

been grinding out the subject from the Encyclopaedia of History. I happen to recall the opening sentence of his address. He said:

In traveling through the great commonwealth of Missouri, I am impressed by the vitality and permanence of our political system and more than ever inclined to be ready to admit that whenever the claim is advanced that the genius of American institutions is admirably adapted to the progressive requirements of a self-governing community, the sentiment shall always receive my just and cordial approbation. And I cannot refrain from expressing the conviction that in a comparative estimate of the worth of the contributions to our political enlightenment, made on the one hand by the people of the East largely by the adaptation of theories and principles evolved from the experiences of their English forefathers, and made on the other by those who, like the Missouri settlers, have gone into the wilderness and developed the community's institutions concomitantly with the community's growth, there is much that is worthy of our critical study and deserving of our most profound admiration."

"Yes," said the President, "I read the speech; I passed through Joplin the next day."

"You did," I continued, "and you did not waste much time in reading the History of the United States beforehand."

"Hardly," murmured the Exponent of Strenuously. "You remember the apple vender that you brought into the car, and the Janitor of the Courthouse? They tipped me off."

"Do I remember it?" I cried. "Shall I ever forget how you advanced sturdily to the front of the platform and called out cheerily:

"Has anyone seen Brick Peters? I want to shake his hand. And there are some others, my fellow-countrymen, that any man with red blood in his veins would like to know. I have heard from one end of the country to the other about George Matthews. Yes, we've all heard of George, and we've heard of Dick Mayhew, and how he knocked down a dude that wouldn't give a lady his seat. And where is Four-Fingered Eli? Ladies and gentlemen, I congratulate you on having voted \$60,000 for a new courthouse, and I'm glad the stone is coming from Marshall's quarry."

"Do you know, Gordon," said the Fighting Statesman, "on some accounts I think that Joplin speech is one of my best efforts. I ran in more good real local color in those few opening sentences than in almost any speech I can remember—the kind of local stuff that counts, you know; anybody can hit off the Mayor and the Fire Chief and a few bankers and judges. But I run in the men that don't get in the papers every day, men that are next to lodges and societies and—labor unions."

"Teddy," I cried, impulsively, "you are a genius. Nothing escapes you—nothing!"

"No," he echoed, "nothing;" and then added thoughtfully, as I jumped into my automobile and turned to bid him good-night, "not even the Post Office looters."—Gordon. Power, in Pearson's Magazine.

THE GOSPEL OF DIVINE LAW AND ORDER.

A portion of a sermon delivered in the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., July 3, 1904, by the rector, the Rev. Quincy Ewing, as reported in the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Then spake Jesus to the multitude and His disciples, saying, The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do ye not after their works; for they say and do not.—Matt. xxiii : 1, 2, 3.

Did you ever stop to consider what Jesus meant, how much and how little, when He enjoined the multitude and His disciples to observe and do what they were bidden by the scribes and Pharisees?

Were you ever struck with the strangeness of this injunction uttered by the Nazarene prophet, who was being watched as a dangerous rebel to the old traditions by the appointed guardians of those traditions; whose rebellious words and deeds were being anxiously noted and treasured up against Him by those who sat in Moses' seat?

Have you ever reflected that this advice was given to His hearers, just as the Nazarene was on the point of hurling at the occupants of Moses' seat some of the most terrible epithets of condemnation and scorn that are anywhere writ down in the world's literature?—just as He was on the point of flinging in their teeth, that they were "fools and blind;" that they "shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men;" that they "made clean the outside of the platter," leaving it within "full of extortion and excess;" that they were "outwardly righteous," but full inwardly of "hypocrisy and iniquity;" that they were "blind guides, which strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel;" that they were like unto "whited sepulchers"—beautiful without, and corruption within; that they were "serpents," a "generation of vipers," compassing heaven and earth to make one proselyte, and making him, when found, even more the child of hell than themselves?

