple. He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will regard his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched. He will not only repent, but he will believe, the lines of Robert Burns:

If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

The improved man will be self-poised, independent, candid and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate, experiment and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a learner and a

listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality. In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Queen of the favored pew,
I cannot half reveal
The thoughts I have of you
With unromantic steel.

The stamen of a pink
Dipped in a drop of dew
Would not be pen and ink
Too exquisite for you.

The music of the choir
Is pitched in one sweet key
That tells of my desire
And that of more like me.

When regnishly you glance
At me across the pew,
Each eye-flash is a lance
That stabs me through and through.

The deacon thinks your wings
Are just about to sprout.
Well, I know other things,
But he won't find them out.

Dear little Methodist,
Say one sweet prayer for me,
And I shall in the list
Of the elected be.

—S. A. Wood in B. K. & Co.'s Monthly

gument in the shape of an iron thumb-screw. They put it on your thumb and began to turn it, and you would very soon say: "Gentlemen, just write it down and I will sign it." Is not that his language? What has the Bible to do with that? Show me a thumb-screw in that blessed book and I will never preach another gospel sermon. I will go and follow the tracks of the pagan lecturer, at a thousand dollars a night, if I can get it. Listen! Here is a thumb-screw of the Bible: "Whosoever will." Any thumb-screw about that? "If any man is willing to come after me let him follow me." Any thumb-screw about that? Many things have been done in the name of Christ, subversive, as I have said, of all his teachings; things that Christ is not responsible for, and for which no man with a sense of justice will endeavor to hold him responsible.

The next thing Colonel Ingersoll makes light of is baptism. He says the Christian world believes that if you are not baptised you are going to hell; and he pictures God holding a man up, at the judgment, to find the water-mark on him. Let me say that the Bible teaches nothing about baptism helping a man to heaven, or its absence driving him to hell. Baptism is an ordinance. It is a rite of the church on earth, the visible church, by which you are initiated in to it. You must be a Christian before you are baptised. Nobody is commanded to be baptised who is not a Christian. There is no such thing in the Bible as baptism for the salvation of the soul. It is simply an ordinance, given by Christ, by which His disciples should separate themselves, in figure, from the world. It is an outward act declaring an inward work of grace. A man may be a Christian and not a member of the church; but a Christian will not remain out of the church. A church is simply an organization of Christians for the purpose of helping one another along, and for doing the work of Christ; and that is all it is.

Fourth mistake, or misrepresentation: Nobody ever was persecuted for thinking bad, but good, of God. And then he takes the case of Calvin and Servetus. John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian church, burned Servetus at the stake; and he held it up to you. Servetus was a christ-like Christian, and he was burned at the stake by a religious fanatic. What has the Bible to do with John Calvin burning Servetus? John Calvin burned Servetus because he (Calvin) refused to follow the Bible: "Thou shalt not kill." Servetus accepted the burning because he would rather follow the teaching of God's word than to live as a recanter. Servetus is a type of the Bible follower. Robert Ingersoll is blaming the Bible for that which never happened until 1500 years after the book of the Bible was closed, and for that which is contrary to all the teachings of the Bible.

I say Colonel Ingersoll is superficial. He lacks depth. He is unacquainted with the scriptures, or he would not have made those statements. According to the law of our land you shall not kill; but here a lawyer goes out, and in the heat of passion pulls his pistol and shoots another lawyer. Now if you want to do like Ingersoll, you say the law is wrong. Blame the law. Why, the law says "Thou shalt not kill." I don't care; blame the law. The Bible says "Thou shalt not kill." John Calvin is a murderer. But the lecturer condemns the Bible which says "Thou shalt not kill."

Another thing: "What I saw, from the little mud paintings—you know he was describing progress; advancement; "What I saw, from the little mud paintings of the savage up to the magnificent painting of the master, is progress, is liberty, is freedom of man, woman and child." Hold still, colonel. Who has fostered and preserved the greatest paintings of the world's greatest masters? Where are you going to find them? Who has kept them in existence? With all her departures from the New Testament teachings concerning Christ's church, the Roman Catholic church has been the preserver of the arts, and they are upon with her today. From the mud

paintings of the savage to the masters! What are the subjects of the great paintings, the masterpieces of the world? Are they scenes in the life of Celsus, the infidel, or of Purphyry, the infidel? No. They are Bible scenes—the Madonna; the Christ on the cross; the Ascension; the vision of the angels to the shepherds. Bible scenes are the masterpieces, because they are the expression of souls gone heavenward, under an inspiration that will never vanish away. And yet he says the mud paintings of the savage is the exponent of what the Christian would have you believe and have you to be, and the other is the infidel. He has robbed, in his lecture, and stolen from its niche in the gallery of the modern church that which belonged there, pilfering it and putting it in his own gallery. When Millet wished to paint a picture that would touch the world—a picture worth \$100,000—where did he get his idea? He wanted to take it from his old home, and he wanted to get that which would make an impression upon the world for their good, and retain his memory and be a monument to him for long years after he was dead. What scene did he take? A man and woman working in the field; yonder in the distance a church with its steeple, and the bell striking the time of evening prayer; and the two are represented with bowed heads, in meek devotion. It is an inspired thing. It is the spirit of the cross, that will take the lowliest painter and place him upon the highest pinnacle of genius.

"And I claim the right," says he, "to improve on the savage's religion as on his boat." Then he compares a dugout to a water palace. Show me an improvement on Socrates. Show me an improvement on the brain of Plato in his advancement. Show me an improvement on Aristotle. Show me an improvement on the head of Solomon. Let me ask you, men and women, in the face of truth and justice, who was the greatest being that ever lived. Who was the wisest being that ever lived? Who was the best being that ever lived. Who was the most influential being that ever lived? Jesus, the man of Galilee.

Speaking about progress: There is no architecture today that can touch the architecture of 4000 years ago in Egypt. See the labyrinth; see the obelisks; see the pyramids; and when you want to find out what it is that

made architects superior in that age to any other, go to Ridpath, and he will tell you that it has been discovered that for twenty-two generations, one family, in that family all the men, women and children were architects; and Correll has well said that modern times are now finding what ancient times have lost.

What improvement has Mr. Ingersoll made on infidelity? He has been for the last twenty years hashing and rehashing, what? The infidelity of the German Strauss. He has not one new combination of ideas. He has not originated one thing in the literature of infidelity; but he is willing to rehearse that to audiences day after day and night after night without making one single step of advancement. Talking about progress! And Strauss has been exploded a thousand times. His idea of the devil.

He speaks of his cloven foot, etc. Describes him. The gentleman is more conversant with Mephistopheles than he is with the Satan of the scripture; for the Satan of the scripture is described as an angel that had rebelled against God and was driven from heaven; and he appears to men in beautiful form; not hideousness. He appears to men as an angel of light; and the other night, where a thousand people were sitting in the presence of the celebrated lecturer, his oily eloquence, his spicy rhetoric, his beautiful images, were one phase of the temptation to itching ears by which the devil tempts men today. Tempting you to unbelief by the eloquence of the lecturer. That is the way he tempts men. He is an angel of light.

Mistake No. 8.

He spoke about the plow that is used in Syria today. Described it. No improvement was to be allowed on it,

because it was that which was given by God to a holy farmer. Did he get that from the Bible? He charged it upon the Bible. He says the tom-tom was dropped from the clouds, was given to a holy musician and no improvement upon it would be allowed. Where did he get that? From the Bible? No. He took his audience to be asses with the rudimentary muscles if he would try to cram down their throats the origin of that statement as coming from the Bible. Do you want to find music? Go to the grand choruses of David, where he had hired the sons of Asaph as chief singers; where there were villages in which the singers lived; villages allotted to them; where they were paid out of the king's treasury; and where they sang the grand choruses. Ezra tells us in his book of the congregation of 42,000 and 200 men singers and 200 women singers; a grand chorus of 400. David has written about 100 of the sublimest songs that the world has ever sung. Songs which run the scale from the highest ecstasy of joy to the minor key of keenest sorrow. And there are many fugitive pieces. One book of the Bible has 150 magnificent songs which have been struck off from the chords of the human heart, in its different moods of joy and grief. And yet he says Christians believe in the tom-tom. Where do you find the great masterpieces of music? In the churches. Where do they come from? From the Bible. Take the Dead March in Saul. Take the Oratorio of Elijah; take Handel's Messiah; and you have the masterpieces of the ages. Where is the king of instruments? There it is. (The organ.) Can you show it to me in any other place in Fort Worth than in the churches? And if it were not for the encouragement given by the churches to the industry of manufacturing these kings of instruments—for this is the king—the trade would have to stop for lack of patronage. And yet he says the Christian is satisfied with the tom-tom, but the infidel wants the best music; whereas the truth is the infidel wants no music at all. He has no soul for music.

Ninth mistake.

He speaks of the development of the brain and the civilization of the heart. That is a grand idea. He says that is not in the Bible. It is not in the teachings of Christ; it is not in accord with Christianity; that he who follows Christian teachings will not have this heart civilization. Let us see. Turn to the book, and what do we see Christ doing? He is contending for the same thing with the infidels of this age, with Pharisees and Sadducees, and when he was speaking about the development of the human heart, the civilization of the soul, they came on him and said, "No." Oh, that you would read this blessed book. But you will not read it, that you might find out the truth for yourselves. Why, he says to these Pharisees, these infidel teachers of his day: "You have bound loads and burdens upon the backs of the people so great they cannot stand beneath them, and you will not put your little finger to lift them off." In the establishment of the churches of Jesus Christ there was the establishment of the Democracy of the brain and the republicanism of the heart, where every man, woman and child should enjoy liberty, love and hope.

Mistake No. 10. The story of creation.

He says that 5000 years before Moses wrote that story about the Garden of Eden and the creation, that the supreme Brahm was represented as the Creator, and the Hindoos had a story that described it in a more beautiful way. He is mistaken. The Supreme Brahm was the supreme diety, according to the Shantas of India. According to the best scholarships of the philologists of today, the oldest book of India is the Rig Veda, and the time in which it was written is about 1200 years before Christ, a thousand years before Christ, eight hundred years before Christ, or six hundred years before Christ. It was written, according to philology, not more than twelve hundred years before Christ, and not later than six hundred years before Christ; somewhere in that period, whereas, instead of writing 5000 years after the Rig Veda was written, or the story of the Supreme Brahm. Moses wrote in the year 1500, from 300 to 900 years be-

fore the other story was written. He prefers the story of the Supreme Brahm, if either one be true. Let me show you what that story is:

The Great Shastras; "They are dead to me now, yet through all time they will serve to illustrate the budding genius of my race. They were promises of quick perfection. Ask you why the promises failed? Alas! the books themselves closed all the gates of progress. Under pretext of care for the creature, their authors imposed the fatal principle that a man must not address himself to discovery or invention, as heaven has provided him all things needful. When that condition became a sacred law the lamp of Hindoo genius was let down a well, where ever since it has lighted narrow walls and bitter waters." And yet he prefers that which closes the gates of progress to that book which is progress itself.

Mistake No. 11. He says: "I believe in the equality of man and woman," but he denies that Christianity teaches the same. All schools, infidel and Christian, save this gentleman, acknowledge that this is one of the trophies of Christianity; that it has taken woman from being worse than a slave, the plaything of man, and put her beside him as his equal. And even the beautiful story of the creation, where it is written that God took a rib from near the heart of the man, tells us that woman, coming from man's heart, is closer to him; she is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; her interest is his interest; her happiness is his happiness, and the grand trophy of the religion of the blessed old book is that where Christianity prevails woman is free, woman has liberty, but where

paganism exists woman is a slave! Read history.

Mistake No. 12.

He says Napoleon was the greatest soldier of the modern world. What does Napoleon say about the Christ? He says: "When I shall have been forgotten, except I be remembered by the declamations of school-boys, who have taken my exploits for their orations, the conqueror of the world by the sword, Jesus Christ, who conquered the world by love, will go on conquering and to conquer until all the world shall be subdued to Him, because He rules over them with the spirit of love." I am glad he brought up the witness. He spoke of Lincoln, the greatest of our dead. What about the character of Lincoln? Though not a member of any church, the Encyclopedia Britannica tells of him in this language: "His nature was deeply religious. Faith in the eternal justice and boundless mercy of Providence of God, and made the golden rule of Christ his practical creed."

He spoke about Shakespeare, the greatest of poets, and what does Shakespeare do? He was the greatest student of the Bible that I know anything about, and his sublimest passages are quotations from the blessed book; and when Shakespeare's will was found, and he had devised his property to his friends and relatives, he says, finally: "I commit my soul into the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I trust for eternal salvation."

Take Gladstone, the greatest statesman that has lived in modern times; a monument of Christian virtue; a man of loyalty to the faith; and he says: "The most important thing for this world is that men shall come in contact with and under the influence of religion of Jesus Christ; that that is the need of the world."

Continued on page 10

THE TWO BURIALS OF POE.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE EXERCISES AT THE BURIALS.

Mystery veiling the Death of the Poet—The Latest Account Given By a Man Who Claims the Closest Personal Knowledge.

In striking contrast were the first and last burials of Edgar A. Poe. On that dreary autumn afternoon in 1849, when the most original of American poets was laid to rest among his ancestors in Westminster churchyard, in Baltimore, only one carriage followed the body of the poet from the hospital where he died. The ceremony was scant, and the attendants scantier, for eight persons only were present. Poe had died under a cloud. His last hours were passed in the charity ward of a public hospital. He was buried in a poplar coffin, stained in imitation of walnut. It was a funeral such as a poor man, with few friends and relatives, might have had.

The mystery surrounding Poe's death has never been satisfactorily explained. The account given by Dr. John J. Moran, in his "Defense of Edgar A. Poe," is known to be incorrect and misleading. For instance, he gives the names of eight persons as present at the funeral, only two of whom were there. They were the Rev. W. T. D. Clemm and Henry Herring, both of whom were relatives of Poe. The other person who attended the first burial were Z. Collins Lee, afterward judge of the superior court of Baltimore, who had been a classmate of Poe at the University of Virginia; Neilson Poe, afterward chief judge of the orphans' court of Baltimore; Edmund Smith, a well known schoolteacher in Baltimore 50 years ago, and his wife, who was a first cousin of the poet; Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, the last editor of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, the paper from which Poe received the \$100 prize offered for the best story.

Another of Dr. Moran's misstatements is that the body of the poet was laid in state in the large room in the rotunda of the college building adjoining the hospital; that hundreds of his friends and acquaintances came to see him; that at least 50 ladies received locks of his hair. Poe had few friends in Baltimore—not a dozen—and if "50 ladies received locks of his hair" they existed only in Dr. Moran's vivid imagination.

Poe was a mystery to the world during life, his death was mysterious, and, although he has been dead 45 years, he remains a mystery still. Nine lives of the poet have been written, but the time and place of his birth have been differently mentioned by different biographers. The place of his burial was long a disputed point; the cause of his death and the circumstances attending it have not yet been definitely settled.

An old resident of San Francisco, formerly of Baltimore, gives what he says is a true account of Poe's last days and death. His story is:

"I was an intimate associate of Edgar Allan Poe for years. Much that has been said and written about his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the Widow Meagher's, an oyster stand and liquor bar down on the wharf much frequented by journalists. It was a respectable place, where parties could enjoy a game of cards or engage in social conversation.

"Poe was a sort of pet of the old woman, and he had a favorite seat just behind the stand. He went by the name of 'The Bard,' and when parties came into the place it was 'Bard, come up and take a nip!' or 'Bard, come and take a hand in this game.'

"It was in the Widow Meagher's little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper of a prize for the best original story, and it was there that he wrote his famous story, 'The Gold Bug,' which carried off the \$100 prize. 'The Bard' had been shifting for several years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had not been in Baltimore for several months when he turned up one evening at the Widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in.

"He privately told me that he had been to Richmond and was on his way north to get ready for his wedding. It was the night before an election, and about 10 o'clock four of us, including Poe, started up town. We had not gone half a dozen squares when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the lookout for voters to 'coop.' It was the practice in those days to seize men, whether drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were open, then march them around to every precinct, where they were made to vote the ticket of the party that controlled the 'coop.' Our 'coop' was in the rear of an engine house, either on North or Calvert street.

"It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day we were voted at 31 different places and over and over again, it being as much as a man's life was worth to refuse. Poe was so badly drugged that after he was carried on two or three different rounds the leader of the gang said that it was no use to vote a dead man any longer, so they shoved him into a cab and sent him to a hospital to get him out of the way.

"The commonly accepted story that Poe died from the effects of dissipation is all bosh. It was nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum or something of the kind that was forced upon him in the coupe. He was in a dying condition when he was being taken around the city. The story by Griswold of Poe having been on a week's spree and being picked up on the street is false. I saw him shoved into the cab myself, and he told me that he had just arrived in the city."

The above account of Poe's last hours agrees in several respects with the account which the late Chief Justice Neilson Poe gave to the present writer.

The second burial of Edgar A. Poe took place on Nov. 17, 1875. The occasion was interesting and remarkable. An immense assembly, representing the education and culture of Baltimore, was drawn together to do honor to an American poet whose fame had gone abroad and whose genius was a subject of native pride. The ceremonies took place in the large hall of the Western Female high school, in West Fayette street, adjoining Westminster church, in the graveyard of which the body of the poet had rested for 26 years without a stone to show that it was the grave of the most unique genius that America had given to the world.—New York Herald.

WIFE-BEATER, ONE YEAR.

Dallas, Tex., June 21.—[Special.]—Charles I. Otterback, a wife-beater, was given a year on the county farm by a jury in Judge Tucker's court tonight. Otterback and his wife are prominent members of the Salvation army.

A clergyman of this city, in a recent sermon, mentioned the seven Bibles. What is the meaning of the expression?

W. E. N.
The seven Bibles are the seven treatises or collections of history, poetry and doctrine which have served the different nations of the earth as a rule of faith. They are the Christians' Bible, the Koran or Mohammedan Bible, the Edas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitakas or Three Baskets, a collection of 2000 or 3000 books, deemed sacred by the Buddhists, the Chinese King Books, five in number, the Vedas of the Hindoos and the Zendavesta of the Persians. Of these, the Koran is the most modern, and the honor of being the oldest is assigned by some to the Zendavesta, by others to the Chinese, and by others again to the Hindoo Scriptures.

HOW EDGAR POE DIED.

One of the Men Who Drugged Him Tells the Story.

No American poet has attracted more attention, living and dead, than Edgar A. Poe. Nine lives of him have been written, yet about no celebrated writer of modern times has it been so difficult to get the real facts of his life and death, writes Eugene L. Didier in the New York Star. According to some of his biographers he mingled among men like a bewildered angel, while others describe him as a prying fiend, or an Ishmaelite, with his hand against everyone and every one's against him. The time and place of his birth were for many years uncertain; even now some of his biographers still differ as to that matter. The place of his burial was at one time undecided, but that was definitely settled in 1875, when his remains were discovered in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, and a monument of 7 feet 6 inches high erected over his grave. The cause of his death and the circumstances attending it have not yet been determined, and everything that throws any light upon the subject will prove interesting to his many admirers.

A former Baltimorean, now living in San Francisco, gives what he claims to be a true account of the poet's last days and death. This is his story: "I was intimately acquainted with Edgar Allan Poe for years. Much that has been said and written in regard to his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the Widow Meagher's place. This was an oyster stand and liquor bar on the city front, corresponding in some respects with the coffee houses of San Francisco. It was frequented much by printers, and ranked as a respectable place, where parties could enjoy a game of cards or engage in social conversation. Poe was a great favorite with the old woman. The favorite seat of the poet was just behind the stand, and he was about as quiet and sociable as an oyster himself. He went by the name of Bard, and when parties came into the shop it was 'Bard, come up and take a nip,' or 'Bard, come up and take a hand in the game.' Whenever Widow Meagher met with any incident or idea that tickled her fancy she would ask the Bard to versify it. Poe always complied, writing many a witty couplet, and at times poems of some length. These verses, quite as meritorious as some by which his name was immortalized, were thus frittered into obscurity. It was in this little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper for a prize for the best story, and it was there that he wrote his famous 'Gold Bug,' which carried off the \$100 prize.

"Poe had been shifting for many years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had been away from Baltimore for three or four months, when he turned up one evening at the Widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in. He privately told me that he had been in Richmond and was on his way north to get ready for his wedding. It was drink all around and repeat until the crowd was pretty full. It was the night before election and four of us, including Poe, started up. We had not gone half a dozen squares when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the lookout for voters to 'coop.' It was the practice in the days to seize people, whether drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were opened, and then march them around to every precinct, where they were made to vote the ticket of the party that controlled the 'coop.' Our coop was in the rear of an engine-house on Calvert street. It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day we were voted at thirty-one different places, and over and over, it being as much as a man's life was worth to rebel. Poe was so badly drugged that after he was carried on two or three different rounds the gang said it was no use to vote a dead man any longer. So they shoved him into a cab and sent him to a hospital to get him out of the way.

"The commonly accepted story that Poe died from the effects of dissipation is all bosh. It was nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum or some other poison that was forced on him in the coop. He was in a dying condition when he was being voted around the city. The story told by Griswold of Poe's having been on a week's spree, and being picked up on the streets, is false; I saw him shoved into the cab myself, and he told me he had just arrived in the city."

The above narrative will form an interesting chapter in the life and death of the poet, whose life was a romance and whose death was a tragedy. The account of Poe's last days agrees in several respects with the account which the late Chief Judge Neilson Poe of Baltimore gave to the undersigned. It is painful to think that a man of Poe's wonderful genius would, after a life of intolerable misery, die in the wretched manner above described. But it must be admitted that the author of "The Raven" was cooped and dragged to death by political toughs, who used the hapless poet as a repeater at a local election. Others have vaguely stated this before, and the detailed account now given by one who was with Poe at the time confirms the horrible story.

MODERN THOUGHT.

The Subject of a Discourse by a Liberal. A Belief Founded on Justice, Mercy and the Goodness of the Deity.

A. W. Delquest, a Liberal Unitarian minister, was in Fort Worth yesterday and delivered a sermon to the Unitarian and Liberal societies of this city. The text which was taken from Tennyson, was: "There lives more faith in honest doubt than half the creeds," and the substance of the sermon is as follows:

Mankind ought to be thankful that its lot has been cast in the present century and in this country. Man is steadily advancing in morality, art, science and general knowledge. Religion is also progressing, old faiths and fables are passing away and newer and better ideas are being born, more and more in accordance with the high plane to which man is attaining. The difference between modern faith and the old, blind, unquestioning faith is that the old faiths were based on credulity, or the belief of things contrary to reason, while the new faith is a reasonable faith based on things which are in accordance with reason.

People have been taught that doubt is of the devil, and the popular theology lays great stress on what it calls the sin of unbelief. Yet had Columbus not doubted the astronomical theory universally held at that age, he would never have discovered America. Had Newton not doubted the theories prevalent in his day, he would not have made the discovery of the law of gravitation. Had doubts as to religion, politics, art, and the sciences, not obtruded themselves, had people continued to have faith in the religious and other beliefs of their progenitors, the present civilization that mankind has attained would be impossible.

Doubt of that of which there is no evidence as to its truth is a duty that ought to devolve on every one, and should not be restrained. She is the antecedent of progress, and before you can believe new truths you must discard myth and fable.

It was disbelief in the doctrines of the Catholic church that made Protestantism possible; it is disbelief in miracles and wonders that has given to mankind the belief in the universality and invariability of natural law. You can not affirm without denying. For illustration, you can not believe matter to be eternal and self-existent and at the same time believe that there was a time when this universe did not exist.

A creed is a protest against progress, and from its very nature is incapable of improvement. The old theologians affirmed a faith in eternal torture for the impenitent. The new faith of modern thought believes too much in the goodness and justice of the supreme being to believe this hideous doctrine. Theology believes all faith to be bound up in the Bible, but modern thought believes too much to believe this. It believes thousands of good books have been

inspired besides the Bible and that nature herself is an ever present inspiration.

The larger faith of modern thought believes not only in one holy day in the week, but that every day in the week is holy, when consecrated by good and worth deeds. Heaven, it teaches, may be attained while we are here as well as when we die, and that the man who makes a little heaven in this world need have no fear of the future.

Not only was Christ the child of God, it teaches, but every man also contains within him a spark of the divinity. Modern thought disbelieves the hideous doctrine of total depravity, because it has such a firm belief in the justice of the infinite.

He says hell-fire is made by God for the punishment of His children. "I would rather go to hell than live with such a God in heaven." I say amen to it. But that is not the teaching of the Bible. Hell was made, according to the teaching of this book, for whom? Ingersoll says it was made for God's creatures. I defy him or any of his followers to show me the passage. It is said that hell was made for the devil and his angels, but nowhere does it say it was made for man. Hell is like a penitentiary. You make a penitentiary in this world for your criminals. There was a man convicted not long ago for conspiring with a woman, the wife of another man, and poisoning that man, by slow process, to death. That man has been convicted; he has been sentenced and sent to the penitentiary for his natural life. Is it right or is it wrong? Justice says it is right. His life-time is simply temporal, and his punishment is limited only by its being temporal. Eternal punishment is unlimited by the fact that the life is limitless. Limit eternal life and you limit eternal punishment. As long as the soul lives that needs punishment—like the man in conspiracy with a wife to poison her husband—as long as he lives he ought to be punished. You say that is just in this case. Why not in the other? His crime is commensurate with his punishment.

Now the fourteenth mistake.

This mistake I call Ingersoll's refuge. He told me in private conversation that nobody had ever driven him from his refuge, or proved that his refuge was wrong. I think I can demonstrate to your mind today that it is no refuge. He says he has talked and debated with ministers, but nobody has ever driven him out of this. I leave you to be the judges. What is this refuge? He says if there be a God that God knows everything before it happens, and that if God foreknew that a man is going to suffer eternal punishment, and creates him, He is a monster. He says: "Suppose I take this globe (which was before him) and have the power to make out of it a man, knowing that he will suffer eternal punishment. I had better leave it as it is." Now we know men do suffer in this life for their sins, and if they suffer in this life for their sins, why not suffer in the life that is to come; for there is no period in which to change, from the time they die until they wake in the eternal world, if there be an eternal world. He said to me: "Suppose I put my hand in the fire and I burn it. I suffer the consequences." I replied: "My dear sir, you have used, I think the wrong term." There the consequences are about the smallest thing you have to suffer. The pain is about the smallest thing you have to suffer. As long as you live, after the pain has ceased from your hand, you will bear the scar, until this body moulders back to the dust. If I steal your property and I repent of it and come to you and make restitution, and ask your forgiveness, and you forgive me, is it wiped out?" He says: "Yes." I said, "No. For there is the scar of theft upon my soul, and though you may forgive me for taking your property and I restore it, the scar cannot be erased as long as the soul lasts."

Now, if God, foreknowing that a man is to suffer eternal punishment, and yet creates him, is a monster, by the same logic I can prove that Robert G. Ingersoll is a monster. Men and women are endowed with pre-potency; with the power of transmission of life. Is that right? Men and women know that their children born into this world will have joy and will have sorrow. The child will have pleasure, but it will have pain; and if a man, to whom God has given the power of transmission of life, knows that his child will suffer, and experience and observation teach that all men and women suffer in this world, and then, by the will of the flesh, by the will of man, by the will of the mind, he brings a child into the world, he is a monster.

If the logic hold true with reference to God, as to his foreknowledge, it certainly will not hold false with reference to man as to his foreknowledge. God created and surrounded them with means of happiness. So do parents. The choice between right, the source of happiness, and wrong, the source of sorrow, is left with them.

Mistake No. 15—Illustration of the Fire: He described a fire, in which a woman came to a window, the flames wrapping around her, and nobody to rescue her. But here is a man who is not a Christian, he says; a worldly sort of fellow, who curses and swears and drinks. He goes up a ladder and rescues that woman. He comes down, and dies. He is taken before the judgment seat of Christ and Christ says: "Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire."

Christ does not say anything of the kind, and, mark you, the gentleman did not quote all the scripture. "Depart into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." That is the way the devil did when he tempted Christ. He quoted only part of the scriptures. Now let us see what this is. This is the only slander on Christ during his whole lecture. He was very mild. Let us see. Christ is represented as the judge. The men of the world came before him. He will say to those who have done right: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter into the joys of thy Lord." To them who have done wrong, to them who have violated God's commands, the judge pronounces: "Depart into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." The curse pronounced by the judge is simply the announcement of what has taken place before. It is the announcement of a decision, according to the testimony of the case. Every man is guilty or innocent before he appears before the judge to receive a sentence. The judge has no right to pardon. He has no right to extenuate. He simply has to pronounce the sentence that has been declared by the testimony in the case, and when the judge in our court house pronounces a sen-

tence, nobody condemns him. Why? Because he has done what the law directs him to do. He has done what the jury have found for him to do. He has done what the best interests of the community dictate. He simply pronounces what the law defines to be the proper punishment. And when a man stands before Christ at the judgment bar, Christ simply pronounces the verdict which comes from the testimony, from every word that has proceeded from the man's mouth, and every deed that has been done in the man's body.

Mistake sixteen. Ingersoll's Sabbath. He describes it, you remember. It was a very terrible thing. Well, I sympathize with him, for I was raised with that sort of Sabbath myself. I remember when I was raised, my mother being an old-school Presbyterian, I never did get any hot pie on Sunday. Light bread and butter and preserves. Nothing but what could be cooked on Saturday, except in a case of necessity. And he describes his Sabbath, and laid it on the Bible, and on Christ's teaching. Whence did he get it? Whence did it come? It is Puritanism. The Bible is not responsible for it. It came from the Puritan fathers, who came over to this country for the purpose of getting free from the persecutions in the other countries, and when they got over here the freedom they gave to the world was the freedom to believe just as they believed. See the Scarlet Letter, and poor Hester Prynne. It is not Christ's teaching. It is contrary to it. Why, on one occasion there were a number of infidels following Christ and His disciples, and going through a wheat field on the Sabbath; Christ's disciples plucked some of the corn or wheat, rubbed it out in their hands and blew away the chaff so they could eat the wheat kernels. The infidels said: "Your disciples are violating the law of the Sabbath. It is not lawful for them to pluck the grains of corn on the Sabbath." Christ said to them, as Christian teaching has ever said since, when it has been unnumbered and unfettered by man's wisdom and bigotry: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And the Sabbath is made for you to be happy in, and not to be tied with the chains of superstition. Liberty to the captives, in the Sabbath.

"Who made the world?" said Colonel Ingersoll. "Tell them you don't know." But you have good grounds for belief. A man that looks at nature, with all its symmetry and beauty, and regularity of season, the rising and setting of the sun and stars, the beauty of the canopy above us, the earth, as it brings forth its fruit, at its proper time, the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, working together. Napoleon one night was passing back and forth on the deck of his vessel, returning from Egypt, and the infidel officers, his staff, were knotted together, discussing whether there were a God or not, and they had concluded there was no God; yet they came to Napoleon, as he was pacing the deck, with his martial cloak about him, in profound meditation. "Sir," said they, "is there a God?" Walking the deck again, hardly pausing to notice them, when he came to front them again, looking them in the face for a moment, lifting his hand to the heavens, he said: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" and walked on.

Ingersoll says, "Open the door and let the prisoner free." What did Christ say? "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison door to them that are bound. To give beauty for ashes; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He says: "If ye be my disciples ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Everything that Mr. Ingersoll advocated, of truth, of love, of liberty and of hope, Jesus Christ advocated eighteen hundred years before Ingersoll was born. Everything Mr. Ingersoll advocated of infidelity, Celsus and Porphyry advocated for fifteen to seventeen hundred years before Ingersoll was born. Even his errors and his sophistry have come from the poisoned swamps of the brains of infidels of other days. The only originality manifested by the oily speaker was in persuading a thousand men and women to go to the opera house on a rainy night and give him a dollar each for listening to him for two hours; but he let the cloven foot out when he sent his hawkers through the audience selling his productions, which cost two cents apiece, for twenty-five cents, really making twelve hundred per cent, and his object being simply to elevate your souls, instead of a mercenary motive. Put him now, by the side of Christ, a thousand dollars a night, and twelve hundred per cent on his literature, and now behold Christ: Without money, and without price. The foxes have holes; the birds of the air have nests; the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. When He healed the centurion's servant the centurion would have given him ten thousand dollars. Not a cent. When He brought to life the dead son of the widow of Nain, she would have given Him all that she had. When He raised Lazarus from the dead, his sisters would have poured their treasured wealth, for they were rich, into His lap, but not a cent. Is it safe to follow Ingersoll, or better to follow Jesus Christ? Is Ingersoll the better guide, or is Christ the better guide for your good?

It is written of Ingersoll, and I deplore it, but that you may know how he is regarded by the world, I must mention five things that are believed of him and that are written about him, and that are taken from his own lips; because it is an important matter. He has come into our midst assailing that which is dear to us, and we must know who the man is. In the first place, I say it is written—I am not saying it myself—it is written that Mr. Ingersoll is the defender of vile, immoral, indecent and poisonous literature. Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist church, Brooklyn, accused him of that in a lecture. Mr. Ingersoll wrote to him and told him if he didn't take it back he would sue him for \$5000. Mr. Dixon says: "Sue. I not only believe it, but I can prove it." Read the newspaper and you will find the proof. One of the reporters asked Ingersoll: "What became of your suit, Mr. Ingersoll?" He says: "I put it in the hands of my lawyers, and my lawyers let it die a natural death." Mr. Dixon made him take water, and proved it from his own

lips. Take it and read it. It is in the Mail-Telegram and in the Gazette of last Thursday.

"It would be interesting to hear a military leader and legislator like Moses, the man of God, who, after he was 80 years old, command for forty years an army of six hundred thousand men, emancipating, organizing and giving laws to a nation which has maintained its existence for more than thirty stormy centuries, give his candid opinion concerning the mistakes of a "colonel" of cavalry whose military career is said to have included one single engagement, in which he was chased into a hog-yard and surrendered to a boy of sixteen; after which, as soon as exchanged, he heroically resigned his commission in the face of the enemy, subsequently turning his attention to managing swindling whisky rings, discussing theology, defending scoundrels, blaspheming God, and criticizing dead men who cannot answer him."

One day, in one of the hotels in Washington City, one of the greatest senators that our country has ever produced, was sitting watching the rain and mud. Mr. Ingersoll was a very intimate friend of his. Ingersoll came in, and this gentleman said: "Colonel, I want to speak to you a moment." He

says: "Why, my friend, I am always glad to see you." The senator said: "A poor soldier, one-legged, was walking up that street awhile ago on two crutches, and a man came out and snatched his crutches out of his hands, and the poor fellow stood tottering for a moment and fell. What do you think of that?" Col. Ingersoll said: "Who is he? He shall be punished." The senator answered: "Colonel, thou art the man. Here I am, going through this world, with a finite mind, feeling after something, if haply I might find it; supported on one side by faith and on the other by hope, and you are trying to snatch the crutches from me that I may fall in the slough of eternal despair." The Colonel was silent. It was time for silence. The senator arose and walked away and left him to his reflections.

I am glad to see Col. Ingersoll is getting milder in his old age. He is not as violent in his attacks, and I pray God that the Holy Spirit may influence him, as with tottering steps he is descending to that valley of the shadow; that that spirit may teach that heart, and that brilliant mind, and open the eyes of his soul to a vision of liberty, love and hope, eternal in the presence of God.

One thought, and I have done. The religion of Jesus Christ, not only does not take away your liberty, but assures you of it, by protecting your every right.

The Old Testament describes the greatest race of people that the world has ever seen; the Hebrew race. They have come down as clear as a mountain stream, through the sea of the world, and have preserved their integrity and identity. It is a miracle to think of it. For thirty stormy centuries these people were the blest of God, and historians declare it is a miracle of God that they are preserved as they are. Infidelity is as old as Christianity. The Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Herodians were all infidels. Celsus, one hundred and fifty years after Christ, Porphyry, the infidel, 304 years after Christ, what have they left? Blot out all that the Bible and Christ are justly responsible for, which may be in accord with their teaching and what do you take away from this world? Churches, asylums, schools, houses of refuge, hospitals, everything that goes to bless mankind. Blot out, on the other hand all that infidelity has done, set the good of both side by side, all the good that infidelity has done, and all that Christianity has done, and I ask you if the truth favor infidelity or Christianity?

Continued
your

Col. Ingersoll's Solution of the Social Problem.

New York Advertiser.

The morning Advertiser to-day presents the views on the solution of the social problem of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic and orator.

This is what Mr. Ingersoll has to say:

"The great trouble is that nine-tenths of the people to-day are failures. Nature keeps on producing these people, and out of tens of thousands there is only one genius.

"In civilized life there will always be failures, and you cannot make men happy by legislation.

"Take the example of a stupid boy. We may train him for years and when he becomes just bright enough to keep the burrs out of his hair he marries, and then more incompetents and failures are brought into the world.

"The socialists want the men who are in the vanguard of progress to halt and wait for the laggards to catch up with the profession.

"We send a man to prison for five years, and when he comes out we give him a cheap suit of clothes and enough money to take him back to his former home.

allowed to take a new name upon leaving the prison. This would be genuine reform.

"England has been sending convicts to the penal colony in New South Wales for years. Not long ago a parliamentary commission found upon investigation that 37 per cent of these people had learned to live better lives and become honest men.

"I was raised in a small country town, here the little shops of the shoemaker, wagon maker, etc., produced all the manufactured goods necessary for the people of the hamlet.

"Men cannot be made much better by changing the laws. Here is a man who has saved up a few thousand dollars. He sees the stock of a certain railroad is selling at, say 40.

"Then she discharged you," said Col. Ingersoll, "because you made that pudding?"

"You can not make mankind better until you make his mind and heart better."

MRS. COLES WAS ECCENTRIC.

Her Peculiarities May Cause a Breaking of Her Will.

Col. Bob Ingersoll Extracts Racy Testimony from Two of the Dead Woman's Servants—An Overlooked Relative After Some of the Millions.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

NEW YORK, October 26.—The eccentricities of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Coles, who died in December, 1891, leaving an estate valued at \$3,000,000, were aired in Surrogate Ransom's court to-day, where the contest over her will was begun.

John Byrne, who looked the typical British butler, and who referred with pride to the fact that he had once worked for A. T. Stewart, said he was employed by Mrs. Coles in 1881.

"Well, did you ever see Mrs. Coles acting queerly?" asked Col. Ingersoll.

