

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.

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REVIEW SECTION.

I.—APOLOGETICS IN THE PULPIT.

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THE question, Ought apologetics to have any place in the pulpit? is one I should without hesitation answer in the affirmative, but not without preliminary explanations. In the first place, I should stipulate that the apologetic must be of the right sort; not the wooden, dry, hard, unconvincing kind of argumentation with which some apologetic treatises make us familiar, but helpful, suggestive thoughts fitted to show to earnest minds the reasonableness of faith—such thoughts as one can find in abundance in Bishop Butler's "Analogy," for example. Then, in the second place, pulpit apologetic should be of an occasional, not of a systematic character. It would be wholly out of place to turn the pulpit into a professor's chair, and deliver lectures on apologetics to a congregation as if it were a class of theological students. A special course of apologetic lectures on Sunday evenings, intended for the benefit of special audiences, may be admissible; but in ordinary preaching the apologetic element will appear to best advantage in the form of an occasional head of discourse, or short paragraph, or pithy, sententious saying.

An apologetic element wisely used will be found very serviceable to the great ends of the ministry, and cannot be dispensed with without detriment to these. Let me state briefly the grounds of this opinion:

1. The preacher must play the part of an apologist at times *if he would be true to the spirit of the Scriptures and a faithful follower of inspired models*. There are apologetic elements in the Bible, though it be a Book having throughout a practical religious aim—viz., to make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. In various parts of the Bible we find difficult religious problems stated and vigorously grappled with. For example, the fundamentally important question is put, Is God really *good*; does He care for the right; is He on the side of the pure in heart? For psalmists and prophets it was a hard question, for they saw so much that seemed to give

herds," and is connected with the root "to pillage," or else it is a term of contempt, meaning "bound with chains."*

In later times, as M. Naville long ago pointed out, this name "became synonymous with *pleb*."† The parallel is suggestive. The Hebrew shepherds were of the same race and came from the same fatherland as the Hyksos shepherds. They received the same hatred. Their memorials and history were allowed to fall into the same oblivion. The one was accused in Manetho's history of leprosy, the other was called in the hieroglyphic texts "the plague;" the one was described as "the polluted people," the other was called impure; while the name of each people is seen to have been degraded into a common term for the laborers of any race.

SERMONIC SECTION.

MUNICIPAL MISRULE.

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.
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The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.—Ps. xii. 8.

It will be well for us, you and me, to come to a full and frank understanding with each other at the very threshold of our discussion this morning, as to the true scope of the campaign in which we are engaged, and to which, unless all signs are misleading, the hearts of increasing numbers are, day by day, becoming enlisted. What was spoken from this pulpit four weeks ago was spoken with a distinct intent from which we have not, in the mean time, swerved, and from which we do not in coming time propose to swerve, whatever in the way of obstruction, vituperation, or intimidation may be officially or unofficially launched against us; for the one exclusive aim of the movement is to create, to characterize, and to lay bare the iniquity that municipally antagonizes and that neutralizes the efforts which a Christian pulpit puts forth to make righteousness the law of human life, individual, social, and civic. So

that as I apprehend my functions as a preacher of righteousness I have no option in the matter. It is not left to me to say whether I will do it or will not do it, but to go straightway about my business without fear or favor.

It is important to recognize just here the purely moral intention of the crusade, as security against it becoming complicated with considerations that stand aloof from the main point. A great many civic efforts have been made here and elsewhere that have resulted in nothing, for the single and sufficient reason that they have been side-tracked—switched off on to some collateral issue—mortgaged to some competitive interest. Suggestions, insinuations, criticisms that have reached me from various sources, some through the press, some through personal correspondence, make it incumbent upon me to declare that what has been said, and what will continue to be said, proceeds in no slightest degree from or sympathy with, or any interest in any specific policy, whether political, reformatory or religious, looking to the reconstruction of our municipal life. I do not speak as a Republican or as a Democrat; as a Protestant or as a Catholic; as an advocate of prohibition or as an advocate of license. I am moved, so help me God, purely and exclusively by the respect which I have for the Ten Com-

* "Zeitschrift für Aegyptische sprach und Alterthumskunde," 1875. "Bubastis," Edouard Naville, 1891.

