

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

A Family Paper

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The Outlook



BY a vote of 190 to 84—more than two-thirds—the House of Representatives decided last week to consider the Bland free-coinage bill. A considerable number of Republicans voted with the majority, not because they approve of the bill, but because they are anxious to assist the Democratic party in every effort to commit an act of folly. Of the Democrats in the House about one-fourth made a resolute and courageous fight against the consideration of the bill, and may be counted as the opponents of every free-coinage measure. The Bland bill is more than a serious economic blunder; it is a menace. If it could be passed over the President's veto, it would put into the pockets of the mine-owners the profit on silver coinage which now goes into the United States Treasury. It would delay, if not absolutely prevent, the successful prosecution of measures for international bimetallism—the only bimetallism which can be permanently successful. It would give us two dollars of unequal value, and so complicate the currency which it should be the aim of statesmanship to simplify. It would impoverish the poorer classes by providing a depreciated dollar in which their wages could be and would be paid. It would probably drive gold out of the country, or keep it here only as an article of commerce—as it was during the Civil War—and for a gold monometallism which is bad, would substitute a silver monometallism which would be a great deal worse. And it would subject us to the danger of an inflation and a subsequent collapse, involving a crisis more serious than any the country has experienced since the war. To push this bill to the front is bad politics, as it is bad economics. It divides the party on the eve of a Presidential election. If the free-coinage Democrats in Congress succeed in pushing through the Bland bill, they will not only fail of their purpose through the President's veto, but, as we have already pointed out, they will transfer to Mr. Harrison the credit of settling a vexatious and difficult question. They will give him, on the one hand, the opportunity of identifying himself with sound currency, and, on the other, the opportunity, through the proposed International Conference, of identifying himself with a sound method of restoring silver to its proper place and making our currency more flexible and responsive to the needs of the country.



If the English public judges the temper of the American people upon the Behring Sea question by the discussion in the Senate last week, it will certainly conclude that our blood is up. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in introducing a resolution in favor of commercial retaliation toward Canada, gravely assured his colleagues (so reads the dispatch) "that he regarded the situation as the most critical since he had been in public life." Senator Frye, of Maine, went further. He demanded that the waters of the Behring Sea be patrolled by American vessels, and that every sealer be seized at all hazards. To punish Canada for her participation in the deep-sea seal fisheries, he was

ready to go even further than the Senator from Alabama in pushing a policy of retaliation. No definite action was taken, and probably none will be until an answer is received to a note sent on Tuesday to Sir Julian Pauncefote by Acting Secretary of State Wharton. In this note our Government contends, with reason, that Lord Salisbury ought not at this time to refuse to renew the *modus vivendi* under which negotiations have been brought so near to satisfactory adjustment. The note concludes, however, with a declaration that the United States, pending settlement by arbitration, will maintain the rights it has claimed. Senator Sherman expresses the opinion that an amicable settlement will be reached, as the interests involved are too petty for a prolonged contention.



Owing to the decision rendered by the Supreme Court of Ohio nullifying the contracts by which the Standard Oil Company of that State entered into the Standard Oil Trust, the latter organization is preparing to change its name and form. The Ohio decision goes much further than the New York decision in the Sugar Trust case, in placing the seal of judicial condemnation upon trust agreements of every sort. The New York Court simply held that corporations as such could not enter into combinations without forfeiting their corporate charters. This did not affect the Standard Oil Trust, which had been formed by the action of individual stockholders of the several corporations, and not by the corporations themselves. The Ohio Court decides that where a controlling interest in the corporation has passed into the hands of trustees the corporation itself has passed into their hands, and that a combination thus effected is not only quite as injurious but quite as illegal as if the corporation had entered it bodily. The Standard trustees are holding frequent meetings, and their solicitor, Mr. Dodd, announces that the trust will be dissolved. The chief reason for the dissolution, he says, is not the Ohio decision, but "the public outcry against trusts." Whether this dissolution will be actual or merely nominal, the public will wait with interest to see. The \$95,000,000 of trust certificates are held by about two hundred men, and a mere handful of these have a controlling interest. The Ohio decision has not lessened the price of the certificates. On the contrary, the price advanced ten points last week; certificates sold at 169. So long as it is for their interest, the owners will act as a unit; and so long as they act as a unit, the monopoly will continue. But there is small objection to monopoly if the public share the profits, and Germany has shown us how this result can be secured. There one-half of all profits of its national bank above 3½ per cent. are paid into the national treasury, and three-fourths of all profits above 6 per cent. In America the special taxation might begin at 6 per cent. (the normal rate of interest in most States), and the higher rate begin at 12 per cent. As the Standard has for eight years paid 12 per cent. upon its nominal capitalization, such a tax would leave a large profit to the shareholders.