Byrne said that Mrs. Coles never allowed the floors to be swept for fear of wearing out the carpets.

Ellen Terry, a very voluble Irish woman, who said she was "about 50," had been a cook for Mrs. Coles four years ago.

"Well, she never let me make a custard out of more than one egg, and when she put me away it was because I made a bread pudding for the men.

"Then she discharged you," said Col. Ingersoll, "because you made that pudding?"

"Well, the pudding habit is a very bad habit," remarked the Colonel, meditatively.

The contest will go on to-morrow, when the aged wife of Edward Coles, who is more than 80 years old, is expected to go on the stand.

WOMEN CRUSADERS.

Action to be Brought Against Them by the Prosecuting Attorney—The Women Defiant—Trouble Threatened.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 17.—A telegram from Lathrop, Mo., says: The prosecuting attorney will more than likely commence serving warrants on the women crusaders to-day.

News from Plattsburg says the women there are prepared to clean that place of its saloons on account of an eighteen-year-old boy being carried out of one of the saloons Sunday night drunk.

The prosecuting attorney says he will perform his duty if the state militia has to be called out to assist him.

A gentleman from Cameron says the crusaders are going to visit Cameron to-morrow and Plattsburg Thursday.

Mrs. Coles' Eccentricities.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

NEW YORK, October 27.—Mrs. Elizabeth M. Coles had a very observing lot of butlers, chambermaids and laundresses, and Col. Bob Ingersoll marshaled a dozen or more of them before Surrogate Ransom to-day to tell about their late mistress' eccentricities.

Mrs. Coles' eccentricities were retailed distinctly by servants who had not been in her employ for twenty years.

"Very bad, sir, at spells. She would say that it was a pity that she could not do as she liked with her money.

"Not a stitch, sir," said Collins.

"And now, Collins, what did Mrs. Coles say about that statue?"

"Well, sir," said Collins, nervously, "it was this way: Mrs. Coles told her maid that I used to look at that statue.

"H'm," said Col. Ingersoll with a smile, "and what did Mrs. Coles have done with Venus then?"

"She put clothes on it, sir. She said as how her son was always looking at it, and she put a sash on it."

Arthur Mahler, a Frenchman with black side whiskers that stood out very straight, had been a butler for Mrs. Coles.

Elizabeth Cassidy, who had cooked for Coles, smiled when Col. Ingersoll called Bessie.

"Did Mrs. Coles ever accuse you of trying to poison her?"

"She did," said Mrs. Cassidy, "and when I said 'You're a crazy old woman to say such things,' she said she didn't take no stock in cooks, no way."

The case was adjourned until to-morrow morning.

Bible Facts.

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" occurs 1855 times; the word "Reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of 111 Psalms.

ABOUT ORATORS AND ORATORY

Colonel Ingersoll Talks of an Art of Which he is a Master.

ORATORY IS THE OUTCOME OF GENIUS.

Practice May Give Confidence, but the Orator Like the Poet is Born—Cicero the Greatest of the Ancients—Some Modern Orators—Art Cannot Die While People Love Earnestness, Truth and Beauty.

"If I talk about orators and oratory at all," said Colonel Ingersoll, "it is with the distinct understanding that I shall not be brought into the subject in any way."

Appreciating the situation, I gladly agreed to this. Like many others I had been charmed by Colonel Ingersoll's eloquence, even when I could not fall in with his methods of reasoning, and I knew no man could have won such a position as a public speaker who had not carefully studied the lines of the men whom the world has long regarded as masters of the art of persuasion.

Leaning back in his chair, with his eyes upraised to the ceiling and his feet crossed on a chair in front, Colonel Ingersoll went on to give the generally received definition of oratory, as the art of public speaking. Oratory was not more potent before the days of printing than now, for in proportion to the population there were not so many public speakers, but as it was the only direct way of communicating with the masses oratory appeared to have more power.

When oratory was studied more in the great schools than at present, it was divided into two great branches, preparation and delivery. The former had to do with style and rhetorical excellence, and was a matter for the study, the latter aimed at an effective action and delivery. The art culminates in persuasive, overpowering eloquence. The ancient rhetoricians distinguished eloquence as either demonstrative, deliberative or judicial. The moderns, looking to the arena for its employment, divide it into that of the senate, the bar, the pulpit and the platform; we might add to this that species of oratory peculiar to the English speaking people, who settle so many great questions after dinner, and which is known as "post prandial."

"You ask me for a definition of oratory, but it is impossible to give an exact definition to a thing which itself is untrammelled by rules, so I must rather describe it, as I think it is." The Colonel withdrew his extinguished cigar from his lips, and with his eyes still on the ceiling, and with all the rich charm that distinguishes his voice on the platform continued: "Oratory is the perfection of thought and expression--of logic, of personal presence, of voice, and gesture. The great orator ideal-

izes all he touches, transfigures the common, and changes the meanest metals into gold. He is a creator. He is candid, sincere, poetic, winged with imagination, sympathetic, persuasive, convincing and almost irresistible."

A third person suggested here that a man might be all this through training, like an actor, yet neither feel nor fully comprehend the full import of what he was saying. This Colonel Ingersoll denied, while conceding that the influence of the actor might be very profound for the moment, but the effect of the orator if the orator were, as he should be, the apostle of truth, would be permanent, influencing the life of the individual and it might be of the nation. "To convince men the orator must be himself intensely sincere, and entirely fearless in giving a reason for the truth that is in him. Outside of other gifts, moral courage and profound human sympathies are the first great requisites of the orator."

"If we believe the legends connected with the great orators of antiquity, Demosthenes for instance, and of some modern ones," I said, "the impression is forced on us that the gift, if gift it be, is due largely to cultivation through patience and practice, like many of the sister arts?"

"No man has more respect for patience and practice, that is for hard conscientious work, than myself," replied Colonel Ingersoll, "work, no matter the natural aptitude, is absolutely essential to the greatest success. But when you ask me if the gift of oratory can be acquired, I say emphatically No. Capacity cannot be acquired. By long study and careful practice men can become good speakers—but not orators. By studying the laws of composition and the rules of syntax and prosody, men can acquire a wonderful skill in rhyming, but not all the acquired laws and rules in existence can ever make them poets. A man might learn all the drills and master all that has been written on the art of war, and have even a sublime courage, and yet never succeed as a soldier. The schools and the training can give nothing."

"I do not undervalue them, but all they can do, at the most, is to develop the brains and aptitudes we have. Education does not mean a giving of anything, its etymological significance is to draw out. Poets, we are told, and it is true, are born not made, and so it is with the orator. If we have not the brain of the master, training can never teach him how to reach and stir the hearts of men."

The Hon. Dwight Townsend, who was present, volunteered the opinion that some men had a talent for public speaking, and that often this talent bordered on genius. With this Colonel Ingersoll agreed, and then with apt illustration he showed that this applied not only to oratory, but to poetry, painting, music and all the arts, and to the sciences as well, for men, like Darwin, Huxley, Dana, Spencer, Edison and others had a positive genius for the sciences abstract or applied. Many men, never heard of, had quite as much acquired knowledge of the sciences as the great men named, yet they were sponges, who absorbed everything and never gave anything out.

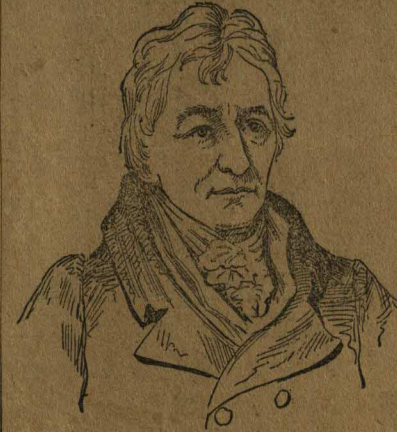
Colonel Ingersoll continued: "The great orator is a genius. He is a great artist and the most potent of all while exerting his influence. With words he paints pictures that glow in the brain and set the most prosaic heart a throbbing. He chisels statues with sounds. His voice is music that

thrills and stirs, and moves to resistance, to laughter, or to tears. He is the great master of lights and shades, and he illustrates by the most vivid contrasts. Like the great painter, he knows the full value of color. His wit is keen, quick and to the point, and like the lightning's flash it lights up all about it. His humor is genial as the light of the harvest moon when it catches a glimpse of the setting sun, and banishes the shadows in a twilight of glowing beauty. Pathos is his, and he is master of and holds the key to the fountain of tears. In his deft hands scorn becomes a powerful weapon in the denuncia-

tion of wrong. The exposition of error. He is the magician who sways the hearts and the minds of men to his own mood. Who will deny that, with this wonderful power, he is not a genius, with an innate gift, that training may improve or hamper, but which it can never wholly destroy and never give, even in part."

"Is not the orator limited in his power to those who come within hearing of his voice?" I asked.

The Colonel thought not, but he conceded that the effect of the orator's power was much greater on those who heard him than on those



HENRY CURRAN.

who read him. But as the basis of all true oratory, as with every other art and science, was truth, the effect of the presentation might be weakened in the reading, but the truth would remain, and be all the more perceptible and potent because of its presentation by a master. Great actors who add nothing to the sum of the world's knowledge of truth, like great lawyers who add nothing to the law, soon become traditions in the professions; but through the speeches that survive, we are brought face to face with the world's great orators, and it does not strain the imagination to picture the effect of these masterly orations on the people who heard them.

"Who do you think, Colonel Ingersoll, was the greatest of the ancient orators?"

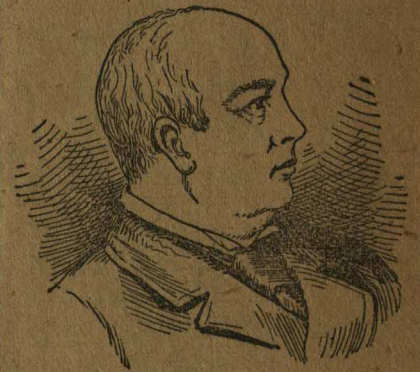
"Cicero. He was the lord of language. He, above all men, expressed the greatest and the grandest thoughts, and the most wonderful generalizations. He had, in a supreme degree, the gift of imagination, without which he could not have been an orator. In a corrupt age he was a patriot and gave the best of his splendid efforts to the denunciation of treason. There never stood before nor after him at the bar of Rome a lawyer who was worthy to fasten his sandals. His splendid gifts were exercised in no cramping rut. Whatever affected humanity interested him, and he illuminated it with the splendor of his genius. The reverence for and the beauties of old age were better appreciated after they had been framed in his golden sentences. Friendship became holier for his treatment, and so men became better and broader when they heard Cicero's exposition, or read what he had said on the subject.

"Demosthenes is more or less of a myth. He may have been a wonderful orator as tradition says, but if so the evidences of his supreme genius are lost, they are not to be found in the Philippics, or in the Orations on the Crown. He may have been and no doubt was cramped by his Attic environment, but had he been a man of commanding genius, he would have risen superior to it, and the truths he propounded would have been as forceful and vital to-day as when they were uttered."

"How do the modern compare with the ancient orators, in your opinion," I asked.

"We can compare the efforts of the poets, architects, sculptors and painters of antiquity, particularly where their works survive in whole or in part, with those of the moderns, but in oratory so much depends on the individual peculiarities of the man, that it is almost impossible to make anything like a judicial comparison. The orations of the ancients were carefully prepared and to that

fact is due their preservation. The most effective addresses of the French Revolution were largely extemporaneous, and no means having been taken in the tumult of the times to preserve them exactly, they were lost. In the same way, many of the masterly speeches of the elder Pitt died with the sound of the voice that uttered them, yet enough remains to show that he, in his limited field, was a great orator. Fox was a powerful pleader rather than a great orator, and while Burke's speeches, prepared and penned by his fine scholarship and exquisite taste, are models of splendid diction and elevated rhetoric, we know that he was called 'the dinner bell,' for his rising was a signal for friend and opponent to empty the benches. Sheridan had many of the requisites of a great orator, but his training made him theatrical, and he worked for effects, and one feels that the curtain should have been rung down on his climaxes. To my mind Curran was the greatest orator of his day, and some of the passages in his speeches thrill the reader to-day like a trumpet blast, and they will continue to thrill while truth sublimely uttered



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

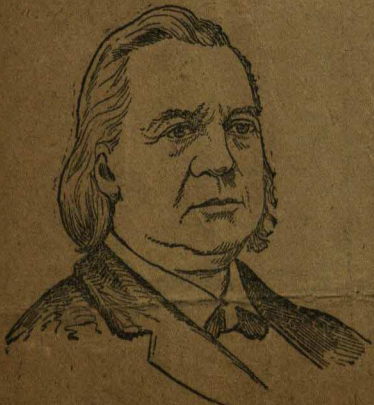
has the power to effect mankind. No, I do not regard Gladstone as a great orator, but it must be conceded that he is a grand speaker. He is wanting in feeling and imagination. He says fine things in a stately, well-balanced way, but I defy his greatest admirer to repeat, on the spur of the moment, one sentence of Gladstone that has been burned into the memory and the recital of which stirs the pulse into a faster beat."

"How do you think American orators compare with those of other lands?"

"The Americans are the most fluent people in the world, and our political methods have done much to foster the art of public speaking, but this has not encouraged true oratory,

for when every one is a speaker, people are satisfied with mediocrity. The true artist is not going to enter the field against the sign painter, nor will the poet compete with the maker of advertising rhymes.

"Webster was a man of grand possibilities rather than of great achievements. He aimed at being sonorous and ponderous, and he succeeded. He ignored the heart while addressing himself to the head, yet he has left a few grand oratorical paragraphs that will survive in the language after his standing as a statesman is forgotten. Clay was handicapped by inadequate training. His success with the masses, who idolized him, was due more to his personal magnetism than to his originality, for he had none. There was far more in his manner than in his matter. He was a great force, but history will not rank him as a great orator. In his own field Tom Corwin was superb, but he either lacked the opportunity or did not make it, to give the world the best that was in him. S. S. Prentiss was an oratorical meteor. He flamed across the sky and was gone, but he had the divine gift, with all the human failings that attach. In denunciatory power, biting scorn and withering contempt, Wendell Philipps was wonderful, and unapproached by any man of his time. Henry Ward Beecher as an orator of the first class stands in the fore front of Americans, and unsurpassed by many of the ancients or moderns. He was a master of the emotions.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

was wise and best. He was the victim of his virtues. Let us be merciful in our judgments.

All we can say is that the good and bad, the loving and the malignant, the conscientious and the vicious, the educated and the ignorant, actuated by many motives, urged and pushed by circumstances and conditions—sometimes in the calm of judgment, sometimes in passion's storm and stress, sometimes in whirl and tempest of insanity—raise their hands against themselves and desperately put out the light of life.

Those who attempt suicide should not be punished. If they are insane they should, if possible, be restored to reason; if sane, they should be treated with, calmed and assisted.

JONESISMS.

The Evangelist Preaches to Men Only.

And It was Forcible Enough to Draw Four Hundred and Twenty-Five Men to the Altar.

DALLAS, TEX., June 1.—Sam Jones preached to men only last night, and as usual, the tabernacle was crowded, there being not less than 8,000 people present. He began his sermon, or talk, in an off-hand manner, hitting right and left and sparing nobody. In substance he said:

"I want you fathers, husbands and sons to give me your attention to night. Nine out of ten of this vast audience are boys that have good mothers, men that have noble wives and pure sisters and men whom memory as it runs back over the vistas of the past into far away realms of happy childhood calls to nobler and better things. My text is: 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I am devoutly gratified to God to have been able to preach his truth in forty states of the union, but above all things I am thankful for a text like this. My voice may be with difficulty heard by eight or ten thousand men; this text goes to the world with its divine promise; this text, like the arm of mercy, encompasses the 1,400,000,000 people that inhabit the globe. 'For God so loved the world'—not America, not Europe, but the whole world. God's name and nature is love; it is as natural for God to love as it is for the sun to shine. He loves the meanest man that walks the earth, and if there is any difference he loves the wayward child the best.

He drew beautiful pictures of the love of mother and wife and then quoted the Bible. "When your father and mother forsake you then the Lord will take you up."

God loves us and loves the worst of us the best. A mother has five boys and four are preachers and

one a drunkard. You say anything you please about her four preacher boys, but the moment you speak harshly of poor drunken John she'll jump on you in a minute. Sometimes I say to my wife: "Laura, I believe you loved me better when I was a dissipated wretch than you do now," and she answers: "You needed it more then; you are able to tote your own skillet now."

The love of husband and wife: I saw a couple at the altar, and like the dewdrops on the rose that merge in one, they became one in life and one in purpose. They went to a little cottage home and prospered, and God blessed their life with four sweet children. One night the husband was away and as the weary mother with a mother's music hushed to sleep the last

sweet babe, her husband had not come home and a voice whispered, "Your husband has begun to drink." And these words are the epitome of more misery than almost any in the language. The rose of health faded from her cheeks and her little pleasures and comforts faded away like a blossom under the smiting breath of a wintry blast. One day I saw the besotted husband go into a saloon, and presently a bull-necked, white-aproned scoundrel kicked him out of the side door, and it made my blood boil in my very veins. And I'll tell you, boys, they will meet you at the front door with smiles at first, but they have got your last dollar; they will kick you out of the back door at last. [Applause] And I wondered if the poor devil had a friend on earth. If not, I said, I'll be your friend. I followed him to an alley and to a cottage, where I saw four little unkept, half-starved children and a poor little woman sewing garments at a dollar a dozen for a merchant. And right there is the germ of anarchy and communism—poor, over-worked and unpaid woman, [applause] and if the merchant who puts a woman at man's work at half man's pay don't go to hell it will be because hell is burned out before he dies. [Applause.] A man is an infernal scoundrel who hires a girl at half wages. He knows she can't live at it and the loss of her virtue must supplement her meager salary. [Applause.] I would get a piece of grapevine or telegraph wire and sew my shirts till I died before I would wear a garment made by a poor woman at starvation wages. [Cheers and applause.]

I saw the poor woman meet the besotted husband at the gate, gently lead him to the house, lay him on the bed, pull off his muddy shoes and bathe his face; and when he had passed into a drunken stupor she leaned over and kissed his bloated cheeks, and then dropped on her knees at the bedside and prayed: "God have mercy on

my poor, ruined husband." And I said if a wife will cling to a man like that how much more will the great God, with ten thousand times more compassion, cling to his lost children. His love follows us to the gates of perdition, and when we leap into hell he sheds tears of everlasting regret over our damnation and ruin.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." I like that. Loved the world—not a chosen few. Some say they are the elect, but the Bible says the whole world. Some times you see a gang of brethren who claim to be the elect, and when I look at them I think that if there is a crowd this side of hell that God wouldn't have, that's the crowd. [Laughter.] There is not a man in heaven to-night but has had a thousand chances to go to hell, and there is not a man in hell but who has had a thousand chances to go to heaven. If I should be damned without having a chance for salvation, I would float out on

the topmost wave of fire and shout 'Unjust! unjust!' until the very foundations of heaven were shaken. Let a man that has had no chance to go to heaven drop into hell, he wouldn't burn. He would be like one of these grenades that put the fire out for 200 yards around, he'd put the fire out all around him.

Love! The love of God meets the eye on every hand. I see the mountain, that's God's love piled up; the valley, God's love spread out; the ocean, God's love embedded; the flowers, God's love in bloom; the dewdrops, God's love in pearls. God's love is manifested everywhere, and besides all this he gave his only begotten son to die that we might live.

His remarks on infidelity were characteristic, and his challenge to Bob Ingersol brought down the house. He also spoke for prohibition, to the extent of saying that he was a concentrated, consolidated, stand-up-to-be-knocked-down prohibitionist, from hat to heel, and he was loudly applauded.

"You hear it all around that Sam Jones preaches for the money in it. I can make a contract any time I want to to lecture at \$200 a night as a steady job, but I would rather preach the gospel for a dollar a day and board myself." [Applause.]

"I could have been as rich as any of you if I had been as big a hog as some of you are. I have been making \$30,000 a year for ten years and now am not worth as much as a year's pay."

"Some of you rich fellows are so stingy that you wouldn't be in the New Jerusalem two hours before you would be chipping the gold from the streets."

"And some of you rich Methodists, God bless your stingy, possum-eyed souls, when you leave this world you'd better take your summer clothes with you, and a fan."

"Some of you expect to do something big when you get fixed. You'll be fixed when you get a half a dollar on each eye and your toes tied together. You'll be fixed for a backlog in the devil's sitting-room."

"Your Vanderbilts and Rothschilds in hell can't form a partnership and raise enough money to buy a drop of water to cool their parched tongues."

The sermon was one of the most splendid and forceful ever delivered in Texas, the love of God for humanity being strongly and effectively illustrated. Four hundred and twenty-five men came up and gave their hands indicative of their purpose to be christians. Among them were some of the most influential men of the city.

Briggs Case

salvation through the mediation and sacrifice of the Son of God as revealed therein, which is contrary to the essential doctrine of the Holy Scripture and the standards of the said church that the Holy Scripture is most necessary, and the rule of faith and practice.

Charge 2. The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America charges the Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., being a minister of the said church and a member of the presbytery of New York, with teaching that the church is a foundation of divine authority which, apart from the Holy Scripture, may and does savingly enlighten men, which is contrary to the essential doctrine of the Holy Scripture and of the standards of the said church that the Holy Scripture is most necessary and the rule of faith and practice.

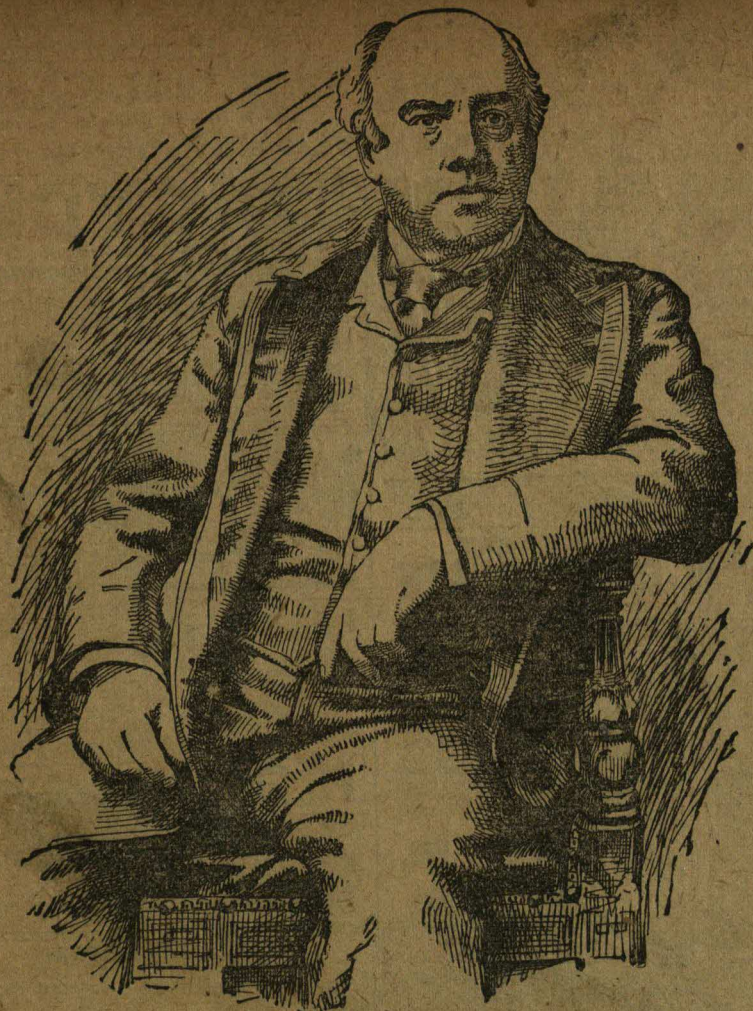
Charge 3. The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America charges the Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., being a minister of the said church, and a member of the Presbytery of New York, with teaching that errors may have existed in the original text of the Holy Scripture as it came from its authors; which is contrary to the essential doctrine taught in the Holy Scripture and in the standards of the said church, that the Holy Scripture is the Word of God written, immediately inspired and the rule of faith and practice.

Charge 4. The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America charges the Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., being a minister of the said church and a member of the Presbytery of New York, with teaching that Moses is not the author of the Pentateuch; which is contrary to direct statements of Holy Scripture and to the essential doctrines of the standards of the said church, that the Holy Scripture evidences itself to be the Word of God by the consent of all the parts, and that the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself.

Charge 5. The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America charges the Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., being a minister of the said church and a member of the Presbytery of New York, with teaching that Isaiah is not the author of half the book that bears his name; which is contrary to the direct statements of Holy Scripture and to the essential doctrines of the standards of the said church, that the Holy Scripture evidences itself to be the Word of God by the consent of all the parts, and that the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself.

Charge 6. The Presbyterian Church of the United States of America charges the Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., being a minister of the said church and a member of the Presbytery of New York, with teaching that sanctification is not complete at death; which is contrary to the essential doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the standards of the said church, that the souls of believers are, at their death, at once made perfect in holiness.

The failure of the presbytery to sustain these charges is a complete vindication of Dr. Briggs' views as expressed in his inaugural address at the Union Theological Seminary more than a year ago, and his acquittal is a distinct victory for the progressive element in the Presbyterian Church.



COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE GREATEST AGNOSTIC.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and His Views of Life.

The Young Man of To-Day Has a Harder Battle to Fight Than His Father Did—Col. Ingersoll's Character, Work and Methods—How He Became an Agnostic.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.
NEW YORK, July 3.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll represents what is intellectually highest among the whole world's opponents of religion. Col. Ingersoll counts theology as the science of a superstition. He decries religion as it exists, and holds that the broadest thing that a man, or all human nature, can do is to acknowledge ignorance when it can not know. He accepts nothing on faith. He is the American who is forever asking, "Why?"—who demands a reason and material proof before believing.

As Christianity's corner-stone is faith, he rejects Christianity, and argues that all men who are broad enough to know when to narrow their ideas down to fact or demonstrable theory must reject it. Believe

as he does or not, all Americans must be interested in him. His mind is marvelous, his tongue is silvery, his logic is invincible—as logic.

Col. Ingersoll is a shining example of the oft-quoted fact that, given mental ability, health and industry, a young man may make for himself whatever place in life he desires and is fitted to fill. His early advantages were limited, for his father, a Congregational minister whose field of labor often changed, was a man of far too small an income to send his sons to college. Whatever of mental training the young man had he was obliged to get by reason of his own exertion, and his splendid triumphs as an orator and his solid achievements as a lawyer are all the result of his own efforts. The only help he had outside of that given him by his much loved elder brother Eben, now deceased, was that which is the common heritage of all American young men—the chance to fight even handed for success. It is not surprising, therefore, that Col. Ingersoll feels a deep interest in every

bright young man of his acquaintance who is struggling manfully for the glittering prize so brilliantly won by the great agnostic himself. He does not believe, however, that the young man who goes out into the world nowadays to seek his fortune has so easy a battle to fight as had the young men of thirty years ago. In conversation with the writer Col. Ingersoll spoke earnestly upon this subject:

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCES.

"A few years ago," he said, "there were many thousand miles of railroads to be built, a great many towns and cities to be located, constructed and filled; vast areas of uncultivated land were waiting for the plow, vast forests the ax and thousands of mines were longing to be opened. In those days every young man of energy and industry had a future. The professions were not overcrowded; there were more patients than doctors, more litigants than lawyers, more buyers of goods than merchants. The young man of that time who was raised on a farm got a little education, taught school, read law or medicine—some of the weaker ones read theology—and there seemed to be plenty of room, plenty of avenues to success and distinction.

"So, too, a few years ago a political life was considered honorable, and so in politics there were many great careers. So, hundreds of towns wanted newspapers, and in each of those towns there was an opening for some energetic young man. At that time the plant cost but little; a few dollars purchased the press—the young publisher could get the paper stock on credit.

"Now the railroads have all been built; the canals are finished; the cities have been located; the outside property has been cut into lots and sold and mortgaged many times over. Now it requires great capital to go into business. The individual is counted for less and less; the corporation, the trust, for more and more. Now a great merchant employs hundreds of clerks; a few years ago most of those now clerks would have been merchants. And so it seems to be in nearly every department of life. Of course I do not know what inventions may leap from the brains of the future; there may be millions and millions of fortunes yet to be made in that direction, but of that I am not speaking.

"So I think that a few years ago the chances were far more numerous and favorable to young men who wished to make a name for themselves and to succeed in some department of human energy than now.

"In savage life," he went on, "a living is very easy to get. Most any savage can hunt or fish; consequently there are few failures. But in civilized life competition becomes stronger and sharper; consequently the percentage of failures increases, and this seems to be the law. The individual is constantly

counting for less. It may be that on the average people live better than they did formerly, that they have more to eat, drink and wear; but the individual horizon has lessened; it is not so wide and cloudless as formerly. So I say that the chances for great fortunes, for great success, are growing less and less.

HOW HE BECAME AN AGNOSTIC.

Col. Ingersoll's views regarding the Bible and Christianity were not generally understood by the public for some time after he had become famous as an orator, although he began to diverge from orthodoxy when quite young, and was as pronounced an agnostic when he went into the army as he is now. According to all accounts, his father's experiences with the churches of which he was a pastor were not such as to give the son an exalted opinion of practical Christianity, and in this regard Rev. Mr. Ingersoll's were not unique experiences by any means. The boy, therefore, began to investigate at an early age, especially as his father himself was a man whose liberality of belief increased with his years, and who was, therefore, several times brought up before church tribunals for trial. On one occasion, when he was charged with "prevarication and conduct unbecoming a minister," the evidence was trivial in the extreme, and the committee decided that, while he had done "nothing inconsistent with his Christian character," his conduct had been "inconsistent with the ministerial character," and he was forbidden to preach in future. Appeal to the higher powers of the church brought about a reversal of that order, but the circumstances confirmed the young man in his skeptical inquiries, and these led him far beyond the most advanced position ever attained by his father, who was adjudged simply to be tinged with heterodoxy.

Col. Ingersoll is an inch more than six feet tall, and weighs ten more than 200 pounds. He will be 61 next August, and his hair is snowy. His shoulders are broad and slightly stooped, though not with age.

They were bent quite as much as now eighteen years ago, when he electrified a people and placed his own name upon the list of a nation's greatest orators with his matchless "Plumed Knight" speech in nominating James G. Blaine for the presidency. His blue eyes look straight into yours when he speaks to you, and his sentences are punctuated by engaging little tricks of facial expression—now the brow is criss-crossed with the lines of a frown, sometimes quizzical and sometimes indignant—next the smooth-shaven lips break into a curving smile which may grow into a broad grin if the point just made were a humorous one, and this is quite likely to be followed by a look of such intense earnestness that you wonder if he will ever smile again. And all the time his eyes flash illuminating, sometimes anticipatory, glances that add immensely to the clearness with which the thought he is expressing is set before you. He delights to tell a story, and he never tells any but good ones, but—and in this he is like Lincoln—he is apt to use his stories to drive some proposition home. This is almost invariably true, even when he sets out to spin a yarn for the story's simple sake. His mentality seems to be duplex—quadruplex, multiplex, if you please—and while his lips and tongue are effectively delivering the story his wonderful brain is, seemingly, unconsciously applying the point of the story to the proving of a pet theory, and when the tale has been told the verbal application follows.

URBANE BUT NOT URBAN.

Though there are few who are more urbane than Mr. Ingersoll, he is never urban. No one would take him to be city born. He was a country boy—his birthplace was

Dresden, N. Y. His early boyhood was passed in New York State and his youth and young manhood in Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin. The provincialisms of those States cling to him; they crop out here and there in sharp accents and flat tones never heard from the lips of the born New Yorker and in gestures that, in the want of a better term, may be said to be gracefully awkward. When he walks his progress is marked by a most engaging waddle. His clothes are always serviceable and modest in cut, but they rarely fit well and they do not look as if they came the day before from under the smoothing-iron of the tailor and presser. His handgrasp is hearty and his manner and words are the very essence of straightforward directness. I called at his office once when the Colonel was closeted with a person who wished to retain him in a law case involving a good deal of money. After a bit I was told that I could see him, and as I entered he was saying: "The case can't be won, for on your own statement of facts you are in the wrong. I don't want it."

"But," pleaded the would-be client, "it seems to me that a good deal can be done in such a case by the way it is handled before the jury, and I thought if you were to be the man I might get a verdict."

"No, sir," was the reply, and the words fell like the lead of a plumb line; "I won't take it. Good morning, sir."

It has been sometimes said, indulgently, of Col. Ingersoll that he is indolent, but no one can hold that view who is at all familiar with him or his work. As a matter of fact, his industry is phenomenal, though, indeed, it is not carried on after the fash-

ion of less brainy men. When he has an important case ahead of him his devotion to the mastery of its details absorbs him at once and completely. It sometimes becomes necessary for him to take up a line of chemical inquiry entirely new to him; again, to elaborate genealogical researches is necessary; still again, it may be essential for him to thoroughly inform himself concerning hitherto uninvestigated local historical records. But whatever is needful to be studied he studies, and so thoroughly that his mind becomes saturated with the knowledge required. And once acquired, no sort of information ever leaves him, for he has a memory quite as marvelous as any other of his altogether marvelous characteristics.

It is the same when he has an address to prepare. Every authority that can be consulted upon the subject to be treated in the address is consulted, and often the material that suggests some of the most telling points is one which no one but Ingersoll himself would think of referring to. Here, again, his wonderful memory stands him in good stead, for he has packed away within the convolutions of his brain a lot of facts that bear upon almost every conceivable branch of human thought or investigation.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

His memory is quite as retentive of the features of a man he has seen as of other matters; it retains voices also, as a war-time friend of his discovered last summer. It was a busy day with the Colonel, who had given instructions to his office boy that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed; so when his old friend called he was told that Col. Ingersoll could not see him.

"But," said the visitor, "I must see him. I haven't seen him for twenty years; I am going out of town this afternoon, and I wouldn't miss talking with him for a few minutes for a good deal of money."

"Well," said the boy, "he wasn't to be disturbed by anybody."

At this moment the door of the Colonel's private office opened and the Colonel's portly form appeared upon the scene.

"Why, Maj. Blank," he said, "come in. I did tell the boy I wouldn't see anybody, but you are more important than the biggest law case in the world."

The Colonel's memory had retained the sound of the Major's voice, and because of that the latter was not obliged to leave New York without seeing and renewing his old acquaintance.

Col. Ingersoll's retorts are as quick as a flash light and as searching. One of them was so startling and so effective as to give a certain famous long-drawn-out railroad suit the nickname of "The Annanias and Sapphira Case." Ingersoll was speaking and had made certain statements highly damaging to the other side, in such a way as to thoroughly anger a member of the opposing counsel, who suddenly interrupted the speaker with the abrupt and sarcastic remark:

"I suppose the Colonel, in the nature of things, never heard the story of Annanias and Sapphira."

There were those present who expected to witness an angry outburst on the part of Ingersoll in response to this plain implication that his statement had not the quality of veracity, but they were disappointed. Ingersoll didn't even get angry. He turned slightly, fixed his limpid blue eyes upon the interrupter and smiled cherubically. Then he gently drawled out:

"Oh, yes, I have; yes, I have. And I've watched the gentleman who has just spoken all through this case with a curious interest. I've been expecting every once in a while to see him drop dead, but he seems to be all right down to the present moment."

Ingersoll never gets angry when he is interrupted, even if it is in the middle of an address or a lecture. A man interrupted him in Cincinnati once, cutting right into one of the lecturer's most resonant periods with a yell:

"That's a lie, Bob Ingersoll, and you know it."

The audience was in an uproar in an instant, and cries of "Put him out!" "Throw him downstairs!" and the like were heard from all parts of the house. Ingersoll

stopped talking for a moment and held up his hands, smiling.

"Don't hurt the man," he said. "He thinks he is right. But let me explain this thing for his especial benefit."

Then he reasoned the matter out in language so simple and plain that no one of any intelligence whatever could fail to comprehend. The man was not ejected, but sat through the entire address, and at the close asked the privilege of begging the lecturer's pardon.

INGERSOLL'S TENDERHEARTEDNESS.

Notwithstanding his thoroughly heretical beliefs or lack of beliefs, or, as he would say, because of them, Col. Ingersoll is a very tenderhearted man. No one has ever made so strong an argument against vivisection in the alleged interests of science as Ingersoll did in a speech a few years ago. To the presentation of his views against the refinements of scientific cruelty he brought his most vivid imagination, his

most careful thought, and his most impassioned oratory. So, too, he is indignant concerning what he calls the crimes against criminals, who are often, he believes, more sinned against than sinning.

"What shall be done," he asks, "with the slayers of their fellow-men, with murderers? Shall the nation take life? The tendency of the extreme penalty is to prevent conviction. In the presence of death it is easy for a jury to find a doubt. If the penalty were imprisonment for life the jury would feel that if a mistake were made it could be rectified. But where the penalty is death, a mistake is fatal. A conscientious man takes into consideration the defects of human nature, the uncertainty of testimony, and the countless shadows that dim and darken the understanding, and refuses to find a verdict that, if wrong, can not be righted. The death penalty inflicted by the Government is a perpetual excuse for mobs. The greatest danger in a republic is a mob, and as long as States inflict the penalty of death, mobs will follow the example."

Col. Ingersoll's popularity with those who know him is proverbial. The clerks in his office not only admire him for his ability and his achievements, but they esteem him for his kindness of heart and his invariable courtesy in his intercourse with them. His offices are located in one of the buildings devoted to corporations and professional men on the lower part of Nassau street, and consist of three rooms. The one used by the head of the firm is furthest from the entrance. All are furnished in solid black walnut. In the Colonel's room there is a picture of his loved brother Eben, and hanging below the frame thereof is the tin sign that the two brothers hung out for a shingle when they went into the law business in Peoria. There are also pictures of a Judge or two. The desks in all the rooms are littered with papers. Books are piled to the ceiling. Everywhere there is an air of personal freedom. Perhaps when you enter a clerk will be smoking a pipe. There is no servility either to clients or the head of the business, but there is everywhere an informal courtesy somewhat akin to that which is bold by a feeling of perfect comradeship.

Of the Colonel's ideal home life the world has often been told. He lives during the winter at his town house on Fifth avenue; in the summer at Dobbs Ferry, a charming place a few miles up the Hudson from New York.