† "Revue Chretienne" 1878.

mandments, and by my anxiety, as a preacher of Jesus Christ, to have the law of God regnant in individual and social life, so that I antagonize our existing municipal administration because I believe that with all the individual exceptions, frankly stated four weeks ago, I believe that administration to be essentially corrupt, interiorly rotten, and in its combined tendency and effect to stand in diametric resistance to all that Christ and the holy Christian pulpit represent in the world.

Now there is another diversion—side-tracking device—which, as it seems to me, has had for its object to confuse the general mind and so break the force of the indictment made here four weeks ago—I refer, of course, to the presentment made by the February Grand Jury. In that presentment, the substance of the censure passed upon the offending clergyman was that he brought charges against an official founded on newspaper report. Why! I said at the time that it was founded on newspaper report! So far as related to the McGlory matter, it was a hypothetical accusation, and was exhibited as a hypothetical accusation. If the papers which published the story at the time, and which, so far as I could learn, had remained for weeks (six weeks) uncontradicted, misrepresented the case, why then my accusation so far as related to the McGlory matter tumbled with it, and that is all of it involved in the very terms in which I then recognized the newspapers as my authority. If I had failed to indicate my authority, or if I had failed to indicate that, so far as related to the McGlory business, my charge stood or fell with that authority, the case would have been different. But as it is, there seems to me to be in the action of the Grand Jury a lack of that frankness which I certainly had a right to expect, and which my own entire frankness in the Grand Jury Room had certainly entitled me to receive. The natural, not to say the intended, effect of the form under which the presentment was made, was to produce

upon the minds of such as were not knowing to the very phraseology which I used the impression that I had been stating as of my own personal knowledge matters which upon a little sifting disclose themselves to have reached me only through the avenue of the press.

I cannot feel that to be just, nor can I otherwise interpret it than as calculated to represent as ministerial effusiveness and carelessness that which had not an element of inexactness or carelessness in it, and in that was covertly to impeach and bring into discredit my arraignment of it as needless. Leaving that point, I would like merely to interpolate the inquiry, Why was it that an accusation that for six weeks had been lying unregarded and untouched in the public prints was at once made the subject of judicial investigation and carried to the point of presentment when reproduced in the pulpit?

But all of that aside, and I am sorry to have asked you to devote a single moment's thought to a matter that has to some degree the appearance of being personal to myself—all of that aside, you will remember that the substance of the charge that four weeks ago was brought against a certain official was, that he exhibited a languid interest in the conviction of criminals of law, and allowed other considerations to intervene between himself and his official obligations. Now that last is exactly what he has done in my own person since then. I went to him with business that pertained to his own department, and he peremptorily refused to hold official communication with me. His feelings toward me personally prevented his fulfilling the obligations due from him officially. Now there is no newspaper rumor about this. I speak that I do know and testify that which I have seen; and two witnesses are ready to bear their testimony to the fact.

I am a citizen and a tax-payer, and I am refused audience with an officer whose salary I, as a tax-payer, am help-

ing to pay, and whose services as an attorney I am entitled to avail of. Now, so far as that concerns me only personally, of course I care nothing about it. It would be as childish as it would be wicked to bring into the pulpit personal differences as such. But the point is that in the transaction just referred to I as a citizen could get nothing from an officer of the Government, because forsooth I was not solid with him. Now, that is the genius of the entire Tammany business. You cannot get anything from Tammany unless you are solid with Tammany. A man, though he be working night and day for the ennoblement and purification of the city he loves, has no rights which Tammany is bound to respect. We are obliged and glad to make all possible exceptions, and there are many such, but the fact is that Tammany, taken as a whole, is not so much a political party as it is a commercial corporation, organized in the interest of making the most possible out of its official opportunity, so that what the rest of us get from Tammany we have to get by fighting for it or by paying for it. All of which is stated with incisiveness and frankness in the last number of *The North American Review*, in which the writer says :

“ Tammany is not a party, and refuses allegiance to any. It has no principles or platforms to pledge it to duty. It fights only for itself. Its governmental theory is simple. It counts absolutely on the ignorant, the venal, and the depraved voters, holding them with the adhesive and relentless grasp of an octopus. It never alienates the grog-shop keepers, the gamblers, the beer-dealers, the nuisance-makers, or the proletariat. Patriotism and a sense of duty count for nothing in its estimate of political forces. Party passion, selfishness, and hopes of victory and spoils are its supreme reliance.”

