

various provinces. "The various foreign powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories," she declared. "They fail to understand that there are certain things which this empire can never consent to do, and that if hard pressed we have no alternative but to rely upon the justice of our cause." Four weeks later another edict was dispatched to the same officials by the dowager empress. In this second edict the viceroys were warned to exercise a prudent discrimination towards the disturbers of public peace. "The reckless fellows, who band together and create riot on the pretext of securing the inauguration of reforms," were to be punished, while those "loyal subjects who learn gymnastic drill for the protection of their families and their country," that is to say, the members of the "Righteous Harmony Fists association," were to be favored. This was the first heard of the so-called Boxers, openly a society for the cultivation of gymnastics, secretly an anti-foreign political movement, something like those "Turnverein," or gymnastic societies which played so important a political role in Germany at the beginning of the present century, becoming one of the most important factors in the liberation of the Fatherland from the presence of the French invader. From that time forth the so-called Boxers were more or less openly encouraged by the empress. They became a means of union among all the various secret societies, and, if to-day these societies in all parts of the immense Chinese empire are simultaneously taking to arms to drive out the foreigner, it is due to the cleverness of the old empress, who is thus, at the close of the nineteenth century, emulating the role played near 100 years ago by Queen Louise of Prussia, when she roused her countrymen to rid Germany from the thralldom of Napoleon,—"Ex-Attache," in Chicago Tribune of June 17.

WHAT IS HELL?

Extract from a sermon preached in St. James Episcopal Church, Greenville, Miss., June 10, by the Rev. Quincy Ewing. For The Public.

The individual utterances of Jesus to be truly understood must be interpreted in the light of all else He said, and all He did; and not only in the light of what He said and did, but of what He was: in the light, that is, of the kind of God He revealed and Himself adored and obeyed, and the kind of life He lived in relation to His fellowmen. This rule of interpreta-

tion has never resulted in anything save the uplifting of the seeker after God into closer communion with the God of his search.

I open the New Testament; I read therein: "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into Gehenna, into the unquenchable fire!" Did Jesus speak those words? Yes. Well, then, I apply my rule of interpretation. Uttered by Jesus Christ, I say they cannot fairly mean to me what they would mean uttered by a Mohammed, a Torquemada, a Calvin. I recall that they were spoken by One of whom it is written that many times He healed human pain, never that He wantonly inflicted it; by One who loved little children, and was loved by them; by One whose severest condemnation of the penitent sinner was: "Go, and sin no more;" by One who taught the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, and contrasted the self-righteous Pharisee with the sin-conscious Publican; by One who rested no doctrine on Adam's fall, and was silent about the Total Depravity of Adam's descendants; by One who hurled never a harsh epithet against the sincere worshippers of any creed; by One who claimed to have other sheep than those of His immediate fold, who heard his voice; by One whose wrath was roused only by meanness, cruelty, hypocrisy—the very molten lava of whose white-hot indignation was poured out upon them who thanked God that they were not as other men; by One who inspired the disciple that lay on His bosom to write: "God is Love;" and, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" by One who pronounced in the Sermon of sermons a benediction upon all the meek, all the merciful, all that mourn, all the pure in heart, and the poor in spirit; all the peacemakers, all the persecuted for righteousness' sake; by One whose vision of the Father's House was not of a single, but of many mansions; by One who beheld as a ruined heap the most gorgeous temple built with hands, and laid the deep foundations of His Divine Kingdom in the loyal loving hearts of His disciples; by One who, after His brief—nay, his eternal—years of sublimest vision and highest deeds, was put to death as a rebel and a blasphemer—as a traitor to earth and Heaven—by the pious meanness, or the mean piosity, of a band of orthodox Devil-worshippers—by people who thought that the being they called God was pleased to behold the

sufferings of all unorthodox men and women—even though the heart that suffered was the heart of a Christ, or one that throbbed in sympathy with His!

Remembering, I say, who it was that spake of the Gehenna of fire unquenchable, how He lived and how He died, I cannot reconcile my consciousness of Him with a literal interpretation of these words. I must believe that His thought was of a hell where sin at once pronounces every sentence of condemnation, and is the Devil that executes it. And His thought of hell, I trow, was not of any locality confined within boundaries of the world invisible, of the world beyond death. Its place was every place where righteousness is hated and iniquity loved; every place where lies flourish and grow fat, and Truth is dunce-capped in some corner of obscurity, or crucified upon some memorable mountain top beneath the stars of heaven; every place where injustice sits and leers, or kneels and prays, upon the throne of things human, and Justice is a bemocked outcast in cap-and-bells; every place where the eternal rights, the worth, the dignity, the majesty of a human soul are weighed, and found wanting, in the balances of sensual greed; every place where Church, or State, or individual, desiring to possess those things that minister to earthly luxury, or brighten earthly glory, or extend earthly empire, tramples upon the image of God in man, in order to acquire them, and dares to prate that Divine Destiny is responsible for the unholy work; every place where any man professes, or does not profess, to love God, whom he hath not seen, and murders, or robs, or hates, or debases, or degrades, the brother whom he hath seen!

Hell!—the kind of hell that saddened to its depths the great heart of Jesus Christ—that hell is to-day in South Africa, where the still red sand hills are dyed a deeper red with the noblest human blood; where the bodies of men become rotting carcasses to be fed upon by the desecrating vultures—in South Africa, where tears seam the faces, and black is draped about the forms of thousands of broken-hearted widow mothers and fatherless children—in order that the gold-grab of so-called Christian England may be consummated. And this hell has the hearty approval of that orthodox churchman, the prime minister of England, who kneels regularly at that table which has for host the spirit of Jesus Christ!

