

blacks really because they are blacks, but they dodge the fifteenth amendment by falsely pretending to disfranchise them for some other cause—because they cannot prove that they or their fathers or remote ancestors were voters before the war. The fourteenth amendment, therefore, applies, and the question is whether it shall be enforced—whether those states shall be represented in proportion to the number of their inhabitants who are permitted to exercise political rights, or whether some of their inhabitants shall make political outcasts of others, and still represent them in the national councils.

Statesmen would do well to address themselves to that question. It is mean and cowardly in them to evade that question, and seek to blind the people by raising a dense smudge about such utterly irrelevant matters as the comparative reasoning power or morality or industry or complexion or anatomy of the citizen of African descent.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

The Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow spoke on this subject at the Vine street Congregational church in Cincinnati, June 21.

Do we love our fellowmen? Do we wish them all well? Have we universal good will? Are we willing to fight for their rights? Do we make their wrongs our own? Are we friends of the stranger, of the naked, of the sick, and the prisoners? Is our heart with the emancipators? Do we feel it to be the supreme mission to preach the gospel to the poor; to preach the gospel of justice and hope for the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives; and liberty for the bruised and oppressed children of toil?

That is enough. That is religion. That is the badge of discipleship. To reduce the elaborate doctrines of theology to that simple formula of good will to man, and to exalt deeds of loving kindness above the worship of the temple, that is the service which Jesus rendered the world.

A week day spent in honest, earnest work is holier than the Sabbath of the Pharisee. The fittest place to worship is at the altar of human need. No man is saved until he becomes a savior. A redeemed soul is one that is inspired with aspirations for the public good.

I was standing on a street corner waiting for a car. Beside me were

two young men. There came along a squatty little man, with red face and large stomach. He wore the collar of some religious order. On his vest there was displayed a gold cross. The two young men looked at the wheezy cleric, then looked at each other and laughed. Why did they laugh?

I suppose they were struck with the incongruity between that stomach and the cross.

These young men got their car. "All about the awful accident," cried a newsboy. They bought a paper. They looked over the same page and read. Two men had been working in a boiler. One was white and the other colored. The white man had a family and the colored man was single. Some one, forgetting that the men were there, opened a valve which sent a rush of scalding water into the boiler. Both men sprang for the ladder. "Go first. You're married," cried the colored man. The white man escaped. His black comrade perished.

The two young men, after reading the story, looked at each other. They did not laugh this time. They were sobered. They were moved by that sublime sacrifice. Neither would they have laughed at the cleric, if they could have felt that he would have given his life, or even sacrificed a dinner, now and then, for the sake of truth and humanity.

In the city of Cleveland, last winter, a man was taken to the pest house and died of smallpox. This man's neighbor was very poor. But not so poor as the widow. So the neighbor made a home for her and tried to comfort her in her sorrow. In a few weeks the widow died in child-birth.

The neighbor and his wife called on the Director of Charities. They told their story honestly, as investigation proved. They did not ask the Director to help them to any charity. They merely wanted to save the body of the widow from a pauper's grave. They could not pay for a grave. But they wanted to arrange to buy it on the installment plan.

They not only did this, but they adopted the baby. What are the libraries and universities of our millions compared to the benefactions of these heroic poor who bury the dead and feed the helpless out of their pitiful store?

To many it would seem strange to speak of the sacrifice of the black man in the boiler as an act of wor-

ship. When we speak of religion we think of stained glass windows, and eloquent sermons, and gold crosses and catechisms. We do not think of the poverty which shares its crust with widows and orphans. Ah, how suffering humanity ought to love those heavenly words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

"The religion of humanity!" Would you know what it is; what it hopes for and what enthusiasm it kindles in the hearts of men? Listen, then, to these words of the revolutionists who died in the streets of Paris:

Citizens, do you picture to yourselves the future? The streets of the cities flooded with light, the green branches upon the thresholds, the nation's sisters, men just, the old men blessing the children, the past loving the present, thinkers in full liberty, believers in full equality, for religion the heavens, God priest direct, human conscience become the altar, no more hatred, the fraternity of the workshop and the school, for reward and penalty notoriety to all, labor for all, law, over all peace, no more bloodshed, no more war, mothers happy.

THE RECENT ENGLISH LAND TAX BILL.

From the Liverpool Financial Reformer for June, 1903.

Few, if any, political questions have made such progress in public opinion during the past few years as the question of the taxation of land values. But there is the danger, as it becomes popular, of its being dealt with more on the lines of expediency than of justice. The bill that formed the subject of the recent debate in the house of commons affords a good example of this. On the land of our native country we must live, move, and have our being; from the land alone can labor produce the necessities and comforts we require. By force and fraud, in the past, this land, access to which is a necessity of our very existence, has been made the private property of a numerically insignificant section of the people. We live and work on our so-called "native land" by their permission, and upon condition of paying them for that permission. Where it has suited the landowners to have men on the land, they, upon payment for the permission, have graciously allowed men to live; where it has suited their caprice to make the land a desert handed over to deer or grouse, they have expelled the inhabitants. Where they have had a fancy for large holdings, the people have been cleared off the small holdings, and large farms been created. Where they chose to allow our mineral wealth to be worked—