And not only does the organization just referred to stand as the organization of crime, but it fosters the tendency of crime. There are citizens in this

town abominating the whole system that do not dare to stand up and be counted. One of the most striking features of the immense number of letters of thanks and encouragement that I have been receiving during the last four weeks is the large percentage written by people who do not dare to append their own signatures ; honestly in sympathy with everything that is true and pure and honest, and yet afraid over their own names to put in black and white their sincere views of a government whose duty it is to foster virtue, not to drive it into hiding. I do not refer to this for the purpose of charging the writers with cowardice.

I only adduce the fact as a demonstration of the inherent tyranny of the civilized brigands who are despotizing over us. Only in that connection I want to say that now is a good time to speak out, an excellent opportunity for moral heroism to come to the front and assert itself. Nothing frightens so easily as vice. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, and they make still better time when somebody is pursuing. Time and again during the past weeks as I have, between the hours of twelve and three in the morning, sat in the company of women of a class almost too disreputable to be even named in this presence, I have had the same thing said, that there is not so much doing just now, for the reason that everybody is scared. Some things have come, and they have a sure presentiment that more of the same sort is on the way. The scattering feathers and the plaintive peepings indicate that the shots are striking into the quick.

I have strongly to emphasize the fact, even at the risk of being repetitious, that my interest in this is due solely to the obstruction that such a condition of affairs puts upon my work as a preacher of righteousness. You cannot have men even of tainted reputation (saying nothing of character) high in municipal authority, without that fact working the discouragement of virtue and the reduction of moral standards.

It is a pretty trying state of affairs for such as are attempting to improve the moral condition of our young men, in particular, to have officials high in power against whom the most damning and excoriating thing that can be done is to publish their history.

Awhile ago the treasurer of a certain bank downtown, who was not even suspected of being dishonest, but whose name through no fault of his own had become associated with a disreputable firm, was thrown out of his place. The reason stated by the directors was that, while they cordially and unanimously recognized the integrity of the treasurer, they could not afford so to jeopardize the interests of the bank as to have associated with them a man who was tainted even in the slight degree of being mentioned in connection with dishonest dealing. Now, that is the way you run a bank. That is the style of condition that you impose upon candidature for places of official trust. I am not here to criticise those conditions, but when you come to run a city, with a million and a half of people, with interests that are a good deal more than pecuniary, and a city, too, that is putting the stamp of its character or of its infamy upon every smaller city in the country through, then you have not always shrunk from putting into places of trust men who are ex-diverkeepers and crooks and ex-convicts, and men whose detailed written history would draw tremblingly near the verge of obscene literature.

The charge has been brought that the kind of discourse that was given here four weeks ago was entirely general, and was not characterized by that definiteness or by that sharpness of detail that would commend it to the interest or the confidence of a judicial mind. Now, details, I confess, were the last thing that I supposed that the virtuous people of this city would need, or that the administration would want. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I understood that it was officially stated in the Stevenson "Slide" case that,

while ministers like myself were willing enough to sit in their own houses and vituperate the city government, it was impossible to get them to procure evidence that would help to convict suspects of violation of laws. As I say, this was something of a surprise, for while I knew that the city government had allowed the ladies to teach them how to sweep the streets, I did not imagine it would be considered a part of my ministerial duty to go into the slums and help catch rascals, especially as the police are paid nearly \$5,000,000 a year for doing it themselves; but it is never too late to broaden your diocese.

