

well have come from the Dead sea. Strongly imperialist, he yet had misgivings. "Cigar, waiter!" "Yessir, Trichinopoli or mild Hindoo, sir?" This was the last ounce that broke the back of his long-enduring patience. That the bread of the poor should be taxed in the interest of "imperial unity," that was well enough. He had read in the morning's paper of an entire family poisoned by eating Australian rabbit—some one had forgotten to wash out the strychnine, phosphorus and other deadly poisons used in its destruction. "Sad case, of course, but an accident; it doesn't happen every day!" But that a man should be asked to eat, drink and smoke these products of a self-contained empire—no, that was carrying the game a little too far. Already in the grip of a severe indigestion, he roared: "I wish the infernal stuff was crammed down their own throats!" And when he reached home, somewhat of a wreck, he wrote to the secretary of the Imperial Tariff league, resigning membership, and, besides, conveying severe reflections on the products of a self-contained empire. His recovery was slow, the work, indeed, of many weeks. He is now a wiser man, and has become an active member of the Society for Promoting the Policy of the Open Door.—New Age, of London.

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

Extract from a sermon preached in St. James' church (Episcopal), Greenville, Miss., July 5, by the Rev. Quincy Ewing.

If we suppose that the Christian Sunday took the place of the Mosaic Sabbath—the ancient laws concerning the observance of the latter being affixed to the former—we are commanded simply to abstain from work on Sunday, and from nothing else not sinful on other days. We have positive commandments against lighting a fire, against the working of our man servants or maid servants, against doing any manner of work ourselves; and none at all against such pleasure, amusement, recreation, as that afforded by a baseball game. Moses being our witness, why, then, should the man who attends a Sunday baseball game be charged with desecrating the Sabbath, with violating a law of God?

If it be argued that the play of the men who take part in the game is their work; that they, therefore, violate the Sabbath, and that all who encourage them in the act are partners in their guilt; the answer is that the baseball player—if weekly rest is what should be insisted on by and for him—rests not

only one day in seven, but the greater part of every seven days. He is not in the position and condition of those who, having to work six whole days of the week, require for their welfare every hour of one particular day for rest. God gave all His commandments to men, let us remember, for their benefit, not His own. There are no baseball players in the United States suffering to-day for want of rest because they play ball on Sunday. The trouble with many of them—their very grievous temptation—is, not that they don't have rest enough, but that they have too much!

If it still be asserted that, no matter how much he may rest on other days, the baseball player commits a sin who works at all on Sunday; this assertion, it would seem, can be fairly made by very few of our most pious Christians—vestrymen, stewards, deacons, elders, pastors. For how many of them would not be convicted by it of partnership in the guilt of the man servant, or the maid servant, who, having worked for them six days of the week, cooks their breakfasts, and dinners, and perhaps suppers, on Sunday? How often are the cooks and other servants of our most prominent church members and pastors of churches permitted to enjoy an entire Sunday's rest? Is the preparing of a hot breakfast, a hot dinner, a hot supper, a "work of necessity"? It was not so regarded by the law-giver from whom we have the law concerning Sabbath observance!

Let us quit finding notes in other people's eyes, while ignoring the beams in our own! Let us quit our quibbling in the name of Christianity, and look facts full in the face with the vision of common sense! Let us put away our moth-eaten lace and frill piety, and put on the armor of a vital, reasonable, progressive and aggressive religion. Let us strive to be consistent enough to win the respect—if we miss the affection—of honest men who think; shunning as a sacred duty that glaring inconsistency in our religious profession and conduct which cannot but excite the derision of thinking men who are asked to give heed to our homilies on their alleged sins! Let us dare not cramp and weaken the great, deep, broad, high truth and glory of the Christian religion, by presuming to present it authoritatively to men in the shallow, narrow molds of our mere "orthodox" opinionativeness! There are hundreds of us who prefer not to devote any part of Sunday to attendance upon a baseball game; hundreds of us who choose to employ ourselves quite otherwise during all the hours of this day. But because such is our choice and prefer-

ence, let us not arrogate to ourselves the right to exclude from the circle of good Christians those who choose to spend two hours at a baseball park on Sunday afternoon. Let us remember that if by any strained interpretation of its text the Bible can be quoted against Sunday baseball, it can be quoted in the same way against taking a Sunday afternoon walk on the levee! Resurrect some of the old Puritans, bring them here to Greenville, and they would be exceedingly horrified at the manner in which many of our strictest sabbatarians "desecrate" the Sabbath. In the middle of the seventeenth century, in England, a young man was put in the stocks for three hours for going to a neighboring village on Easter Sunday, and eating milk and cream with a party of friends, who spent on this hilarious entertainment the immense sum of two pence each. It was an offense at this date, visited with punishment, for a man to walk further than his church-door on the Sabbath day, even to attend Divine service in another church! Those old Puritans took their Moses pretty seriously, and they are most lamely and haltingly imitated by their would-be successors of the modern time.

It was the great Apostle—the greatest of them all—who wrote: "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it." If it were not wise or well for us to speak as radically, as boldly, as unguardedly as the Apostle, yet surely we are at liberty to say after him, in his spirit: He that regardeth Sunday in a manner not sinful, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth Sunday in another manner not sinful, may regard it unto the Lord, too.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

From a sermon preached by Herbert S. Bigelow in the Vine street Congregational church, Cincinnati, July 5.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!—Isa., 5:20.

Wendell Phillips, I believe it was, who defined hypocrisy as "the homage that vice renders to virtue."

Our text suggests a common manifestation of hypocrisy. The insincerity of an age finds expression in the names which it uses.