I. D. MARSHALL.

THE CHURCH vs. STATE

Will It Do Its Duty Toward the Common People.

Aside from the mere desire to form a new political party, which desire is now shared generally by the laborers and producers of this country, there are other reasons for the formation of a great reform movement, that are worthy the careful attention of every true patriot, everyone who has the good of the present generation and posterity at heart. It is not alone a political reform that is needed to-day although through political action most great reforms are accomplished, but our whole social and industrial system must be reformed, regenerated and placed on a different plane. Our industrial and economic systems seems to be controlled by a new force, a new power that does not recognize any fixed law of political economy, and our entire industrial and governmental machinery seems to be cast like rudderless ships on a stormy sea without a guiding hand and likely to be wrecked on treacherous rocks anytime. Every thing seems to be unjointed and the people in dismay are looking anxiously for the cause. There is a force all powerful behind the scenes that is setting aside all laws of political economy and demoralizing business, demoralizing society, Commerce between the states is not carried on by any just or equitable laws. The just laws that should regulate the prices of farm products no longer are operative. The relations between the employer and employe have been changed and wages are no longer in a fair proportion to the profits of the business, and alto-

gether our moral, social and political status seems to be in a very demoralized condition. Hence people who love their country, who have the good of humanity at heart are looking for the cause in order to remedy these evil conditions.

A Republic like ours must depend on the general intelligence of its citizens for the perpetuity of its institutions, it is to general education of the masses that we have to look to for the needed reforms. There is but one other very prominent question to be solved by us to-day, the proper solution of which will remedy all the evils we complain of, to which all good citizens, be they Democrats, Republicans, or Independents, must agree, and that is that same question that has arisen in all past civilization, and that is shall money or the people rule? Upon the proper solution of this question hinges the future destiny of the Nation. If money is to be the future ruler then demoralization and pauperization of the people will be the final result. Wealth, centralized in the hands of the few will eventually control all our industries and our government. Today this is the question of all questions. The prevention of our wealth all going into the hands of the few. The present reform movement is not one alone for the statesman to interest himself in but for the whole people.

The power and influence of aggregated wealth in the hands of the few should interest the Church for it demoralizes society by impoverishing the people, and if allowed to continue, would finally so impoverish the people that they would be unable to maintain their churches and schools, take the homes of the people from them—the three foundations of society, of civilization; and if the church fails to do its duty to-day, fails to sound the alarm and call its members attention to the necessities of the hour, it will be recreant to its duty. Is modern christianity for the rich alone or is it equally for the poor. Problems that at first seem problems of political economy, have become problems of humanity that will test to-day the civilizing ability of christianity. Is the church to-day neglecting the poor? Is the Gospel of the Lowly Christ to be preached only in gilded temples where the votaries of fashion and the representatives of wealth alone can congregate? Remember that a religion that neglects the poor has no Christ in it. His religion must, yea does reach the poor and will raise a restraining hand against the oppressions of wealth. The church that will stand by the needy poor, that will champion their cause in the hour of their danger will rule the world of the future. Not by the mandates of government, not by an iron hand, but by a gentle noble sociology as taught by Him who loved all mankind. One of the greatest evils in the history of Israel was the oppressions the poor had to suffer from the wealthy, and the darkest picture of the civilizations of ancient Rome and Greece was that which showed how the laborer was despised. It is for the church to-day to elevate, to dignify labor, to crown it as one of the grandest missions of man. It is the duty of the Church to cry

out against the evils of to-day that oppress the poor; to lend them a helping hand, and to teach them that christianity to-day has a Christ in it. That in labor, in trade, in government, there should be christianity. Not a state church but justice and equity. It should raise its voice at once against the oppression of the hirelings by rich foreign employers. It should raise its voice against the robbing of labor of its just rewards everywhere. It should cry out against systems that will finally divide us into two classes; paupers and millionaires. It should cry out against those in high places who preach the doctrine that "purity in politics is an iridescent dream," and that "the old Christ is worn out, the world wants a new." That one who says it is right to hire Hessians, that votes when cast and counted smell as sweet without regard to how procured is an anarchist of the deepest dye and should be denounced from every pulpit in the land as a corrupter of public morals and an enemy to christianity. Let the Church step boldly forth and do its duty.—J. H. BRIGGS, in *Free Press*.

DR. BRIGGS' CASE.

THE PROFESSOR WILL AGAIN BE TRIED FOR HERESY.

Presbyterian General Assembly Decides to Entertain the Appeal by a Vote of 609 to 145—Elder McDougall of Cincinnati Creates a Sensation.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—By a vote of 609 to 145 the Presbyterian General assembly has decided to entertain the appeal in the case of Dr. Briggs and the assembly will proceed with the trial today.

The largest attendance in the history of the 105th assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America was present when the proceedings were ushered in.

Dr. Keeland R. Ketchum of New Jersey was recognized by the moderator on the question, "Shall an appeal be entertained?" He favored sending the Professor Briggs case back to the synod.

Elder McDougall of Cincinnati, who was charged with the duty of opening in support of the motion to entertain the appeal, took the stand.

Something of a sensation was created by the elder, who made an attack on Professor Briggs. He referred to certain remarks which the doctor had made in his speech in his own defense and said he had offered, if the case was sent back to the synod, to waive his constitutional right.

Professor Briggs asked for a moment in which to reply to the alleged misrepresentation of himself, which he asserted McDougall had made.

There were cries of "No, no, don't hear him," the negatives being strongly in the majority.

"Dr. Briggs has the right to protection," said Dr. Duffield, the venerable professor of Princeton, "and if his words have been misrepresented he ought to be given an opportunity to explain them."

Even to this appeal there were loud cries of "No, no," but the moderator finally decided to give Professor Briggs a minute.

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SARPEDON.

A GEM FROM THE PEN OF A PANTHER CITY AUTHOR.

An Interesting Chapter from a Book
Written by Mr. A. J.
Colgin.

The following excerpt is taken from Mr. A. J. Colgin's Sarpedon by permission:

Sarpedon though not quite completed is written in a happy style, and embraces many novel ideas of things pertinent to social conditions of today, as well as much relative to profounder studies. It is unique and original in design and contains some of the finest word paintings to be found in the English language.

Mr. Goglin has not yet offered it for sale to the publishers. When he does, fame and good fortune will, we predict, be the outcome.

Bearing many a heart's message from the plain through which it moves to the sea, the river still flows on its joyous way; and looking ever to the future before him, for some semblance, token or sign of human existence other than his own, Sarpedon still journeys.

Far, far ahead to where the champagne clasps the river to its bosom in profile against the sky, his vision is stayed—stayed but still asking that sign. Now, lo, to its questioning a form appears: What is it? a shadow? a cloud? a hand?

Transformed by approach, alternating, it seems each in turn; shadow, cloud—hand.

Then the hand becomes a hill; the hill proves a mountain, and high heaves his bosom with pleasing anticipations; a thousand wonders he sees; a thousand tongues he hears. It is high noon, high noon by Phoebus, by Algor, Nine.

Each unto the other and system unto system, repeats the sound.

Every bell empyrean, by hands unseem hourly rung for inscrutable purpose now finds a tongue. From sun to system, and from system to cycle, afar beyond the epicycle's most unbearable star, in accrescent splendor borne along high, heavens recorder receives, transcribes their melting song. Transmitted thence from angels lips each reverberant falls; transpierces space to fond nature calls:

Seeks the mountains, skims the ocean, and starts the air to music's motion:

"Noon" peans the mountain; "Nine" sings the river; "Both" contends for, est, in anthems ending never—"Nine," muses the hill; "Noon," dreams the plain, and ocean unto ocean tells them back again.

While thus announced, thus received, thus recorded the hour rolls on: "Noon!"—"Nine!"

Dephne dies by Phoebus chid; the plain its banners furi; Laggard the piping river winds his horn; back to his grotto Zephyrs goes; the happy bee, bowed down by sweets, to the hive returns and all save the mountains foam-footed faunae rest. They never rest, nature made them for beauty and assigned them to utility under the tutelage of mirth in the frown of solemnity.

Emblemizing their mission, they are as the children of men: That old Accoucheur, the "Rock," receives them from the loins of their mothers, blesses and places them in their cradles; then they smile and coo, make pretty noises, laugh and turn to meet papa's eyes; then crawl, tumble down steps and cry, then they begin to walk.

Now fluttering with louder noise and glee they reel, tottering go about pushing something before them, and now unaided run. They frisk with the mosses and lichens, leap from pebble to pebble, hide and seek around the bowlders, jump from precipice to precipice, laugh with the sunshine, dance about the hills, sing with the birds, throw kisses to the flowers, twine wreaths about the heads of the crests, flch perfume from the lotuses, seek the valley, meet the plain, clasp the knees of the gray-beards, pin pledges on their bosoms and steal on to meet their lovers, who receive them with many a fond embrace, saying, as do the children of men: "Until death do us part." In the sight of the unseen thus wed, they are happily mated.

Led on now by soberer responsibilities, over golden sands and singing groves and pastoral valleys, journeying, conversing the words "Until death do us part," the groom repeats. "Until death do us part?" "Must that be my love?" "Must we too perish?" "And is ours too the lot of those to whom we gave our being?" "We sinned not," is the malison so deep that it reaches to even that which in it had no part, subserving the will Omnipotent with unremitting fidelity, and which serving still sins not? To this the groom profound, answering with many a thought fashioned of love primeval, "There is a legend, darling, which blooms in the heart of chronicle, and smiles from the soul of tradition, which comes from our fore-past ancestors, saying much of commencement of sin on earth, forefended, fore-warned. "They of Ind; they of the remoter balmy; groves and guardian walls; they of the Nile; they of the seas to whither I shall in time fondly bear you over earth's vestiges of decay; they of the land of hanging gardens; they of the druid relics and they of the aftertimes each fable that period, and he of after-times fabulistic accounts for that mysterious sentence." "He alone rationally, yet spiritually misunderstood."

Even now while we meander this shell paved path, following the lady of Dis, festoons our way. Look back, my love, send thine eye through that glistening, golden lacery of tresses woven about thine opaline neck and shoulders; mark how imperial, coral and emerald with gems of witchery the nereids our closed path!" Peeping over her shell tinted shoulders, through her translucent hair, she saw the way her silver sandalled feet came, wreathed with smiling lips, dimpling cheeks and starry brows. Mistaken, the shapes called. Unnoticing the shapes continuing their functions, her lover answered: "Thyself, yet subtle in deceit, un deceived." "They in whom thou didst old attendants think to address are mine—mine and thine." "At the touch of our lips impregnated atomies embrace, essences commix and fruits fall." "Shell paved ocean puts them to her breast, and grateful do they adorn that breast with those beauties which thou dost see." "Thus are our spirit's motion imparted all we touch upon," thus is ruin clothed with enchantment and thus is barrenness veiled. "Now turn thine eye observant, mark, from this tutting step, vander far off view!" "Behold, how like a marble-browed bride caught by silence, looking from her vitreous, dust covered home, for her spirit departed, it seems. "On this ruin the festivity of man's cunning still lives, and the seal of eternity is set." "Those castles, those verandas, those turrets, those windows, those spires, those domes, those entablatures, that fraize,

that lattice, that pavilion, that moresque and those columns,—that mighty serried cementation of architectural skill, once the home of heavens chosen, now is mine."

"In yon proud castle ermined pomp, surrounded by the wit of ages with all that adorns man's estate, enthroned, confessing no supremacy above itself, lineal sat!" "Neath yon entablatures chivalry and beauty, enlightened by love, promenaded?" "From yon lattice starry eyes beamed vigil, awaiting a hearts return."

"Under those architraves, that moresque work, that lacery, crowds have huzzaed, and heads have bowed;" "Here, magnificence, wit, voluptuousness and art joined hands." "Here, the munificent passed away, and the poor perished; here, too, both rotted, battenning slimy things side by side." "In yon hall, emblazoned with the handiworks of genius, convoked by music, under permission of beautiful night twirling mirth gathered and wound the maze till morn."

"Now, here, another estate, another monarch reigns—I, am he!" "In that dread day when to me transmitting from the sinful death, he this kingdom gave, the hills heaved, the valleys groaned, the mountains rocked, the clouds bellowed, my bowels were cleft—the heavens were extinguished!"

"Recovering from the fright into which they were thrown, my lions, my tigers, my wolves, my hyenas rushed to their deeds;" "From carcass fell to carcass rushed gorgant, and returned not where satiated."

"Mirth, borne down by consternation, perished in the arms of mirth; love dropped from the lips of love, to drink of the still water's sweets;

"Humility, horrified, turned from the song of contentment's wheel to receive sorrow's panacea; pomp dashed his awful crown away to confront a mightier monarch. * * * * Then all was still."

"Now about those blinking fingers and star-gemmed casements of decay; above the slimy skull of that dignity crestfallen; over the locked arms of arm-entwined loving bones; over the fallen cadaver of grinning penury, thou shalt move, beholding how beautiful are the wages of sin when garnished by me!" "How beautiful, then wilt thou say, is life contemplated through death! Thou shalt step into the gaping jaws of horror, unhorried! "Thou shalt enter the deserted halls of vision and chat with apparitions unaffrighted; thou shalt feel into bony pockets for silent timepieces and drag for thine empty had unastonished, unshuddering thou shalt lie thee down on the couches of monarchs in my embrace; and thou shalt rise up and pluck from the amphoras of the sin-planted past, flowers and adorn thyself, sinned against—unsinning. Thence still moving with me, thou shalt inhabit many a form, many a change undergo, many a marvel, more marvelous, behold but thou shalt never, never die until death do us part."

Briggs Case

The bitterness of spirit manifested in Elder McDougall's remarks brought to the surface much of that subdued feeling which has been kept under cover for so long. Several delegates indulged in short talks bearing on questions connected with the prosecution.

The venerable Dr. Duffield of Princeton college said he had great personal appreciation of the scholarship and Christian character of Dr. Briggs. "If his logical faculties were equal to his scholarship I do not know his equal in the intellectual world of America at least."

A scene of great excitement and disorder ensued, the moderator telling Dr. Briggs he could not be heard now, and the latter appealing to the moderator and to the house to be permitted to make an explanation. Finally Professor Briggs took his seat and the storm subsided.

A passionate address against the plea of Dr. Briggs was made by Rev. Wm. C. Young, D. D., of Danville Ky., moderator of the last assembly.

After further argument the debate was declared closed.

Judge Purnell of Baltimore offered a motion to remand the case to the New York synod. This was defeated by a viva voce vote and again by a rising vote.

AN INSULT

IS THE CORONATION OF THE
CZAR.

Colonel Ingersoll's Eloquence Finds
Utterance in Words of Burning
Invective.

While reading the accounts of the coronation of the czar, of the pageants, processions and feasts, of the pomp and parade, of the barbaric splendor, of cloth of gold and glittering gems, I could not help thinking of the poor and melancholy peasants, of the tolling, half-fed millions, of the sad and ignorant multitudes who belong body and soul to this czar.

I thought of the backs that have been scarred by the knout, of the thousands in prisons for having dared to say a whispered word for freedom, of the great multitude who had been driven like cattle along the weary roads that lead to the hell of Siberia.

The cannon at Moscow were not loud enough, nor the clang of the bells, nor the blare of the trumpets, to drown the groans of the captives.

I thought of the fathers that had been torn from wives and children for the crime of speaking like men.

And when the priests spoke of the czar as the "God-selected man," the "God-ordained man," my blood grew warm.

When I read of the coronation of the czarina I thought of Siberia. I thought of girls working in the mines, hauling ore from the pits with chains about their waists; young girls, almost naked, at the mercy of brutal officials; young girls weeping and moaning their lives away because between their pure lips the word liberty had burst into blossom.

Yet law neglects, forgets them, and crowns the czarina. The injustice, the agony and horror in this poor world are enough to make mankind insane.

Ignorance and superstition crown impudence and tyranny. Millions of money squandered for the humiliation of man, to dishonor the people.

Back of the coronation, back of all the ceremonies, back of all the hypocrisy there is nothing but a lie.

It is not true that God "selected" this czar to rule and rob a hundred millions of human beings.

It is all an ignorant, barbaric, superstitious lie—a lie that pomp and pageant, and flaunting flags, and robed priests, and swinging censers, cannot change to truth.

Those who are not blinded by the glare and glitter at Moscow see millions of homes on which the shadows fall; see millions of weeping mothers, whose children have been stolen by the czar; see thousands of villages without schools, millions of houses without books, millions and millions of men, women and children in whose future there is no star and whose only friend is death.

The coronation is an insult to the nineteenth century.

Long live the people of Russia!
R. G. INGERSOLL

Briggs Case

The question recurred on the resolution of the judiciary committee that the appeal be entertained, the yeas and nays were demanded and the roll call began.

The result of the vote was as follows; Yeas, 609; nays, 145.

The judicial committee was instructed to prepare a programme for procedure in the trial of the appeal and the assembly decided to proceed with the trial.

3. As to the liberation of slaves: It was exceedingly unfortunate for the Rev. Mr. Peters that he spoke of slavery. The Bible upholds human slavery—white slavery. The Bible was quoted by all slave-holders and slave-traders. The man who went to Africa to steal women and children took the Bible with him. He planted himself firmly on the word of God. As Whittier says of Whitfield: "He bade the slave ship speed from coast to coast, fanned by the winds of the Holy Ghost." So, when the poor wretches were sold to the planters, the planters defended their action by reading the Bible. When a poor woman was sold, her children torn from her breast, the auction block on which she stood was the Bible; the auctioneer who sold her quoted the Scriptures; the man who bought, her repeated the quotations, and the ministers from the pulpit said to the weeping woman as her child was taken away; "Servants, be obedient unto your masters."

Free thinkers in all ages have been opposed to slavery. Thomas Paine did more for human liberty than any other man who ever stood upon the Western world. The first article he ever wrote in this country was one against the institution of slavery. Free thinkers have always said "free hands," and the infidels the wide world over have been friends of freedom.

5. As to the reclamation of inebriates: Much has been said, and for many years, on the subject of temperance, much has been uttered by priests and laymen, and yet there seems to be a subtle relation between rum and religion. Scotland is extremely orthodox, yet it is not extremely temperate; England is nothing if not religious, and London is, par excellence, the Christian city of the world, and yet it is the most intemperate. The Mohammedans—followers of a false prophet—do not drink.

INFIDELITY'S HUMANITARIANISM.

6. As to the humanity of infidelity: Can it be said that people have cared for the wounded and dying only because they were orthodox? Is it not true that religion, in its efforts to propagate the creed of forgiveness by the sword, has caused the death of more than 150,000,000 of human beings. Is it not true that where the Church has cared for one orphan it has created hundreds? Can Christians afford to speak of war? The Christian nations of the world to-day are armed against each other. In Europe all that can be gathered by taxation, all that can be borrowed by pledging the prosperity of the future, the labor of those yet unborn, is used for the purpose of keeping Christians in the field, to the end that they may destroy other Christians, or at least prevent other Christians from destroying them. Europe is covered with churches and fortifications, with temples and with forts, hundreds of thousands of priests, millions of soldiers, countless Bibles and countless bayonets. And that whole country is oppressed and impoverished for the purpose of carrying on war. The people have become deformed by labor, and yet Christianity boasts of peace.

7. "And what death has infidelity ever cheered?" Is it possible for the orthodox Christian to cheer the dying when the dying is told that there is a world of eternal pain, and that he—unless he has been forgiven—is to be an eternal convict? Will it cheer him to know that even if he is to be saved, countless millions are to be lost? Is it possible for the Christian religion to put a smile upon the face of death? On the other hand, what is called infidelity says to the dying, "What happens to you will happen to all." If there be another world of joy it is for all. If there is another life, every human being will have the eternal opportunity to live. *to enjoy* There is no monster in the sky. There is no demon who delights in the agony of his children. These frightful things are sayings of dreams. Infidelity puts out the fires of life with the tears of pity. Infidelity puts its seven-hued arch of the Pope over every grave. Let us then, gentlemen, come back to the real questions under discussion. Let us not wander away.

(Signed) ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

VEAL TRAGEDY

Dr. R. H. Jones in Court on Habeas Corpus.

The Statement, Under Oath, of His Wife of Marter That Caused the Killing.

DALLAS, TEX., Nov. 19.—The habeas corpus case of Dr. R. H.

Jones, who killed Capt. W. G. Veal, of Fort Worth, during the Confederate reunion, was taken up by Judge Tucker yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The first witness was J. H. Van Horn, who testified to the killing, and that he heard Jones say he had killed Veal because he (Veal) had raped his (Jones) wife.

The next witness was Mrs. Jones herself. She stated that her maiden name was Smith and that she was the widow of J. H. Bullingham when she married Jones in 1874. She had been a widow eighteen months. She first met Veal at the residence of Mrs. Sarah Cockrell in Dallas, and it was while there that Veal outraged her. It was in April or May, 1872. In detail her statement of the outrage was as follows:

I first met him at the residence of Mrs. Cockrell, who seemed to think a good deal of him. She invited me in the parlor to meet him. She wanted me to entertain him while she went to attend to supper. He came to spend the night. He was very pleasant, expressed a great deal of sympathy for me and said he would like to aid me in any way he could. I thought he was one of my best friends. I had never heard anything against him then; I knew he was a minister, and I thought a good man. He often told me of the orphans he had educated and cared for, and the widows he had befriended, and he said I must look upon him as a father, that he was especially interested in me, I being the widow of a brother Mason. He afterwards insisted that I show him my papers, saying that he would see that they were all right. I showed them to him, thinking that he was my friend, and trusting in him as much as if he had been my father. I thought he was earnest, truthful and sincere. I met him several times that spring. He came to see Mrs. Cockrell, but I never went into the parlor to meet him except when Mrs. Cockrell invited me. I had a great deal of confidence in every one. I was young, had never been deceived and I thought that every one was good, especially him (Veal), he being minister, a man who could kneel night and morning and ask God to protect the widows and orphans and his friends. I thought he was surely a good man. He had never said anything or did anything that made me in

the least have any suspicion of any evil intention, and when I awoke one night and found him at my bedside I was speechless almost with fright. I raised myself as quickly as I could and said, "Go away," I was too frightened to know what I was saying. I think he said: "Hush, they will hear you," or something like that. I made every effort to drive him away. Finally I threw my arms around my sleeping baby and clung to the baby until he tore me away from the baby and accomplished his purpose. I was so paralyzed with fright that I could not do anything to help myself. I was en-

tirely helpless. When I recovered a little and realized that I had been outraged, and by that man, I thought that my senses would leave me. My first impulse was to throw myself into the river. I felt that I could not live, but I knew that my helpless child was here and I could not do it on his account.

When I recovered from the assault so that I could think at all I was almost crazy with grief. I thought that I was ruined and disgraced forever. My first impulse, as I have said, was to kill myself; then I thought I would tell Mrs. Cockrell, she being an old friend of mine, but when I went down stairs he (Rev. Mr. Veal) was sitting in the room ready to hold morning prayers. After kneeling he thanked God for having preserved the household that night. I thought that nobody would believe me against such a man. I was so crazed that I went up stairs and wrote him asking him how he could dare to offer such a prayer after what he had done during the night. I just kept my sorrow to myself, for if I told of it I knew I would have to prosecute the man, and I have had a perfect horror all my life of a courtroom. I knew, too, that he would not hesitate to tell falsehoods about me, although he was thought to be a good man and was a minister. Soon after this happened I went to Kentucky and staid with my aunt and relatives about a year. When I came back I met Dr. Jones in the fall and I married him the next spring. I felt then that I ought to tell him all about it, and yet I dreaded to do it. I had known Dr. Jones but a short time, and I thought he would not believe me and that if

he did he might get killed, so I just kept it to myself. I did not know anything about the law. I did not know but I might prosecute him (Veal) when my son would be old enough to protect me. When I first thought of prosecuting, if I had had a father or a brother, I would not have hesitated to have told about the outrage, but I was entirely alone and I felt that I could not go into court against such a man.

"I first told Dr. Jones of the outrage a year ago, just before the fair. He became almost frantic with surprise, and said that nobody on earth could hardly make him believe such a thing. He did not think that anybody would dare to do such a thing, and he said: 'I just feel that I must go to Fort Worth and kill that man.' I begged him not to do it, saying it had been so long that he had better not do it. We talked a while and he said he would not do it; that if the man would stay out of his way and he never saw him he would not bother him, but, he said, 'I do not believe I could control myself if I met him; it would not be possible for me to meet that man and let him live.' He was very much worried over it; was so restless at night that he could not sleep, and I could not help but regret that I had ever told him. I might have kept it to myself and have saved him that trouble. Since then up to the present time he has never hardly been himself, he has been so much troubled about it.

The witness testified that on two separate occasions after the outrage, Veal called on her, but that she order him away from her house.

A number of witnesses testified to the good character of Mrs. Jones, and to the bad character of Veal, so far as women were concerned. The court adjouened until 9:30 this morning when the case was resumed.

STILL ON TRIAL.

The entire day up to 3 o'clock has been consumed in the hearing of the case and no conclusion has yet been reached, though it is possible that Judge Tucker will render a decision this evening. Intense interest has been manifested in the investigation by all classes of people. Public sentiment is in favor of Mrs. Jones and, of course, with her husband, the prisoner, and wrong against Veal, the dead

COL. INGERSOLL IN THE PULPIT.

His Address Before the Chicago
Militant Church.

"HOW TO REFORM MANKIND."

He Takes "There Is No Darkness but Ignorance" as His Text and Makes an Eloquent Plea For Intellectual Light—How the Wealth and Energies of Men Are Wasted. The Curse of Poverty and Crime—The Home and the Marriage Relation—The Labor Question—The Children—Working and Waiting.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll spoke before the Militant church congregation today in response to an invitation extended by the pastor, Rev. John Rusk. In his letter of invitation Rev. Mr. Rusk said, "The Militant church, which is organized for the purpose of bettering the condition of mankind, regardless of creed or lack of it, desires to extend to you an invitation to preach for us some Sunday morning in the near future on the subject of your views as to what the Christian church should do and how."

In accepting the invitation Mr. Ingersoll said, "I was much pleased with the spirit of intellectual hospitality of your letter, and what I say, if anything, to your people will be in the same spirit of kindness and candor."

Colonel Ingersoll's address, which was given in Hooley's theater, was as follows:

I.

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

Every human being is a necessary product of conditions, and every one is born with defects for which he cannot be held responsible. Nature seems to care nothing for the individual, nothing for the species.

Life pursuing life, and, in its turn, pursued by death, presses to the snow line of the possible, and every form of life, of instinct, thought and action is fixed and determined by conditions, by countless antecedent and coexisting facts. The present is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past and the mother of all the future.

Every human being longs to be happy, to satisfy the wants of the body with food, with roof and raiment, and to feed the hunger of the mind, according to his capacity, with love, wisdom, philosophy, art and song.

The wants of the savage are few, but with civilization the wants of the body increase, the intellectual horizon widens, and the brain demands more and more.

The savage feels, but scarcely thinks. The passion of the savage is uninfluenced by his thought, while the thought of the philosopher is uninfluenced by passion. Children have wants and passions before they are capable of reasoning. So in the infancy of the race wants and passions dominate.

Nature, generous and heartless, extravagant and miserly as she is, is our mother and our only teacher, and she is also the deliverer of men. Above her we cannot rise, below her we cannot fall. In her we find the seed and soil of all that is good, of all that is evil. Nature originates, nourishes, preserves and destroys.

Good deeds bear fruit and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.

Every brain is a field where nature sows the seeds of thought, and the crop depends upon the soil.

Every flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering air leaves its influence on the soul of man. The wheel and swoop of the winged creatures of the air suggest the

flowing lines of subtle art. The roar and murmur of the restless sea, the cataract's solemn chant, the thunder's voice, the happy babble of the brook, the whispering leaves, the thrilling notes of mating birds, the sighing winds, taught man to pour his heart in song and gave a voice to grief and hope, to love and death.

In all that is, in mountain range and billowed plain, in winding stream and desert sand, in cloud and star, in snow and rain, in calm and storm, in night and day, in woods and vales, in all the colors of divided light, in all there is of growth and life, decay and death, in all that flies and floats and swims, in all that moves, in all the forms and qualities of things, man found the seeds and symbols of his thoughts, and all that man has wrought becomes a part of nature's self, forming the lives of those to be. The marbles of the Greeks, like strains of music, suggest the perfect and teach the melody of life. The great poems, paintings, inventions theories and philosophies enlarge and mold the mind of man. All that is is natural. All is naturally produced. Beyond the horizon of the natural man cannot go.

Yet for many ages man in all directions has relied upon and sincerely believed in the existence of the supernatural. He did not believe in the uniformity of nature. He had no conception of cause and effect, of the indestructibility of force.

In medicine he believed in charms, magic, amulets and incantations. It never occurred to the savage that diseases were natural.

In chemistry he sought for the elixir of life, for the philosopher's stone, and for some way of changing the baser metals into gold.

In mechanics he searched for perpetual motion, believing that he, by some curious combination of levers, could produce, could create a force.

In government he found the source of authority in the will of the supernatural.

For many centuries his only conception of morality was the idea of obedience, not to facts as they exist in nature, but to the supposed command of some being superior to nature. During all these years religion consisted in the praise and worship of the invisible and infinite, of some vast and incomprehensible power—that is to say, of the supernatural.

By experience, by experiment, possibly by accident, man found that some diseases could be cured by natural means; that he could be relieved in many instances of pain by certain kinds of leaves or bark.

This was the beginning. Gradually his confidence increased in the direction of the natural and began to decrease in charms and amulets. The war was waged for many centuries, but the natural gained the victory. Now we know that all diseases are naturally produced, and that all remedies, all curatives, act in accordance with the facts in nature. Now we know that charms, magic, amulets and incantations are just as useless in the practice of medicine as they would be in solving a problem in mathematics. We now know

that there are no supernatural remedies. In chemistry the war was long and bitter, but we now no longer seek for the elixir of life, and no one is trying to find the philosopher's stone. We are satisfied that there is nothing supernatural in all the realm of chemistry. We know that substances are always true to their natures; we know that just so many atoms of one substance will unite with just so many of another. The miraculous has departed from chemistry; in that science there is no magic, no caprice and no possible use for the supernatural. We are satisfied that there can be no change; that we can absolutely rely on the uniformity of nature; that the attraction of gravity will always remain the same, and we feel that we know this as certainly as we know that the relation between the diameter and circumference of a circle can never change.

We now know that in mechanics the natural is supreme. We know that man can by no possibility create a force; that by no possibility can he destroy a force. No mechanic dreams of depending upon or asking for any supernatural aid. He knows that he works in accordance with certain facts that no power can change.

So we in the United States believe that the authority to govern, the authority to make and execute laws, comes from the consent of the governed and not from any supernatural source. We do not believe that the king occupied his throne because of the will of the supernatural. Neither do we believe that others are subjects or serfs or slaves by reason of any supernatural will.

There are very many who have reached the conclusion that the supernatural has nothing to do with real religion. Religion does not consist in believing without evidence or against evidence. It does not consist in worshipping the unknown or in trying to do something for the infinite. Ceremonies, prayers and inspired books, miracles, special providence and divine interference all belong to the supernatural and form no part of real religion.

Every science rests on the natural, on demonstrated facts. So morality and religion must find their foundations in the necessary nature of things.

II.

HOW CAN WE REFORM THE WORLD?

Ignorance being darkness, what we need is intellectual light. The most important things to teach as the basis of all progress is that the universe is natural; that man must be the providence of man; that by the development of the brain we can avoid some of the dangers, some of the evils, overcome some of the obstructions and take advantage of some of the facts and forces of nature; that by invention and industry we can supply, to a reasonable degree, the wants of the body, and by thought, study and effort we can in part satisfy the hunger of the mind.

Man should cease to expect any aid from any supernatural source. By this time he should be satisfied that worship has not created wealth and that prosperity is not the child of prayer. He should know that the supernatural has not succored the oppressed, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, shielded the innocent, staid the pestilence or freed the slave.

Being satisfied that the supernatural does not exist, man should turn his entire attention to the affairs of this world, to the facts in nature.

And, first of all, he should avoid waste—waste of energy, waste of wealth. Every good man, every good woman, should try to do away with war and stop the appeal to savage force. Man in a savage state relies upon his strength and decides for himself what is right and what is wrong. Civilized men do not settle their differences by a resort to arms. They submit the quarrel to arbitrators and courts. This is the great difference between the savage and the civilized. Nations, however, sustain the relations of savages to each other. There is no way of settling their disputes. Each nation decides for itself, and each nation endeavors to carry its decision into effect. This produces war. Thousands of men at this moment are trying to invent more deadly weapons to destroy their fellow men. For 1,800 years peace has been preached, and yet the civilized nations are the most warlike of the world. There are in Europe today between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 of soldiers ready to take the field, and the frontiers of every civilized nation are protected by breastwork and fort. The sea is covered with steel clad ships filled with missiles of death. The civilized world has impoverished itself, and the debt of Christendom, mostly for war, is now nearly \$30,000,000,000. The interest on this vast sum has to be paid. It has to be paid by labor—much of it by the poor—by those who are compelled to deny themselves almost the necessities of life. This debt is growing year by year. There must come a change or Christendom will become bankrupt.

The interest on this debt amounts at least to \$900,000,000 a year, and the cost of supporting armies and navies, of repairing ships, of manufacturing new engines of death, probably amounts, including the interest on the debt, to at least \$6,000,000 a day. Allowing ten hours for a day—that is, for a working day—the waste of war is at least \$600,000 an hour—that is to say, \$10,000 a minute.

Think of all this being paid for the purpose of killing and preparing to kill our fellow men. Think of the good that could be done with this vast sum of money—the schools that could be built, the wants that could be supplied. Think of the homes it would build, the children it would clothe.

If we wish to do away with war, we must provide for the settlement of national differences by an international court. This court should be in perpetual session, its members should be selected by the various governments to be affected by its decisions, and, at the command and disposal of this court, the rest of Christendom being disarmed, there should be a military force sufficient to carry its judgments into effect. There should be no other excuse, no other business for an army or a navy in the civilized world.

No man has imagination enough to paint the agonies, the horrors and cruelties of war. Think of sending shot and shell crashing through the bodies of men! Think of the widows and orphans! Think of the maimed, the mutilated, the mangled!

III.

ANOTHER WASTE.

Let us be perfectly candid with each other. We are seeking the truth, trying to find what ought to be done to increase the well being of man. I must give you my honest thought. You have the right to demand it, and I must maintain the integrity of my soul.

There is another direction in which the wealth and energies of man are wasted. From the beginning of history until now man has been seeking the aid of the supernatural. For many centuries the wealth of the world was used to propitiate the unseen powers. In our own country the property dedicated to this purpose is worth at least \$1,000,000,000. The interest on

this sum is \$50,000,000 a year, and the cost of employing persons whose business it is to seek the aid of the supernatural and to maintain the property is certainly as much more. So that the cost in our country is about \$3,000,000 a week, and, counting ten hours as a working day, this amounts to about \$500 a minute.

For this vast amount of money the returns are remarkably small. The good accomplished does not appear to be great. There is no great diminution in crime. The decrease of immorality and poverty is hardly perceptible. In spite, however, of the apparent failure here, a vast sum of money is expended every year to carry our ideas of the supernatural to other races. Our churches, for the most part, are closed during the week, being used only a part of one day in seven. No one wishes to destroy churches or church organizations. The only desire is that they shall accomplish substantial good for the world. In many of our small towns—towns of 3,000 or 4,000 people—will be found four or five churches, sometimes more. These churches are founded upon immaterial differences, a difference as to the mode of baptism, a difference as to who shall be entitled to partake of the Lord's supper, a difference of ceremony, of government, a difference about foreordination, a difference about fate and free will. And it must be admitted that all the arguments on all sides of these differences have been presented countless millions of times. Upon these subjects nothing new is produced or anticipated, and yet the discussion is maintained by the repetition of the old arguments.

Now it seems to me that it would be far better for the people of a town having a population of 4,000 or 5,000 to have one church, and the edifice should be of use not only on Sunday, but on every day of the week. In this building should be the library of the town. It should be the clubhouse of the people, where they could find the principal newspapers and periodicals of the world. Its auditorium should be like a theater. Plays should be presented by home talent, an orchestra formed, music cultivated. The people should meet there at any time they desire. The women could carry their knitting and sewing, and connected with it should be rooms for the playing of games, billiards, cards and chess. Everything should be made as agreeable as possible. The citizens should

have become secular. The reason a thing is wrong is because it is some

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Copyrighted.

Cut out the different parts and find the St. Bernard dog that caught the burglar.

Clue for Nov. 23: The bear's right paw holds the grand mother and Little Red
Hood's waist forms the head of the cat.

an

BETRAYED BY HIS LETTERS.

Father Guihot Wrote Many of Them to the Woman in the Montreal Scandal.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, August 30.—The scandal caused by the doings of Father Guihot, the Sulpician priest, is the talk of the city. The French Canadians are greatly excited over the discovery of the priest's misdoings, and so bitter is the feeling that there is little doubt that if he ever shows his face here again he will be summarily dealt with. The greatest sympathy is felt for the husband, who, until the discovery was made, was entirely unsuspecting of anything being wrong.

As a spiritual adviser of several of the leading French ladies in Montreal, Father Guihot enjoyed free entrance in the wealthiest families. He is of fine presence, with a magnetic manner. The discovery of his liaison with the woman in question was quite accidental. One day while the husband was at home alone he came across an opened letter in the priest's handwriting addressed to his wife. His curiosity being aroused, he read it carefully and was thunderstruck at the scandalous character of its contents. He then made a search of his wife's private desk, and found more than 100 letters from the priest. The correspondence was of the most scandalous character. In it were mentioned the names of several other leading French women. The correspondence was illustrated by free hand drawings of an unmentionable character. The husband at once took drastic measures, and the wife is now sojourning in a convent in bitter repentance. Fortunately there are no children to share her disgrace. The husband told some of his friends, and the story leaked out. When it became known several prominent citizens waited upon the Directors of the Seminary of Ste. Sulpice and told them that the priest had better be prevented from returning to the city. Father Guihot left the city about the end of June for a trip to France and was expected to return last week on the steamer La Touraine. It is believed that he has been warned not to return to Montreal and is now in New York. He is 40 years old. Previous to coming to this city about ten years ago he was connected with the Order of Ste. Sulpice in Paris. He is highly connected in France, and is reputed to be wealthy. It is believed that the priest contemplated an elopement with the woman, as one of the last letters sent by him was from Havre. In this letter he told the woman that he could not live without her, and suggested that she should go to New York.