To the surprise of the Progressives almost as much as of the Tories, the former have carried the London County

true a dog did they find him to be. He says he knows but one other dog like this one in method of drawing, or in skill of giving the living form without one touch of chisel for hair or incision for eye, and that is the dog in the great fresco at Assisi, barking at Poverty.

Pope Boniface VIII. wanted a great painter for St. Peter's, and sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to find out what kind of a painter Giotto was and what work he had done. The messenger stopped at the old city of Siena and received designs from painters there, and then went to Giotto, expecting to be given a specimen of his best work to take back to the Pope. But with one sweep of his arm Giotto drew a circle in red ink, and gave it to the messenger, and could not be persuaded to send anything else. However, the Pope accepted the "O" of Giotto, and ever thereafter when a thing was well done the people said it was as round as the "O" of Giotto.

Mr. Ruskin says, "The greatest praise of Giotto is not that he painted the purest and loveliest frescos in the world, not that he raised above Florence a tower which has been the delight of all succeeding ages, but that he was the first to show by his work that Art was useful to man, not only as a teacher, but as a friend." He also strove to make people see and love the small and hidden things that always lie about our pathway.

Giotto was the great Dante's friend, and he painted a portrait of him on a chapel wall in the old Bargello palace. This fresco, together with others of his in Florence, was whitewashed over and remained hidden and lost to the world for two hundred years and more.

Mrs. Browning alludes to this portrait of Dante in her poem "Casa Guidi Windows" when she speaks of Dante in the other world, wearing a softer brow

Than Giotto drew upon the wall for some
Good lovers of our age to track and plow
Their way to, through time's ordures stratified,
And startle broad awake into the dull
Bargello chamber.

An important event happened to each of these two friends and famous men while they were yet very young. Giotto met his future master and teacher when he was only ten years old; and Dante met the little Beatrice, whom he loved all the rest of his life, when he was only eight. Neither of them could have dreamed, at that time, of the influence these events would have upon their future lives.

Giotto was appointed to build the tower, or campanile, because he was the great master of sculpture, of painting, and of architecture in Italy, and supposed to be without a superior in the world. He did not live to see it completed, but left it in the hands of such skilled workmen as Andrea Pisano, Luca della Robbia, Ghiberti, and others.



Home-made Touches

Some curious revelations have been made in Boston during the ejection and moving of the inmates from the condemned tenements. One family were placed in apartments that had been newly whitewashed. The Inspector called shortly after, and found the wall covered here and there with dirt. In answer to the question, "What have you done to these walls?" the reply was: "Well, you see, it was so cold and bare like that we just put some smooches on the wall to warm it up a bit."

Would it not be wise to organize a society to distribute pictures—a loan collection that should pass from house to house and family to family at stated intervals?

The giving of three prettily bound books to one family has resulted in the making of book-shelves that will hold a dozen books, and the empty places have been a constant source of anxiety to the family. The prices of books have been an incentive to economy. The quickest method of elevating human beings is by creating wants that in turn create divine discontent.

Sunday Afternoon

The Vilest Men Exalted

By the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

We transfer from the New York "Tribune" its report of Dr. Parkhurst's second sermon on Tammany Hall and the New York City government. This report has been revised for The Christian Union by Dr. Parkhurst. It was preached last Sunday (March 13), before a crowded congregation, which filled the church to its utmost capacity, many being unable to get admittance. The Scripture reading which preceded the sermon was the first chapter of Romans. The sermon was as follows:

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 meantime 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 probe, 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 its 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 Almighty God, purely and exclusively by the respect which I have for the Ten Commandments 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 conceded 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 a loyal Christian pulpit represent in the world.

Now, there is another diversion, side-tracking device, that has been operated and that has been operated industriously, and 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 charge 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 accusa-

tion. 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 disclosed 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 extravagance or carelessness in it, and in that way 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 violators 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 taxpayer, and I am refused audience with an officer whose salary I as a taxpayer am helping to pay, and whose services as an attorney I am entitled to avail of. Now, so far as that concerns me 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 embodies the tyranny 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; distinctly 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 down-town, 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 to 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-dive-keepers 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 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 shopkeeper for selling a three-cent cake of soap. Now, I do not want to be understood as condoning that offense. Cleanliness is next to godliness, but cleanliness is not godliness, and I am not here to criticize Judge Kilbreth, in whose integrity I have thorough reason to put confidence, for putting the offender under bail 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 typewritten, 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

to 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 6, 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, 169 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, 2,438 people present. They don't want generalities, they want particularities. Well, there are 254 of them—not pulpit grandiloquence 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 matter 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 way 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 of the case push them, and, to all appearance, not a step farther. Among places of this character reported to me are two that are possessed of a melancholy interest, because of the youthful character of the patrons—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 friends or my detectives on the 10th and also on the 11th of March, and solicitations received from the women 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 typewritten, 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 until 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 contact 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 connivance, 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.