I therefore selected seven names of parties that I imagined might occasionally forget themselves and be guilty of the violation of the Excise laws, put evidence-takers on their track, and having secured evidence such as my counsel deemed sufficient, went to the District Attorney in the interview above described. Opportunity of official intercourse being denied me (I omitted just now to mention the fact that the seven names selected were of parties that are away up in the confidences of Tammany counsels)—opportunity of official intercourse being denied me, my lawyer put the names of the parties before the District Attorney, which he politely returned and said that we could take them before the Grand Jury, and that he would secure us the opportunity. I was admitted to the Grand Jury, but upon stating my errand, was courteously informed that attending to such matters was not exactly in their line, and was invited to move on, and first try my luck with the police court. Application was therefore made to the police court and warrants were obtained. That was the first gleam of hope that broke upon us, and down to date, it is the last gleam. The case was put over till last week Monday. On Monday we all gathered again at the Tombs, counsel and witnesses, only to have the judge tell us that we could come around this week Tuesday. I said four weeks ago that our municipal administration

showed a languid interest in the conviction of criminals. I was taunted with dealing in generalities. Now there is a specification—seven of them; go put them along with the Grand Jury's presentment.

Well, the work of gathering evidence thus begun grew upon me in interest and fascination. Last Sunday, therefore, while we were quietly studying and praying over the matter of foreign missions, I had a force of five detectives out studying up city missions, and trying to discover if the Police Department shows any practical respect to its obligation to enforce excise laws on the Sabbath. Before going on with that I want to mention a little incident that also occurred last Sabbath on the east side. The story met my eye in the morning paper, and I asked a legal friend to go to the clerk of the court and verify it, which he did in its essential features. A policeman on Division Street, urged thereto—so the story runs—by the necessity that he felt himself under just at the time to show the community what a lively interest the police take in preserving the holy quiet of the Lord's Day, went into an open grocer's shop and arrested the shop-keeper for selling a three-cent cake of soap. Now I do not want to be understood as condoning that offence. Cleanliness is next to godliness, but cleanliness is not godliness, and I am not here to criticise Judge Kilbreth, in whose integrity I have thorough reason to put confidence, for putting the offender under ball to appear before General Sessions. But while this three-cent soap transaction was transpiring there were a good many other things transpiring, and I return to the experience of my five detectives.

I have here the results of their day's work, neatly type-written, sworn to, corroborated and subject to the call of the District Attorney. There is here the list of parties that last Sunday violated the ordinance of Sunday closing. One of these covers the east side and the other the west side of town. These names are interesting; some of them

especially so from one cause or another; in some instances on account of their official position, either present or recent; in other cases because of the family connections or intimacy of the powers that be. These lists include violations in twenty-two precincts. The statement sworn is the following, omitting the names and addresses of the witnesses, which are in the documents, of course, given in full.

"John Smith, of such a street and number, in said city, being duly sworn, deposes and says that at the city of New York, on Sunday, March 6th, 1892, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 12 P.M., deponent, in company with one John Jones, visited the following liquor saloons, where wine or malt or spirituous liquors were exposed for sale; that there were people drinking at the bars of all these places, to wit." Then follows the list of places, with address and number of people present in each.

Then comes John Jones's sworn corroboration of John Smith's affidavit—in other words, "legal evidence," which is what I understand our municipal administration desires to have this pulpit furnish it. Of course I am not going to take up your time by reading the names, only a little in the way of recapitulation for illustration's sake: Second Precinct, 7 saloons open, 55 people present; Fourth Precinct, 10 saloons open, 45 people present; Fourteenth Precinct, 15 saloons open, 160 people present; Nineteenth Precinct (that is ours), 18 saloons open, 205 people present. In all (I do not mean all the saloons that are open, but all the open ones our detectives happened to strike), 254 saloons, 2488 people present. They don't want generalities, they want particularities. Well, there are 254 of them, no pulpit garrulousness nor ministerial exuberance, but hard, cold affidavits. If the concerned guardians of the public peace and the anxious conservators of municipal laws want facts, we will guarantee to grind them out a fresh grist every blessed week. Now let them take vigorous hold of the mat-

ter furnished above, or cease their hypocritical clamoring after specific charges.