MARRIED PRIESTS.

St. Louis Evening Mail
They are Subject of Catholic Notice.

Manager Satolli May be Asked to Put a Stop to the Practice in the West.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Archbishops of the country may, it is affirmed, hold a special meeting at the earliest favorable moment to consider and protest against recent instructions of the Propaganda to Bishop O'Farrell with regard to married Greek priests living in his diocese. The question threatens to assume an acute phase in the opinion of many people. While oriental Catholics in certain districts are accustomed to seeing married and celibate clergy living in some sort of harmony, the west has a decided repugnance to it.

Ever since the first married priest and his family appeared in America. Bishops, it is said, have urged the propaganda to bestow some attention to the possible complications of the future. They have not succeeded in exciting the interest of officials who have charge

of American affairs on the subject. It is probable that the Arch-bishop will take the matter before Manager Satolli and induce him to sustain former degrees, even to the point of dismissing married priests.

THE CONVENT SUICIDE.

The Marienfeld Correspondent Explains It. Father Peters Much Abused By the Press and Others.

MARIENFELD, TEX., Feb. 22, 1890.

To the Gazette.

The district court of Martin county was presided over by his honor Judge Kennedy, who is known among the people as the "honest judge." The grand jury was composed of men selected from the various counties, among which were some of our best men. We have no doubt but that these men were selected for a purpose, and that was to investigate the case called by some "the convent mystery," and by others the "horror in a convent," and some papers using such headlines as would aid in arousing public bigotry against the persons as murderers and our justice of the peace as an accessory to the murder. This has gone the rounds not of this country only, but Europe has lopped and published the fabricated lie, and the abuse heaped upon these young men can never be repaired. And the question now is, who are the sufferers and who shall repair the injustice done to them? The grand jury which made the investigation and had marched to the courthouse every student, among whom were several boys, and did not allow them to counsel each other, kept them separate and did not allow them to even return to their home to take their dinner, but took them under escort to the hotel from which they were marched back to the courthouse. After the most rigid investigation the accused murderers were released from their bonds.

Father Andrews, who was accused of the murder, is one of the most beloved men in the convent; a man of whom not one could say one word against. The Catholic portion of this community think they have been subject to a grievous wrong and unjustly treated at the hands of their enemies. They consider it a case of persecution, as no evidence was ever shown that a murder had been committed. The German Catholics are glad that a rigid investigation was made, and put nothing in the way to stop it, as they said if Father Andrews was a murderer they did not want him as a priest, but wanted him hung. Now, it is over, and men who are known to be their avowed enemies, have rendered the verdict, not guilty. He, like one of the Hebrew children, comes forth without one spot of guilt against him. The blow this has given Father Andrews has rendered it necessary for his health that he should change the climate.

TO WHOM SHOULD REST THE BLAME?

The facts in the case is that at Marienfeld there is a German colony of Catholics. They were settled by Rev. P. A. Peters and his brother Boniface, and they have received several additions from Germany. They have a convent where students are trained for the priesthood, and they have about thirty-nine at present. They are all kept constantly either at their books or at work. One of the students who did not wish to leave the convent, neither was he able to be a priest, sought to rid himself out of the world by hanging, while all the others were at mass, including Father Andrews. (Andrews was the priest in charge, as Father Peters and Boniface

Peters were in Louisiana on business). The young priest called in the justice of the peace who called in several of the older students, who was citizens of this county and voters, and held an inquest, making a note on a piece of paper, but failed to put it on his pocket at the time, for which he was made an accessor to the murder and was so notified, and also for which Father Peters, who was not there, has received so much abuse through the press. The Germans of Marienfeld are a law-abiding and peaceable people. They live on what they make by industrious labor, and all they ask in return is protection which the state of Texas has promised to them. Now let the public press that gave so much abuse to those parties be as hasty in their vindication.

A. RAWLINS.

THE POPE'S TESTAMENT.

A FORECAST OF THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

Asks All Men to Favor Unity of the Faith.

ROME, June 21.—A forecast of the Pope's encyclical letter, which is intended to be his political testament, has been obtained. The forecast is as follows:

Following the example of Christ, who on the eve of His ascent to heaven prayed that his disciples might be united, the Pope expresses his desire to close his life with an appeal to all men of every land and race to favor unity of faith. As regards the unbelieving nations, he declares that the church will continue with unabating vigor to propagate the faith among them. He prays that God may provide more missionaries devoted to the work of converting them. He expresses his sorrow for the schisms and animosities which have torn great civilized nations from the Roman Church, and tells of his hope that divine mercy and omnipotence will bend the wills of men and bring them back to the one true faith.

In addressing the Oriental churches the Pope recalls that the forefathers of their present members recognized the Roman pontiff. These churches, he says, are now better disposed toward Rome than formerly and he invites them to perfect the union which Christ founded. In that union their rights and patriarchal privileges will be upheld without variation or exception.

He rehearses the prayer of the Greek liturgy for ending schisms and appeals especially to the Slavs the world over to return to that unity which Cyril and Methodius preached, promising them that prosperity and greatness will be their portion if any return to the church of Rome.

In addressing the Protestants, he declares there remains to them no certain rule of faith authority, hence some go as far as to deny the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures, ending by falling into naturalism.

He cites the causes of enlightened Protestants whom solicitude for their salvation has brought back to Catholicism, and he exhorts all others to return in order that all may have one faith, hope and charity based on the same gospel.

His Holiness condemns the Free Masons, claiming that they are the enemies of religious unity, and especially denounces their so-called audacious activity in Rome.

BUTCHERY AT THE ALTAR.

London Daily News.

The Kolnische Volkszeitung, a Roman Catholic organ, publishes from a trustworthy source sickening details at Kovno, in Russian Poland. As is already known the Catholics of the place took it in turns to guard their church day and night, to prevent its being taken by surprise by the Russians. At 2 o'clock on the morning of November 10 Prefect Klingenberg of Kovno arrived at Krosche, accompanied by forty strongly armed policemen. There were about seventy persons in the church. Cursing and yelling, the police rushed at the devotees, beat them with the knout and struck them with their swords, so that the church echoed with the cries of the wounded. Some succeeded in fleeing to the belfry, where they rang the bells, thus summoning the rest of the inhabitants, who crowded into the building. A thousand persons had soon collected, and the officials had to retreat before superior numbers, being forced out of the church by the people. Only the prefect remained with his deputy. He fled to the organ loft, and from there fired several times at the people, who were not intimidated, but rushed at him and led him off to a cell of the convent close by, where they ordered him to sign a paper stating in it that he had attacked and shot at defenseless and innocent people. This he refused to do. When the day began to wane, 300 Cossacks arrived at the place, armed with rifles, lances and knouts. The Cossack's knouts have wire and iron twisted in at the end, so that every stroke tears the flesh. They divided themselves into two groups. One surrounded the little town, while the other rode to the church. Here they at once dashed into the crowd, fired at them, stabbed them with their lances and struck them over the heads with their knouts. Two Cossacks rode over the people who had fallen into the church, and were followed by the others.

A great massacre now began. The blood of the defenseless inhabitants who were trying to protect their sanctuary stained the walls of the church and flowed on the floor. Like demons some of the Cossacks, flew at the altars, smashed the crucifixes, candlesticks and images of the saints, and dashed them on the ground. A priest was forced by them into the church and made to carry out the monstrosity. The broken vessels and images were thrown in the cesspool. Some corpses found in the church were tossed by the Cossacks into the lime pit in the church yard. The people, who fled in all directions, were pursued by the Cossacks and taken prisoners. Many sprang into the swollen river and were drowned. The rest were surrounded by Cossacks and driven by them to the front of the town hall on the marketplace. Here a piece of barbarism took place which defies all description. Every inhabitant of Krosche was to receive a special punishment. A doctor was fetched, who was to say how many strokes with the knout each victim could bear. They were brought up singly, and their clothes torn off their bodies. Then they were made to lie down naked between two rows of Cossacks and flogged with the knout. Nobody was spared, not even delicate women. This inhuman work lasted till sundown, when the poor wretches were taken off to prison. Then the prefect allowed his Cossacks to "enjoy themselves."

by means of which they believe they can annihilate the holy truth of scripture, they invoke the decisions of new, free science. These decisions are so dubious to the clouded visions of those rationalists that they vary and often contradict each other on the selfsame points. And while men judge and speak in so impious a fashion of God, Christ, the gospel and the remainder of the scriptures, there are not wanting among them who wish to be considered Christians, theologians and commentators, and who, under the most honorable of names, dissemble the audacity of a spirit abounding on insolence.

HOSTILITY TO REVEALED TRUTH.

"To those are added a certain number of men who, urged by similar aim and co-operating with them, cultivate other sciences, and whom a like hostility to revealed truth leads to kindred attacks on the Bible. We cannot too deeply lament the extent and hourly increasing violence which these attacks assume. They are directed against informed and intelligent men, although these are thoroughly competent to defend themselves; but it is particularly against the crowd of the ignorant that these implacable enemies employ every weapon of assault. By means of books, pamphlets and newspapers they spread the deadly poison; by meetings and speeches they sink it more profoundly into the public mind. Already they have carried on a general invasion and possess numerous schools ravished from the church, where, descending even to the miserable corruption by mockery and jibe of the still fresh and credulous hearts of youth, they excite them to the contempt of holy writ.

"In that, venerable brethren, there is much to move and animate the common zeal of pastors so that to this new and false science should be lifted up the antique and veracious doctrine which the church received from Christ by the intermediary of the apostles, and which, in such a struggle, is always displayed by the able champions of holy writ."

HOW TO CONDUCT THE BATTLE.

After treating at considerable length on the methods to be employed in the study of the Bible, the pope says:

"We have already described the stratagems of the enemy, and the multifarious means which he employs for attack. Let us now indicate the processes which should be utilized for defense.

"In the first place, recourse must be had to the ancient Eastern languages, and particularly, and at the same time, to the science which is called critical. These two species of knowledge are today very much appreciated and esteemed; the clergymen who will possess them in a more or less extended fashion, according to the country he inhabits and the people with whom he is brought into relation, will be able better to sustain his dignity and fulfill his mission. The minister of God should, in fact, make himself all things to men, and always be prepared to satisfy him who demands reason of the hope he entertains himself. It is therefore necessary to professors of holy writ, and it is fitting for theologians, to know the tongues in which the canonical books were primitively written by the sacred authors. It would be excellent that even ecclesiastical students should study those tongues, the more particularly those among them who are destined to academic grades in theology. Precaution should also be taken that in all academies there should be established—as, indeed, already has been done in some of them—chairs where the ancient languages, especially the Semitic languages, will be taught and their relations with science. These courses would, in the first place, be intended for those designed for the study of the holy writings.

INSTRUCTION IN TRUE CRITICISM.

"For the same reason it is important that the same professors of holy writ should be instructed and exercised in the science of true criticism. Unfortunately, and to the great damage of religion, a system has appeared which parades under the honorable name of 'high criticism,' whose disciples affirm that the origin, integrity and authority of every kind of book is traceable to their intrinsic characters alone. On the contrary, it is evident that where a historic question is concerned, or the origin and preservation of no matter what description of work, historic testimonies have more value than all others, and these are the testimonies which should be most carefully sought out and examined. As to intrinsic characters, they are, for the great part of the time, far less important, so that they need not be invoked except to condemn a thesis. If other action is carried out the result will be serious inconvenience. In fact, the enemies of religion will retain more confidence in attacking and battering in breach the authenticity of the holy books.

"Finally, this form of high criticism will arrive at the result that each one in interpretation will attach himself to his own tastes and prejudicial views. Thus, the light sought on the subject of the scriptures will not exhibit itself, and no advantage will result for science, but one will see conspicuously manifested that character of error which consists in diversity and contradiction of opinions. Already the behavior of the chiefs of this new science proves it. Besides, the bulk of them are

imbued with the maxims of vain philosophy and of rationalism, nor are they afraid to expunge from the holy books the prophecies, miracles and other events which surpass the natural order.

"Again, the interpreter should struggle with those who, deluded by their knowledge of physical sciences, track the sacred authors inch by inch in order to expose the ignorance they had of such and such transactions, and to lower their writings on that account. As these complaints are

made about sensible objects, they are thereby the more dangerous when they are spread among the crowd, especially among the youth attracted to letters. As soon as that youth has lost its respect in one point for divine revelation, its faith relative to all the others will not be long before it vanishes. Hence, it is only too evident that, inasmuch as the natural sciences are proper to manifest the glory of the Creator engraven on terrestrial objects, provided they are suitably taught, so much the more are they capable of wresting from the intellect the principles of a sound philosophy and corrupting manners when they are presented with perverse intentions to youthful spirits. Thus the knowledge of natural facts will be an efficacious succor to those who will teach holy writ, for, thanks to that information, they may more easily discover and refute the sophisms of all sorts directed at the scriptures."

POPE LEO'S LETTER

On the Rosary a Very Important Document.

NO WONDER NATIONS GROAN

And Are in Constant Alarm When God is Not Only Forgotten But Also Vituperated in Many Schools—Pray Without Ceasing.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—The Times tomorrow will have the following:

The recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the rosary or beads will be read in every Catholic church throughout the world to-day. It is one of the most important letters that has been issued by the present pontiff.

In the article commending the repeating of this prayer during the month of October the holy father says: "The many and various methods of depravity by which the wickedness of the age treacherously endeavors to weaken and destroy human souls in the Christian faith and observance of the divine law which nourishes that faith and renders it fruitful, is already too well known, and now that the field of the Lord is almost everywhere a wilderness as if through the breath of a horrid pestilence through ignorance of the faith and through error and vice. The thought of this is made more bitter by the fact that those who can and ought to do so, place no limits and impose no penalties on such arrogant evil, nay rather the spirit by which this state of things is created very often appears to be promoted by their indolence or patronage. Hence it is when such is the case we have to deplore the establishment of schools for the training of the mind and the study of the arts in which the name of God is not mentioned or is vituperated. We have to deplore the license daily growing bolder of laying everything whatsoever before the populace by means of its publication, of the raising of every sort of a cry offensive to God and the church; nor is it less to be deplored that among many Catholics there is a remissness of duty and an apathy which, if not equivalent to open abandonment of the faith, tends to terminate in it since practice of this life are in nowise in consent with the faith. To him who considers this confusion and destruction of the highest interest it will not certainly be a source of wonder that nations are groaning beneath the

weight of divine punishment and kept in a state of alarm through the fear of greater calamities."

His Holiness then tells the origin of this devotion and of the many spiritual advantages that may be derived by those who recite the prayers with fervor and faith.

He then refers to his coming jubilee and the troubles with Italy.

RELIGION IN CHILI.

A COUNTRY IN WHICH RELIGIOUS FERVOR IS STRONG.

Delicate Women Have Been Known to Crawl on Their Hands and Knees to Places of Worship—Poor and Rich Bow Together in Devotional Exercise.

No people in the world are more devout than those of Chili, and surely if self-inflicted punishments, fasting, confessions and donations will take one to heaven, a vast throng (though mostly women) will go up from that little republic. It is no uncommon thing for delicate females to go to the shrine of worship upon their knees, over the flinty stones that tear the flesh, and then beat themselves with leather straps tipped with nails. The bodies are often thus punished until the blood runs profusely, and when the poor creatures can do no more they deposit all the money and trinkets of value upon the altar and go home happy, though suffering.

A few years ago no man dare ride through the streets of any Chilean city on Good Friday. Even the cars were not allowed to run; all business was stopped and no sound of wheel or hammer or human labor disturbed the religious silence. In these days of liberalism, although the people still dress in deepest mourning and most of the shops are shut, the cars and public carriages go about as usual and some business may be transacted.

The strangest and most impressive part of holy week came on the night of Good Friday, when a long line of female worshippers, led by the dignitaries of the church and joined by a very few men, crept to the cross on their knees. They first knelt in the front yard of the church and slowly crawled on their knees through the gravelly courts, up through the long hall, until they reached the image of the crucified, and each in turn kissed the wounded foot.

So solemn was the scene that many Protestants and persons of no particular religious belief, who came merely to look, joined in the worship. It brought rich and poor, aristocratic and plebeian, on the same level—servants and ladies of high degree, both wrapped in mantas, side by side.

CELEBRATING HOLY WEEK.

Later, there was a weird torchlight procession, led by the chanting priests in black robes, followed by a concourse of people who bore in the midst upon their shoulders a company of life size images representing all the saints, each clothed in flowing velvet robes. Among them was the blessed Virgin, arrayed in white tarlatan, attended by four living maids of honor—little girls with long curls, artificial wings on their shoulders, and garlands of flowers upon their heads. The holy sepulcher was represented by a large box draped in white muslin, half revealing a recumbent figure. All these were surrounded by devotees with lanterns and candles, and followed by an unwholesome rabble, running, jostling and pushing on every side.

On Saturday morning, the last of holy week, especial services were again held in all the churches, which were still gloomily draped in black. The priests entered in procession, and there was a great deal of extinguishing and lighting of candles, tinkling of bells and other ceremonies whose import we did not comprehend, until 10 o'clock, when suddenly the black veils which shrouded the altars were drawn aside, displaying the shrines ablaze with candlesticks and abloom with flowers; a peal of triumphant music burst from choir, organ, band and bells, and the glad cry arose, "Christ is risen."

The cannon of the fort thundered the joyful tidings and the national ships-of-war re-echoed the sound. Closed doors flew open, vehicles once more thronged the streets and business was resumed with its accustomed noise, while the excited populace, as if the tragedy of nearly 1,900 years ago were just enacted, vented their pious rage upon effigies of Judas Iscariot. Poor Judas was made to suffer every punishment that human ingenuity could invent—he was drowned in the sea, dragged through the streets, burned at corners, hanged, impaled and torn piecemeal on the hillsides.

VOWS OF ENTHUSIASTS.

Many devout Chilians take a vow that if the Virgin will do certain things for them—such, for example, as to restore a sick friend to health—they will perform this or that ceremony, or dress themselves or their children in a certain color for a certain length of time. One day I met in the streets of Santiago a handsome, middle aged lady, dressed entirely in white woolen, and upon expressing a surprise at her unsuitable choice of color was informed, in a tone of profoundest respect for the matron in question, that she was the wife of a well known wealthy citizen, who, having lost several children, vowed that if her last babe was spared she would dress not only it, but herself, in nothing but white for ten years. The child lived and the vow is being religiously fulfilled.

There are many other pious observances in Chili that attract the foreigner's attention. There are hundreds of good people who have a custom of expiating their sins, for a whole year by a nine days' period of penance during Lent. In every town there is a house provided expressly for the purpose and in charge of priests, where the penitent spend their nights alternately praying and thrashing one another. Those who are too infirm to use the scourge punish themselves by reciprocal pinchings. The lights are extinguished, and at a signal from the priest the penitents change places and begin scourging the nearest sinner with a vim that cannot leave any doubt of the sincerity of their contrition.—New York Advertiser.

DANGEROUS BOOKS

THAT ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO READ.

How the Taboo Work is Done—The Colossal Labor Accomplished by this Most Perfect of Human Machines.

(For the Sunday Gazette.)

Rome, Dec. 8.—The rough fact that good Catholics are prohibited by their church from reading every book that issues from the press and which attracts their fancy, is familiar, but nothing much beyond this bald information, that works disapproved by the church are placed under a prohibitive index. Few, even among Catholics themselves, know how the institution of the Congregation of the Index is worked. Thus, a professing Catholic may not read the works of Rabelais, notwithstanding the circumstance that their author was a Benedictine monk and was in charge of a cure of souls at Mendon, when he wrote his immortal recital of the deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel. Forbidden to him too, and this by a more recent decree are, strange to tell, all the writings of Rosmini, although the great philosopher of Rovereto founded, in the middle of this century, a monastic order and is regarded as one of the lights of the Roman hierarchy. The reason for this is that the ideas expressed by him are those that have ever been combated by the Jesuits whose influence is apt to reign supreme in Satican councils. Forbidden, too, are the comedies of Bibbiena, though their author was a cardinal, the tales of Matteo Bandello, though their writer was a priest. That the hundred stories of Boccaccio share the same fate, perhaps surprises less. Nor may be read the life of Jesus by Ernest Reneau, although that book is perchance the greatest prose poem ever perused in praise of the Son of Man. Strictly forbidden, too, is Zola's novel "Le Reve," and this, in spite of the fact that the great French novelist in indicting this romance firmly believed he was conciliating all opponents and putting forth a work that even the youngest girl might peruse with impunity. Of other modern works, we find on the index books like "La Dame aux Camelias" by Dumasfil, indeed nearly all the products of the great living Frenchman. The writings of Charles Darwin, as might be expected, are rigidly condemned. Indeed, science, as of old, fares but ill at the hands of the church. As in the days of Galileo, so now she combats every manifestation of progress and change in the human mind. Verily, the list of reading permitted to a good Catholic is meager, and if strictly followed, which it rarely or never is, would hinder him from ever being either a widely informed or a cultured person.

Now all prohibited books are said to be placed upon the index, which means that they have been subjected to a censure pronounced by a special congregation called on to judge of all the books written or printed in the globe, no matter in what language they may be indited, when this committee have found that such books contain thoughts opinions or facts held contrary to the principle which the church desires to maintain intact, and concerning which it will neither listen to or permit discussion. Once thus condemned the name of the work in question is inserted in a record called the Index and its perusal is forbidden to the faithful, who, if they do not obey this injunction fall into sin. This sin, however, like most sins, is not irremediable. It can be cancelled by the tribunal of penitence, that

is to say, by means of the sacrament of confession. A good Catholic, however, should do better than repent, he should avoid all occasion of sinning in this wise and, therefore if he would do as he ought, he should apply, ere reading no matter what book, to the habitual keeper of his conscience, his confessor, and ask if he may thus read or no. The director of his conscience, who knows whether or no a book is on the Index can accord the permission to read it to his spiritual son, even if it be a forbidden tome. This he does on his own responsibility

if he holds that his interlocutor is strong enough in the faith not to have his beliefs perverted by such literature. It is, however, his strict duty to warn his lamb against the perverse ideas he may encounter in its pages and to pave the way for the antidote. Thus a director of conscience, who knows his duties, will permit to one of his penitents what he will sternly refuse to another, and this because he has closely studied their personal idiosyncrasies.

The Index is the continuous work of a body known as the Congregation of the Index. As all know, the Roman Catholic church is, perchance, the most perfect machine that was ever put together. Its chief engineer may be said to be the pontiff, the president of all the various congregations. At the head of such congregation is a cardinal, who may be named the under engineer. The work of these congregations is continuous and incessant. Its composition is sharply laid down, its labor strictly defined, so that the whole mechanism works with the precision of a good clock. The cardinal and president of the Congregation of the Index receives a handsome stipend in return for his labor, and well remunerated, too, are all the members of the staff who work under his presidency and among whom he distributes the labor to be done. As might be expected, the prelates or priests, who form the Congregation of the Index, are selected from among the best forces of which that ancient mechanism, the Roman church, can dispose. There are chosen to be its members the clergy who are instructed in science, philosophy, history, theology, politics; in a word, those who have received the best education the seminaries and Catholic universities can afford, for the limitations that apply to laymen are not always extended to those who would enter the priesthood, it being held wise that they should have knowledge also regarding the thoughts of the unbeliever, if they would combat well his deadly doctrines.

The chief seat of the Congregation of the Index is at Rome. Here are sent all the writings that issue from the press. The cardinal receives them and distributes them for examination to such members of his staff as he holds as most competent to report upon that particular class of book. After the book has been read, or, more probably glanced over, a report is written concerning it, which is handed in to the congregation who on the strength of this decide whether the work in question shall be entered among the rank of the dangerous or be left in the limbo of the innocuous.

It may be wondered how the church manages to find readers capable of understanding any language whatsoever that has printing presses and product of human thought. But it must be born in mind that the church possesses in the Propaganda Fide, an institution of a kind no other government can boast. In this missionary seminar every human language is taught and studied and in the Propaganda Fide the Congregation of the Index finds a potent co-adjutor each time a book comes before it written in a language unfamiliar to the regular members of its staff.

As a general rule, most of the chief offices of the Roman Curia are filled by Italians, but it is not rare to find foreigners forming part of the Congregation of the Index. In that case, however, they must reside in Rome.

Enemies of the institution have averred that its decisions are apt to be arbitrary and dictated by the caprice or taste of the presiding cardinal. In making this assertion, however, they are in error. The cardinal-president is bound, in pronouncing his judgment, by severe regulations laid down by Sixtus V and modified and extended in the course of time by his successors, and especially by Benedict XIV and Leo XII. Further, the Index is not of the class of books of which new editions are issued from time to time. It rather resembles a little those account books of the public debts of some of the European states in which new pages are added to old ones, but old ones are rarely cancelled. No book is ever moved from the Index, a circumstance that leads to some curious contradictions; as, for example the prohibition of the works of Galileo and Leo XIII's enthusiastic praise of the astronomer in one of his most recent encyclicals. Obviously it is not forbidden to the faithful to possess the Index for themselves, but this is only possible to the very rich and to those who have much space at their disposal, for the Index is a library of itself and belongs to the category of catalogues.

The Catholic church, that pre-eminently conservative institution, has desired by means of this index to guard its children, and this not so much against the innovations imagined by the human mind as against the direct consequences that might spring from these. And it is for this reason that, imitating the example of Spain and Venice, the church began its catalogue of the index. For what is not generally known is, that the institution in its origin was lay, not ecclesiastic, and that the church in this instance merely followed in the footsteps of the civil authorities. When a book has been placed upon the index the fact is made known to the bishop of every diocese, who in his turn is bound to make the circumstance known to those vicars who pertain to his see, who again on their part must promulgate the intelligence to the keepers of souls dependent on them. In this wise when a book has been formally condemned by the congregation, the whole Catholic hierarchy is quickly advised of the fact. The faithful in their turn learn the news by means of the religious newspapers and Catholic review, or from the lips of their confessors. The penalty attaching to a disobedience of this nature, is entirely placed at the discretion of the individual confessor into whose ear the sin is retailed. As I have said the church accords exceptions to its rules and this not infrequently, but it always does so in the guise of favors, of indulgence, never under any circumstances does it give a free, undisputed hand to any of its flock. Each dispensation must be solicited individually. The church, for the matter of that, like many persons, does not refuse favors, but it likes to have them asked for and to bestow them as a grace. She is by no means the pitiless tyrant her foes represent her; she is only by system, by conviction, by tradition, opposed to all individual liberty, which means that she wishes to be the supreme director of all human actions; she exacts that her children should ask in order that she may experience the pleasure of giving. Her prohibition with regard to books is precisely the same as her prohibition of certain forms of food at certain seasons. She wishes to dictate as to what shall pass into her children's brains as well as into their stomachs, and in both cases dispensations are granted when sufficient reason is forthcoming to justify such indulgence.

Book collectors and those who open the pages of works a little out of the general line of reading may have observed that in certain cases there is printed at the back of the first page the word "Imprimatur" above the signature of a bishop. This has been popularly supposed to be the permission accorded by the Congregation of the Index for this particular work to be read by the faithful. The inference, however, is not exact. The word placed here has nothing to do with the index properly speaking. The Index is the catalogue of books already printed, but whose perusal is forbidden by the church, while the Episcopal imprimatur is a license given to sell and circulate a book after the manuscript or proof sheets have been duly examined by a priestly censor, or have been recognized as innocuous by a competent tribunal, which in this case would be that of the committee of the diocese.

The extent of work that falls to the share of the congregation of the Index is truly colossal, and hence it cannot arouse wonder that errors from time to time occur. These the church occasionally admits and rectifies. Nor must it be thought that an ecclesiastic who writes a book judged pernicious by the congregation of the Index is on that account regarded as a black sheep. By no means. Nor is he published for his deed. His book, with the ideas it expresses, is tabooed, nothing more. Proof of this is seen in the circumstances that the writings of so many of the great lights of the church are found named in the Index. The fact is, the church has always oscillated between two great main parties who in turn have had the upper hand in her counsels. The one is the party inclined to yield to the new ideas put forth by science, the other the one that has remained firmly adherent to the rock of mediæval ideas and prejudices. This oscillation between two opposite poles of thought is the great secret of the major and minor severity with which the Index is compiled. A work, created rather for a human than a divine scope, the Index reflects this, its inherent characteristic, and the dominant pre-occupation of the Catholic church may always be traced in its pages. Thus today, when the church is busier with political than theological interests, it will be found that the most recent works put under ban rather treat of this theme, such as questions concerning the temporal power, the divine right of kings, Republican and socialistic pretensions, etc.

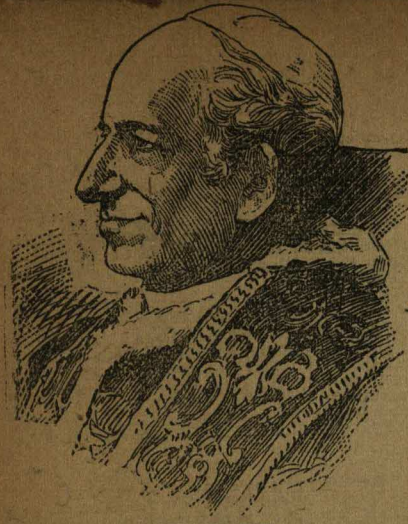
A strange work, verily, and a strange compendium of the body that gave it birth.
HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE HOLY CITIES

Pilgrimages to Rome, Jerusalem and Elsewhere.

The Pilgrims Now on Their Journey are Indeed Favored—Contrasts with the Olden Time.

The year of jubilee has come again, and already Catholics from all parts of the world are turning toward Rome or other places consecrated by their faith. No longer in peculiar dress and marked with a cross, no longer afoot and bearing a small bag to receive the contribu-



POPE LEO XIII.

tions of the faithful, for in these days steel and steam are the allies of faith, and the pilgrims leaving New York harbor early this February expect to enjoy Palm Sunday in Rome and Easter in Jerusalem, visit many places of interest between times and be in New York again for the May festivals.

As might have been expected, jubilee years have greatly multiplied. The first was proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII in 1300, and the blessing was granted only to such as had made a pilgrimage to the shrine of the apostles at Rome. Once in a century was the time at first, but Popes Clement V, Urban VIII and Sixtus IV reduced the period successively to 50, 35 and 25 years. Now a jubilee is ordered even more frequently—that is, for any important event—and that of 1893 is proclaimed by Pope Leo XIII in honor of the 50th anniversary of his consecration as a bishop. And it is but justice to add that many Protestants will rejoice with the hundreds of millions of Catholics that in this era of doubt and unsettlement so wise a pontiff sits in the chair of St. Peter.

As the pilgrim no longer goes afoot and in a peculiar garb, so he no longer returns from Jerusalem with a palm in his hand. As the pilgrim no longer walks, so the crusader no longer fights, and the palmer, or returned pilgrim, is no longer a sole survivor out of many who started, for, though the Turk is still nominal ruler of Jerusalem, England rules the Turk, the Jaffa railroad is completed, and tickets are sold and baggage checked from London to Gethsemane. So it is rather matter of surprise that the first organized pilgrimage from the United States to the Holy Land was in February, 1889.

On the 21st of that month the steamer Wieland left the Hoboken dock with 101 Catholics bound for Jerusalem, and at least 15 times as many were there to see them start. In the pilgrim band were 35 priests, including 2 bishops, and 15 ladies, all under the direction of Father Charles Vissani, Franciscan, who organized the band. Just previous to their departure the pilgrims went in solemn procession to St. Patrick's cathedral, the noted and beautiful edifice on Fifth avenue, New York, where high mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Wigger of Newark, and Archbishop Corrigan delivered an address to the pilgrims.

They carried with them a silken banner thought by many to be the finest ever manufactured in the United States, and religious and patriotic enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch when it was unfurled, for one side was devoted to the nation and the other to the faith. This banner was, or rather is, 8 feet high and 5 feet wide. The obverse side has a hand painted representation of the resur-



BANNER OF AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

rection. The figure is shown on white damask silk surrounded by vines, with the passion flower intertwined. The baldequin above bears as an inscription the 10th verse of the 11th chapter of Isaiah: "And his sepulcher shall be glorious." On the reverse side is a figure of an

American eagle soaring aloft with the stars and stripes—in one set of talons bearing the emblems of war; in the other, the olive branch of peace. From his beak streams the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." These are only the principal figures. The golden fringe, tassels and general tracery are of the finest. It was

laid as America's memento in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at the tomb of the Saviour, where it is now held among the most cherished treasures.

These pilgrims took part in the magnificent ceremonies of the last week in Lent in Jerusalem, and 13 of them were selected for the annual ceremony of feet washing by the Latin patriarch at Jerusalem. On Good Friday they traversed the usual route of Calvary and held a prominent place in the ceremonies of Easter. They visited all the holy places, made the tour of the Holy Land and still reached home early in the season. It really dazzles the imagination to contrast their experience with that of the pilgrims of only a thousand years ago, and still more of those warriors who tried in their blind, brave way to improve the situation.

In all history there is no episode more wonderful and thrilling than that series of movements collectively known as the crusades. "All Europe rose as by one impulse and precipitated itself upon Asia," is the lively expression of one historian. "Robber kings and bandit barons," says another, "crowded to do battle for the tomb of the Prince of Peace, and defenseless captives were massacred by tens of thousands in honor of him who forbade his followers to shed human blood."

It is scarcely an exaggeration. At intervals for 175 years successive streams of knights and yeomen, kings, noblemen and peasants, even of women and children and singing priests, poured into Asia Minor, and of all these millions not 1 in 20 ever saw home again. Of the first through some 200,000 perished in Hungary, Bulgaria and the Greek provinces by famine and the hostility of the natives. Of the first 300,000 who crossed

into Asia, aided by the Greeks, who were anxious to be rid of them, not one lived to tell the tale. The Turks made a pyramid of their bones.

Yet the undaunted Christians pressed on, with regularly organized armies, after their first losses, and in the last year of the 11th century captured Jerusalem, which they held 87 years. Then came such "gentle pilgrims" as King Philip of France, King Richard I of England, Leopold of Austria and their kind, for it is to be remembered that all the crusaders were ranked as pilgrims and entitled to honors and indulgences as such. King Richard joined in prayer with his allies at the holy places, but he refused Philip for refusing to work on the siege



RICHARD I TAKING DOWN LEOPOLD'S BANNER.

engines, and when Leopold hoisted the banner of Austria on the walls of Acre Richard threw it in the ditch and placed that of St. George in its stead. He would not get married in Lent or inaugurate a movement on Easter, but a few days later he had 5,000 Mohammedan captives massacred and wrote of it as "a service acceptable to heaven."

All these were pilgrims and millions more like them. It is estimated that 6,000,000 Christians volunteered for the holy war, and that at least half of these went on till death stopped most of them and a truce the remainder. The net result was a treaty by Edward I of England of the eighth and last crusade which gave Christians the same rights at the holy sepulcher which they had enjoyed before the movements began. The last act in the bloody drama was the capture of Acre by assault, led by Sultan Kelaun, May 18, 1291. Sixty thousand Christians were massacred, and the few survivors sold into slavery.

If it were not so serious a subject, one might commend to the easy going pilgrims of this year the story of the gentleman who, being asked the best route from Washington to Richmond and the cost of the trip, replied, "The only time I made it I was three years on the way, and it cost me a leg." It cost the Christians of 1096 to 1291 about a million legs to get to Jerusalem and as many more trying to hold it, but for the first thousand years of Christianity the trip could be made in comparative peace. Pilgrimage thither began very early, and after the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, went thither it became the grand passion.

On setting out the pilgrim received from his priest a peculiar gown and cross, from his bishop a letter of commission and from his sovereign a passport. In the Holy Land he gathered a palm branch, which was laid upon the

altar when he reached home as a proof of his journey, and so returning pilgrims were called palmer. Many other places are now points of pilgrimage, and of late years many companies of Protestants have gone from various parts of Europe to Palestine and a few from the United States. The journey is now, however, little more than a pleasure excursion. J. H. BEADLE.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary

OF POPE LEO'S CONSECRATION

As Archbishop—Great Gathering of Famous and Titled People.

Persons to Be Announced "Beatified"—Imposing Ceremonies at the Center of the Roman Catholic Church—Pilgrims From Afar Will Be There.

Rome, Italy, Jan. 1—It has surprised the world a little to hear that Pope Leo XIII is the eve of celebrating another jubilee. The fact is that while the last was a gold jubilee of his priesthood, the event is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the pope's episcopal consecration as archbishop of Damietta.

This occasion does not of course present quite the same interest, even for the members of his own church, as that of his ordination as priest, which took place four, or rather nearly five years ago. The picturesque crowds of peasants from all parts of Christendom, with the varied offerings, will be wanting. Nor will Rome be enlivened by the presence of envoys and ambassadors from foreign courts, the bearers of sumptuous gifts from heretical sovereigns, desirous of showing their appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion. The deputations, if one may call them so, of pilgrims will not be from the poor or the hard-working class of humanity. They will be headed by great people, with great titles and historic names as the duke of Norfolk for England, the marquis of Bute for Scotland, and others of like position. The enthusiasm and the spontaneity that marked the jubilee of the priesthood of the head of the Catholic church is not there. The priest jubilee



THE POPE AS A YOUNG MAN.

is a movement set on foot by those who are convinced that the prestige of the so-called "prisoner of the Vatican" depends upon his image being kept perpetually within the circle of visible impressions, so that it may never be forgotten for a moment. As put by the Roman Catholics: "His faithful children wish to congratulate him and to

have some public recognition of the event." Hence several countries are getting up pilgrimages for the purpose of giving Catholics at a great distance the opportunity of seeing the earthly head of their church. Richer persons are contributing larger donations, so as to make the expenses of the journey less for those not so wealthy. Most of these pilgrimages will be organized by committees and will be headed by one distinguished man from each country. The pope, and those of his officials whose duty it is to attend to all matters of reception, will arrange days for giving audience to the various sets of pilgrims, each set being seen separately as a set, but not individually, except, perhaps, in some very exceptional case. On the anniversary of his consecration the pope will celebrate mass in St. Peter's, and that date will be within the period fixed for the visit of the English pilgrims to Rome. One, at least, of the five beatifications will also take place during their visit. The English pilgrims are expected to arrive on the 14 of February. The jubilee mass will take place on the 19th of that month.