Let us speak plain; a lie may keep its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

The apologists for chattel slavery knew this. How labored were the euphemisms by which they sought to mask that ugly face! "Patriarchal

institution," "peculiar institution," "economic subordination;" these are some of the squirriling phrases which they used. Wendell Phillips used to tell of a meeting of preachers who took one of their number to task for holding slaves and not being "courageous enough to say slaves right out in the meeting, advised him to get rid of his impediment." He used also to tell of Rufus Choate that, being obliged to refer to the institutions of the South, and unwilling that his old New England lips, which had spoken so many glorious free truths, should foul their last days with the hated word, phrased it "a different type of industry." How these timid souls quaked at the harsh true words of Garrison! To unmask that hypocrisy was an exceedingly disagreeable, but equally necessary task. As Mr. Conway has said: "It was only when soft phrases about the evil of slavery, 'which would pass away in God's good time,' made way for the abolitionists' denunciation of the Constitution as 'an agreement with hell,' that the fortress began to fall. In other words, reforms are wrought by those who are in earnest."

Every apostle of progress in the world's history has had to tear the livery of heaven from the forms of vice; he has had to brand as crime that which received the sanction of law; he has had to denounce as hypocrisy that which was paraded as virtue.

This is the meaning of our text. This is the meaning of the philippic of Jesus against the scribes and Pharisees.

Charles Kingsley said he did not believe in kicking his congregation out and locking the door before he began to preach. But neither did he believe in being indulgent to a world in which cowardice is called meekness and temporizers are called charitable and reverent.

In the eyes of the world it is rude and unrefined to call a spade a spade. In his essay on Voltaire, John Morley has drawn a faithful picture of the man of the world:

His inexhaustible patience of the abuses, that only torment others; his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as one might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pigmy hopes that life will become some day somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.

It would be amusing if it were not tragic to recall the efforts of men to

foil the shafts of criticism by lying phrases.

When Roger Williams was left to the mercy of beast and savage by his Christian brethren, his persecutors were charged with bigotry and intolerance. "No," said the New England preachers, "it is our 'enlargement.'"

When a hapless wretch in the Philippines had been given the "water cure" until he died, an army surgeon was found to render a verdict that the man had died of "mental anguish." But we had best turn our thoughts from those unlucky islands. There are too many examples there of our hypocrisy. When we read the history of our career in the Philippines and the wretched apologies that have been made for it, and the unctuous phrases which have been borrowed from the vocabulary of tyrants to conceal the motives of greed and vainglory, it seems as though it was for us that those words of Isaiah were written: "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter."

Take the word "democrat." The way in which that word is used to-day shows a confusion of thought on political questions, or an amazing amount of political insincerity—probably both.

To be a democrat, socially, means to hate all kings, and castes, and rank of birth,

For all the sons of men are sons of God,
Nor limps a beggar but is holy born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him less or more than just a man.

To be a democrat, politically, means to oppose every legal advantage which effects an inequitable distribution of wealth and creates artificial social distinctions. Yet how often we find men calling themselves "Democrats" who are proud not to be of the common herd, and who are beneficiaries and defenders of legal monopolies and special privileges.

Mr. Depew says that what the Democrats seem to need in the way of a candidate for next year is a man who voted for Mr. Bryan and believed the other way. The question of free silver is undoubtedly not an issue. But the fight on monopoly is always on. Yet they are "Democrats" who will tell you without any blush of shame that what they want is a man who can get the votes of the anti-monopoly people and the campaign contributions of the monopolists. Thus the politician would take upon his unclean lips that fair name Democracy, making it mean a vulgar struggle for power when it should mean a war upon privilege.

THE LYNCHING MADNESS.

Editorial in the New York Nation of July 2, 1903.

Bishop Butler once speculated on the possibility of a whole people going mad. That the general brain may suffer a lesion resulting in what looks like popular insanity, indeed, is arguable with a good deal of force. The early stages of lunacy in the form of "fads" and "crazes" often manifest themselves in whole communities; and, as we are unhappily seeing just now in the outbreak of barbarous lynchings, east and west, north and south, the thing sometimes mounts to acute mania.

An alienist might easily detect in the bearing and actions of the frenzied mobs many of the symptoms of dementia. There is the wild obsession, the insensate fury, the cries, the howls, the "fixed idea," the rage knowing no bounds. It is a point at which the psychology of the crowd most strikingly reflects the mental condition of the individual maniac. But the madness of the mob is worse than that of the single man, because it is infectious. One crazy band bent on murder incites another to bloody-mindedness. In these days of quick communication, impulses pass swiftly from one section of the land to another. It is like the inmates of adjoining padded cells in Bloomingdale stirring each other up by the example of shrieking and foaming at the mouth. A mob at the south bellows, and presently another in Belleville, Ill., takes up the hoarse cry. Thence the mania passes on to Indianapolis, only to break out later with redoubled fury and with every refinement of cruelty at Wilmington. We almost seem to be beholding the fancy of Butler come true, and an entire nation losing its reason.

This conception of the passion for lynching as a vast wave of madness, inundating people by the thousand, is one, it seems to us, which is fitted to heighten our sense of public peril as we confront the startling phenomenon. Where it will declare itself next, no man can tell. It is the instant and urgent duty of all sane men, and of every community not yet bedlamized, to gather up all the resources we possess against this threatening evil, which has already become a stinging national disgrace. For there is method in this madness. It takes its origin, as everybody can see, in the notion that there is one class of men beyond the pale of the law. Mind, we say class of men, not class of crimes. Not all