Surely, we need to pause and consider what this Nazarene prophet—this obnoxious and at last crucified Rebel—

meant, when He told His hearers to observe and do whatsoever they were bidden by those men into whose very faces He was about to fling His awful and sublime defiance.

Jesus was preaching a Gospel of Divine Law and Order, not any gospel of anarchism based upon contempt for constituted authorities because they were constituted, or because the characters of those who happened to bear authority were not all they should have been. At the same time, He recognized what has been over and over again recognized by lesser redeemers and saviours of humanity, that the constituted guardians of law and order for the sake of human rights and righteousness, may themselves turn anarchists to the law and order they profess to guard; may themselves prove traitors to Divine truth and justice, in order to serve truth and justice so-called and miscalled by the tongue of tyranny; and that, then, no longer guardians of anything hollower than their own meanness, and pettiness, and selfishness, they need to be defied on the seat of Moses in the name of Moses, and driven from the sanctuaries of God in the name of God! The injunction of Jesus casts no slightest discredit upon the conviction, that there was never any body of men in church or state with divine authority to deal unjustly with an individual human soul, or to make their vision of God, right, duty, the test and measure of his. It was the opposite conviction that He went to His death in rebellion against; and it is the opposite conviction that has planted and nurtured through dreary centuries the deadly upas-tree of despotism (anarchy's other name!) which to-day casts its shadows of bale and blight over most states and over most churches.

All the good law and all the good order which any state or church enjoys to-day may be traced back somehow, over some route, to the words and deeds of men who rebelled against the kind of law and the kind of order that they found administered by its "constituted guardians;" by men who dared to appeal from the "keepers of divine truth" to divine truth itself—from the "trustees of God" to God Himself.

The plea of all usurpers and tyrants, Kingly and priestly, since time began, has been—"We are the possessors of heaven-born prerogatives; we are the keepers of religion's sanctities; we are the inheritors of a sacred tradition; we are the appointees to a divine trust—we are the occupants of somebody's seat; and we must run this

world the way we understand God wants it run."

Aye, and had they been at all times allowed to run it, without running it against some fearless and rebellious—perhaps maimed and mangled—soul in the way, it would be, now, in this present time, a fit abiding place only for the starved and mumbling ghosts of reason, righteousness, justice, truth and faith in a moral God! It is a half-way respectable abiding place for the living sanctities of heaven and earth, of God and man, because the official guardians of make-believe dead sanctities have been made to recognize again, and again, and again, that one and God is a majority—be that one a rebel ever so lonely and distrusted, ever so forsaken and uncomfortable, as he goes to die under God's sun, God with him, on his cross or at his stake!

Misguided rebels doubtless there have been, who were, and ought to have been, put down; but just as certainly there have been misguided officials who were, and ought to have been, rebelled against. Doubtless, authority may be Divine, and rebellion undivine. Doubtless this world could not have got along so well as it has, without occupants for Moses' seat and other seats of authority; but just as certainly would it have got along lamentably worse than it has, without the men who have been responsible for a good deal of uneasiness and anxiety in Moses' seat and the others.

This is the tragic paradox of human history, and human history so far does not seem disposed to explain or apologize for it.

We can only conclude that there must be rulers, and that there must be rebels, for humanity's welfare; reserving to ourselves the right to conclude further, whenever specific conflict develops between them, that ruler is right and rebel wrong, or rebel right and ruler wrong. That is the best we can do. We cannot expect to determine questions of human relations, rights and duties, by some crystallized formula, or after the mathematician's manner of dealing with the curves and angles of a blackboard demonstration. Moral complexities occupy a seat and a sphere all their own, and are to be dealt with as they arise in obedience to moral law, which is under no constraint of contract to take sides with the throne rather than the footstool, or vice versa. To-day, it may give sentence with those who sit in Moses' seat; to-morrow, sentence against them; to-day, make a footstool of the throne, a throne of the footstool; to-

morrow, decree that throne and footstool shall remain as they are.