One of the beatifications will be on the 2nd or 3rd as that day is the venerable pontiff's birthday, and also the anniversary of his ordination as priest. As the pilgrims on this occasion belong to the better class of society, there will be no occasion for the pope to exercise the hospitality which he showed last autumn to the deputations from the working classes of various nations. But should such be needed he will not fail in kind-



THE POPE'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

ness and help. The Irish deputation is to be received on Feb. 1. It will be headed by Archbishop Walsh in person. The persons to be pronounced, beatified that is, who have been transferred from the place of departed spirits to heaven, are the Dominican priests who fell martyrs to the Christian faith in China, and five other secular and religious priests who lost their lives in the same cause in the West Indies. The report that the Princess Savina of Savoy, sister of Carlo Alberto, and therefore aunt to Victor Emmanuel, who was first wife of Ferdinand II of Naples and mother of Francis V was to be among the beatified personages, turns out either not to have been true or else some flaw has been found in the absolute perfection of her record. Joan of Arc, who was talked of for awhile, seems now to be considered as out of the question. Her romantic story appealed more strongly to Pius IX than to the eminently practical Leo XIII. The pilgrims will, it is said, be received in the same manner in

which those persons who are admitted to private audiences of his holiness are received. To quote from an excellent description written to us by an English lady friend who has recently been presented to his holiness, "One has to climb many stairs and to go through miles of grand halls and past Swiss guards, until one reaches a very large and lofty hall where some of the pope's own household are in attendance. These are most dignified personages, wearing a loose coat,

called in heraldic parlance a tabard, or richly brocaded silk of the hue of a ripe red gooseberry, with knee breeches to match and silk stockings and velvet shoes of the same shade. If the person to be presented is a lady and has an outer shawl or cloak, one of the servants takes it from her and lays it down on one of the many carved benches ranged around the hall. The card of admission borne by the aspirant to the audience is examined and in a low whisper and by gestures one is moved forwards into an apartment which may be called a salon. This is richly carpeted and has chairs covered with silk of the same color and quality as the men servants' coats. The walls are frescoed with pictures representing sacred subjects. There is no mirror in the room, and on the one solitary marble-topped, gilt-legged table, between the two big windows, stands a very large and beautifully executed crucifix in ebony and ivory. More of the crimson-coated serving men meet one here, take another glance at one's ticket and motions one to a seat. "Last come last served.

It is, of course, probable that in the case of the deputations of pilgrims there is some arrangement among themselves, upon which their order of precedence depends. On ordinary occasions those favored with audiences wait for a length of time, measured by the period accorded to those who have preceded them, into the presence of the holy father. We cannot do better than resume the account written of her experiences by the lady we mentioned before. "We," she proceeds, "who were to be favored with an audience waited in the before named salon, for a considerable time. Every now and then servants glided mysteriously across the salon from the greater outer hall into some room beyond, or an ecclesiastic, some humble priest in a soutana or a great prelate in a purple robe passed to and fro. The audience hour was 12 at noon, but it was twenty minutes past that time when two men servants and a very benignant old gentleman in the ordinary evening dress of the Nineteenth century, but wearing many orders and medals, came to the inner door and beckoned half a dozen who sat nearest, and these, going before, led the way. After about five or six minutes these came out, mostly one by one, and disappeared into the great outer hall. As fast as the groups of people left the room to be presented those left behind kept moving upward on the seats, until at last the last four persons of the whole party of sixty moved into the inner room. I was one of these four. The benignant white-haired gentleman motioned me into what is, I believe, a small narrow room, comparatively small, I mean, but not really. But I cannot tell you what the room is like. I thought only of having reached the goal and of him who sat, bending forward, in a low chair, canopied, I think, and gilded. On either side of him stood Mgr. Volpi (his maestro di casa) and another domestic prelate. As I said I thought only of the thin, shadowy, bending figure, white from head to foot, save the purple gold-embroidered slipper, with a long thin face, carved as it were of ivory, and lighted by the most piercing and brilliant, yet, at the same time, the most tender black eyes I have ever seen. I had a good look at him because two dear old Breton peasants and an elegant evidently high-born Englishman, were presented before me. I saw his kindly looks and heard his low, tender, soothing tones, speaking exquisite French. The young Englishman seemed to be urging some petition, perhaps, the answer was whispered in very low tones. Then my

turn came. The white-haired gentleman led me to the pope's feet, and Mgr. Volpi taking my card, whispered my name to his holiness, who repeated it, adding: "Je vous salue." Are you English?" he asked. "No, my father, I am Scotch." "Ah, that is well, I love the Scotch." More followed that can hardly be repeated, and all the time the dear good old man held my hand in his ivory-tinted yet very strong hands, save when now and then he laid his right hand gently on my head. The last words he said were: "Take courage, my child. Adieu."

Probably, if there should be a great number of pilgrims, the greeting to each will be shorter, but as far as it is possible to ascertain thus long beforehand their reception will be after the pattern described. Probably in the case of the pilgrims the "head," or organizer, of each pilgrimage will, with Monsignor Volpi's

help, introduce each group to his holiness. Last year, in the case of the French workmen, the pope saw them in a body in St. Peter's after celebrating mass there. He was carried round in his sedan chair, and blessed them repeatedly, pausing to say a word or two to those in the outer rows. This he did twice over, although Cardinal Parocchi tried to prevent it, fearing lest the pontiff should be over-fatigued. But in reply to all remonstrances the pope said: "Oggi comando" (To-day I am in command), words which reveal that, as a rule, his holiness allows himself to be led by those around him and bows to their suggestions. Besides this greeting, detachments of the pilgrims saw him in a private sort of audience.

It has been said that the mass will be held in the vatican chapel and not in St. Peter's, but the general impression in the Eternal City is, that the great Basilica will be the place chosen. The official program, which will shortly be published, will furnish the exact dates of the receptions, ceremonies and so forth. The original dates for the beatifications were the following Sundays, Jan. 8 and 22, Feb. 3, March 5 and 12. It is, however, probable that one of the ceremonies of beatification will be postponed till May for the convenience of pilgrims who can not arrive before that month. The final decision on the subject rests with the Cardinal Aloisi Masella, prefect of the

is Feb. 19, which is that of the jubilee itself, when high mass will be celebrated by his holiness. It is to be hoped that no trouble of any kind, no political manifestations will mar the peaceful nature of the festivity. Naturally each succeeding pilgrimage becomes more of an ordinary event than its predecessor, and therefore less likely to give rise to animadversion of any kind. It is undeniable that these occasions, on which so large a number of people flock to the Eternal City cannot fail to be of great pecuniary advantage to the inhabitants of Rome, particularly in cases like the approaching one, when the pilgrims belong almost exclusively to the well-to-do classes. This consideration cannot fail to have weight, even with such as are opposed to the papal party, both in religion and politics.

The pope, we learn, is engaged in preparing an encyclical for the occasion which will probably be issued at the end of December or at the beginning of January, announcing the special indulgences to be granted in honor of his jubilee. On the occasion of the sacerdotal jubilee, indulgence was given to "all such Christians of both sexes who shall make the pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of our sacerdotal jubilee, so giving public and open testimony of their piety in the name of their nations, and rendering homage and obedience due to the supreme authority granted to us by God; and also to all such Christians as shall



THE POPE IN HIS GARDEN.

congregation of rites, Archbishop Vaughan and Dr. Walsh will remain in Rome until the great consistory to be held at the end of January, when they will both be created cardinals. There will be besides solemn ceremonies in the Basilica of St. Lawrence, where the pope was consecrated bishop fifty years ago. Cardinal Parocchi will also take possession of the Prati di Costello and dedicated to St. Joachim, which is the gift of the Catholic world to the pope. During the pilgrimages there will be special academic congresses, at which all the pontifical academies and religious institutions will be represented.

The period of the jubilee will be prolonged until December, 1893, to give facilities to all such persons as are desirous of forming part of the different pilgrimages to reach Rome during the specified time. The visit of the Italian pilgrims is put off until Lent. Their arrival was formerly fixed for Feb. 15, but that date falls apparently in carnival. Of course the most interesting date

accompany in their minds and hearts the said pilgrims to Rome, and to all and sundry who shall have aided in any way toward the good result of those pious pilgrimages, if on the day of our sacerdotal jubilee, which is the first day of the coming January having attended a novena, confessed and received the holy sacrament, shall attend their own parish church and there put prayers for the concord of christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother church. To these are conceded in the Lord, plenary indulgences and remission of sins. And these indulgences are applicable also to the souls in purgatory."

Most probably the same form or something like it will be used in the present case.

Such, as far as we can learn beforehand, will be the order observed during the approaching pilgrimage to Rome. By the time the year of jubilee has expired some other occasion for bringing together the faithful children of the holy see will doubtless have been found.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

Talmage on the Life and Death of Henry W. Grady.

With Divine Influence, the Editors and Reporters Can Take This World for God and the Truth.

When God Takes Away the Head of a Household He Gives to Some Lad in that House a Special Qualification.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 23.—The great academy of music, its main floors and its two galleries and platform and all approaches to the building were, as usual, thronged at the preaching service of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to-day. Many hundreds of persons did not gain admittance. After an exposition by Dr. Talmage of passages of scripture descriptive of the influence of the pen, James Montgomery's hymn was sung:

"Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning one triumphant song?"

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was: "The Life and Death of Henry W. Grady, the Editor and Orator." He took for his text Isaiah viii, 1: "Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen." The preacher said:

To Isaiah, with royal blood in his veins and a habitant of palaces, does this divine order come. He is to take a roll, a large roll, and write on it with a pen, not an angel's pen, but a man's pen. So God honored the pen and so He honored manuscript. In our day the mightiest roll is the religious and secular newspaper and the mightiest pen is the editor's pen, whether for good or evil. And God says now to every literary man, and especially to every journalist: "Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen."

Within a few weeks one of the strongest, most vivid and most brilliant of those pens was laid down on the editorial desk in Atlanta, never again to be resumed. I was far away at the time. We had been sailing up from the Mediterranean sea, through the Dardanelles, which region is unlike anything I ever saw for beauty. There is not any other water scenery on earth where God has done so many picturesque things with islands. They are somewhat like the thousand islands of our American St. Lawrence, but more like heaven. Indeed, we had just passed Patmos, the place from which John had his apocalyptic vision. Constantinople had seemed to come out to greet us, for your approach to that city is different from any other city. Other cities as you approach them seem to retire, but this city with its glittering minarets and pinnacles seems almost to step into the water to greet you. But my landing there, that would have been to me an exhilaration, was suddenly stunned with the tidings of the death of my intimate friend, Henry W. Grady. I could hardly believe the tidings, for I had left on my study table at home letters and telegrams from him, those letters and telegrams having a warmth and geniality and a wit such as he only could express. The departure of no public man for many years has so affected me,

For days I walked about as in a dream and I resolved that, getting home, I would, for the sake of his bereaved household and for the sake of his bereaved profession, and for the sake of what he had been to me and shall continue to be as long as memory lasts, I would speak a word in appreciation of him, the most promising of Americans, and learn some of the salient lessons of his departure.

I have no doubt that he had enemies, for no man can live such an active life as he lived or be so far in advance of his time without making enemies, some because he defeated their projects and some because he outshone them. Owls and bats never did like the rising sun. But I shall tell you how he appeared to me and I am glad that I told him while he was in full health what I thought of him. Memorial orations and grave-stone epitaphs are often mean enough, for they say of a man after he is dead that which ought to have been said of him while living. One garland for a living brow is worth more than

A MOUNTAIN OF JAPONICAS

and calls lilies heaped on a funeral casket. By a little black volume of fifty pages containing the eulogiums and poems uttered and written at the demise of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Lincoln and Sumner, the world tried to pay for the forty years of obloquy it heaped upon those living giants. If I say nothing in praise of a man while he lives I will keep silent when he is dead. Myrtle and weeping-willow can never do what ought to have been done by amaranth and palm branch. No amount of dead march in Saul, rumbling from big organs at the obsequies, can atone for non-appreciation of the man before he fell asleep. The hearse cannot do what ought to have been done by chariot. But there are important things that need to be said about our friend, who was a prophet in American journalism and who only a few years ago heard the command of my text: "Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen."

His father dead, Henry W. Grady, a boy fourteen years of age, took up the battle of life. It would require a long chapter to record the names of orphans who have come to the top. When God takes away the head of the household He very often gives to some lad in that household a special qualification. Christ remembers how that His own father died early, leaving Him to support Himself and His mother and His brothers in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and He is in sympathy with all boys and all young men in the struggle. You say: "Oh, if my father had only lived I would have had a better education, and I would have had a more promising start, and there are some wrinkles on my brow that would not have been there." But I have noticed that God makes a special way for orphans. You would not have been half the man you are if you had not been obliged from your early days to fight your own battles. What other boys got out of Yale or Harvard you got in the university of hard knocks. Go among successful merchants, lawyers, physicians and men of all occupations and professions, and there are many of them who will tell you: "At ten, or twelve, or fifteen years of age, I started for myself; father was sick, or father was dead." But

somehow they got through and got up. I account for it by the fact that there is a special dispensation of God for orphans. All hail, the fatherless and the motherless. The Lord Almighty will see you through. Early obstacles for Mr. Grady were only the means for development of his intellect and heart. And lo! when at thirty-nine years of age he put down his pen and closed his lips

FOR THE PERPETUAL SILENCE.

He had done a work which many a man who lives on to sixty and seventy and eighty years never accomplishes. There is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity as though it were a wonderful achievement to live a good while. Ah, my friends, it is not how long we live but how well we live and how usefully we live. A man who lives for eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all. Methusaleh lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he did not accomplish anything which seemed worth record. Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methusalehs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methusaleh's nine hundred and sixty-nine? Robert McCheyne died at thirty years of age and John Summerfield at twenty-seven years of age, but neither earth nor heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness. Longevity. Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness, but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

One of our able New York journals printed a question and sent it to many people and among others to myself: "Can the editor of a secular journal be a Christian?" Some of the newspapers answered, no. I answered, yes; and lest you may not understand me I say, yes, again. Summer before last riding with Mr. Grady from a religious meeting in Georgia on Sunday night, he said to me some things which I now reveal for the first time, because it is appropriate now that I reveal them. He expressed his complete faith in the Gospel and expressed his astonishment and his grief that in our day so many young men were rejecting Christianity. From the earnestness and the tenderness and the confidence with which he spoke on these things I concluded that when Henry W. Grady made public profession of his faith in Christ and took his place at the holy communion in the Methodist church, he was honest and truly Christian. That conversation that Sunday night, first in the carriage and then resumed in the hotel, impressed me in such a way that when I simply heard of his departure without any of the particulars, I concluded that he was ready to go. I warrant there was no fright in the last exigency, but that he found what is commonly called "the last enemy" a good friend, and from his home on earth he went to a home in heaven. Yes, Mr. Grady not only demonstrated that an editor may be a Christian, but that a very great intellect may be gospelized. His mental capacity was so wonderful it was almost startling. I have seen him in active conversation while at the same time he was dictating to a stenographer editorials for the Atlanta Constitution. But that intellect was not ashamed to bow to Christ. Among his last dying utterances was a request for the prayers of the churches in his behalf.

There was that particular quality in him that you do not find in more than one person out of hundreds or thousands, namely: personal magnetism. People have tried to define that quality, and always failed, yet we have all felt its power. There are some persons who have only to enter a room or step upon a platform or into a pulpit, and you are

THRILLED BY THEIR PRESENCE,

and when they speak your nature responds and you cannot help it. What is the peculiar influence with which such a magnetic person takes hold of social groups and audiences? Without attempt-

NO, NO, WAS SHOUTED

By the Members of the Presbyterian Assembly

AS BRIGGS ROSE TO SPEAK

His Side Was Finally Defeated by an Overwhelming Vote.

The Presbyterians at Macon Considering the Question of Women Speaking in the Churches—The Baptists in Denver Talk Missionary Work.

Washington, May 26.—The largest attendance in the history of the 105th assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States of America was present when today's proceedings were ushered in.

Dr. Kneeland R. Ketchum of New Jersey was recognized by the moderator on the question, "Shall the appeal be entertained?" He favored sending the case of Prof. Briggs back to the synod.

Elder McDougall of Cincinnati, charged with the duty of opening in support of the motion to entertain the appeal, took the platform.

Something of a sensation was created by Elder McDougall of Ohio who made the attack on Briggs. He referred to certain remarks Dr. Briggs made in a speech in his own defense, and said he offered, if the case was sent back to the synod, to waive his constitutional right.

Briggs ask for a moment to reply to the misrepresentation, which, he asserted, McDougall had made.

There were cries of "No, no; don't hear him," the negatives being in the majority.

"Dr. Briggs has a right to protection," said Dr. Dufield, the professor of Princeton, "and if his words are wrong he ought to be given a chance to explain." Even to this appeal there were loud cries of "No, No," but the moderator decided to give Briggs a minute.

The bitterness manifested in McDougall's remarks brought to the surface much of that feeling which has been kept under cover for so long. Several indulged in short talks.

The venerable Dr. Dufield said he had a great appreciation of the scholarship and character of his friend Briggs, but that his logical faults were equal to his scholarship. "I don't know his equal in intellect," said the old man. In course of the venerable doctor's remarks he said Briggs' teachings were questioned by several, and the professor himself gave expressions which could not be understood.

The moderator told Dr. Briggs he could not be heard, and the latter appealing to the moderator and to the house to be permitted to make an explanation. After further argument the matter was postponed.

On the motion to remand the case to the New York synod, this, however, was defeated.

The question recurring on the resolution of the judicial committee that the appeal be entertained, the roll call began and the vote was as follows: Yeas, 409; nays, 145.

The judicial committee was instructed to prepare to program for procedure in the trial of the appeal and the assembly decided to proceed with the trial tomorrow morning.

The assembly then adjourned till 8 o'clock this evening, the session to be for administrative business exclusively.

ing to define this which is indefinable, I will say it seems to correspond to the waves of air set in motion by the voice or the movements of the body. Just like that atmospheric vibration is the moral or spiritual vibration which rolls out from the soul of what we call a magnetic person. As there may be a cord or rope binding bodies together, there may be an invisible cord binding souls. A magnetic man throws it over others as a hunter throws a lasso. Mr. Grady was surcharged with this influence, and it was employed for patriotism and Christianity and elevated purposes.

You may not know why, in the conversation which I had with Mr. Gladstone a few weeks ago, he uttered these memorable words about Christianity, some of which were cabled to America. He was speaking in reply to this remark: I said, "Mr. Gladstone, we are told in America by some people that Christianity does very well for weak-minded men and children in the infant class, but is not fit for stronger-minded men; but when we mention you, of such large intellectuality, as being a pronounced friend of religion, we silence their batteries." Then Mr. Gladstone stopped on the hillside where we were exercising and said: "The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith in religion." "Sir," said he, with flashing eye and uplifted hand, "talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. That can and will correct everything. Do you have any of that dreadful agnosticism in America?" Having told him we had, he went on to say: "I am profoundly thankful that none of my children or kindred have been blasted by it. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians, Why, sir," he said, "I have been in public position fifty-eight years and forty-seven years in the cabinet of the British government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century and all but five of the sixty were Christians." He then named the four leading physicians and surgeons of his country, calling them by name and remarking upon the high qualities of each of them and added: "They are all thoroughly Christian." My friends, I think it will be quite respectable for a little longer to be the friends of religion. William E. Gladstone, a Christian; Henry W. Grady, a Christian. What the greatest of Englishmen said of England is true of America and of all Christendom. The men at the top are the friends of God and believers in the sanctities of religion, the most eminent of the lawyers, the most eminent of the doctors, the most eminent of the merchants, and there are

NO BETTER MEN IN ALL OUR LAND than some of those who sit in editorial chairs. And if that does not correspond with your acquaintanceship, I am sorry that you have fallen into bad company. In answer to the question put last spring, "Can a secular journalist be a Christian?" I not only answer in the affirmative but I assert that so great are the responsibilities of that profession, so infinite and eternal the consequences of their obedience or disobedience of the words of my text, "Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen," and so many are the surrounding temptations, that the men of no other profession more deeply need the defences and the reinforcements of the grace of God.

And then look at the opportunities of journalism. I praise the pulpit and magnify my office, but I state a fact which you all know when I say that where the pulpit touches one person, the press touches five hundred. The vast majority of people do not go to church, but all intelligent people read the newspapers. While therefore the responsibility of the ministers is great, the re-

sponsibility of editors and reporters is greater. Come, brother journalists, and get your ordination not by the laying on of human hands, but by the laying on of the hands of the Almighty. To you is committed the precious reputation of men and the more precious reputation of women. Spread before our children an elevated literature. Make sin appear disgusting and virtue admirable. Believe good rather than evil. While you show up the hypocrisies of the church, show up the stupendous hypocrisies outside the church. Be not, as some of you are, the mere echoes of public opinion—make public opinion. Let the great roll on which you write with a man's pen be a message of light and liberty and kindness and an awakening of moral power. But who is sufficient for these things? Not one of you without divine help. But get that influence, and the editors and reporters can go up and take this world for God and the truth. The mightiest opportunity in all the world for usefulness to-day is open before editors, reporters and publishers, whether of knowledge on foot, as in the book, or knowledge on the wing, as in the newspaper. I pray God, men of the newspaper press, whether you hear or read this sermon, that you may rise up to your full opportunity, and that you may be divinely helped and rescued and blessed. Some one might say to me: "How can you talk thus of the newspaper press, when you yourself have sometimes been unfairly treated and misrepresented?" I answer that in the opportunity the newspaper press of this country and other countries have given me week by week to preach the Gospel to nations I am put under so much obligation that I defy all editors and reporters, the world over, to write anything that shall call forth from me one word of bitter retort from now till the day of my death. My opinion is that all reformers and religious teachers, instead of spending so much time and energy in denouncing the press, had better spend more time in thanking them for what they have done for the world's intelligence and declaring their magnificent opportunity and urging their employment of it all for beneficent and righteous purposes.

Again, I remark that Henry W. Grady stood for Christian patriotism irrespective of political spoils. He declined all official reward. He could have been governor of Georgia, but refused it. He could have been senator of the United States, but declined it. He remained plain Mr. Grady. Nearly all the other orators of the political arena, as soon as the elections are over, go to Washington or Albany or Harrisburg or Atlanta, to get, in city or state or national office, reward for their services, and, not getting what they want, spend the rest of the time of that administration in pouting about the management of public affairs, or cursing Harrison or Cleveland. When the great political campaigns were over, Mr. Grady

WENT HOME TO HIS NEWSPAPER.

He demonstrated that it is possible to toil for principles which he thought to be right, simply because they were right. Christian patriotism is too rare a commodity in this country. Surely the joy of living under such free institutions as those established here ought to be enough reward for political fidelity. Among all the great writers that stood at the last presidential election on Democratic and Republican platforms, you cannot recall in your mind ten who were not themselves looking for remunerative appointments. Aye, you can count them all on the fingers of one hand. The most illustrious specimen of that style of man for the last ten years was Henry W. Grady.

Again, Mr. Grady stood for the new South and was just what we want to meet three other men, one to speak for the new North, another for the new East and another for the new West. The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was that made by

Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. I sat with him that evening and knew something of his anxieties for he was to tread on dangerous ground and might by one misspoken word have antagonized forever both sections. His speech was a victory that thrilled all of us who heard him and all who read him. That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for pacification, great for bravery, will go down to the generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, William Wirt's speech at the arraignment of Aaron Burr, Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings, Robert Emmet's speech for his own vindication. Who will in conspicuous action represent the new North as he did the new South? Who shall come forth for the new East and who for the new West? Let old political issues be buried, let old grudges die. Let new theories be launched. With the coming in of a new nation at the gates of Castle Garden every year and the wheat bin and corn crib of our land enlarged with every harvest, and a vast multitude of our population plunged in illiteracy to be educated and moral questions abroad involving the very existence of our republic, let the old political platforms that are wormeaten be dropped and platforms that shall be made of two planks, the one the Ten Commandments and the other the Sermon on the Mount, lifted for all of us to stand on. But there is a lot of old politicians grumbling all around the sky who don't want a new South, a new North, a new East or a new West. They have some old war speeches that they prepared in 1861, that in all our autumnal elections they feel called upon to inflict upon the country. They growl louder and louder in proportion as they are pushed back further and further and the Henry W. Grady's come to the front. But the mandate, I think, has gone forth from the throne of God that a new American nation shall take the place of the old and the new has been baptized for God and liberty and justice and peace and morality and religion.

And now our much-lamented friend has gone to give account. Suddenly the facile and potent pen is laid down and the eloquent tongue is silent. What? Is there no safeguard against fatal disease? The impersonation of stout health was Mr. Grady. What compactness of muscle! What ruddy complexion! What flashing eye! Standing with him in a group of twenty or thirty persons at Piedmont, he looked the healthiest as his spirits were the blithest. Shall we never feel again the hearty grasp of his hand, or be magnetized with his eloquence? Men of the great roll, men of the pen, men of wit, men of power, if our friend had to go when the call came, so must you when your call comes. When God asks you what you have done with your pen or your eloquence or your wealth or your social position, will you be able to give satisfactory answer? What have we been writing all these years? If mirth, has it been innocent mirth or that which tears and stings and lacerates? From our pens have there come forth productions healthy or poisonous? In the last great day, when the warrior must give account of what he has done with his sword, and the merchant what he has done with his yardstick, and the mason what he has done with his trowel, and the artist what he has done with his pencil, we shall have to give account of what we have done with our pen. There are gold pens and diamond pens and pens of exquisite manufacture and every few weeks I see some new kind of pen, each said to be better than the other, but in the great day of arraignment before the Judge of quick and dead that will be the most beautiful pen, whether gold or steel or quill, which never wrote a profane or unclean or cruel word, or which from the day it was carved, or split at the nib, dropped from its point kindness and encouragement and help and gratitude to God and benediction for man.

AGAINST DR. BRIGGS.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SUSTAINS THE APPEAL.

The Vote Stood 383 to 116 Against the Professor—The Doctor Becomes Exhausted and Retires Before the Proceedings End—Mrs. Briggs Present.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—Before proceeding to vote upon the question of sustaining the appeal from the judgment of the New York presbytery in the case of Professor Charles Briggs, D. D., the merits of which they have been considering the past two days, the commissioners of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church engaged in a half hour's devotion. Rev. A. Nelson Hollifield of New Jersey conducted the exercises.

After the opening prayer and reading of the minutes, Moderator Craig at 9:30 a. m. convened the assembly into a court and the last stage but one of the famous case of Professor Briggs was entered upon. Fifteen minutes were exhausted in a desultory discussion of the order of procedure, the result of which was the assembly ordered the roll called. The commissioners as called were to give the reason for their votes, the speeches to be limited to three minutes. While the preliminary was being settled, Dr. Briggs came quietly in and took his seat.

Under the call of the roll nearly every commissioner took advantage of the opportunity to explain his vote. Shortly before noon, when Kansas had been reached in the call of synods, the moderator arose and said: "Dr. Briggs is very weary of this proceeding, and he has asked to be excused by the moderator from further attendance as party. I cheerfully grant his request." Dr. Briggs left the church amid a buzz from the galleries. He looked tired and sad and seemed glad to get away.

In the midst of the roll call the general assembly at 12 o'clock took the customary recess until 2:30.

After the recess the debate was continued, with a majority of the speakers against Briggs, though he found a number of warm supporters. The roll call was continued until late in the afternoon, when another recess was taken until evening.

The roll call was resumed at the evening session.

At 8:45 the moderator put the question: "Shall the specifications of appeal be sustained?"

Dr. Roberts, the stated clerk, read the specifications under the first ground of appeal, which were declared sustained by a vote of 282 to 150. The second ground of appeal, alleging the receiving of improper testimony, was sustained by a vote of 262 to 185. The third ground of appeal, of "declining to receive important testimony," was sustained without a division. The fourth ground of appeal alleged "the maintenance of prejudice in the conduct of the case," and of the six specifications the Briggs men carried two and lost within two votes of carrying another.

*Batter
next
Page*

May God comfort that torn up Southern home and all the homes of this country and of all the world which have been swept by this plague of influenza, which has deepened sometimes into pneumonia and sometimes into typhus, and the victims of which are counted by the ten thousand. Satan, who is the "Prince of the Power of the Air," has been poisoning the atmosphere in all nations. Though it is the first time in our remembrance, he has done the same thing before. In 1696, the unwholesome air of Cairo, Egypt, destroyed the life of 10,000 in one day, and in Constantinople in 1714, 300,000 people died of it. I am glad that by the better sanitation of our cities and wider understanding of hygienic laws and the greater skill of physicians these Apollyonic assaults upon the human race are being resisted, but pestilential atmosphere is still abroad. Hardly a family here but has felt its lighter or heavier touch. Some of the best of my flock fell under its power and many homes here represented have been crushed. The fact is the biggest failure in the universe is this world if there be no heaven beyond. But there is, and the friends who have gone there are many and very dear. O, tearful eyes, look up to the hills crimsoning with eternal morn. That reunion kiss will more than make up for the parting kiss, and the welcome will obliterate the goodbye. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Till then, O, departed loved ones, promise us that you will remember us, as we promise to remember you. And some of you gone up from this city by the sea and others from under southern skies and others from the homes of the more rigorous north and some from the cabins on great western farms, we shall meet again when our pen has written its last word and our arm has done its last day's work and our lips have spoken the last adieu.

And now, thou great and magnificent soul of editor and orator! under brighter skies we shall meet again. From God thou camest and to God thou hast returned. Not broken down, but ascended. Not collapsed, but irradiated. Enthroned one! Corneted one! Sceptered one! Emparadised one! Hail and farewell!

MUHAMMED WEBB.

The New Prophet of Islam Arrives.

HE EXPLAINS HIS PLANS.

He Will Launch a Mohammedan Crusade.

BELIEVES IN POLYGAMY.

A Mosque to Be Built and the Koran Translated.

A NEW MENACE TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE REPUBLIC BUREAU,
ROOM 146 TIMES BUILDING,
New York, Feb. 24, 1903.

Muhammed Alexander Russell Webb, the new prophet of Islam, is here. He is the American Mohammedan whom the wealthy Mussulmans of India and the East have sent to introduce the faith of Islam—the religion of the sword, as some have called it—among the "civilized" Christians of the West. Eight weeks ago

thousands of rich and influential Moslems gathered in Bombay to give the American convert a great send-off and wish him success in his mission. The leading men of Bombay made speeches and expressed the hope that Muhammed Webb would put the whole of America in the way of being proselyted to Islam. No Christian missionary ever started forth to go among the "heathen" attended by such a concourse of his coreligionists and countrymen. Muhammed Webb's mission was undertaken in earnest and is backed by unlimited wealth and zeal. The Mohammedans hope and expect to establish their religion in the United States. This is the first attempt, and Muhammed Webb has been selected because of his American citizenship and his fervor to lead the movement.

Mr. Muhammed Webb needs no introduction to the readers of THE REPUBLIC, for he has been known to them for years, first as a writer on the paper when it was known as the *Missouri Republican*, and later as the correspondent of THE REPUBLIC in the Far East. He is 46 years old, and was born in Hudson, N. Y. He was a jeweler in Chicago when the great fire came, and he lost everything. For a time he published a weekly paper in Unionville, Mo., and subsequently found employment on the staff of the *Missouri Republican*. President Cleveland appointed him United States Consul to Manila, the chief city of the Philippine Islands, in 1887, and while there he embraced Mohammedanism. This was only after he had investigated all the Oriental religions. He entered into correspondence with leading Mohammedans in Bombay and finally resigned his post as Consul at Manila, which is a city of 500,000 inhabitants, and went to India, where he studied and preached the faith of Islam. He was taken up and made much of by rich and influential Mussulmans, and a considerable number of them associated themselves for the purpose of sending him as a missionary to America. They decided to turn the tables on the "heathen" of this land. The American Bible Society and American Christians have sent hundreds of missionaries to the East to preach the gospel of the prophet of Nazareth. The Moslems concluded to send a prophet of Islam to this country.

AVOIDING NOTORIETY.

He arrived yesterday on the steamship *Majestic*, and in accordance with a plan adopted at Bombay took steps to avoid notoriety. He sought a quiet place to live in and has avoided the newspapers. Tonight he was given a reception at the house of Mr. Samuel Brown, a new convert, at No. 9 Clinton avenue, Jersey City. He brings many letters of introduction to influential New Yorkers, and next Monday night he will be tendered a reception. Many journalists and literary men have been invited to meet him, among them Edmund Clarence Steadman, R. H. Stoddard, Marion Crawford, Frank Hatton, Bronson Howard, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Mark Twain and George F. Seward, ex-United States Minister to China. Muhammed Webb will talk on Islam, and will outline his mission to America. THE REPUBLIC correspondent met Mr. Muhammed Webb by chance on the street to-day, and after renewing an old acquaintance persuaded him to divulge his plans. To begin with, he intends to set up presses in New York and run them at top speed so as to scatter the Koran broadcast. Elaborate plans have been made, and the prophet of Islam has unlimited capital at his disposal. His first step will be to start a high-class weekly journal in English to be devoted to an exposition of Islam and the writings of such distinguished Mussulmans as Sir Syed Ahmed of Aligarh, founder of the Mohammedan College there; Sir Ameer Ali of Calcutta and Cheragh Ali of Hyderabad. Eminent Moslems of India and Arabia will contribute. Muhammed Webb will edit the magazine. The first number will appear in about eight weeks. The next step of Muhammed will be to establish a Mohammedan publishing house. A syndicate of rich Mohammedans of Bombay are behind this part of the enterprise. The Koran in English will be printed in unlimited numbers, and agents and East Indian missionaries will "work up" its

circulation and sale. As soon as these two features of the campaign are under way missionaries will be sent here from India and the work of active personal evangelization will begin. The converts will be formed into societies or bands and will be joined in the Moslem brotherhood. The third and last step will be the building of a mosque. The rich Mohammedans of Bombay have guaranteed \$150,000 for this purpose, and the money will be forthcoming as soon as the necessary number of converts is secured.

MUHAMMED'S PLANS.

"Everything will be printed in English," said Mr. Muhammed Webb, in speaking of the literary department. "We want to teach you what Islam really is. There was some question in Bombay as to whether we would establish our headquarters here or in Boston, but I have insisted on New York, and here is where we will begin our work."

"The missionaries of this country go to Mohammedan countries with their noses in the air, with a feeling of superiority. 'We are all right,' they say; 'our religion is the only true religion.' We only want to see how far wrong you are.' The average Oriental is not argumentative, but is a good judge of human nature, and as soon as he sees a foreigner in the dress of a Christian, wearing that air of arrogance and self-importance, he closes up at once. The missionaries draw their opinions of the religion of Islam from what they see of its most degraded followers. The masses of Mohammedans of India of the lower classes have about as clear a conception of their own religion, its tenets, doctrines and true principles, as the average Anglo-Saxon has of Christianity, and they have acquired a great many beliefs and practices which were never countenanced or taught by the Prophet himself. There are 73 sects of Mohammedans. An orthodox Mohammedan never pronounces the name of the Prophet without saying, 'the Prophet of God, to whom be all glory,' and kissing his two thumb nails and then pressing them to his eyelids. This ceremonial was not

taught by Mohammed. His idea was to abolish forms and ceremonies and make religion as simple and practicable as possible. Mohammed found the Arabs in a degraded condition. They were gamblers, idolators and drunkards and were unlimited polygamists. They were blood-thirsty, predatory and buried their female children alive. Mohammed destroyed idolatry, drunkenness and child-murder. He succeeded in uniting all the bands of predatory Arabs into one complete brotherhood. He modified slavery and polygamy. The Koran and the Hadesses, the latter being the sayings of the Prophet, practically forbade polygamy, because they say, 'If you can treat more than one wife with equal justice and can love them equally, then marry more than one; if not, marry only one.' The Prophet limited his followers to four wives apiece. I have traveled through all Mohammedan countries and have met thousands of Moslems, and I met but two who had more than one wife and they had two each. I have put the question to many thousands, and the almost universal reply has been with raised eyebrows: 'One wife is all I can treat justly,' or 'One is enough; two would fight.'

BELIEVES IN POLYGAMY.

"The question of polygamy is a very broad one, and there is a great deal to be said in favor of it. I believe that when America becomes good enough, moral enough, to be able to use the privilege wisely polygamy would be a great blessing to our social system. It would abolish a vast class of women who are now a shame and menace to our civilization; it would do away with conjugal infidelity and the divorce courts entirely. Those evils do not exist in Mohammedan countries. There are bad women in many of the cities of India, but they are the result of a demand created by English and foreign invaders. Christian England puts in its annual East Indian budget a large sum for the purchase of women for the army there, so many women being allotted to each company. In strictly Mohammedan cities like Mecca or Medina unfaithful wives are unknown. Drunkenness is unknown and is one of the chief sins, and formerly the Cazis or Judges imposed 80 stripes on every Mohammedan caught drinking intoxicating liquids. The only Mohammedans in all the East who drink intoxicating beverages are those who have been educated in England and wear European clothes. Their contact with Christian nations has demoralized them and they have drifted away from their religion. That saying of Christian Timothy: 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine oft infirmities,' has worked incalculable mischief in this 'civilized' West of ours. One of the first things Muhammed did when he went to Medina was to organize the Moslem Brotherhood, which was a

system of perfect fraternity and community of property. Community of property would not now be practicable in the so-called civilized nations. Any man was admitted to the Medina community who would say: 'There is no God but God, and Muhammed is his Prophet,' and he was given a pro rata share of the property in sight. There are 300,000,000 members of this Moslem brotherhood in the Eastern world. It is a universal Freemasonry, without signs or passwords, and every member of the brotherhood is always ready to assist every other member. The Mohammedans and the Arabs, in particular, have a fraternal feeling, and are truthful, honest and reliable.

FALSE IDEALS.

"The idea that Mohammedanism is the 'religion of the sword' is groundless. Up to the reign of Othman, the third Caliph, the Mohammedan wars were characterized by justice, mercy and consideration for the lives and property of their foes. The first wars between the Mohammedans of Medina and the Kereishites of Mecca were wars of self-defense. The later wars were undertaken because the cities attacked would not peaceably permit the religion of Islam to be taught in them, and the Mussulman missionaries had to be protected by the sword. But the moment a city surrendered the sword was sheathed. Islam was the Light of the East hundreds of years, and the Eighth Century was a glorious epoch. Orthodox Christianity has lived on that irresistible spirit of progress and energy which may be attributed to climatic influences, as well as to the Anglo-Saxon physical characteristics. Islam has not had that spirit of progress to carry it along and has retrograded."