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A Missionary Lesson¹

By Lyman Abbott

Israel has spent her seventy years in captivity. Cyrus the Great has appeared on the horizon and has already won victories over the surrounding peoples. In his advent the great unknown prophet, sometimes called the Second Isaiah, whose prophecy extends from the fortieth chapter of this book to its close, discerns a deliverer for Israel whom God has raised up. In the passage before us he begins that series of prophecies whose aim was to encourage hope and faith in the heart of an exiled and despairing people.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.
Speak ye home to the heart of Jerusalem, and call unto her
That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is absolved,
That she hath received at Jehovah's hand double for all her sins.

This is the first word of preparation that must come to any one who is to do God's work in the world and carry his Gospel message unto others. First his own sin must be pardoned, his own peace with God made clear. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit," saith the Psalmist, "then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." "Freely ye have received, freely give," says Christ. So Paul: "The husbandman that laboreth must first be partaker of the fruits." So the First Isaiah, before he could deliver his message to Israel, must have his profane lips touched with a live coal taken from off the altar. "Lo," saith the Seraphim, "this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Then it is that he is ready to cry, "Here am I; send me!"

The voice of the preacher to the Church is a voice in the wilderness, and it calls the Church to a definite, a specific, and an inspiring duty. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Throughout the Old Testament the Messiah is a Coming One. In the New Testament he is still represented as the One who is to come for the redemption of his people. God is always thus coming. From eternity he has been a Word, speaking, revealing himself, coming to man in nature, in providence, in the word of prophet, in

the revelation of his Son, in the indwelling of his Spirit. The work of the Church is to prepare for this coming of the Lord. It is to make straight in the desert a highway for him. It is not merely to make men more just, more true, more honest, more kindly in their relations one to another; it is to do this, that thereby they may be prepared for fellowship with God. Ethics is a preparation for religion. The righteousness of a life consistent with conscience prepares for life spiritual in God and with God.

Thus the function of the Church is a missionary function. Christ in his first sermon in Galilee declares the nature of his mission. "The Spirit of the Lord," he says, "is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor." Jesus Christ was a missionary. He came to seek and save that which is lost. No church is a Church of Christ if it be not a missionary church, making its chief endeavor to seek and to save. Its end is not worship—worship cultivates its spirit of Christian activity; its end is not creed—creed is the instrument of its religious activity; its end is not moral culture—moral culture is the beginning, not the end, of its work. Its end is to prepare for the coming of God into the hearts and lives of men, that so the glory of the Lord may be revealed and all flesh may see God.¹

- The Voice:* Call!
• *The Prophet:* What can I call?
All flesh is grass;
And all its beauty like a wild flower.
The grass withers, flowers fade,
When the breath of Jehovah breathes upon it.
Surely the people is grass.

This is the voice of the preacher's discouragement and despair. To what prophet, what preacher, what reformer, has this question of hopelessness not come at times? It came to Elijah in the wilderness; it came again and again to Jeremiah in his hours of persecution; it came to John the Baptist in the tower of Machias; it came to Paul in Corinth, where he was "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." Nay, even echoes of this voice are to be heard in the experience of the Christ himself: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" he cries. For preaching does seem such a poor and feeble instrument, and the impressions left by it so evanescent, and the writing of the preacher like the writing of a finger on the sand which the next rising tide effaces. What use to proclaim to the people, for surely the people is grass!

Back to the prophet then, back to the preacher now, comes the trumpet-response from God himself:

Grass withers, flowers fade;
But the Word of our God endureth forever.

God is eternal, and the manifestation of God will go on in all that is transient and through all that is transient, shining with brighter and brighter glory, as the sun through the clouds which it illumines and glorifies. Men, and their institutions and their forms of thought and worship, change, but the divine truth, like its Author, abides forever. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word," saith Christ, "shall not pass away."