The business of the individual soul is simply to stand for truth, for justice, for right—whatever the odds against him, or the particular cause for which he stands; certain with all certainty, assured with all assurance, that nothing can be finally maintained in this world which ought to be rebelled against; and nothing finally rebelled against which ought to be maintained.

MULLIGAN ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

For The Public.

"Horrible!" exclaimed Flynn, from behind the paper he was reading. "Listen to this," he said, and proceeded, to read aloud: "'Mob burns two Negroes after they had been sentenced to death by the court. Defeating the militia and court officers in a bloody hand-to-hand battle, the mob invaded the courtroom and dragged forth the trembling, terrified victims. At a point two miles from town the blacks were chained to a dry pine stump, their clothing saturated with oil and ignited. Then, as the flames mounted, the Negroes shrieking for mercy, praying, supplicating, and writhing in horrible agony, the white mob—composed of all classes of citizens, professional men, mechanics, laborers, capitalists, loafers—danced and yelled with delight, exulting in the frightful spectacle!'"

"What had the naysayers doone?" asked Donovan.

"They had murdered and burned a whole family of white people," answered Flynn.

"They ought to be burned at the stake thin, an' I'd help to do ut!" exclaimed Donovan.

Flynn resumed the reading: "There is great fear that the drunken mob (for they are drinking heavily and many are badly intoxicated) will take the remaining prisoners from the jail and lynch them also. It would be an unspeakable calamity if, in their drunken frenzy, they should wreak vengeance on such unfortunates as are incarcerated for only trifling offenses. There is great danger that this will happen, however."

"There is great danger that it will happen," echoed Mulligan.

"And I'd like to have a hand in it," exclaimed Flynn, the young-man-about-town, "for them niggers are a lot of wild beasts!"

"And what," said Mulligan, "is a white man who would like to have a hand in murdering people who are

'incarcerated for only trifling offenses?'"

"You in favor of the niggers?" exclaimed Flyntt.

All eyes were turned upon Mulligan. Even Donovan's loyalty, which had invariably prevented him, hitherto, from seriously antagonizing Mulligan, was now upon a tension. Flynn's look was half question, half disapproval, and young Flyntt was candidly contemptuous. However, there was that about Mulligan that commanded silence until he should speak. A few tense moments passed, and then he said: "If men knew what this means: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,' they would neither condemn the innocent nor wantonly and unlawfully murder the guilty."

Flynn's eyes fell; Donovan removed his hat and scratched his head; but Flyntt was equal to the occasion:

"Huh!" he jeered, "talk that to Sunday school children!"

"It has been talked to men," answered Mulligan, quietly, "for nineteen hundred years past. It is the central principle of the Christian religion, and yet, not wan Christian in a thousand knows its meaning."

"Christian or no Christian, it'll never solve the race problem!" exclaimed Flyntt.

"On the contrary, Mистер Flyntt, it seems to me that it is the only possible solution, not only av the race problem, but av the greater problem, av which the race problem is only a part; namely, the Social Problem."

"I'd like to know," said Flyntt, "how you're going to work to apply such a sentimental, goody goody, bang-me-on-the-other-cheek doctrine as that to a case where a blanked nigger murders and burns a whole family of white people—father, mother and helpless children!"

"Yer tone and manner, Mr. Flyntt," said Mulligan, "compel me to suspect that you would rather not like to know how it could be applied."

"I admitt I'm hot," said Flyntt. "And it's enough to make a man hot to hear such a man as you taking the part of the nigger against his own race!"

"I despair of doing ye any good, Mистер Flyntt. It is you that are discriminating between the races, not I. It is the very fact that I do not discriminate against the black race, that makes ye hot! Cool off, Mистер Flyntt, and hear me. Yer challenge is that I apply the principle, born of love, and expressed in the command: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do