HOW HE LOOKS.

Mr. Muhammed Webb expressed himself as confident that when the Islam faith became understood in this country it would draw many converts from the Christian sects. The prophet has changed considerably since he left this country in 1887. His skin is tanned to a dark brown and there is about him, especially in his movements, an Oriental air. He has large brown eyes, which seem to have an added luster, and his dark brown beard shows the effects of a torrid sun. He has grown stouter. There is a suggestion of suppleness rather than briskness in his gait. His face is dark enough for him to be mistaken for a Hindoo, and he talks with a slight foreign accent. He does not affect the fez and dress of the orthodox Mohammedan, considering that entirely unnecessary to the faith. Muhammed Webb expects to visit St. Louis when he has completed the preliminary arrangements for the Mohammedan publishing house here.

*Dr. Briggs
Continued
from last column
in another page*

The fifth and last appeal charged "a mistake or injustice in the decision." A vote was taken without division, resulting in the declaration that it was sustained.

This part of the proceedings disposed of, it was moved that the roll be called and the assembly vote upon the main question, "Shall the appeal be sustained?" Adopted.

The whole number of votes cast was 499; to sustain the appeal 298, to sustain in part 85. Total to sustain the appeal 383, not to sustain 116.

MOB LAW.

A Strong Sermon by Rev. Dr. W. F. Lloyd.

The Paris Horror Furnishes an Eloquent Preacher with a Fruitful Pulpit Subject.

As announced by the city press Dr. W. F. Lloyd, pastor of the First Methodist church, preached on the subject of "Mob or Lynch Law" yesterday at 11 o'clock. The opening hymns were 354, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and 344, "Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed!" followed by the first seven verses of the thirteenth chapter of Romans, upon which the doctor based his remarks. The scripture selection was very applicable, and read:

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

Whoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power?

Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.

Wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

For this cause pay ye tribute also, for they are God's ministers, attending upon this very thing.

Render, therefore, to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

"As a christian preacher," the doctor remarked, "I feel that the pulpit is interested in whatever is related to the moral and vital interests of the people. The question to be considered this morning is the method of administering the law. We are aware of the alarming increase of crime and the manner in which our courts handle offences against the peace and dignity of the state. Human government, as some would lightly think, is not founded upon social compact, alone, but upon the ordinance of God. God is behind all government, whether civilized or heathen. He is the ordaining power and gives dignity to it. If government was a social compact, only, man would be at liberty to break it, but not so when God is behind it.

"To resist human government is to resist God. Limited to the obedience of the law, we should always respect God's law first, then human law next, for my texts says, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for the powers that be are ordained of God.'

"Human government is for the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, hence government is a necessity and without it anarchy and pandemonium reigns and earth is turned into a hell. Government, in its organized capacity has a right to punish crime, even to the taking of life. God recognizes this and government would be an utter failure without this power. In Genesis, ninth chapter and sixth verse we have, 'whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man.' But this does not mean that man shall be a law unto himself and that man's blood, for crime, shall be shed without due process of law. In my text we have, 'The rulers, that is the sheriff and governor are the ministers of God to thee for good, but if thou that which is evil, be afraid, for he, the sheriff or governor, beareth not the sword in vain, but are revengers to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.'

"There is, however, a mock sentimentality that turns away from all punishment, but such a spirit deprives government of all its virtue, renders it a hollow mockery and would would in course of time transform society into a seething mass of savages.

"There are two ways of punishing crime, legal and illegal, i. e. by civil authority or mob law. Now let us lay aside all passion and look at this question from a standpoint of sound reason. There are so many evils attending mob law that I desire to counsel with you while your passions are cool, for should I delay this till our city was shocked with an exhibit of savagery then I might be considered personal. My first objection to mob law, is, that it is not law but lawlessness. One hundred men have no more right, than has one man, to take life. If one man takes the life of another, unless in self defense, is murder; if one hundred men take the life of a fellow man it is no less murder. No provocation can justify mob violence. Mobs are moved or impelled by passion and are not calculated

to serve justice. The innocent are as liable to suffer in the hands of mob as the guilty. Men impelled by the baser passions are not capable of cool reasoning. Evidence in lynch law is always circumstantial and the case is always tried after the victim has been disposed of."

Here the doctor related a case in Macon, Ga., where a young lady was outraged and because she was last seen in a certain hack, the driver of that hack was taken and lynched, and in a few days the evidence was overwhelming that they had hanged an innocent man.

"Mobs cannot be trusted for the reason they act on the impulse of the moment and then reflect when it is too late to make amends for their mistakes. The sentiment that instigates mob law is, in itself, dangerous to a community. It destroys all respect for and weakens the arm of law. Though the law be slowly but surely executed, it has more effect than does mob law in deterring others from crime. Mob violence encourages crime in that a vicious person will think what one hundred men may be permitted to do he may do; hence the power of law is destroyed, and that community is in a worse state than it was before any effort at suppressing crime was made. The evils of mob law do not cease with the destruction of its victim. The horrible details of its work, published in the columns of our papers, is demoralizing and very damaging to the moral sense, and goes on preparing the way for other crimes after the mob has dispersed. Mobs resort to torture which is no part of civilized punishment for crime. It belongs to the dark ages, and only found lodgement or toleration in the heart of the savage. Civilized governments prohibit the torture of criminals and punish them for a three-fold reason: 1. The criminal is not fit to live. 2. To place him in a condition where he cannot repeat the crime. 3. To deter others from doing the same thing.

The prime object is to protect society, not to reform the criminal. The delay in our courts, the use of technicalities in securing the acquittal of criminals is offered as an apology for mob law. I am in sympathy with that feeling, but two wrongs never make one right. It is far better to abide the results of delays and jury "fixing" than to

rush madly into the awful results of mob violence. Mob law is an utter failure as a remedy for court defects, or for deferring crime.

In Texarkana a fiend is burned at the stake and in a few short weeks the identical crime for which this wretch pays the awful penalty is repeated in the immediate neighborhood. There is a better, a more civilized, a more noble way to remedy the defects in our laws and courts than lynching or burning criminals at the stake, for every demonstration of mob violence leads us farther from the goal aimed at every christian and civilized government." Here the doctor introduced and read a lengthy editorial in the St. Louis Republic, an extract only, of which we give in this connection. It reads:

"The most pressing need now is of the moral courage that will have clear vision for duty and that will not shrink from it. Without such courage law will fail, religion will fail, liberty will fail, and there will remain a lower barbarism than has prevailed in the darkest regions of Africa. Things have been done openly and done in the name of the white people of the South, that were never done before except by the most degraded, cruel and devilish of the American Indians. Even among the lowest cannibals of Africa such cruelties were never practiced by mobs of degraded white ruffians, daring to act openly and in doing so to say: 'We are the people of the South, and what we do the South endorses.'

The first and highest duty of every Southern man who is worthy even to speak of such Southern men as Washington, Jefferson, Lee and Stonewall Jackson is to resolve that, at the sacrifice of his life, if necessary, he will stand for law and order in his community; that he will oppose himself to the anarchy and diabolical brutality of mobs, and that he will never give consent by silence to the claims of such scoundrels to be the 'the people.'"

Dr. Lloyd closed his remarks by appealing to the people to stand by the governor and see that the laws of the country are enforced and legally administered, quoting: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

THE HEART OF STONE AND HEART OF FLESH.

BY REV. B. H. CARROLL, D. D.

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Scriptures: 2 Cor. 1:22; Eph. 1:13; 4:30; Matt. 13:12-15; 2 Tim. 2:19; Heb. 3:7-13.

Text: [Ezekiel, 36:26: And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.]

Theme: Tenderness of heart necessary to the reception of deep and lasting religious impressions, as we melt the wax to make it take the image and superscription of the seal.

A seal indicates ownership and pledges protection. When God's seal is put upon us it indicates his ownership of us and it secures us until the time when the body as well as the soul is fully and finally redeemed in heaven. Whoever has this seal of God has also an earnest of heaven in his possession now. In general terms, an earnest means a part of the money prepaid, which is a pledge of the payment of the rest of the money, and it is the same in kind, though not in degree, with that which shall ultimately be given. And when it is said that we have an earnest of the Spirit, it means that when we are converted, God gives us a foretaste of the joys of heaven. When we get to heaven we will have, in great fullness and in unspeakable abundance, joys like the joys that come to the forgiven soul.

Now, sometimes we are hardly able to content ourselves with the preciousness of the peace and the sweetness of the hope and the tenderness of the love with which God blesses us here on earth. That is how we will feel, only to an extraordinary, superior degree, when we enter heaven. Upon whom this seal is placed, that one is secure. The apostle, referring to some seeming apostasies, to some people who had made professions of religion and yet had fallen away, thus speaks: "Notwithstanding, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal—the Lord knoweth them that are his." Whenever he puts the mark of his possession on a soul, he knows that soul, and it is utterly impossible for that soul to get away from him, or so far beyond him as to be lost, because that seal points to the destination. He is sealed unto the day of redemption.

In the next place, this seal is always in the Spirit, giving a Greek translation, "In whom (not) by whom) ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." The seal of God was never put upon any soul except that soul had been under the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, and the next thought is that all of the unsealed are lost. Not one soul will enter heaven who has not been sealed by the Holy Spirit of God. Now, you cannot impress that seal, that mark of divine ownership, that guaranty of the divine protection, upon a hard heart, any more than you could take a seal and press it upon hard clay and make an impression on it. The substance never takes the impression of the seal except

in a soft or melted state. And a hard heart, that is, a carnal heart, never can receive the impression of the seal of God, which guarantees to it salvation. And that is what I mean by saying that tenderness of heart is essential to the reception of the impression of Jesus Christ upon the soul. The hard heart prevents conversion, as is expressed in the scripture from Matthew, which I read, where the Saviour said: "The hearts of these people have waxed hard. They have eyes, and they do not see; they have ears, and they do not hear. They have closed their eyes and stopped their ears, lest they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their hearts, and I should heal them." No matter who preaches to a heart of this kind, you cannot put the impress of Jesus on it, even if it is the Son of God himself that is preaching. That kind of a heart cannot receive the image of Jesus Christ stamped upon it. If you will just consider the following thoughts, you will see the philosophy of this.

1. Where the heart is hard and carnal, no presentation of the subject of religion which you may make to it will touch the affections, and an unloving soul is an unsaved soul. You may, by eloquence, or by vivid illustration, or by some trick of manner, interest the mind somewhat, but while the heart is in that condition, it is utterly impossible for you, by your preaching, to touch the deep-seated affections, and until you do it, it is utterly impossible for that soul to be converted.

2. In the next place, you can never, by preaching, give a sufficient impulse to the will of one who has that kind of a heart. They may show you great respect in the manner in which they

listen to you. They may be entertained with so much of history, science or declamation as your sermon contains, but you never can, by that preaching, conquer, subdue and cause their will to move in the direction of heaven. They do not will to do it, and the soul that is unwilling never will receive the impress of Jesus Christ, and can never be saved.

3. In the next place, with this kind of a heart, no matter how much apparent interest may be manifested, your preaching can never seriously touch the every day life of such people. They will hear you for perhaps a year at a time, but when they go out of the house there is no change in the sort of life that they live. They have not so heard and so received the truth that it has wrought any practical revision or reformation in their thoughts and in their deeds. Well, now, a life that is not changed is a lost life. There certainly can be no religion; there can be no seal of God's Spirit; there can be no impress of Jesus Christ upon any man whose life remains as it was before he made a profession of religion.

4. The last reason that enters into the philosophy of the case is, that where you do not get hold of the affections and of the will and of the life, the memory will not retain what you say.

Now, how many ten thousand things have you heard that you have absolutely forgotten? But I venture to say that you do not forget anything which touched your heart, which gave an impulse to your will, which changed your life. The memory holds on to those things. Well, now, God, in his economy of salvation, has made it that the word, to be of benefit to us, must be retained. The mind must hold it; it must not be as a sieve, passing the sermon right through it. It must not go in at one ear and out at the other. It must lodge; it must stick; it must abide in the memory, the mind holding it, holding it when you leave the house, holding it when you are in business. Now take any case, such as comes under your observation, to illustrate this. Out of the vast number of people who were here this morning, we will suppose that some one brought such a heart as I described to church. However respectful he was in occupying his seat and giving due attention, yet, in twenty minutes after he left the church the thoughts that were presented to him were displaced by other thoughts. New images came before his mind. His mind dropped what he heard, just like you drop what you read in the morning paper. There is a temporary interest, but the next morning you have forgotten all about what was in that paper, and you glance at the news column of today, looking for some new thought, new fact. Unless you so preach to men that their memories will retain what is preached, unless it adheres, and inheres and clings, it is impossible for them to be saved. We cannot be saved by what we forget.

Now because of these four things, that you cannot touch the affections, that you cannot give an impulse to the will, that you cannot change the life, and that you cannot effect a lasting lodgment in the memory of people who have unmelted hearts, therefore, it is impossible for them to be saved with that kind of a heart.

Let us next inquire briefly for some of the processes by which this induration takes place—this hardness.

1. Your heart will become hard by indifference. Be indifferent to what

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you hear from the pulpit; touch it lightly with your mind, and after awhile that indifference will cause you to become insensible to a similar presentation of that same thought. We do not realize how grave a sin we commit when we fall into the habit of going to church and indifferently listening to what is said, giving slight attention to it, turning it loose rapidly, allowing something else to come and take its place.

2. Then again, the heart becomes hard by prejudice against the truth, and prejudice is very obdurate, and some prejudices are absolutely incorrigible. You take up a prejudice against a preacher, or against a church, or against the manner of some members of the church, and you allow that prejudice to absolutely shut your eyes to any image that is held up before you, and to close your heart to any impressions that might be made but for that intervening and darkening prejudice which is rapidly making you impervious to the arrows and darts of the truth. I have known cases of this kind where the prejudice would be so insurmountable that it would be a matter of perfect astonishment. The person would be unconscious of it; would say that he was impartial in his judgment, and yet, whenever there was the slightest effort to reach his soul, this prejudice, ever prompt, would leap to its feet, would intervene between the heart and the truth of God, and would call the mind's attention to this grudge that it held, and, by keeping the mind's attention on it, prevent it from being benefitted.

3. In the next place, the heart can become hardened and become insensible by continued neglect. Here is what I mean: Suppose an opportunity comes to you today of receiving a favorable impression for Christianity, and you say, I will attend to that, but not now. I will neglect it this time. And then tomorrow another comes, and you hear the voice, and it makes some slight impression on you, but you neglect that also, and you go on neglecting until after awhile a thousand opportunities may come before you and you will be perfectly unconscious of them. To illustrate what I mean: A lady once, who wished to cure herself of sleeping late in the morning, purchased an alarm clock, and set the alarm so that at a certain hour in the morning it would strike. Just as long as she arose from the bed as soon as the alarm sounded, it was always easy to hear it, but when, after hearing it once, she would wait a little while before she got out of the bed, and the next morning waited a little longer, and the next morning a little longer, by this neglect of action to move when the alarm sounded, she became so insensible to

that sound that it would not wake her at all. You try that. If it is true of a material thing like that, it is equally true of a spiritual thing. Whenever God touches your heart by a sermon, by a prayer, by a song, by a proverb, by a death in the community, by sickness in your own family, by some narrow escape which you have had from death, and you do not act upon that impression, your heart becomes harder and ever harder to impress, and after awhile it takes no impressions; it petrifies against impressions.

4. This hardness can be brought about by murmuring at the difficulties that are in the path that God marks out for you. Let us take a noted case cited in one of the scriptures which I read: The Lord was leading his children from Egypt to the promised land and the pillar of fire showed them where to stay every night; and the pillar of cloud showed them where to go every day; and that pillar of cloud led them one time into a desert, a very bleak place. There was no vegetation. It was exceedingly hot and dusty and there was no water. They became restive and impatient under the condition into which God had led them, and they began to cry out and murmur and chide Moses and Aaron, and say: "Why did you ever bring us out of Egypt? We could rest some there. We did have the Nile water to drink, and here there is not even any water to drink. You sinned against us in leading us into such a condition." Now that murmuring spirit is not characteristic of that people and of that time alone. It is characteristic of unbelief whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever cherished. It is here. It is among us. It may be that God has led you into a place of some difficulty. It may be that the road of your prosperity has been closed up temporarily. It may be that you have been circumscribed to a degree that is very embarrassing to your restive spirit, and you have in your heart a grudge against God on account of the condition you are in. Your spirit is better; you complain of him. You seem to deny by your words and by your actions that you are justly in that condition. You seem to claim that you are entitled to a better condition. Now this murmuring, bitter spirit will make the heart very hard, for that is exactly what is stated in the letter to the Hebrews: "Harden not your heart as in the provocation, as in the temptation in the wilderness." Don't you ever let your heart be made hard by anything of that kind. I know that the Lord sometimes leads us into narrow places where we have not that largeness of feeling and that sense of comfort, and that physical pleasure, nor the means for mental enjoyment, nor even according to our judgment, for spiritual enjoyment, and we are restive under this, and directly we find ourselves holding a grudge against the Almighty. Let me say to you that you are in a perilous state when you allow that grudge against God to get into your heart. You are hardening your heart as they did in the wilderness. Therefore, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be

in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called today; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

5. Finally, when you go on hardening your heart by indifference, by yielding to prejudice, by the love of forbidden things, by neglecting the opportunities which God gives you, and by murmuring when you are placed in hard circumstances, after awhile the Lord will say, "I will harden your heart. I will let you have enough of that which you have coveted. I will blind you judicially. I will seal up your ear that you cannot hear. I will recall every opportunity of grace that might reach your soul. I will send a dearth of the word of God upon you, and I will make your heart stone itself, lest you should see with your eyes and hear with your ears, and be converted and I should heal you." It is a fearful condition when God punishes our inclination to hardness of heart, by aiding us in that hardening, and by judicially placing us beyond the reach of the influences of mercy and of salvation.

Now we come up to a brief consideration of our text. This text says: "I (God is speaking; mark that) will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh." (a). I do want you to notice the first thought in it that God takes away the hard heart, the stony heart. No preacher in the world can do it. All of the Christians of the church, of a community, of a state, of a nation, of the world, with their combined power, with all the swelling songs that they may sing, or the prayers that they may offer, or the preaching with which they may urge united and combined effort, cannot take away the hard heart. Now, just fix that in your mind, that God only can do it. (b). The next thought is that when God does take away your hard heart, and make it tender, impressionable, sensitive, he never does do this on your account. What I mean is that it is not on account of any goodness in you. There is no excellence upon your part that obliges him to do that. You have nothing which constitutes an obligation against God. If ever your heart is made tender, it will be an act of pure mercy, of genuine grace, and whenever you come to him with this hard heart and demand that it be melted, and claim on account of yourself that it should be re-

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moved, let me tell you that it will never be done. In the context he says: "Oh, house of Israel, I do not this for your sake." Then for whose sake is it done? He says: "For my own name's sake." There is a consideration which moves him. There is a basis for his action in melting and making tender a human heart, and that is, the Lord Jesus Christ—what Christ has done, when he died for us, when he came to take our place. There was no righteousness in us, and no purity in us, and no goodness in us that would obligate God to make our hearts tender. But for Jesus' sake, if it is ever done, it will be done.

Now I am calling your attention to this because a great many people complain that they have sought this melted heart and found it not, that they have time and again endeavored to soften their nature and disposition in the direction of religion, and that they have miserably failed. Let me ask you if your efforts have been without regard to Christ, for whose sake, if it is ever done at all, the Holy Spirit touches and makes the heart tender?

In the next place, such being the case, what are we to do? If we have hard hearts, if the impress of Christ cannot be made, if the seal will not stamp its image and its superscription until the heart is made tender, and if God alone can do this, and if when God does it, it is a matter of grace, mercy, favor, and if when it is done it is exclusively on account of the Lord Jesus Christ, then you say, what am I to do? Now, I do want your very special attention while I talk to you on that point. I do wish you could listen carefully, for it is a pertinent question. How am I to get rid of this cold, this hard, this unfeeling heart? What must I do? Well, now, this same connection says—let me repeat it: "I do not this for your sakes, Oh, house of Israel, but for my name's sake I will take away your stony heart and give you a heart of flesh." Now, mark you "Yet for this will I be enquired of." What does that mean? That certainly does mean that you must pray for it, that you are to ask for it. But you say, what good will it do? Let me repeat another scripture to you. Listen to it carefully: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Which of you, if your child shall ask you for bread will give him a stone, or if he ask for a fish will give him a serpent. If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Now, there is the scripture. How are you going to get your heart made tender? There is only one power that can compass it. There is but one that can do this.

"Oh, breath of life, breathe on my soul:
On me let streams of mercy roll."

1. Most affectionately and tenderly would I direct your steps to salvation. Will you hear me? My my first direction is this: Get on your knees. Be-take yourself to prayer. You cannot claim this special mercy as your due. You have no price that you can pay for it. If it comes, it comes as a matter of mercy and grace, and you must pray for it, or you are lost. Around your heart, let me bind these two scriptures: "And yet for this I would be inquired of," and "How much more will our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask of him," and I would fix these two declarations in my mind, and I would take up the figure Jesus presented, that if an earthly father will give bread and not a stone, and a fish and not a serpent, to a hungry child, how much more will God, so much higher, and better and holier than we, hear our petitions. But you say that it will do no good for a sinner to pray. It will do no good if you pray with the thought of sin in your heart; I mean if you pray with a view to the gratification of your own lust. But nowhere in the word of God is there any inhibition upon the sinner's praying for mercy. If he ever obtains mercy he must ask for it. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," is the prayer of one who received the commendation of the Saviour himself. Now, if you are a doubter on that subject, whether you are a Christian or not a Christian, if you doubt that the sinner's prayer will do any good I do want to ask you if the moral law which calls upon every man to worship God ever loses any of its obligation, because we are sinners? I would ask you what it means when God says that the wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God and that God's vengeance shall fall upon all "that call not upon his name?" What does it mean? I would ask you what that scripture means which says

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"Whosoever will call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." What does it mean? Oh my brother, that is an awful and a chilling and a deadening heresy in your heart if you think that a sinner cannot pray to God for mercy and for the Spirit's power. He is lost unless he does it.

2. And now my second direction. Strive just as earnestly as you can to understand and to apply what you hear and read, even though you will not understand except God gives you the power. What I mean is you make the

short, you strive earnestly to understand what is said to you about religion, about being a Christian, and ask God to help you to understand. No sinner that ever yet had his back toward heaven and his face toward hell; no sinner who had not as yet fallen over the precipice of death, ever turned around and said "God help me to understand" without the Lord's hearing that prayer. In the language of one of the grand old men of former days, "I believe that if a sinner were standing upon the very edge of perdition and there should lift up his hands and cry to God for light and mercy the Lord would hear him and would save him." Whosoever will call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. What did Jesus mean when he said "Strive to enter in at the straight gate?" I would like to hear your explanation of that. It certainly has some import. He spake no idle word. But on your theory that you are just to sit still, that you are to be dumb, that you are not to move, that you are to take no step, I would ask you what that scripture means, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many I say unto you will seek to enter therein and shall not be able?"

3. Now listen to my third direction. Just as far as you do understand, practically conform your life to that much. Suppose you were here and there is a great darkness out ahead of you, and you do not know what is in that darkness. You hear strange sounds out there. Your imagination peoples that gloom with strange phantoms. And here comes a voice that tells you to walk out into that darkness and you say: "I do not see. I do not know

how to go." Now while you are saying that there comes a little light. It shines into that darkness just about a yard. Now you go just as far as that light shines. Do not stand there like a fool and say I will not take a step unless the light shines clear to the end of the road. Practically conform your life to the light; you have as far as that light shines. Now did you ever think about this, that you can actually travel over a thousand miles of darkness with a light [whose circumference is not] over ten feet? Did you ever think about that? Well you say how is that possible? Let us see. Suppose you have a lantern in your hand. The light of that lantern has a circumference of only ten feet. And that light being furnished, you are commanded to march out into that darkness. As you go forward, the light goes forward. As you move, it moves. As you proceed, it pushes back the boundary of darkness. So if you have light enough to take one step, take it, and you will have light enough to take another, and thus on and on.

And now I am coming to the conclusion. "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh." Oh, what if tonight, what if tonight God should pass through this audience and actually press his seal against your heart. If your heart is hard it will take no impression. It

has done no good. Jesus Christ cannot be impressed upon the carnal heart. And that is the true secret in of that declaration in John's Gospel: "You must be born again." You must be born from above. You must be born of the Spirit. It is that melting, that heart-melting power of the Spirit that we need. It is a waste of your time, it is sure and continued and eternal disappointment to you to try to be a Christian with an unmelted heart. You cannot do it. Your affections are not touched. Your will has no impulse. Your life is not changed. Your memory does not retain. You cannot, with theatear, honor and glorify God here on earth, nor be received up into heaven. You are just shut up to this, and it is an initial thing. It lies right at the start. It is an imperious necessity toward taking a single step, that the breath of the Holy Spirit should be on your soul. It makes us sick, it fills our very soul with sadness, it is enough to cause our heads to turn to water and our eyes to a fountain of overflowing tears, to see theological quacks, to see empirics, by some earthly ritual, or by some intellectual ledger-deman, try to make a man a Christian and let him have his heart unchanged. Go on with your whitewashing if you will, go on with your baptizing if you will, go on with your ceremonies if you choose; but all the waters of baptism that ever flowed, and all of the rites to which you may ever submit, and all of the whitewashing that you may ever get, will do you no good unless the Spirit of the great God breathes upon you and first makes the tree good. Then the fruit will be good. Go to the fountain. Go to the fountain and let the work be done there.

Since I have been the pastor of this church I have come right square up against this difficulty in the cases of the most intelligent men and women. They have been willing to pursue any direction in the world that I would give them, except the directions that I have given here tonight. This is one of the commonest states into which a sinner gets. I doubt not there are some of them right here tonight. I venture to say that if you would be honest, and I were to ask you to stand up if I have exactly hit your case, that there would be a dozen right here in this house tonight. This is your attitude. You say if this power must come from the Holy Spirit, if, when it comes it is of grace, if it is done not on my account but on Christ's account, I have got nothing to do. I will just wait. I am waiting for the Spirit. I do implore you, as it is a precious thing to you not to die forever, as it must be a hope to you to live in happiness after you have passed away from this world, do not lie down supinely on your back and hug that phantom of hope to your heart, "waiting for the Spirit." Today, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Tonight, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Pray. Go home and get down on your knees. Gather the promises of God about you, take them up in your arms, and pray and ask God to give you, his Holy

Spirit to make your heart tender, to make it sensitive, to make it so that it will receive the impress of Christ, and his image will be formed in you, the hope of glory.

I asked you Christians at the commencement of this sermon to offer a certain prayer. I made that request in very deep earnestness and sincerity. My own mind today—I do not know why, I simply state the fact—my own mind today, by one of this strange and peculiar coincidences of Christian life, has all gone out to one person. When I shut my eyes I see that person before me, and my unceasing prayer today has been: "Oh, Spirit of God, breathe on that soul; make that heart tender. Melt it, melt it, that it may receive the impress of Jesus Christ." Now, I want to ask you Christian people if you will not join in a prayer of this kind. I dictate nothing to you. If you are alive tonight, if you are in good spiritual training tonight, it is utterly impossible for you to be so without having a desire for the salvation of some soul. Now, you fix your mind on that soul and let your prayer be for that soul. Oh, God, send your

Spirit to that heart. Let that be your prayer. I will offer my prayer and each one of us will offer an earnest petition for the quickening and regenerating power of the Eternal Spirit. To prepare our souls for this final prayer tonight, let us invoke the aid of spiritual song. Let us first, with the spirit and with the understanding, sing the prayer: "Oh, thou that inhabitest the praise of Israel," dwell in this song and prepare us to pray. Here is the hymn—it is by Philip Doddridge, and is brim-full of old-fashioned theology:

Lord, shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away.
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas divide; the mountains shake
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
All but an adamant would melt;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

But one can yet perform the deed;
That one in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

Oh, breath of life, breathe on my soul
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now thaw with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

JANUARY 30, 1893.

COMING CHURCH.

Rev. T. Dixon Sounds a
Warning to Protestants.

Immense Political, Social and Financial
Strength of Roman Catholicism in
America and the Causes of It.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Rev. The Dixon, Jr., prefaced the sermon of morning in Association hall with a view of the subject of the municipal control of public franchises, with special reference to the proposed development of rapid transit in cities. He said:

The question of the granting of public franchises to private corporations in our cities is no longer a problem merely of business or politics. It is a moral problem as well.

Is it right for this generation to the birthright of generations yet unborn? Have we the moral right to bind a series of fraud and oppression on children shall be born hundreds of years hence? Have we the moral right to sell the streets of a city to a corporation for years? Is not such a transaction on every face a swindle which our children have a right to repudiate even by the violence of a revolution?

The question of rapid transit and charters needed for its development is now a burning one in many great cities in America. It presses with peculiar force in New York—with a force at least equal to the morning and evening on the elevated roads. The pressure that daily scramble for life cannot adequately characterized by language yet.

Why should we seek to sell the charter of any rapid transit scheme? The government has the money, and it commands the brains. Let the people take their own road and operate it in their own behalf. Let the legislature of New York at once authorize the city government to build the underground system and authorize the present rapid transit commission to do the work. The competent men. The city has confidence in them. It seems to me there are reasons why this should be done, and them certainly these:

First—The municipal government is directly concerned in such transit matters first and last, it matters not who builds the roads. They must be built on or under public streets. They must be recrossed the municipal authority thousand points of contact, and a point of contact is a possible point of conflict and of consequent possibility of bribery and corruption. The city government only has full power to control such public works. The development of a city depends more upon its transit facilities than upon any other one thing perhaps. Whose business is it to see the proper development of the city is the municipality's itself?

Second—The city has never taken private hands any public work but it has improved it and advanced the interests of the whole people. Take, for example, the water supply. With all the corruption of aqueducts our water supply is better and cheaper than under private control there can be found no man today enough to advocate a return to the rate control of water. What the city did for our water supply it can do for rapid transit, and more.

Third—The history of the granting of public franchises to private corporations in cities has been the history of bribery, corruption, public fraud, betrayed trusts and the triumph in the end of some individual who had nothing to do with the conception or development of great enterprises in themselves public necessities. The city has not been able to protect its rights against these corporate power. And the swindled public have had to dress. Taxes have not been lightened. What else could be expected? Corruptions are formed to make money, to benefit the people. Men invest their capital in them for dividends, not

Fourth—The history of the great elevated railroad swindle of New York would be a warning sufficient to point New York at least along the road of a better life.

According to incontrovertible testimony, these roads are capitalized on paper three times the sum it actually required to build them—that is to say, the managers of these roads rob the people of New York every year of the interest on that watered stock to the amount at least \$160,000,000. And for this robbery what do they give in return? Just as mean a public service as a long suffering people will tolerate this side of a movement to confiscate the property. People are made to stand up as a policy of the road.

When they say they cannot provide seats they lie. This is shown in the fact that on Sundays they reduce the number of cars run until the people are forced to stand up going down to church Sunday mornings and returning Sunday evenings. They don't provide seats because it is cheaper to make people stand up. They build one flight of steps at a station that requires two, and make people fight and scramble in crowds getting up and down because it costs a little more to build and keep up two flights of steps. They work their employees unmercifully seven days in the week because they have the power to oppress and are responsible to nobody. Does any sane man believe that the children of the next generation will tolerate such a system? I tell you what I fear—that if the programme of such concerns are not changed they will be blown to atoms with dynamite in less than fifty years from today. Let the wise men see to it.

Fifth—It is the age of the people—the management of the business of the people by the people and for the benefit of the people.

I do not believe in Tammany Hall. But William M. Tweed is a saint compared with the thief who conceived the brilliant plan of robbing the people of New York of \$160,000,000 in watered stock on the elevated roads. All the corruption of the politicians for 400 years pales into utter insignificance compared with this single black record of a private betrayal of a public trust. Let the city government build our roads hereafter. We can watch Tammany. But the ways of Jay Gould and his descendants are past finding out. And Tammany is responsible at the ballot box and must answer. These conspirators are responsible to nobody and do not answer even at the bar of God, for they have no soul and yet live forever.

THE NEW CATHOLICISM.

He that is not against us is for us.—Mark ix, 40.

There is no mistaking the fact that the age in which we live is a religious age, and that the century upon which we are about to enter is to be pre-eminently in the history of the race the religious century of the world's history. There is no questioning the fact that today in every nation and in every walk of life the problems that center in religion are the problems of the day, whether it be the questions of ecclesiasticism, which breaks out in a heresy trial in the Presbyterian church, or those which have been the centers of storms in Andover and New England, or whether we come into our own denomination and find there discussions which embody practically the same facts, or whether we go today into the great Roman Catholic world and find there the lines of battle drawn between two great factions.

There is going to be in the near future a wonderful development of religion. The press indicates the fact. If you go into the book stores and examine the books you will find those works at the head which have this motive for their central idea. Take the newspaper in New York city that incarnates the devil more supremely in every column than any other, and you will find that paper has religious matter in its pages every day in the year, not because its editor has any religion, but because he knows the people who read have, and so he is forced to put it in to keep up with the times.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

This progress, this development, the signs that indicate such unusual activity, have for the religious world profound significance, and one of the most interesting questions that arise upon its consideration is the relation of the Roman Catholic church in America to this development. There has been a degree of progress, a revolutionary change of front, within the past few years, which has been nothing short of a miracle. We are profoundly interested in their affairs, Protestants though we are.

In the first place, we are interested because they represent the majority of the Christian world, the vast majority, numbering Christian nations numerically. The Roman Catholics embrace something like 250,000,000 of the inhabitants of Christendom, and whatever their errors or mistakes or sad history in the past have been they are our brethren in Christ. Whatever may be the gulf that separates us today from them, the development of Christianity in the future will have no history that will not have as part of its fundamental development the story of the development of this great power, which we have called in the past the Roman Catholic church. It has stood the assaults of centuries—the assaults of men within the church and without. Great men in their revolutions in Italy have arisen and pointed the finger of scorn at the power on that hill in Rome and said, "In so many years it will be swept from the face of the earth." But Rome sits in imperial power on her hills today with greater grasp on the civilization of the age than she had a hundred years ago.

In forming an estimate of other religions we need to be careful. All religions have in them elements of the divine, elements of truth. Whether it is the religion of the savage that bows down before a miserable image in the heart of the wilds of an unexplored forest, whether the Chinaman before his idol in China or the Japanese in Japan—wherever you find man looking up with inquiring heart after God—you are walking on holy ground, and there will be found imbedded in that religion a certain something that you must respect—even something of the divine. It is a fact that most of us have our denominational differences today because of our education. I am a Baptist because my father was. You are a Methodist because your father was. If my father had been a Roman Catholic, I have not the slightest doubt I would be a Catholic today.

THE CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

We are interested and tremendously so in the development of Catholicism in America because America holds in one sense the key to history. Mr. Gladstone, while he represents the high mark of English liberalism, while he is an intense Englishman in everything, says that the next century is to place the crown of empire of the world on the brow of America, and he figures out that you are to have on this continent 365,000,000 of inhabitants at the close of the century

about to dawn upon us. Whatever we may do at present about emigration, we are destined to receive from all the nations of the earth a continued stream of life, seeking a wider and freer and nobler and broader outlook.

Call the roll of the future, then, and you will find at the very head will stand this great nation called America. What is to be the relation of this Roman church to this America that is to be built, that is to be the imperial nation of all the nations of earth, with its 365,000,000 of people, with its seacoast that looks out upon every point of compass of the earth and with its harbors that shall bear the ships of every nation of the world?

Is the Catholic church in America to be an enemy to be crushed, or can it be made an ally in the work of saving the world?

In forming conditions of judgment on a question like this you must take the

surroundings of their influence. Bob Burdette gives an illustration of the wrong tendency in this direction when he commented the other day on a Unitarian's report of the religious condition of Japan. The Unitarian said that when he asked a Japanese what he thought of the converts of evangelical churches in that

section of heathendom he replied with "a meaning smile." Burdette says, "That is information from headquarters." If you want to find out about Christian converts go to the heathen for information. If you want to find out about the Democratic party ask the Republican. If you want to find out about the Methodists go to the Baptists. If you want to find out the facts about a man straight from the very fountain head, always go to the enemy of the man about whom you want your information, and you are certain to get it. It would not be fair if we consulted only those sources of information.

First—Is this church today an enemy to be crushed?

In some things, yes—that is, from my point of view. The church of Rome, as constituted today, still has in it much of intolerance and bigotry. It has too much of the dogmatic in it—the spirit that says, Because tradition has decreed this thing to be so you must bow to it, and if you do not believe it you will be damned. I do not like that spirit, whether in the Roman or the Baptist church—the bigotry that says you must not marry a Protestant, because he is a heathen; the bigotry that would damn to eternal hell men outside the pale of the church.

I believe that those dogmas are destructive of the very fundamentals of Christianity; that they are destroying the faith of the world and of Catholics themselves. The Catholic church does not hold its members when they come over here and begin to look over this great free nation of ours. They cannot swallow those dogmatic assertions when they breathe this free air. I have baptized some of them in my church. The number that I baptize is very small, but the number that go into infidelity is very large. This latter fact should give to their leaders most serious thought.

ECCLESIASTICAL POWER.

I think the Catholic church is wrong in its question of the concentrated power of ecclesiasticism. I believe democracy is the world conquering power. I believe, in other words, that the dogma of a papal infallibility is a stumbling block over which many Catholics will lose their faith, and over which we, too, may have serious fears. I do not say that so much about the present pope. He has

done so many remarkable things since I have been studying him that I am inclined to believe myself that he is almost infallible. If all the popes of history had been like him we would have had a different civilization from what we have today. I do not say that the influence of such a man may not be in the crisis of the world a power for good. But there is a certain intolerance of free thought that still survives that threatens the development. You will find surviving there a spirit willing to burn at the stake today a man who would dare to differ from him.