It has seemed to me that there would be a peculiar propriety in studying a little ways into the general trend of things in the Nineteenth Precinct, as that is the one in which our own church is situated, and from which we draw the major part of our congregation. To this end I have had during the last few days a number of interested people, some of them paid detectives, some of them volunteers from this congregation, scouring the ground with a view to learning something about the gambling-houses and the houses of a disorderly character. A gambler who is a dealer in one of the faro banks here told one of our parties that the small games were running pretty quiet now, because Dr. Parkhurst's society (the Society for the Prevention of Crime) had so frightened the police, that they made the gamblers close up for a time till the thing should blow over.

I only mention that that you may get at the true inwardness of the situation. The police can stop the gambling just the instant that they conclude that it is unsafe not to. They will go just as far as the exigencies push, and, to all appearance, not a step further. Among places of this character reported to me are two that are possessed of a melancholy interest, because of the youthful character of the parties—a gambling-house a little above Fortieth Street, furnished with roulette, hazard, and red-and-black tables, in which there were counted forty-eight young men, and a policy-shop three blocks above our church running full blast, and into which forty young men were seen to enter last Tuesday.

Leaving the gambling-houses for the present, I must report to you what was discovered in a region of iniquity that, in this presence, will have to be dealt with with as much caution and delicacy as the nature of the subject will allow. I have here a list of thirty houses, names and addresses, all specified, that are

simply houses of prostitution, all of them in this precinct. These thirty places were all of them visited by my friend or my detective on the 10th and also on the 11th of March, and solicitations received on both dates. One of these places I spent an hour in myself, and I know perfectly well what it all means and with what facility such houses can be gotten into. That house is three blocks only from the spot where I am standing now. All of this has been neatly type-written, sworn to, corroborated, and is subject to the call of the District Attorney.

And now, fathers and mothers, I am trying to help your sons. From the very commencement of my ministry here, I confess that to be of some encouragement and assistance to young men has been my great ambition. Appeal after appeal has come to me these last four weeks signed "A Father" or "A Mother," begging of me to try to do something for their dear boys. But as things are I do declare there is not very much that I can do for them. I never knew till within two weeks how almost impossible it is for a young man to be in the midst of the swim of New York City life under present conditions and still be temperate and clean. I had supposed that the coarse, bestial vices were fenced off from youthful tracks with some show at least of police restriction. So far as I have been able to read the diagnosis of the case, I don't discover the restrictions.

There is little advantage in preaching the Gospel to a young man on Sunday, if he is going to be sitting on the edge of a Tammany-maintained hell the rest of the week. Don't tell me I don't know what I am talking about. Many a long, dismal, heartsickening night in company with two trusted friends have I spent, since I spoke on the matter before, going down into the disgusting depths of this Tammany-debauched town, and it is rotten with a rottenness that is unspeakable and indescribable, and a rottenness that would be absolutely impossible except by the con-

nivance, not to say the purchased sympathy, of the men whose one obligation before God, men and their own conscience is to shield virtue and make vice difficult.

Now, that I stand by because before Almighty God I know it. And I will stand by it though presentments fall as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, or snowflakes in a March blizzard. Excuse the personal references to myself in all this, but I cannot help it. I never dreamed that any force of circumstances would ever draw me into contacts so coarse, so bestial, so consummately filthy as those I have repeatedly found myself in the midst of these last few days. I feel as though I wanted to go out of town for a month to bleach the sense of it out of my mind, and the vision of it out of my eyes. I am not ignorant of the colossal spasm of indignation into which the trustees of Tammany education have been thrown by the blunt and inelegant characterizations of a month ago, and I have a clear as well as a serious anticipation of what I have to expect from the same sources, for having diligently sought out and entered into the very presence of iniquity in its vilest shape, for there is nothing in the first chapter of Romans (read this morning) that will outdo in filthiness the scenes which my eyes have just witnessed.

And not till I look on the great White Throne can the moral traces of it be fully effaced, but horrible though the memory of it must always be, I know it has earned me a grip on the situation that I would not surrender for untold money. But the grim and desolate part of it all is that these things are always open and perfectly easily accessible. The young men, your boys, probably know that they are. Ten minutes of slight investigation, such as a contaminated lad might give them, would find them all the information they would need to enable them, with entire confidence, to pick out either a cheap or an expensive temple of vile fascination, where the unholy worship of Venus is

rendered. The door will open to him, and the blue-coated guards of civic virtue will not molest him.