So even in the transitory is a triumph. Zion may be destroyed, Jerusalem may be leveled to the dust; but the good tidings which Jerusalem proclaims, these shall remain, the hope, the joy, the inspiration of the world. As then, so now, churches, creeds, rituals, nations, are temporal, but the truth of God is eternal. "Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid. For the word which thou proclaimest, the word of God, shall stand forever." In this is the courage and the hope and the strong assurance of the preacher, the prophet, the reformer, the missionary, who is preparing a highway for our God. "Behold, the Lord God will come with strength, and he shall reign King of kings and Lord of lords forever." So the Gospel song which begins with "He was despised and rejected of men" ends with a hallelujah chorus.

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson for March 27, 1892.—Isaiah xl., 1-10.

¹ Compare Ephesians iv., 11-16

Dr. Parkhurst's Sermon

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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 memory 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 ethics have been thrown by the blunt and inelegant characterizations of a month ago, and I have a clear as well as a serene 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 all open and perfectly easily accessible. The young men, your boys, probably know that they are. Ten minutes of sly indoctrination, such as a tainted comrade might give them, would afford 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 them, and the blue-coated guards of civic virtue will not molest them.

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 to 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, or 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 patrolmen is the following: "Patrolmen 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: "Patrolmen 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 patrolman 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 up tight and dry 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 delinquency. 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 or evasion, proceed with an iron hand to close up gambling-houses, houses of prostitution, and whisky-shops open in illegal hours. If this is what they cannot do, let them concede 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 code.

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

Correspondence

How the Other Half Feels About It

To the Editors of *The Christian Union*:

Figuratively speaking, I am a very small person—at least compared to a D.D.—so small that I should not dare to sign my name to this letter, for it would not call forth even the slightest recognition on the part of your readers. But I want very much to speak on a certain subject, and "talk back" to a certain man, acknowledging both man and subject to be bigger than myself. Dr. Lombard, in a recent letter to *The Christian Union*, headed "The American Bishop—at Last," sets forth some ideas which constrain me to speak, for they seem exaggerated and unreasonable to the naked mind's eye, requiring no mental telescope to detect a decided tinge of one-sidedness.

Dr. Lombard says: "When Phillips Brooks leaves the episcopate it will be an

entirely new office, with new conditions, new standards—for at last the true American Bishop has appeared above the idea of the Anglicanized conception." Again: "In the short space of Bishop Brooks's episcopate the Church has seen a blessed reversion to an earlier and simpler type than the Erastian creation of the Tudor sovereigns." "In these three short months the American Church has witnessed the struggle of a single personality with a metallic institutionalism, strangely conventional and arbitrary, whose standards have become fixed and apparently unalterable. This strangely conventional Church in Massachusetts has witnessed as the first distinct movement of its new head, not an appeal for money or a plan for a new cathedral, but a drawing together of the laity to see what Christian laymen can do in the matter of evangelizing the dark places in Boston, . . . as simple followers of the Lord Jesus Christ." And again: "It looks as if at last the Church had reverted to the primitive type of manhood in the ministry of bishops."

Now, we of the Episcopal Church are very fond of Phillips Brooks—some of us differing from him on certain points, as good men and true have always had a way of doing with one another. Those outside our communion have no monopoly in the way of appreciation of him either as bishop, priest, or man. But this idea of making him represent all the breadth, sincerity, and largeness there is in the Church has been thoroughly run into the deepest places of the ground. When the secular press and the denominations act and speak, as they have all through our controversy as to his election, as if they had discovered him; as if no one in the Church could understand or appreciate him; as if, ending in the letter to which I am referring, he and his ideas were utterly without counterpart in the Church and infinitely superior to all in it—then, I say, we do resent it. We do not lose affection for him, for he is not responsible; but sometimes we laugh at our talkative brethren, sometimes we rebel a little, and always we feel that those outside the Church are a little wrong in claiming more knowledge of our family affairs than we ourselves.

We are proud of the breadth of our Church, which can include such varying schools of churchmanship, firmly united, in spite of an occasional family discussion, by the strong bonds of love and loyalty, to our common mother. But the Church does not depend upon any one school, or upon any one man, for its usefulness or continued existence. I thought such talk had ended, since Churchmen had made such a noble effort to control their supposed fear of Bishop Brooks, but again it has cropped out in Dr. Lombard's letter. Now, Mr. Editor, you are afflicted with this long document of mine as a reward for the length and breadth of your paper—you see honesty is *not* always the best policy; if you did not make *The Christian Union* a welcome visitor in many church homes you would not suffer thus at my hands.

Dr. Lombard implies that until now there has been no bishop really worthy the name in the American Church; that the character of the whole episcopate, present and to come, will be changed by the influence of this one man; that he has grappled with "metallic institutionalism," "conventional and arbitrary" as it is; has reduced Church and bishops to subjection, and started them on the way in which they should go; that until now the bishops have had but one aim in meeting and direct-