Turn today to the great city of New York. I have an idea that a faction of the Roman Catholic priesthood practically dominates this city—has entirely too much influence in saying who shall be the governors of the metropolis. The Roman Catholic element today seems the dominating force that supports the iniquities of Tammany Hall. I have seen Catholic priests going in and out there, as though that were the center of Manhattan Island. The question suggested itself to me, What is the mutual relation between those two forces—the force of a gloved ecclesiastical power beneath the surface and the force that dominates thus above the surface? Curious fact that whenever a little fellow who aspires to power in Tammany Hall begins to climb you will hear of him joining the Catholic church, and then he is really promoted.

I do not say that because I hate the Catholic church, but because the Protestants are asleep. You are too slow; you are behind the times; you are out of date; you are of no account. These men run the whole thing, and you sit down in your seats on the day of election and let them run it. So far as this town has got any religion in its government it is a Catholic religion, and if it did not have that little, what would become of us? I think the devil himself would sell out the whole town if it were not for the small amount of saving grace that must percolate from the good brothers and sisters that form a part of the vital Catholic church in this city today.

But while we bring these charges against our Catholic brethren we must not say we are entirely holy. I do not like their dogmas, but if we look around in Protestant history we will find that John Calvin was not without fault. We find today, even in the city of New York, in an enlightened Protestant church, that our good brethren persist in appealing to the general assembly against the great heretic who has had the audacity to think a few thoughts different from themselves. It is the same spirit that burned Bruno and cursed the world in the past. You will find the same spirit that has disgraced the history of Christianity thus alive in Protestant circles today.

PRESERVE THE FREE SCHOOLS.

Now the Catholic church is an enemy today that we must guard from another point of view, and that is the school point of view. There has been a conspiracy to destroy the American school system. That conspiracy has culminated during the past year or two in crises that have brought it to the attention of the authorities in Rome in a way that they could no longer overlook it, and that endangered the future of the Catholic church because it was about to arraign against it the whole American nation. The man who sits on the throne of St. Peter's has shown a wisdom in that he has swung the whole ecclesiastical machine away from the imperial center and toward the common people.

There is a conspiracy in the Catholic church in America today to destroy the

chool system of America, and it is determined and strong and widespread. They meant to destroy it, root and branch. They set out not only to divide the school fund, but to destroy the very basis on which a free school system rests. They have come to a period in its development in which they have been compelled to pause, and well they might.

The American people have taken a stand that meant something, and done it so emphatically that it has caused the Church of Rome to take its stand by Edward McGlynn, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland.

There is no sort of question about where America is going to stand in this contest. These factions are not going to stop tomorrow, but in the fight that is to come there is certain to be a triumph of one of them. One of those factions stands for the American idea of a free, broad education; the other stands for the narrow ecclesiastical conception of an education that is no education at all, along the line simply of a catechism and under the shadow of an ecclesiastical machine. In the development of that struggle you are to take an important part. We are to give unqualified support and friendship and fraternal greeting to the patriotic Catholic who believes in his country and his flag. I believe the time has come when Protestant Christianity shall join hands with that wing of the Catholic church which is represented by the spirit of Nineteenth century liberalism and breadth of view and say: "We are brethren. We stand with you today, and we will back you in this movement, and give you not our curses in this fight, but our earnest and honest Christian support."

THE CASE OF FATHER M'GLYNN.

I thought at first it was a calamity that Dr. McGlynn went back to the Catholic church. He is the grandest man that has drawn the sword against the Rome machine within the present century. He has the biggest heart and brain of any man I know who has drawn the sword against the power at St. Peter's since Martin Luther nailed his theses on the door of the church at Wittenburg, and I had hoped that he might come into the Protestant fold. But it seems God did not so will it, and I believe his return will bring with it so broadening and sweetening an influence that its reflex will be felt throughout the entire length and breadth of the Catholic world. If we judge by the developments in the past month or two, it would seem we have reason to hope for this.

Second—Is the Church of Rome an ally, and can it be used as a power for the salvation of the world? I believe it is possible in the future development of this nation. In the first place; nine-tenths of our doctrinal agreements are identical with the Catholics; the one-tenth on which we differ is the question of ecclesiastical machinery. And Rome herself is coming to democracy, and when she agrees to the great fundamental principles of a democratic government in the state she will come at last to the other, for the state yields the basis on which the church will be built in the future.

The Church of Rome in this city today is doing a work for the foreign masses we are not doing. This town could not be held from the devil for twenty-four hours if it were not for the power of the Catholic priesthood. You would have to turn your guns into these streets and sweep them with grape and canister without them. What have you done to reach these people? Nothing. What are you going to do? Nothing. Who are

doing that work? The Jewish rabbis and the Catholic priests. If they do not do it, it is not done. If you take those forces away, you have left the people absolutely in darkness. If that is a fact, you have got to recognize it, and that these forces are being utilized for good.

Then I admire the wisdom and skill of the Catholic church and priesthood. They have more sense than Protestant ministers. They are more skillful. They have longer heads. They know better how to grasp and hold a city. Go and look at their big churches here today. In my western trips the biggest churches I see are the Catholic churches. They were the first in the town, before the other denominations thought of building, and the priests got the lots for nothing too—long headed men that look far into the future and seize their opportunities and hold on to them forever.

While other churches lost their rights to church and title in this city, they had sense to go to the legislature and have their titles perfected while you were asleep. And then they do not preach on Sunday and say to the people, "You can go to the devil during the week." They teach their people that what they preach on Sunday is to be put into life on Monday, and the priest can say things that have great power and influence in the political world. When Hill said, "Give me the saloons, and you can have the churches," he was talking about the Protestant churches, not the Catholic. Why? Because our Protestant churches are a *disorganized mob*—every man for himself, dog eat dog—while the Catholic church goes right on to its triumph and glory, incarnating a power for righteousness here.

CHRISTIAN IS AS CHRISTIAN DOES.

From Catholicism today we should learn divine lessons of unity and of the concrete application of truth in every-day life. The question is, in fact, what a Christian does, not what he professes. We have got the best creed—the creed in the abstract—but Christian is what Christian does. I have been alarmed about some things in the Protestant world as I watched the progress of Rome. The pope of Rome has showed in this age that he knows the drift of the century; that he has adjusted the whole machinery of Rome to that drift, and that he has felt the pulse of the social age; that the masses are going to rule the world, and he is going to be the friend of the masses and rule them. If you are going to keep up with Rome, you must know those facts as thoroughly as the pope knows them today. We have got the creed, but be careful that you put it in practice. Practice is what tells in the Christian world, not paper creeds or theory.

Catholics are liberal givers. When Dr. McGlynn was turned out of St. Stephen's church the collection amounted to \$2,500 a Sunday. No great rich people in that parish—all poor people, but they are taught to give; it is part of their religion and life. If a Catholic dies he remembers the church. *A Presbyterian died the other day in New York!*

Inside of every Protestant Denomination

HOW IT GROWS.

Rev. Dixon on the Evolution of Humanity.

A Preface on the Coming National Administration—Evolution Evidently the Divine Method.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The sermon of the day in Association hall was preceded this morning by a review of the new administration about to be inaugurated at Washington. Mr. Dixon said:

We stand again upon the threshold of a change of administration in our national government. These courts are the landmarks found at regular intervals making our national history. We have no such thing as a governmental crisis. Our government is astronomical. It is wound up to run four years. It runs four years.

The formalities of an administration change impress the eye with dramatic importance. In reality they are unimportant. The real change occurred some time before in the minds of the sovereign people. The officeholder in America is merely a servant carrying out his master's orders. There is only one king among us—the citizen king. The officeholder is always and only a servant, from the street sweeper to the chief of police, and from the justice of the peace to the president of the republic.

With our presidents the people have lodged large powers. And they are sorely abused. The presidential chair has sometimes transformed a second rate politician into a dignified and patriotic statesman for the time.

Many of our presidents have turned from the petty demands of party cliques and factions and the noblest independent action in a conscientious effort to represent the whole people, whose will they personify.

President Harrison in the close of his vigorous administration has given us a striking example of this broader, nobler view in appointing as supreme court judge a man opposed to his own party in politics. General Harrison in that act showed himself to be president of the United States of America, representing 60,000,000 of people—not merely the figurehead of a political machine. The machine has howled most vociferously. Let it howl. Honest and patriotic citizenship rejoices and writes Harrison's name a line higher on the roll of true fame.

In making up his cabinet for the new administration Mr. Cleveland has treated us to a genuine sensation in politics. The fact is Mr. Cleveland is a very sensational officer—be it said to his honor. The little machine tinkers can never predict even what he will do next. Mr. Tilden said of him that he was the boldest politician he had ever known. He certainly is a unique force in modern American politics. He thinks for himself. He carries out the will of the people according to his own conception of that will—not according to the dictates of a faction.

He has appointed Judge Gresham, an independent Republican, secretary of state.

To say that this took the breath away from the various little machines would be to mildly express it. Such acts on the part of a retiring president and an incoming one of the opposite party are indications of the dawn of a new day in American politics. The day of party worship is passing away. The day of men and principles is once more returning. The party fetich has been the power that during the past generation has well nigh throttled true statesmanship. Mr. Cleveland begins his work well. He has little to bind him to partisan pig politics. The better element of our citizenship look with hope and faith to his administration.

The next four years will be eventful in the history of our nation. In these four years will be formed the lines of real battle along which the hosts of freemen are to fight in the next generation. Traditions, memories and ghosts must go to the rear. New men and new measures for a new generation and a new world! The coming 20th century holds its own problems. The children of the century must settle them. With all its wild dreams and "impossible" propositions, I say again the new People's party has sounded the battlecry for the next generation.

Let the old parties shut their eyes to the fact if they will. It is among the possibilities that this party of the masses, as against the classes, will elect the next president. The rise of this party during the past four years to the poll of a million votes was a miracle in American politics. If the old parties do not heed some of its demands, their deathknell will be sounded within the life of the incoming administration. Let no young man be blinded by a display of power in the passing moment. The power that rules today may be thrust into oblivion tomorrow. The Tammany that rules supreme today may be a stinking memory within a decade. The new administration may fall at the end of four years never to rise again. Truth and right alone endure forever!

THE BRUTE INHERITANCE.

We ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for our adoption—to wit, the redemption of our body.—Romans viii, 23.

It is a fact—we are still waiting, still groaning over the problem. Progress in civilization is simply the mark of our attainment in our effort to throw off the brute inheritance. I believe that, as clearly as a scientific hypothesis can be established, the theory of evolution is practically established. It seems to me to harmonize more clearly with the Bible than any theory of creation I have ever read, and to be the only rational explanation of the method God used in making

man. I cannot see how it was possible for God to cut man out of whole cloth, as a tailor would cut a coat out of a piece of goods. It is not God's way of doing things, and I cannot conceive that it is the way he made the world from the beginning.

Real progress today is developed in proportion to our elimination of the brutal in life and society. Are we making progress? Yes, we are. I believe that the world is better today than it was yesterday, and that there is a continuous progress through the centuries. As I study history I see man slowly emerging from a more brutal into a less brutal condition. The apostle cries in anguish of heart, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death, from this power inherent chained to me, which drags me down, and with which I must forever wrestle?" Strug-

gle and conflict are the very requisites of progress, and there can be no real struggle without real progress. Man is all the time making this struggle, and through the years he has had this eternal battle between the spirit and flesh, and progress has been the inevitable result, because the spirit must at last conquer that which is its inferior.

MORAL FORCES GROWING STRONGER.

We see from history that brutal strife is eliminated as man makes progress. We used to go to war because we wanted to fight. We picked a quarrel, and when there was no excuse we found one for the fun of it. We did it because of the brutal powers that were unsubdued, uncultured, untaught. We do just as mean and bad things today, but we do them more scientifically. We have made progress in methods. We do not sharpen our swords now; we have a law against it. We shoot a man to pieces with a gatling gun. We do not use poisoned daggers, but dynamite bombs, and save the trouble of burying him. But in all these things there is something to be found called real progress. You cannot get up a war as easily now; there must be a moral cause for it. As we look back we see that the drift of the ages has been toward peace and life and civilization. The eyes of literature today are on the underworld, the weaker man in the battle of life, and toward the solutions of his problems the heart and brain of the human race are now being concentrated.

Then we have made progress in the development of true religion. We used to burn people at the stake. Now we have our heresy trials, but we have taken the literal fire away, although we expect to burn them in hell forever. But even in this we recognize remarkable progress. We have gone beyond the old days, when men were tortured and racked with pain and cast out and sawed asunder and suffered horrible physical tortures. While I rejoice in this and am far removed from a pessimist, yet it is a sad fact that we have much still to do. Sometimes we think the millennium is already here, and that the world is good enough now. No, my friend; there is much yet to do.

The spirit of man still groans beneath an awful burden of brutal inheritance.

It is true of both the individual and society.

THERE IS A SAVAGE UNDERNEATH.

First—Scratch a man today beneath his clothes, and you will find a savage. You need not go deeper than the cut of his coat, the mere outer makeup of the man. In our present civilization, after all, we depend apparently more upon mere clothes than upon the principles that should animate and govern real life.

I am alarmed when I think how much our civilization depends upon our tailors. I went out the other day to Carlisle, Pa., and studied those Indians. It alarmed me—they are so much like our own folks, cut off the same piece of material. Why, I saw in that school magnificent young men, who came there four years ago dressed as their ancestors were 400 years ago. I saw three young men who came to that institution in the primitive blanket of the savage dressed in magnificent uniform, and they were handsomer, brainier looking men than dozens of dudes I have seen on Fifth avenue. Yet those men on Fifth avenue are the favored heirs of centuries of civilization, and those children of the forests, of the plains, came down with their primitive blankets wrapped around their half naked forms but a few years ago. One of those boys had a picture of an aunt and

a cousin far out in the Indian Territory—a mother and her baby. The little papoose was as handsome as my own child at home, and as I looked in that Indian mother's face I saw lines as delicate—the stamp of God's image cut as clear—as I have seen it in thousands of mothers' faces in our own favored centers of life. Yet I remember how we turned our gatling guns on those mothers who sheltered those babes behind their backs as they retreated before the awful fire of those guns and fell torn and riddled with the bullets of civilized people. I tell you, my friends, the matter of the cut of your clothes—how much of your boasted civilization really rests there! If you take away the tailor and the soap, I do not know where we would be. Contrast that Indian world that you call a savage world and your ordinary "Bowery bum." Take the Indian with his blanket, and after you have cut his hair, and washed his face, and put on him a decent suit of clothes, he is far superior to the "bum."

After all, our individual refinements are often but the finesse of the brute. They are often the accentuations of our selfish, personal tastes. We curse the man who is opposed to our likes and dislikes, because we thus differ from him in this personal point of view. So we have a great many sentimental refinements. One man refines along a certain line and turns up his nose at the rest of the world, but if you scratch him beneath his clothes you will most likely find him developed in brutality along another line.

SOME POLITE HEATHEN.

We turn up our nose at the heathen. I heard a missionary from India say he never saw a native smoke in the streets. Too much of a gentleman! Too cultured and refined! I went into a boat the other day, in the ladies' saloon, and presently the only lady there went out, and

she had hardly gone before three or four great burly fellows put their feet up and began to fog the air, and I had to hunt a window or go out in the cold. I thought how many brutes there are in our civilization here who have just a little to hold them back, and when that is thrown off they do not care for any other man's feelings. Then I thought there is my gun; I am just going to shoot some birds. I like to shoot birds. I was on my way down to Chesapeake bay to shoot song birds—quail—beautiful song birds.

As beautiful a song as I ever heard the woods ring with is the song of the quail—the love song of the bird in the spring as from some hillside he calls to his mate across the meadow. The first thing I did in boyhood was to imitate the loved call of a quail. I have heard wood and field ring as with a chorus divine, ring with the wonderful song of love—and yet I like quail on toast. One man will turn up his nose at another because he thinks he is so much better, whereas, as a matter of fact, we are developed from the same material, and our differences and peculiarities we have emphasized and believe that they are the lines along which the divine runs.

What volcanoes of passion and appetite slumber beneath tailor cut clothes! What volcanoes of passion and of slumbering brutal power! I know you have got on a fine suit of clothes, but beneath that outer garb there slumber wild passions of anger and hate, until, if you dared to do it, you could cut out a man's very heart. Hatred and pride and scorn and appetite and power that say I will have what I like slumber in every man. Aye,

—and they slumber.

We are far behind the Chinese in some things—we, the elect, the chosen nation. In China a woman can go out alone without the slightest danger of any sort of attack, but she cannot in America, in New York. Often our refinements and culture among the races and people run along certain lines of individual preference and development, and our very culture is but the finesse of self and selfish desires. Passion and appetite beneath our clothes! Yes. Cut by the best tailor! I know.

THE DOG KNOWS A DRUNKARD.

A man that gets drunk goes right down with a dog. I can prove that. Some men were talking one day on the piazza of a country tavern about fierce dogs, and one fellow said, "I am not afraid of any dog." Another man said: "I have a dog out there under that shed sleeping. Suppose you go out there and sit down." The other man said he would. So they all gathered around and went out to watch him. But the owner of the dog said, "I warn you not to go; you will get hurt." So they all went out to see the fun. This man started out toward the wagon, and he kind of loosened out his feet and began to stumble along and drunken songs. He fell against the wagon and made two or three idiotic remarks, stumbled over the wind wheel into the wagon and fell over on the seat where the dog lay, singing all the time. The dog looked at him, seemed to take in the situation, then got out of his way, and finally jumped off the seat. No dog will bite a drunken man, because the dog knows the man is on his own level, and he does not want to eat dog. Yet how many men in this world would believe they had in them the elements of a dog. In the gratification of appetite, pure and simple, man thus shows his kinship to the brute.

Second—Scratch society beneath its veneer, and you will discover the brute element. That is the reason why we have saloons. The state says, "Men are killed, but we need taxes." And the state goes into partnership with the devil and runs them, because the state is willing thus to come down to the level of the individual who is determined to make his bread out of his neighbor's blood. We have these tenement evils in our city because the landlords who own them do not care about those who live in them. They want dividends, and they will never tear those shanties down or improve them until the state takes the landlord by the throat and makes him do it.

They used to hang witches in the olden times because they threw over people a spell. But here is a dime novel that threw a spell over your boy and sent him to jail. Here is your modern newspaper that throws its spell over the life of him who reads its daily tale of crime and murder and villainy until the children from your home one by one are snatched from your heart and life and murdered, and they do not hang anybody for it.

NO MERCY IN TRADE.

Today, in our society, scratch beneath the surface—deep down sometimes, shallow sometimes—and you will find there these elements of the brute that still survive. We have it illustrated in our commercial world. Men cut each other's throats in commerce without mercy. In martial war they show some mercy. They do not fire on hospitals or women. But in the world of commerce men wreck and kill and destroy and crush lives without mercy. It is the strongest man who wins.

Years ago you had hundreds of shoe dealers. Where are they today? Great commercial establishments said, "We

can hire men cheap to sell shoes, and we have space." So they strangled these shoe dealers to death, and they are now out of work. In our great department stores these magnificent men of brute power open their grocery establishments, and your little corner grocery is perishing. It is the great power that says, "I have got the muscle, the strength, and might is right, and if you do not like it, then you can shut up your shop and apply to me for work, and I will give you \$5 a week." In the world of commerce and trade we have thus today the brutal developed higher than it was 100 years ago. Advertise a bargain in a store and see how women fight each other to get to the counter. Every bargain thrown on the counters of a world's commerce means broken hearts and homes and blasted lives. Some one toiled day and night and failed with a broken heart, and the sheriff came and sold them out, and we rush to get the bargain!

Scratch beneath the law, and you will find the brute there still. Take woman's position today. She has not her equal

rights in any position. She is underpaid, underfed. Why? Because man has more muscle, because man has the muscular power, the brute power—for that is what muscle is. Hear those big judges talk—those great old fellows that lived 100 years ago—about precedents in the past, as though it should bind this generation! It cannot bind us unless it belongs to the eternal verities of God's law.

Look today into our penalties fixed. A man was burned to death in Texas lately. Nightmare of civilization we say. The soul of civilization stands aghast at the horrible scene, and words fail. And yet while that is true, what is the difference between a mob burning a man to death and the state burning him to death? A man had a hog to be killed, but he would not kill it himself, so he got a neighbor to do it. And just when the man was about to shoot him with a rifle he said to him, "Kill it easy." Oh, yes, we are refined and delicate and cultured. I know it. But it is a question of method, of finesse, of just how it is going to be done.

THE TEXAS TRAGEDY.

A life is a life, and to burn a man to death by electricity is no better than to burn him to death by ordinary fire. One is a little quicker; that is all. How like savages we all are! I said something about this last week, referring to Harris, and I got a letter from a woman in which she said: "Had he done the same to my child, burned to the stake would have been the thing for him! That would have been the cry of my soul!" It has in it every element of the brutal and hellish. It is brute, unadulterated brute; devil, unadulterated devil. It is the power that says, "I will revenge," when God has said, "Vengeance is mine." We have no right to take human life. It is a brute method and has failed in the past and will fail in the future, and never until your civilization recognizes that fact will it begin to get at the real difficulty which underlies the enforcement of your criminal law.

Every life is a battle—it must be for him who makes highest, truest progress. Character cannot be attained offhand. God cannot give it you. You can only attain it by this struggle with the lower elements of your nature. And God has ordained that triumph and glory shall come to man and society as man shall thus conquer. May God hasten the day when a lion and lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them—when all the world shall bow before Jesus, and weakness shall rule strength, and love shall reign supreme!

TRUE PREACHER.

Dr. Dixon Deduces Lessons From Great Example.

The Effective Preacher Must Be a Manly Man and Realize His Close Kinship With Others.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—Rev. Thomas Dixon preceded the sermon of the morning in Association hall by a review of recent efforts at Albany to relieve criminals of the interference of law. He said: Again we are treated to the spectacle of criminals applying to the legislature for a charter for crime.

The Brooklyn officials about to be convicted of the abuse of their positions rush to the legislature and with monumental cheek ask that a special bill be passed by which they may escape.

The impudence of this brazen proposition is simply sublime.

And what shall we say of a legislature chosen to make laws for a great state and yet low enough to pass the measure and send it to the governor?

Let us thank heaven that in New York at least the governor has the veto power. All honor to Roswell P. Flower, chief executive of the Empire State, who threw this infamy back into the faces of the party leaders who handed it to him! Mr. Flower's choice of executive language has not been eminently pious on all occasions, but it has been vigorous. We must not be too critical of forms always. The governor evidently does some thinking for himself. Let him continue business at that stand awhile, and the people of New York are certain to give him a permanent job.

Let the governor get his good right boot ready to kick some other measures back into the assembly.

If the infamous Endres bill for the abolition of action against crime ever comes before him, the governor will have another brilliant opportunity to show that he was born of Christian parentage and still holds an old fashioned faith in honor and decency. And we believe he will be equal to the occasion if it arises.

This bill is the product of the gamblers, criminal saloon keepers, confidence men, readers of villainous books and owners of obscene pictures. It has been on the calendar of the legislature for many years. Every year there appears some rascal on the floor mean enough to reintroduce it.

Its sole purpose is to prevent the detection and punishment of crime. If it should become a law, it would practically abrogate the police powers of the state.

It poses under the high sounding and virtuous title of the "antispy" bill. Well might we repeat today, "Oh, liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy sacred name!"

That such an infamous measure should be introduced into a modern legislative body is a sad reminder to us of the close relations between the sewers of our cities and the halls of law.

This bill provides that if any man attempts to enforce the law and uses the methods of the detective to procure evidence he shall be held guilty of the

crime itself. It is an ingenious piece of villainy and appeals loudly to that supposed honor among thieves which a long suffering public is expected to applaud and support.

The Christian public will look to the governor to stamp his foot upon this and all such measures the moment their heads are lifted from the dirt of the assembly floor.

Liberty is our watchword. Liberty is holy. But liberty to commit a crime with impunity is not liberty. It is license. It is anarchy.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The men whom thou gavest me.—John xvii, 6.
To thousands of men who never saw Phillips Brooks, who never heard him, the announcement of his death came with the close consciousness of personal loss. For my own part, I feel as if one of my own heart's blood had been taken from the world.

He was one of the world's great preachers. Every now and then some little quill driver that makes about \$2.50 a week in writing will come out with this tremendous question, "Why has the pulpit declined in power?" I always think that old problem of why was it, if put a fish in a bucket of water where water was on the scales, that after the fish had been put in it weighed more than before. Men argued over that for years before they thought of putting the fish in and weighing it, when they found it weighed as much more as the weight of the fish. So men discuss today, "Why is it that the pulpit has declined in power?" The pulpit today has a power it has never had in the history of the world. There are men today in God's pulpit who as individuals tower high among the stars, as did the great giants of the past. The rank and file have been given far greater power. Think of an army of 100,000 ministers in America—trained men, picked men—marching with a single thought, whatever may be the colors of their regiments or the differences that subdivide them—100,000 men animated with one thought and sustained in that battle by the living spirit of the living God! There never was an hour when the pulpit had such resistless power as it has today, and the only time when it is weak is when the man in it is not conscious of the fact that God has given him a leverage with which to overturn the world if he pulls strong enough on it.

SOURCES OF HIS POWER.

In what did the power and success of Phillips Brooks mainly consist?

First—In the inherent grandeur of the manhood of the man.

He was a manly man. I believe that in the Christian ministry, as nowhere else, manhood is the basis of all inherent power. A man is sacred because his manhood is sacred. You can lay as many hands on a man as you please, wrap round him as many robes as you please, take him through as many ecclesiastical processes as you please, ordain him in a cathedral if you like, but unless God has ordained him from his mother's womb your ordination is a mockery; unless God has set the seal of his own heart and life on his brow; unless God's image is cut in his personality. Only manhood is sacred. Every man is great in proportion as his manhood is great, and he who has a greater personality and greater manhood than the preacher in the pulpit is a more sacred man and entitled to wield a mightier influence over men as a teacher of the God.

He was an honest man. He could not have been a manly man without being an honest man. He held honest opinions. He did not preach mere theories. He preached what he believed in the depths of his inmost soul and life, and what he

could not speak from the innermost depths of his great soul he left unsaid. There was thus the spirit of sincerity in every word that fell from his lips.

Second—His power consisted in his catholicity, in the breadth of his sympathies and his views.

He was born into a ritualistic church, and he wore the forms as an honest man wears his clothes. He never used forms for the purpose of exhibition. The church in which he was born and to which he ministered was large enough to hold him, and that is the grandest compliment that I can pay to the Church of England today. I mean, when I speak of the church, even its ecclesiastical, mechanical arrangements. It strained toward the last, but it did hold him.

He was rash enough to believe in the broad basis of a fraternity of spirit and of heart, and it did not shock him to sit on the platform with ordinary Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist preachers. He did not worry about apostolic succession. He believed in that wider, truer church universal. His soul was a truly great soul, and for that reason he was incapable of small thoughts, small jealousies of man with man, of church against church, of ecclesiastical machine against those who are outside of the machine. For that reason small men never liked him. Small men, whose souls felt secure simply within forms, never agreed with his policies or his principles or with his methods of enforcing his thought or his life work.

THE TRULY GREAT SOUL.

Great souls are never capable of small thoughts. You remember when Jenny Lind gave an entertainment in Leipsic. On one occasion Mendelssohn was present, and they were given a great ovation. The great crowd thundered its applause and continued until Mendelssohn said to Jenny Lind that she must go forth and say something to the people. She said she would if he would go and make the speech. So arm in arm these two great musicians came before the people. When the tempest of applause which greeted their appearance had subsided, Mendelssohn in the most graceful way paid the highest and most delicate compliment to the great singer and proposed that the cheers of all Leipsic should be given to her. Then, while the building echoed with one of Mendelssohn's songs, they went back to the room behind the rostrum. There was no jealousy between two such souls. A great many small musicians that play the second fiddle, that just know how to scrape a little, are mighty in jealousy, but great souls are never jealous.

So of this preacher. Small thoughts were impossible to him. He saw the good in all churches, and he saw good outside all churches. He was a high priest of the race. He saw good even in these low, evangelical churches that, from the high church point of view, are very low. Phillips Brooks even held old fashioned revivals in Trinity church. He preached about a church outside the church, and the most eloquent, most powerful presentation of that church outside I ever heard from mortal man came from his great heart. He was the bishop of this great church universal.

Third—Not alone to his catholicity, but also because of his prophetic power, his success is due.

The true preacher of God is a prophet, not a priest. It was his peculiar function to prophesy. I do not mean to predict future events. The work of the prophet of old was to give new views of God and of truth. The Aaronic priesthood ended

with the Christ, and from the Christ went forth the line of those who should prophesy, and who in his name should unfold new views of God and of truth. New theology? Yes, his theology was not only new; it was the newest theology. And to get from him a sermon was to get from God's own life a new breath, a new revelation, a new view of truth.

HE FORESAW THE BETTER TIME.

He was a prophet in the true and high sense of the word, and therefore he was progressive. He did not stand still or bow down to dogmas. He would not limit himself to ecclesiastical conclusions of councils or great men in the past. With his great heart fixed upon the spiritual realities of truth, he pressed forward, onward ever, from day to day, never pausing in that upward march toward the summit of truth, toward the full revelation of God. If you want to know what a preacher in the 20th century will preach, study the life of such a man.

Fourth—His success rested on another thing—his tremendous earnestness. Nobody went to sleep while he preached.

His intensity of soul was such that it swept him along outside of himself. The human tongue could not utter what his heart felt fast enough.

I have sat before him and watched the play of divine passion cross his face, flushed with the tumult of great thoughts struggling for utterance! Words could not be born fast enough. And through those great eyes, as through the windows of his soul, I could see the beating of angels' wings against the prison bars of language!

He was in dead earnest, and only that kind of men can move the world. Martin Luther was a man of tremendous earnestness. Ignatius Loyola, who led the Church of Rome against Luther, was a man of tremendous earnestness, and such was his power even on Catholicism that Jesuitism at last absorbed Romanism itself. Savonarola swept Florence with resistless power because of that magnetic, indefinable power that displayed itself in his earnestness. Beecher was a man of power, an epoch shaping man, a man who made and unmade theologies, because of that divine spark of character. Earnest men in politics, in religion, in history, are the men who make history. In a man like Blaine, who could impress himself upon his generation and have so enthusiastic a following through the years, there slumbered the inherent powers of a great personal earnestness and enthusiasm.

Fifth—Phillips Brooks' success, too, rested on another thing—namely, that he had faith in and love for his fellow man.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

He loved his fellow man, and any man that loves his fellow man is going to make enemies. There never was a sweeter soul than Brooks'—tender, earnest, kind, loving. Yet how many little ecclesiastics in all this big world hated the sound of his name and would go positively into ecclesiastical jimjams when his name was mentioned! He really so intensely loved his fellow man that, whether it clashed with ecclesiasticism or not, he spoke out of the great love of his heart what God had put there. Think of a man of that character, that temper, being hounded by heresy hunters! Yet it is true. For years before he died the ecclesiastics even within his "liberal" church had out their sleuthhounds hunting through every forest—hunting through his great sermons—nosng here, there, yonder, getting together everything that might possibly bear on the question whether

or not he were walking along the way that their fathers walked in the past.

He not only loved his fellow man, but he believed in man, made in the image of God. That was one of the cardinal principles of his life. In the lowest man, the beggar in rags, the prisoner in stripes, he saw the image of his Master; he saw a child from his Father's house.

Sixth—Another reason why his success and power were so great was that he had a vital grasp of spiritual truth. With him "God is spirit."

That was the theme that he voiced, and therefore he found the inmost depth of man's soul. The peculiarity of his preaching was that he seemed to tell you with a spiritual intuition the things you had been thinking about. He believed in the world of spirit as against the matter, which is its mere shadow.

He was a conductor of the divine spirit on high to men. Tyndall is authority for the statement that they have discovered a remarkable fact in the transmission of music. There was a piano on the first floor of a building devoted to the instruction of music and a hall on the third floor, and the experimenter thought it might be possible to transmit the music from that piano into the hall, that the audience might hear it. So he opened a hole through each of the floors and took a wooden rod and connected it from the sounding board of the piano to the rostrum in the hall above, and then there was given a magnificent piece of music on the piano below. The director above could hear the music transmitted by that piece of wood. But the audience could not hear it. Then they placed a violin on top of that piece of wood, and instantly that body caught the melody of the piano below and reproduced it perfectly, so that the great crowd heard every note. They also used a harp with the same results.

There are great souls whose personality seems to have the power to transmit the very throb of God's heart unto men. As you heard that man speak you felt that God himself was striking the keys, and that along every scale of his life there was coming forth the music of the spirit world!

Therefore faith to him was a mighty theme—because he believed in spiritual realities. "All things are possible to him that believeth"—what a sweep that sentence from his lips opened to me when I first caught it! How vast the horizon opened before him when he gave that sentence! No limitations—"all things possible to him that believeth." No great preacher, no man who thus speaks from the heart of God can speak without believing great things—that it is possible for man to do all things, because the spirit is the real thing, and matter but the shadow.

FAITH WORKS WONDERS.

A vessel was going along the seas on the 24th of last December. She had encountered fearful gales, had hailed from Jamaica, bound for Providence, and was loaded with logwood. In a terrible storm the ship sprung her timbers and began to leak. The captain tried to relieve her by working his pumps, but at last began to despair. He sighted an American steamer approaching and gave signals of distress. The steamer came alongside, and the captain and his crew abandoned the ship. The first mate of this steamer, looking on the abandoned vessel, said to the captain, "I believe that ship can be saved and carried into harbor," and he asked permission of his captain to go aboard of her and take two men. Both captains tried to dissuade him, but the prize was great, and he believed it could be done. So he did and

cut away from the steamer, which went on her way. And working with might and main they got those pumps into perfect order and righted the ship and brought her before the wind into the harbor of New York, where all her cargo belonged to those three brave men, who believed that from the jaws of a raging sea that ship could be brought into port. The man who believed it was possible made it possible.

It was this great thought that was one of the keystones to his ministry. He believed in man and had faith in God, and this great theme of faith and its divine power to transform and illumine and lift up was one of the mighty themes of his great soul.

Such a man can never die. A distinguished art critic said that he saw a picture once in an art gallery of poverty and misery in a faraway desert of Russia. So

realistic was the picture that he said through his whole life a thousand pictures were made because of that. He could see it reproduced in every life of suffering that came before him; that it came back and lived and lived as long as he had powers to think.

That is what a canvas can do in this world—it can live and live. And what will we say of those spiritual pictures that the great artist painted when he saw God, when he saw his eternal realities? Kill that picture? Destroy that man? He died? Impossible! He lives today—he lives forever. So live those pictures of God's revelation, of man's destiny.

You know the old story of Tycho Brahe, who in 1572 saw a new star appear in a certain constellation, and it shined with such brilliancy, the astronomers tell us, that it could be seen at noon.

They watched it with throbbing eyes until they saw it month after month fade and at last disappear, and a star had been lost from the constellation of the heavens. So the preacher, from the point of view of the world, tells us how great men of the world pass away; but such a man as this does not pass away. Death for him is but the lifting of the clouds that obscured the star, the breaking away of the mists that hang low on the earth, and when the mists clear away the star gleams in the sky with greater brilliancy, and we hear the words of the Master, "They shall shine as the stars forever." When centuries shall have rolled by and your children's children shall teach their children, that star shall gleam in the sky, and many a wayward boy coming over the seas of life shall catch its rays and find harbor. Such a man never dies. He lives in spirit, in truth, in God's life.

Victims of "Christian Science."

If a child may be lawfully left to perish (as was the case recently in Haverhill) from want of the known means of saving life, in case the child's natural protectors and providers choose to claim their neglect as an act of faith, it would seem to logically follow that slaughter of the innocent and helpless is covered by the same mantle. And that is precisely what was claimed in an instance which disgraced our commonwealth and horrified the country not a great many years ago. There are just as many texts to be cited in proof that the prayer of faith will restore life as there are to show that it will heal disease.

Accordingly a pious fanatic, neither more nor less irrational than others whose zeal stops short of his extreme, deliberately cut the throat of his sleeping babe, in order, as he said, that an unbelieving world might be the witness of a miracle

like that which Abraham expected God to work upon Isaac when the father of the faithful prepared to offer up his only son in sacrifice. Perhaps casuistry can point out a distinction between the faith that slays by willful neglect and the faith that, more mercifully, slays with the keen edged knife.

The pretense that the interference of human law in such a case as that at Haverhill would be an undue invasion of parental authority or restriction of religious liberty is preposterous. Parental authority does not authorize brutality, and religious liberty does not include the liberty to break the laws of man in the name of faith in God.—Boston Advertiser.

GROWING FAITH.

Rev. Thomas Dixon on the Future of Christlanity.

A Prelude on the Death Penalty and the Carlyle Harris Case—Christianity Making Rapid Progress.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—In his review of current events before the sermon this morning Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., discussed the problem of capital punishment, with an application to the case of young Harris, under sentence of death, convicted of the murder of his wife. He said:

Has a civilized community the right to kill a human being?

The answer our laws make to this is an emphatic yes.

Upon what principles does the law providing the death penalty rest?

The theory is that the community is thus preserving its own life. Self preservation is the first law of nature. Undoubtedly there are hours of crisis in insurrection and anarchy, when bad men must be summarily executed. But in times of peace and order is this true?

Our theory of the law is one thing. The fact of the origin of the law is another. The death penalty is simply a survival of the barbarism of lex talionis, and God has said in unmistakable terms: "Vengeance is mine. I will repay!"

But it is urged that the state must kill in order to deter other criminals from murder. Again theory is one thing. The fact is another thing. The death penalty does not deter from murder. We had 7,000 murders in America last year, and only 100 legal executions. Men who commit murder do not expect to be hung or electrocuted. They know that they have 6,900 chances of escape against 100 chances of execution.

The risk involved is contemptible as measured against the resistless impulse of a morbid passion demanding a life. The penalty of law is a preventive of crime not in proportion to its theoretic severity, but in proportion to its certainty of infliction. The man who commits murder has one chance only in seventy against him. He does not fear the one chance. The consequence is that homicide is practically unchecked today in America, so far as law is concerned.

The progress of civilization must result always in reducing the severity of penalties and increasing the certainty of execution. The old English laws pro-

vided the death penalty for over 150 offenses. Such were the laws of barbarians. Society has not suffered by the modification of these penalties, but has been always the gainer in their repeal.