I spent an hour in such a place yesterday morning, and when we came down the steps I almost tumbled over a policeman, who appeared to be doing picket duty on the curbstone. To say that the police do not know what is going on and where it is going on, with all the brilliant symptoms of the character of the place distinctly in view, is rot. I do not ask any one to excuse or to apologize for my language. You have got to fit your words to your theme. We do not handle charcoal with a silver ladle nor carry city garbage out on the dumping grounds in a steam yacht. And any one who, with the easily accessible facts in view, denies that drunkenness, gambling, and licentiousness in this town are municipally protected is either a knave or an idiot.

It is one of the rules and regulations of the Police Department that "it is the duty of the Superintendent to enforce in the city of New York all the laws of the State, and ordinances of the city of New York, and ordinances of the Board of Health, and regulations of the Board of Police; to abate all gambling houses, rooms and premises, and places kept or used for lewd or obscene purposes and amusements, and places kept or used for the sale of lottery tickets or policies." Another rule is: "Captains will be diligent in enforcing the laws relating to lottery policies and shops, the selling of liquor and gambling of all kinds." Still another rule governing policemen is the following: "Policemen must carefully watch all disorderly houses or houses of bad fame within their post, observe by whom they are frequented, and report their observations to the commanding officer." Still another: "Policemen shall report to their commanding officer all persons known or suspected of being policy sellers, gamblers, receivers of stolen property, thieves, burglars, or offenders of any kind." Again: "Each

policeman must, by his vigilance, render it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for any one to commit crime on his post."

The obligations of our Police Department to enforce law are distinct, and their failure to do it is just as distinct. I am not making the definite charge that this proceeds from complicity with the violators of the laws, but I do make the distinct charge that it proceeds either from complicity or incompetency. They can take their choice. I do not believe, though, that any considerable number of people in New York consider them incompetent. This is disproved by the consummate ability with which certain portions of their official obligations are discharged, and by the complete success with which, when, on one or two occasions, they made up their minds, for instance, that the liquor saloons should be closed, they were closed uptown and downtown, from Harlem to the Battery. Their ability I am willing to applaud indefinitely, knowing all the time, though, that the more I applaud them for their ability the more I damn them for their negligence. With the backing, then, of such facts legally certified to as have been presented this morning, we insist in behalf of an insulted and outraged public that the Police Department, from its top down, shall without further shift proceed with an iron hand to close up gambling-houses, houses of prostitution, and whiskey-shops open in illegal hours. If this is what they cannot do, let them consider the point and give place to some one who can. If this is what they will not do, let them stand squarely on the issue and be impeached according to the provisions of the court.

In a closing word, voicing the righteous indignation of the pure and honest citizenship of this tyrannized municipality, let me in a representative way say to Tammany: For four weeks you have been wincing under the sting of a general indictment and have been calling for particulars. This morning I have given you particulars, 254—254—

of them; now what are you going to do with them?

THE BLESSED HOPE.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.
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Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Titus ii. 18.

I SHOULD be doing equal violence to your feelings and to my own deep affection if my first words this morning were not the expression of our share in the sorrow of all good men for the death of Mr. Spurgeon. The loss falls especially on the churches of the denomination to which he and I belong; but it touches Christendom. He was as good as he was great; he was as sweet as he was good. His genius for forceful, racy speech sets him by the side of the great masters of our English tongue. His fervor of devotion and intensity of love to the Lord Jesus Christ blazed through all his work. He was absolutely self-forgetful, thinking nothing of himself and everything of his message. His pathos and his humor, his sagacity and his kindness, were equal. His power of cheery work was unexampled, and all that he was he gave to his Lord, with rare and beautiful simplicity and faithfulness. He had no peer; he can have no successor. Such lives are not given twice to a generation. We shall honor him best if we try to fill our little places as he did his, and to cleave to the Master whom he magnified and now beholds.

My text this morning does not come inappropriately in such circumstances. It brings us into touch with the realities into which our brother has entered, and it points us the path by which we may travel to the same rest.

I. I note in it, first, the great object of the Christian hope, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."