Hell!—one of the darts of it, to-day,

shaped and sharpened under the American flag, is in the heart of that Filipino mother, wife of the hunted martyr-chief, divorced by American bayonets from husband and infant son—the baby boy dead in the keeping of American troops—dead, it may well be, for lack of the mother-heart, the mother-love!

Hell!—it is mixed with the breath of the time-serving politician, big or little, who stands and cries to the brute greed of his fellowmen: Kill, kill, kill! wield with Anglo-Saxon muscle the tyrant-sword snatched from the palsied hand of Spain; force the imperial yoke of benevolent-assimilation upon the bruised and prostrate necks of a freedom-loving people, in order that the flag may represent a "world-power," in order that the echo of jingling gold may tickle our ears across 7,000 miles of sea. Yea, if only killing can accomplish it, then killing must be the order of the day; our flag must bespeak a "world-power;" our rum and our cotton must be attracted to Filipino ports, though the ship that bears them need to plow through an ocean of warm human blood!

"The devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto Him: All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Hell!—its flames burned brightly, last night, to light the den where the cat-eyed gambler plied his robber's trade; and, last night, it kept pace with the drunkard's staggering form, passing from the saloon to the home to torture wife and children. It has come to church, this morning, and gnaws in the corrupt heart of the man who would away with the wedding vow that might not be lightly, repeatedly broken. It has come to church here, or gone to church somewhere, to-day, in the seared brain of the financier who has no appetite for hymn of praise, or prayer of penitence, so absorbed is he in memory of the swindle consummated yesterday, or in anticipation of the roguery planned for to-morrow!

Hell!—it waits not for the passage through the valley of the Shadow, for the gift of supernatural sight, to stand revealed; it is a fact, here and now, that no sight fails to see, and scarce a heart to feel and know. Happy are we, if there be any such—happy beyond words to say—in whose hearts there is no smell of its brimstone, no scorch of its flame!

And will it last for long, this hell of the thought of Jesus? It will last just as long in this world, or another world, or a thousand, or a million other worlds, as those conditions last, as those sins last, that saddened the Christ-heart, and made it necessary for a Christ to die to reveal the Kingdom of Heaven. As long as one human soul hates another human soul; as long as one human soul is capable of willing the loss, the hurt, the pain, the degradation, the damnation, of another human soul, so long hell will last.

It will last as long as any being created in the image of God sets up an autocracy of self-will to deny, or defy, the universal sway of God's Moral Law. The man who denies or defies the supremacy of the Moral God, does so only by defiling the sacredness of his own eternal selfhood. Defiled selfhood is the primal seat and source of all hell that has been, that is, that shall be!

KIMBERLEY AND JOHANNESBURG CONTRASTED.

"Some Vital Facts About Kimberley and Johannesburg, for Workingmen and Friends of the Native," by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Published as leaflet No. 35, by the South Africa conciliation committee, Talbot house, Arundel street, Strand, London.

Kimberley and Beaconsfield may be taken as one town lying around the great diamond mines of Griqualand West in the Cape Colony.

Before the amalgamation of the mines under the De Beers company, they constituted a populous, free and independent community. The streets pulsed with life, the road connecting them was crowded with vehicles, horsemen and people on foot, surging along it all day and almost all night. Around the great du Toits Pan, at Beaconsfield, stood the houses of the most prosperous in a prosperous community. Independent newspapers existed, public meetings of a free people were held, and everything was criticised fearlessly. Natives and whites were free, and the whole of the throbbing townships were happy and prosperous.

That was before the amalgamation.

The picture is very different to-day.

Beaconsfield, which was the principal center, is a desolate mass of ruins. Its population has so diminished that where once ran busy streets, crowded with people and lined with shops, now lies only the silent veld, with here and there small heaps of partially overgrown brick mounds which look like the graves of the life

that once throbbed along the silent place. The houses round the great Pan have gone, except for a few shanties. You will see a few trucks of "blue" being hauled along to miniature "floors," or a little "debris washing" on the long gray heaps—this representing De Beers' sop to Cerberus, its "kindness" in allowing the mines there to be worked a little that the white people who live in Beaconsfield may be kept quiet—the crumb which the rich company tosses to the town which its operations have desolated, depopulated and impoverished. There is now no freedom of public life, and not much of private life, in Beaconsfield. Its great mines are scarcely worked, because the De Beers company does not need their output now. It pays sufficiently to work the two principal mines (the Kimberley and the De Beers' mine) which lie in Kimberley itself. Beaconsfield, having its mines practically shut down, has become a desolate ruin.

Let us look at Kimberley.

What life exists there now is centered around its two great holes.

Before the amalgamation, it was very much what I have described Beaconsfield to be. What is it now? Its population, like that of Beaconsfield, has dwindled down, and its freedom has departed. Kimberley does not, in its center, present the ruined appearance of Beaconsfield, out its outskirts and suburbs are a scarcely less terrible sign of the blighting and desolating power of monopoly. Beaconsfield has, so to say, been wiped out, but Kimberley is reduced and enslaved. Public life is dead, the natives who work in the mines are shut up in prisons, euphemistically called "compounds," and the whites are held in the hollow of the hand of "the company." De Beers dominates everything, from the town council and the club to the hospital, and permeates and terrorizes even the privacy of families. It has built a village called Kenilworth, in which its white employes mainly live. Its miners and others are no longer free and independent men; they are inevitably subservient to the company. They are tied, it is true, with a golden chain studded with glittering pebbles, but it is a chain. On great occasions, such as when Mr. Rhodes visits the town (it was the same when Mr. Barnato was alive), they go to the station—for instance, when a "reception" is needed to impress the public—and pull the "boss" and his satellites about in a carriage. Happy creatures!