We long ago reached a period of development when life imprisonment should have been substituted for the death penalty. If men were imprisoned for life for murder, the law against homicide would not be a dead letter. It would be executed, and criminals would be deterred. The rules governing the admission of evidence would be so modified that conviction would be more surely a certainty for guilt, and the prosecuting attorney would not be handicapped by the tremendous pressure of sentiment. It is next to impossible to enforce the death penalty today in our centers of life if the victim be a man who can excite the least sympathy and about whose guilt there lingers the least suspicion of error.

The heart of the community rebels at the thought of murdering any mother's child, whether by law or without law, and the thought of strangling an innocent man to death with a chain of circumstantial evidence that may, after all, be a lie is an unspeakable horror that ever haunts the heart of the people in such a crisis.

Take the case of Carlyle Harris. Here is one of the unlucky number of the 100 fatal cases for execution. Six thousand nine hundred escaped. He was caught in the toils of circumstances that were not explained to the satisfaction of a jury. The law says he must be roasted to death with a current of electric fire.

But now comes the supreme test for the law. The mother of that boy appears upon the scene of this awful public tragedy—the mother whose heart beat with joy at the cry of her firstborn, who watched over his cradle with a mother's divine love, who followed him through the years with a mother's passionate faith! Ah, we are all kin to that mother! Her wild cry of anguish touches all hearts alike. You hear in it the possible echoes of your own soul's cry of despair.

There presses upon the soul of the community again and again the terrible thought that the boy may be innocent! No matter if a jury did decide it against him. Juries have hung many an innocent man in the history of the world. Trials are often slugging matches between legal giants, in which the strongest arm wins—evidence or no evidence.

And in the case of this young man, speaking from my own view of the evidence, I was amazed at the verdict. He may be guilty, but if I had been on the jury I'd have hung that jury to the present moment before I would have agreed to death on the evidence presented. It seemed to me there was more than a reasonable doubt of guilt. It may have been proved that he was a bad man, but I do not see how under the laws governing evidence in such cases he could be found guilty of murder. Such a situation is a nightmare of civilization. It is an unspeakable horror. Upon the broadest grounds of Christian humanity such a man's punishment should be commuted to life imprisonment by the governor if he be finally sentenced.

And then our lawmakers should abolish the death penalty and substitute for it life imprisonment, and we may be able to enforce the law against homicide.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth.—John xvi, 12, 13.

The idea of religion and of the last word of Revelation being a thing fixed, like a formula of mathematics, and fixed centuries ago and delivered to man simply for the purpose of manipulation, is a purely human invention. It has no warrant in the words of Jesus, nor is it preached anywhere in the Bible.

Jesus said: "In the early part of my ministry I did not tell you some things, but by and by the spirit of truth will reveal them unto you"—that is, Jesus himself clearly taught that revelation was progressive; that no age, not even the apostolic, had compassed it all, and that the fullness of the knowledge of God was something not yet attained when he closed his work, but was something yet to come in the process of the development of man under the touch of his Divine spirit. So we may look at every report of the race's progress for signs of this completing kingdom. And from every event thus marked in our history there can be found prophetic fingers that point forward toward the lines along which God's work is developing, God's life unfolding, God's promise being fulfilled.

CHRISTIANITY IS GAINING.

I believe in the triumph of Christianity. I read in our last census that we have 20,000,000 church members in America. We have one church member to every three men, women and children in the nation against three that may be without. We have, according to this report, \$700,000,000 invested in property devoted to religious work. During this past decade the membership of our churches has increased more than even the progress of population. That may not signify that the church as today organized is going to be the church triumphant, but it does signify that Christianity will triumph in the end. But what sort of Christianity? The Christianity of tradition, of history, or the Christianity of Christ?

I believe that the fittest will survive; that you cannot crush truth, and if you do it will rise, Phoenixlike, from its ashes over and over again. For that reason I am never uneasy about my creed, about my faith being upset by any great infidel, or any discovery of science, or any heresy in the church or without, because I know that if my creed does perish it ought to perish, because it would not stand when worlds begin to crash on worlds. Why should a man nurse his creed with tenderness? It is a thing you want to live and die by, and if it cannot stand this side of the grave it will not live the other side. If an infidel like Ingersoll or a heretic like Professor Briggs can destroy your faith, let them, and you can get something better. No, God's truth is as sure to triumph as that God lives.

As nearly as we can see God's full purpose defining itself in history, what will be the religion of the future?

It seems to me that there are going to be four characteristics of it. It will be vital; it will be spiritual; it will be rational; it will be humanitarian. Some of those words have to a certain class of minds a bad odor in the world of theological thought. But it is no use to misname things—no use to call a spade an agricultural implement. It seems to me that those four things are already shaping themselves before our very eyes, and that God is bringing them to pass and showing us the way.

TRUE RELIGION ALWAYS PROGRESSIVE.

First—The religion that survives will be a vital religion, because a dead religion cannot survive. Life is the thing that moves on and makes progress—the dead go quickly. So it is in the realm of religion. The theology that survives must be a vital one. It must live. It must not rattle. It must not be the rattling simply of bones. It must have a heart of flesh and nerves that feel. Only the vital part of it is worth preserving. You may talk theory to a man as much as you please, but if you want to get hold of him you must get hold of him vitally. We talk about the heathen away off, and it is hard to get money for them, but when we talked about Johnstown \$2,000,000 were poured into that valley of the Conemaugh, each dollar baptized with tears.

It came so close that the people were perishing within the scope of your own life. We have been trying to save the heathen by telling people they were going to be damned by and by. Hard work! They were not much interested. The heathen world will not be saved until you can get into people's minds that they are damned now, and that they are in need of salvation today. That is what sent those millions into Johnstown, because the people were perishing now. It was vital, and they responded. So in the future we will receive responses when religion is thus made vital, and our methods necessarily be made vital too.

Napoleon Bonaparte went on the field of Marengo just before the sun went down and saw that the battle was lost, but he looked at the western sky and said, "There is just time enough to save the day." And then with consummate genius he sent orders flying along the lines, and in a short time from defeat snatched victory and success. In every crisis of the history of the church of Christ there is time enough always for a victory being snatched from defeat if the church is alive and adapts itself thus to the exigencies of the hour.

MUST ENTER THE OPEN FIELD.

The church of the future must necessarily be a church that is in the open field, not one entrenched behind the bulwarks and bombproofs. Of all ideas that have disgraced the church of Christ, the worst idea is that it is a bomb construction; that the church was made for the purpose of personal safety, for a man to get into away from the missiles of the enemy. A great part of our religion in the past has been to escape hell. Just so as by fire, with hair singed, you got there—slipped into the golden gates and escaped eternal damnation! Jesus said: "Come to me, and I will give you life and rest—rest for your souls. I am the way, the truth and the life." He warned you against that second death, but he never used it as a motive of appeal.

If the church is really to save the world, it must be alive and alert. I read the other day about four natives in India, who made up their minds to take a tiger that had killed one of their people of the village. They went out at

night and dug bombproofs near the dead body, which had been deserted when the tiger had taken fright. They put the body in the middle, and each man got into one of those bombproofs and took his musket and waited for the tiger to come. The moon finally went down, and the tiger did not appear, and then they dozed and went to sleep in those places of supposed safety. Next morning but three men got up from those holes. One of the four was gone, and it was found that he had been dragged away by the tiger while he was asleep. So again and again in the

past the church has crawled into its bombproofs until finally the evil one has come along and seized it. The church that survives will not go to sleep.

If it is vital, it will be catholic, not narrow or sectarian. The age has gone by when men will lay their souls simply on the altar of a sect. I do not believe the hour is yet come when Catholics and Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists are to be pitchforked into one organization, but I believe the hour is now upon us when the spirit of Jesus will bind us together around himself as one. If you try to emphasize the mere question of sect, neither the world nor the church will respond with heart or money. If you want to reach the world today, you must strike the broader catholic key of reaching man as man, heart to heart, without the mere limitations of your sect.

TRUE RELIGION IS SPIRITUAL.

Second—Another of the characteristics of the religion of the future will be that it is spiritual, not formal. Jesus Christ was a religious reformer. He was put out of the synagogue because he was a heretic. He led a forlorn hope against the powers entrenched in the ecclesiastical world. If he should come back today, a great deal of our religion he would not recognize, because it has gone back into the old circle of Judaism and ecclesiasticism and re-emphasized the very thing Jesus came to abolish. Jesus said: "I am come that ye may have life, not the penalties of the law. God is spirit, and he that would worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." If the religion of the future is to be Christianity, it will be a spiritual religion and not a formal one, and if it is not Christianity it will perish. I believe in the triumph of the Christianity of Christ.

Ecclesiasticism is the one curse that has held and bound in chains the progress of religion in the world. If it survives in the future, then it will certainly drive mankind out of religion and Christianity. That would be to defeat the triumph of Christ, and it cannot be. I believe in the triumph of Jesus, and therefore I believe in the triumph of a supremely spiritual religion. Men's forms and ceremonies perish, traditions perish, but the eternal verities on which a spiritual religion is based move on forever. Nature, with resistless tread, hurries on to God. History, with busy feet, rushes along the great highway of the divine, and man's heart keeps music to them both. So long as there is the procession of the suns, so long as there is this vast procession of history hurrying toward some great world triumph, so long as man's heart beats for God, so long will atheism mean simply bad logic and bad metaphysics, and triumph be sure!

Not the questions of form, but the questions of the spirit beneath the form. I saw the other day where a poor mother was forced to sign away the rights of her child. She had married a man who had deserted her—she found he had been married before. So she took up her burden of life and attempted to save her child. But in the struggle with poverty there came an offer from wealthy people to adopt the child if she relinquished all claims. So, believing it was for the child's best interests, she signed the bonds. Then finally her life became better. She moved back to New England and afterward married in Boston.

Eighteen years afterward she saw a letter that her child wrote in some publication, and in it there was an infinite yearning for the mother's heart and the craving that could not be held in for the

mother's face. When the mother saw it, she said, "I have signed the bonds, I know, but I must have my child!" So she went to Albany the other day and claimed her. You could not blame her. It does not matter about the formulas of a legal contract—there are great realities beneath them, great facts that bind man to man and man to God—the fact of fatherhood and childhood—that when all forms have been set aside these eternal things shall live and assert themselves. You may sign God away from the universe—it does not matter. Back to the great heart of God will come the heart of man, because it came from that source; it is inevitable.

RELIGION BASED ON REASON.

Third—The religion of the future will be a rational religion. It will be a religion that will shine with the primal light God flashed into man made in his image. Faith has been defined as "the art of believing to be true what otherwise we know to be false." It does not mean with me intellectual gymnastics of any sort. Faith means the consent of my soul that God shall work in it—such an attitude of receptivity that the spirit may move in me. Superstition is one thing, religion another. In the process of the development of religion I do not mean to say that man can compass the infinite and eternal, but I do mean to say that truth is truth, and good is good, that God is eternally good and true, and that finite (and infinite) does not apply to eternal qualities. God and truth are eternal, whether in this world or in the next. When a man says it will be wrong for me to do this, but right for God, he confuses terms. If I cannot violate an eternal principle, how can you say God can do it? If it would be brutal for me to murder my child without a trial, so it would be brutal for God to murder his

child without a trial. God is the same yesterday, today and forever.

If I worship God, he must be God; I refuse to worship the devil. You may make up a devil and label him God, but if he is not infinitely true and good and just I will not have him for my God. Some theories of hell will perish in the future. Some people gloat over hell, and I have heard men preach that God Almighty sits on his throne in heaven and looks over and rejoices in the smoke and the burning, quivering flesh. I do not believe a word of it, or that the future generations will believe a word of it; that no future generation, reared in the great thought of God's fatherhood and love, can worship a devil. It does not matter what you may say about dogmas or tradition, there are some things that cannot be done. You cannot make a man believe in his heart that wrong is right, that black is white, that good is evil. A faith that simply means the process of swallowing that which we cannot understand is not faith. That is what much of the religion that is to perish has meant. We are coming back to that great light God has given, of which Whittier sang so beautifully just before he died:

To him, from wandering long and wild,
I come, an overwearing child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dewfall settling on my mind;
Assured that all I know is best
And humbly trusting for the rest;
I turn from fancy's cloud built scheme,
Dark creed and mournful eastern dream
Of power, impersonal and cold,
Controlling all, itself controlled,
Maker and slave of iron laws,
Alike the subject and the cause;
From vain philosophies that try
The sevenfold gates of mystery,
And, baffled ever, babble still,
Word prodigal, of fate and will;
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
And book and speech of men apart,
To the still witness in my heart;
With reverence waiting to

His avator of love unfold,
The Eternal Beauty new and old.

I believe that the religion of the future will come, with the spirit of the great poet, more and more back until it is harmonized with that spirit within that gave its peace and its light and its love in benediction to him and his life.

TRUE RELIGION HUMANITARIAN.

Then I said that the religion of the future is to be *humanitarian*. The "Son of Man" was Jesus. It was the one name that was on his lips from day to day—the "Son of Man." I believe that the central idea of the teachings of the great apostle Paul likewise centered there, for Paul said, "You may have hope—yes, may give away your goods and have prophecy and all the Christian graces—and yet if you have not love you are nothing." The successful church of today will be the church that saves man—not tries to save its individual members, but the religion that has for its primary object the salvation of man as a whole. Such will be the religion of the future. The trouble in the past has been we have looked far forward to heaven and hell, but have overlooked the life that now is. The religion of the future must be the religion that is based on the judgment in Matthew xxv. The truest worship of God is the salvation of man. The true service of man is the true worship of God.

Normal humanity is divine, and sin is unnatural. As our religion becomes more and more the religion of the Son of Man we will believe it, and that humanity is intrinsically divine. Man is worth saving. Jesus saw his image dying even in the thief on the cross, and came down to die for him. In the commune in Paris in that awful day of blood and cruelty when the troops of the republic had mastered the commune and received orders to execute without trial or mercy every insurgent found with arms on his body, they came across one day a small band of armed insurgents among whom was a boy scarcely 15 years of age, still in short trousers. They swept him in and engulfed him.

But as they went along the boy broke away, and placing himself in front of the colonel said, "You are going to kill me, sir?" The colonel said: "Yes, my boy, you were taken with arms in your hands; you will be shot with the rest." Said the boy: "Well, sir, I have a mother in such a street; she is a nurse there; she will be waiting for me and worried if I don't come home all day. I want to go and tell her, and I have a watch I want to give her. If you will let me off, I will come back to be shot." The colonel said, "Your cheek interests me. Your impudence has saved you. Young man, you can go."

Then the colonel went on with his deadly work and forgot all about the boy. But when he was seated in his tent suddenly the little fellow appeared at the door and stepping inside said, "I am ready, sir." The colonel was thunderstruck. He seized him by the ears and thrust him out of the tent, exclaiming, "Go back to your mother, you young brigand!" Then as he returned to his seat he muttered, looking toward a party of condemned insurgents, "Miserable scoundrels! So you, too, have your heroes!"

Those divine elements run all through the race, woven and interwoven into the very warp and woof of man's being. So Jesus was the Son of Man and came to die for man as man, that man might be saved.



REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.
THE POPULAR NEW YORK PULPIT ORATOR.

REV. THOS. DIXON, JR.

THE YOUNG PREACHER WHO IS AT
PRESENT THRILLING NEW YORK.

A Newspaper Man's First and Subsequent
Impressions of His Virile Personality.
The Simple Story of His Life—Promise of
a Brilliant Future.

The following entertaining sketch of the personality of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., the popular New York preacher whose sermons are now regularly reported for these columns each week, is furnished by a well known newspaper writer:

The first time I heard the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preach he was a stranger to me. I had hardly heard of him, although he had already stirred the surface of metropolitan orthodoxy.

It was Sunday evening. I found the large hall, with its old fashioned gallery, choked with the congregation that had outgrown its church edifice proper and taken refuge here. After the preliminary musical services a young man came down to the front of the platform and made an extemporaneous prayer and read a portion of the Scriptures from a small Bible which he held in his hand. In the view which I had of him he appeared to be 6 feet 3 in stature and almost weirdly gaunt. He did not stand erect in the parade sense, and his long limbs betokened an enormous sinewy power rather than grace or symmetry.

His dark, spare, close shaven face, his plentiful coal black hair carelessly pushed backward from his temples, his strong, almost cadaverous jaw and his black, deep set and scintillant eyes made up a personality that arrested my interest at once. It was a type of man especially forged for hard, earnest, fearless work in some direction.

He spoke with authority, as if he had been commissioned, modestly withal and tenderly. The great congregation hung upon his words intently. With marvelous clearness he developed his subject, never resorting to involved phrases or abstract reasoning, but making a clear cut, concrete picture. Now and then he flamed up as a thought took possession of him or an illustration seized him. At such moments his strong face lit up, his voice rang out clear and resonant, and he seemed to sway his congregation by the magnetism of sheer oratory. At other times he dropped to the colloquial manner and carried on a conversation with his people.

There was no clerical isolation or ministerial cloudiness here. His listeners kept step with him. He not only spoke with intellectual authority, but with an ineffable fellowship. He had both thought and felt out his subject matter, but he meekly relied on something other than himself.

It was the broad, compelling recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the ever present coercive sympathy of a great heart for suffering and dying humanity, and the ever urgent duty to preach the love as well as the law of the benignant and infinite parent.

Such was my first impression of the young preacher. Subsequently I became acquainted with the man, and then my admiration widened with my knowledge. I learned his history. It is brief and uneventful, but bursting with promise. He came of preaching stock down in North Carolina, and his father is still, I believe, hard at work in the Baptist pulpit there. At the end of his collegiate course and a postgraduate term in Johns Hopkins university he came to New York to determine upon a profession.

After a winter in the metropolis he returned to North Carolina, where he threw himself into politics, was elected to the legislature and began a systematic study of the law. What convictions of heart urged him and what processes of mind led him suddenly to abandon his law practice and take to the pulpit we can readily surmise, but may not dwell upon. All at once he is preaching the gospel in Goldsboro and

Raleigh, and preaching it with such unction that some rumor of it reaches Boston. Then comes a call, and in December, 1878, the crowds of American Athens are gathering to hear the new voice. In 1889 New York wanted him, and at the solicitation of the Twenty-third Street Baptist church he took charge of that society. Very soon after his arrival it outgrew its church accommodations and had to avail itself of Association hall.

These barren outlines of rapid success can only be filled in by living color when we come to know the man.

The first thing that won me, and I think will win anybody who makes his acquaintance, is his ingrained, unconscious and simple manliness.

Let me add that he is a scholar, and, what is better, a student; that he keeps abreast of the best thought in every intellectual field and watches the panorama of events with untiring eye. You cannot imagine what a "nowness" this gives to his sermons. When he tells the "old, old story" of divine love, it wears a contemporaneous interest. It is no longer a historic statement, but a living force, energizing the speaker and winning the listener. When he illustrates the point of discussion, it is from the live issues of the hour, and you feel that religion is not under a bushel, but is inwrought with the destinies of the race and the fate of nations.

That a young spirit like this attracts about him large concourses of intelligent young people is not surprising. They understand each other. They want a vital religion. Either religion is a dramatic fact of the moment and means character in action, or it is a dead tradition. I felt that this energizing young apostle marked the renaissance of new Christian endeavor and a new Christian socialism.

I should not be surprised to see Mr. Dixon in another year in a great city temple, the center of a vast community of practical working evangelists, himself another Spurgeon or Parker, but still the frank, manly and humble young missionary of the people.

A MEMORIAL DAY.

Rev. Dixon on America's Opportunity.

Sermon on the Ecclesiastical Christ. The Christ of History.—An Abe Prelude.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The services in Association hall today were in harmony with the Columbian celebration. The hall was decorated with the national colors. The great congregation, led by organ and c. rnets, sang the national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing." Mr. Dixon's review of current events was devoted to the lessons to be drawn from such an hour, or the message of four centuries to the men of today. He said:

Four centuries of history smile upon the face of America today. We are young. Looking down from the grim procession of the older nations we are very young. The world has learned much in these four hundred years from us, and we have learned little from the treasured knowledge of the older centuries.

FATHER TIME SMILES.

As Father Time looks down upon this continent today there are many things upon which he may congratulate himself and the race he is leading to its age triumph. He sees a new world, whose rich fields hold the treasured bread for the millions of a pregnant future. A single state of the American Union has lands capable of producing bread enough to feed the human race. A single state could settle in families of five on half acre lots the whole population of the earth, and still have thousands of unsettled acres for their children.

CROWNS HISTORIC RELICS.

He looks down upon a continent upon which there lives not a crowned head. Thrones, scepters and diadems are historic relics. The people have assumed the task of governing themselves. For over a hundred years at least they have done this work better than anybody ever did it for them, in spite of all their blunders. The human mind thus freed has bounded forward to the task of subduing the earth and harnessing the hidden powers of nature as slaves of humanity. We have therefore led the world in the divine task of substituting steel for muscle.

And yet—while there is much in our history on which time must look and smile—our life is still an experiment. We are yet to prove worthy of life or die. We have learned to walk alone—yes. Are we ready to force the real problems of the larger humanity?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We have abolished kings and yet tyranny lives. We have destroyed ranks and titles and classes, and yet we have produced the most numerous and powerful aristocracy in the history of the world.

We have bound steam and electricity in harness of steel to the chariot of the race, and yet the poor have grown poorer.

We have abolished slavery, yet we produce millions of slaves.

We have accumulated money enough to buy one-half the known world, and yet have not learned the meaning of death.

We have declared our independence of Great Britain, and yet we are governed by Ireland.

It is possible to possess the name and miss the substance.

Our opportunity is boundless. Our nation is God's experiment station. If we succeed we may work out the destiny of a world. We are the vanguard of the armies of centuries. If we fail, it will be a world's sorrow and despair.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL A NATION'S HOPE.

If you would read the future, look into the faces of these thousands of school children that march and countermarch beneath your Columbian banners this week. As they are trained so the nation will speak to the world. If they are taught the lessons of freedom and manhood, all will be well. If they are taught superstition and bigotry by unfriendly tongues, the tragic history of the Old World will be simply re-enacted and we walk in the old hopeless circle. Let the eyes of the nation in this solemn hour be fixed upon its public schools with their millions of bright faces. This is the nation's bulwark, and here our enemies may strike their deadliest blow. Guard well the school, and our many tongues are no longer a nation's disease, but the prophecy of an international world peace.

Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh. Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him so no more.—II Corinthians, v, 16.

When Paul says here that he knows no man after the flesh, he means to say that he has a different standard of measurement from that of outward appearance; that men are really judged spiritually when they are judged truly; that he judges no man by the clothes he wears, by the incidents of his social clique or social circle in life; that wealth and rank and culture and knowledge are things that belong to the outside, and though they may form the basis of a judgment after the flesh he does not so judge. But we have a new standard of judgment, because we are Christians.

First—We look upon man in his immortal worth as a child of God, as a son of the King, whether slave or free-man, whether king or priest. Whether from the lowliest walk of life or whether from the highest, man is man. We will not judge by the flesh. That is what Paul means to say.

But there is a remarkable passage that follows it: "Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him so no more." That is to say, the true standard of measuring the Christ must be found elsewhere. All judgment that is real must be founded on an inner

spiritual reality. Paul is striving to present the true Christ to this church at Corinth. Men are worth not what they seem in their relations, what they are measured by the flesh, but what they are in heart and life.

Slavery is a relative term. A man may be in chains in the flesh and yet be the freest man whose foot presses the soil of earth. In ancient Rome, in the very era in which Paul wrote, some of the most marvelous minds of the age were the slaves of chains. The masterpieces of literature of his age and generation were the product of so called slaves, and yet they were men whose imperial souls saw above the shackles that Rome forged with her steel and iron and brass and spear and sword. I know negroes who were called slaves before the war whose souls were as free as the freest angel of the Lord God.

I knew such a negro in Georgia who hired himself from his master during

the war and purchased his own freedom. He did not get his papers; he did not break the relationship then; he did not feel it—never had felt it; had always been free. But he purchased his freedom. After the war he prospered in business. He is worth \$150,000 today. He hunted up his old master, whom he found in misfortune, and supported him secretly for years. He sent his young master to a medical college, gave him an education, wrote his will and gave half his fortune to the boy. Talk about such a man being a slave! Talk about imprisoning the soul of such a man! Such men never were slaves and never can be. I know men rated at their millions whose souls are bound in chains and who will go to their graves like dumb driven cattle. Slavery is therefore even a relative term in the judgment of men.

Second—The essential man, in other words, is the inner, not the outer man. Paul says, "We judge no man after the flesh." It is this outer diagnosis that gets us into trouble.

SALVATION VERSUS SALVATION.

Dr. Brunton relates in the London Lancet some incidents in which he gave warning to young medical students to beware of a diagnosis based on outer appearances. He said that a gathering of students and professors were once trying to decide what was the matter with a man afflicted with some sort of heart trouble. They could hear the difficult beating of the heart, and there was a peculiar dilation of the eye which they attributed to this heart trouble. They began to discuss it, and after they had advanced several theories the man turned to them and said that his eye was glass. They had judged too hastily from merely looking at the outside.

The real man is not to be found thus on the outside, but it is the man within. The patriot is not to be judged by the simple enrollment. Is he a patriot because he is on the army roll—has applied for a pension? Patriotism does not relate to the outward appearance. It must go deeper. There have been some curious pension inquirers at Washington. The difficulty with one man who applied for a pension was that he ate too much salt pork in the army and the result was salvation. And he said in his report to the government that he had got *salvation* in the army by eating too much salt pork. He may have been a patriot, but his application for a pension would not establish the fact. The inner man is the real man, and there we must search to find the standards of judgment of character. Christianity is not a secret between the church clerk and you and God. It has a broader basis than that.

A LEGAL HOME.

Third—The essence of anything is found not on the outside, but on the inside; not in appearance, but in its essential nature. Vice Chancellor Bird, of New Jersey, gave judgment lately in a curious suit. A woman sued her husband for a home. The court gave judgment that he should provide a home, so he got a miserable little six room house and put in cheap furniture, although he owned a much better house well furnished. Again his wife brought suit for a home, and the question with the court was, What is a home? The judge gave his legal opinion on what a home was, and he also gave a scathing arraignment to this man, telling him the law required a home commensurate with his income and standing in life.

You can imagine that man complying with every requirement of the court and the sheriff of the county. But has he got a home and has the poor woman a home? Walk through its carpeted halls

and see the devilish jeer on his face as he looks at her and says, "Now you have got your home." Hear him taunt and curse, as from his heart there pours forth those stinging words that make life unendurable. Is that a home? No. The essence of anything is found not in its outward appearance, not in conformity to any rule or law, but in the spirit that underlies all this.

Paul abandons thus the standard of the flesh as utterly untenable. He says, "We judge no man after the flesh." I have been urging people here to accept Christ and some of you ask me, What is Christ.

Where do we find the essential Christ? THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

When I say that Christ is the remedy for all ills—the one supreme power that can cure all heartaches, heal all the iniquity of society, solve all the problems of the generations of the earth—what do I mean? We accept Christ—what Christ? The historic Christ? the traditional Christ? the ecclesiastical Christ? the sectarian Christ? What is the essential Christ? What a question! When I stand before it I feel how utterly weak I am to answer it. And yet it is the question of all questions that comes to the heart and must have an answer. *What is the essential Christ?* In the first place, if Paul's assertion here is true, we know not Christ after the flesh. The mere historic Christ is not the essence at which I have aimed in life, for which I am striving.

(a) Salvation is not to be found in the acceptance of any utterance about the historic figure of Christ. I rejoice in my faith in the historic Christ. To me it is the reconciliation of the irreconcilable, the key to human history which is in-

explicable without the story of Christ and his divinity.

As an historic student I come to the Bible and find 233 prophecies and groups of prophecies in the life of this remarkable man, who lived around the sea of Galilee for thirty-three years. The possibility of chance is utterly eliminated, and the prophetic element in all its divine sweep and inexplicable nature stands before me and I am convinced.

PLANET VENUS.

I take up the Psalms of David and read one, and as an historic student leap the chasm of a thousand years before I find its explanation on Calvary. My reason is thus convinced of the historic reality of the historic Christ; of his divine person and mission, and of the prophets who preceded him and whose divine fingers pointed the way. Again I hear the old prophet in the past describe his death on Calvary. I hear the voice of Isaiah, and I stand before the fulfillment of his prophecy. His miraculous work—I have no explanation for it.

Astronomers at Aiken, S. C., built a monument there for the observation of an eclipse, and on it wrote the date of the next eclipse that was to occur some 900 years from then. Nearly a thousand years in advance they carved in that stone the story of what was to come to pass in the heavens. When the astronomers gather there they will record without the variation of a fraction of a second precisely what those men said. I saw the records of what men said hundreds of years ago accurately predicting an eclipse. I took my glass, and at the very second of time I saw the planet Venus sweep into the disk of the sun. I stood and watched until its form crossed the sun's face and again disappeared into the daylight, and I said he who wrote the story of that eclipse 900

ye... must have known by some power absolutely the facts thus predicted, else it could not have come to pass.

I stand thus before the prophet's writings, and thus before the eclipse on Calvary, and see the darkened heavens, the Son, the face of the Father as before it there passes the Christ, and as I read its description recorded thousands of years before I am convinced. I have no sort of question about the historic Christ.

And yet this is not the essential Christ. This is the Christ who moved through this world in flesh and blood. We do not know now—we are not preaching to you now the Christ merely of flesh, but something more. This is not the salvation of the ultimate Christ. I know men who believe in the historic Christ who have no part in his salvation.

APOSTOLIC PROCESSION.

(b) Nor do we find the essential Christ in apostolic forms. If not found in the essence of history we may not expect to find it there. No; Peter and James and John did not rest their claim to salvation upon the fact that they had personally known Jesus Christ in the flesh. Paul did not rejoice that he was a saved man because he had come thus in contact with Jesus Christ, but he said, "I glory in the fact that I can fill up in my body the sufferings of Jesus Christ, that I can die, deaths daily in his name." When a man says, "I belong to the apostolic succession, I belong to the form and the ceremony," I say: "What is the Christ—the essential Christ? Is it merely in the outward form, or is it more than that?"

Apostolic succession—thank God, I am not in it. I thank God that I do not claim lineage* or ceremonial descent from the men who sent forth their awful edicts in England and Scotland and drenched the soil with the blood of the people until drunk with that blood. My friends, if you claim the succession of mere ceremony as the essence of Christianity, you must shoulder all the dark and hellish history that man has made called *church history*. It is not Christianity. The history of the church is one thing, that of Christianity another, and they are as wide apart as hell from heaven, as day from night, and darkness from light. Ceremony has its use when it stands for a spiritual reality.

MARRIED NINE TIMES.

I do not say that ceremony is unnecessary altogether. Certain ceremony is essential, in our weakness as human beings, as crutches to help us; but too much of a good thing we may have sometimes. I saw the other day where a woman applied for a divorce in Rhode Island because her husband insisted on being married to her so many times. She was first married to him in Michigan in 1884. Soon after he began to study the subject of apostolic succession, and became sincerely imbued with the idea that that ceremony lacked a certain validity. He was afraid that that Methodist preacher was not in the line of the apostolic succession, and so when he got over to the old world he persuaded his wife to have the ceremony performed over again, and was married in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin.

Afterward he reached another phase in his experience, and he wanted another ceremony performed, when he had a Presbyterian to marry him. He afterward grew agnostic in his tendencies and became atheistic, when he decided that he would have a civil marriage, and an Alderman married him. He kept that up, I think, in eight years he

was married nine times to the same woman, and finally she applied to the court for relief—to have the marriage annulled. I do not say a certain amount of ceremony is not a good thing. I believe the marriage ceremony essential in symbolizing a spiritual reality and in preserving the sanctity of the body, which carries with it the sanctity of the soul, and is thus extremely essential to the existence of society today. And yet, poor fool—why, he was married just as hard and fast when the Methodist preacher married him as when the whole nine had married him, if in faith he had entered the bond and in his soul was true to his wife.

BAPTISM.

Baptism—my brother, you say you believe in the form. I want to say to every Baptist here that the form means nothing in itself, and that its only possible

significance is an act of obedience that implies a full surrender. I do not care a cent for the apostolic succession, or procession. If you have not in your soul the vital reality it is a mockery. I would sooner trust a man who never had been baptized at all, but who looked up into the heavens and said: "Help me to do thy will, O God!" "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter in, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

The apostles knew Jesus, and oh, how intimately! And if the apostle could claim nothing from knowing Jesus Christ personally, what shall I claim because I am in the line of ceremonies and processions?

(c) We know that we have passed from death unto life—how? Because we have joined the church? Because we know the catechism? Because we believe in the five points of Calvinism? Because we believe the heathen are damned? Because we have accepted the historic statement of the divinity of Christ? Listen: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." That is to say, the real Christ is the Christ, that thus is incarnated in the soul of man; that thus gets into his heart and life and takes on mortal form here.

MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

To accept Christ, then, means to surrender self. The incarnation means surrender. You ask me, How did I accept Christ? I am telling you a simple fact in my own heart, life and experience. I went to my native village a short time ago and walked by my old home. As I looked up I said there in that room was the place I first came in conscious touch with the Spirit of God. I knelt down there by my bedside in the afternoon at 3 o'clock and I said, "O, Jesus Christ, I surrender; I give my will and my life into thine." The next verse to our text reads, "There is a new creation"—the world is new. And it was new that day—it was a more lovely world, a sweeter world. I went down to play with the boys in the street, and there was more joy in the play; life had a deeper meaning. That was the sum and substance of my Christian experience, and if there is an essential Christ it is found in this surrender of self.

TWO WAYS.

Any man that has the Spirit of Christ is his; if not, he is none of his. Two women in a city of America had heard their pastor appeal for aid in helping the poor and criminal classes and decided they would do something. One of them went and stood upon a platform and talked to the degraded criminals—told

them how wretched and devilish it was to sin in a hard, cold, pitiless, merciless style. The other woman went through her experience, and afterward they met and took counsel with each other. The one who engaged in lecturing said she did not seem to accomplish anything in the way of practical influence, and did not know what was the matter. The other said: "I just went to one prison cell. The old mulatto woman there told me she was put in for larceny. She had been out of work; her baby was sick and cried for food and she had to steal. I told her I was sorry for her, and was afraid that if I had been born black and had a hungry baby I should also have stolen." The other woman said, "You did not degrade yourself making such a statement as that?" "I did not talk anything else to her, did not know what else to say, I was so much interested in her troubles." The result was the other woman went back to her lecturing, and they hated and cursed her, while the second looked after the poor black baby and when its mother was released gave her work and a home. She is now a member of the Methodist church, striving to educate her boy to be a noble citizen of this great republic. I want to know who followed Christ there. It was the one who had gone down with the Spirit of Christ and spoken his message from the heart.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

I ask you tonight, in your heart of hearts and soul of souls and life of lives, where you stand. Is your life centered in self? If a man would save his life, he shall lose it. Have you lived up to the light Jesus Christ himself has flashed into your soul, or have you been one thing to the public and the people that know you, another to the Christ? Sometimes we all wear masks and play a part. You remember the late Mr. Welch, a writer for comic papers. The world laughed at his bright sayings, and yet they were all wrung from nerves that quivered and ached and throbbled with ceaseless anguish. He was one thing to the world, another in his heart and heart life.

You remember the old illustration by John Leech, which shows the interior of the dressing room of a circus. The ringmaster enters and orders the clown to appear before the expectant audience. And the clown sits helpless by the bedside of his dying wife, with the tears rolling down his painted face, ordered to give out his jokes, though his heart be breaking. Another thing he was in his heart and another in his life.

But what the Christ looks for is what you are in your soul—that inner soul, that reality that is the gauge and test of real manhood. Is there a true ring there? If so, it will be acceptable unto the Christ.

HERE WACHTEL.

Some years ago, in a western city, a great singer was singing one night with a power he never had before. The audience leaped on their chairs, seized their hats, waved them in the air and shouted. The great building trembled with his oration. In the last act there was a delay, but at last the manager entered and announced the song he was to sing. Strangely calm, he came forward and sang that song of farewell to the little ones at night, from Abt. When the last sentence of farewell came from his soul it was filled with a sweetness and a pathos that were unearthly. The great crowd was absolutely melted into tears. Never had man swept an audience with such resistless power as he had in that last song.

Next morning the newspapers stated

that on that evening he had received from home a telegram announcing the death of his child in a distant city. Why was his song irresistible? His song was the song of pathos and power, because he was the incarnation of tears, because there was in his soul the throbbing reality back of every note. His soul had arisen on the wings of that great song into the very presence of God, and he bathed himself in the blue of the infinite and the eternal, and it swept those who heard it with resistless power. That is the kind of power real Christianity has. It tells.

SPURGEON—WHITTIER.

Spurgeon died the other day. Whittier died the other day. I have thought since their death of that gathering in the "Choir Invisible" when the white robed poet of the soul walked in and struck hands with the great preacher of another world. Difference in creed, difference in profession to the world, difference in circumstances—oneness in spirit and oneness in life. So it seems to me sometimes it will be a revelation worth the salvation of a world if we could but see that "Choir Invisible" as it is added to from day to day from the four corners of the earth, from the white robed souls that come from Russia's vast steppes, from Africa's dark forests, from China's crowded shores—from every nation on earth—those who in their lives have had the spirit of the Christ, and who have fulfilled that law of eternal love. Who will hear the Judge on the throne of a universe say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou. I was hungry and you gave me meat. I was thirsty and you gave me drink. I was in prison; you came unto me. I was a stranger; you took me in?" And there will be many surprised ones then—those who were not in their life what they outwardly professed. Let us be in heart whatever we profess with the lip.

A PRACTICAL THEME

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at High Bridge, Ky.

ON A HISTORIC CAMP-GROUND.

Listened to by a Vast Gathering of People Who Came from Far and Near.

He Pictures the Skeptic in All His Vagaries, and Offsets Certain Theories Advanced in a Manner That Admits Not of Argument.

SERMON IN KENTUCKY.

Special to the Gazette.

HIGH BRIDGE, KY., July 12.—A vast concourse of people assembled this morning on the historic camp ground at High Bridge, Ky., to hear Dr. Talmage preach. They came from all the surrounding cities, towns and neighborhood. A large contingent from Louisville and another from Cincinnati were present. Many of the visitors have remained here since yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Talmage preached in the same place. The text of his sermon this morning was from Acts 3:15: "We are Witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool, Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London have made the nation a better rule

strength, and love shall reign supreme!

