

Yesterday's function seemed to me crude in plan and conception from beginning to end. Some of this was perhaps involuntary disappointment and longing for those things which in England would not have failed in creating an atmosphere. The muffled peal—faint, musical, exquisite—like a welcome in the very bells of heaven, and yet by their weird softness suggesting the spiritual and unseen. Sad music—the trained music of great composers—Beethoven, Chopin, Handel—this was absent, and one almost resented the omission. Bands there were, but second rate, and the music they made unimpressive. Matters were very much delayed, which is always an artistic mistake, speaking generally; perhaps, however, this was unavoidable.

I was not at the church, so I cannot speak of the effect which would have been produced on us there. The papers this morning, however, inform us that after the organ prelude a ladies' quartette sang: "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." They only give the title, but I do know that that is downright pagan, and all that is unworthy and inappropriate.

I did not go to the cemetery, but of the procession I will say that to me it was unimpressive, cold and only redeemed from vulgarity by the evident effort made by these composing it to do the right thing. It was neither a military, nor a religious, nor a civic affair, being largely composed of masonic organizations, whose quasi military character is to me very tiresome. They don't do what they attempt to do well, so instead of order and solidarity, which are inspiring, we have irregularity and "slipshoddiness."

The procession itself was ill-arranged in my estimation—ill-proportioned. The equipages were ill-ordered, and the horses ill-mounted and ill-groomed. Democratic simplicity might not merely allow, but will appreciate the country vehicle driven many miles to pay tribute of affection, but the attempt was at an organized function.

Now, as to the people. It seemed to me there was a general indifference. I did not notice any case of personal emotion during the day at any time. On the line of procession the crowd was good-natured, not gay, perhaps, but at any rate thoughtless. During the funeral procession one marked that the people were quite passive. While the bier was passing, to get a better view I got upon a low wall,

and was ordered off. "But you can come inside for 25 cents." The dead president was to that man worse than nothing.

The bright spot in the procession was Tom Johnson in the midst of his politicians, dignified, grave, thinking, doubtless, most seriously.

I came to the conclusion that the people could not—happily enough—exhibit what they did not feel—that the occasion was not one to teach an obvious lesson, but yet I should like to have been six hours earlier one of the 6,000 in St. Paul's in London.

THE GOSPEL THAT WILL SAVE FROM TERRORISM.

A portion of a sermon with the above title delivered at the First Universalist church, of Buffalo, Sunday morning, September 16, by Rev. L. M. Powers.

There is one thought in all our hearts at this time. All this week we have been asking: Why? Why should a man of the highest personal character, an admirable type of American manhood, a man who went through two fiercely fought campaigns with no blot on his escutcheon, be laid low by the hand of an assassin? For however little one may have agreed with the president in his foreign policy, of his personal worth no one ever had any doubt. A loyal friend, a most exemplary and devoted husband, a good citizen in whom his neighbors took pride, a president with fewer personal enemies probably than any other who has occupied that difficult position, and, as the last few days have shown, a man of magnanimous spirit. Why, we ask, should anyone seek the life of such a man?

And when we pause to think, we see that it was not the life of this friend, or citizen, or husband, or large-hearted man, that was sought. That shot was fired at the president, and solely because he was the president. The fact that he was the president of a particular party had nothing to do with it. He was killed because he was the president of the United States. That shot was aimed at church and state.

Let us think together. Ever since the Christian church was established, from all its pulpits men have been preaching: "God is love," "All men are brothers," "Love your enemies," "Overcome evil with good," and yet every now and then we are startled to find how near the surface hate lies in all hearts. Once in awhile one appears with hate so deadly that in order to give that hate its deepest expression he is ready to throw away his life. Then comes the answering rage. Min-

isters who read for a Scripture lesson: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," manifest hate, and counsel murder. Reason is displaced by a blind desire to do something we know not what. Society feels a sense of impotency, a feeling which always expresses itself in unintelligent anger. As in a flash we see how ineffectual is all that we have relied upon for safety. A few desperate individuals insane in their rebellion against society, and we know not what widespread evil might result. Such is the apprehension which the wild and awful deed of one man has spread over the whole land.

How can this evil be cured? How can this danger be avoided? For the question is not how to deal with one murderous individual. All feel that. There is nothing to fear when one man hurls himself against 70,000,000. A mean and worthless individual may indeed exchange his life for one most precious and valuable, but that is all he can do. Against society he is powerless. But somehow we now feel that we are confronting an evil that does not reside in an individual, but in a class—a small class to be sure, as yet, but still a class.

In our country now, as in all other lands, are men who have a deadly hatred of government. This is startling, but if this is not so, then all our fears are foolish. This is startling, because for the first 75 years of our history the dissatisfied of all other lands found a refuge here, loved our government with a passionate love, and terrorism found not a friend among all those who lived beneath the flag. This was the land of opportunity, the land of social equality, the land where all might hope to rise. An early president used to ride unattended on horseback where he chose, safer in the protection of the people's love than he would have been if a standing army had kept them from him.

How can we account for the change? It will not do to place it to the account of foreigners. From the first there has been a ceaseless stream of immigrants to this country, who have become and are to-day its loyal and devoted citizens. No man of foreign birth has ever raised his hand against the head of the nation. We must bear the responsibility of having educated all the men by whom our presidents have been killed. It cannot be charged to sensationalism in the press. The newspapers are of incalculable value to society. If they promote terrorism at all it is by the law of opposition, and because they

are so uniformly on the side of vested interests.

Nor is it due to freedom of speech. No man capable of thought will make such a suggestion. In Australia and New Zealand, the two places in the world where freedom of speech is most nearly absolute, the terrorist is as yet unknown. In England, for years a refuge for all kinds of radical thought driven from other countries, no terrorist has ever, on English soil at least, attempted the life of the sovereign; while in Russia, where no one is permitted to speak aloud, there is perpetual commotion; the reds are found even among the nobility, and the czar's life is never for one moment safe.

If I lived in a different country I might be able to suggest it. If I lived in a country where many of those who minister in the name of religion were advocates of lynch law; if I lived in a country where some men make \$40,000,000 a year, while others, working harder, cannot make \$300; if I lived in a country where great corporations were uniformly lawless, burning men's property, yet by bribing the judges escaping punishment; if I lived in a country where in all the great cities rogues were protected and honest men afraid of the policemen; if I lived in a country where lazy idlers, spending money they had not earned, gave course dinners to their dogs, while the children of the men who earned the money were hungry and ragged; if I lived in a country where men could be arrested on suspicion merely of having bad thoughts, and held without bail, and hung for opinion's sake—even then I would not consider it any justification for a Man's going insane. But if I lived in a country like that I SHOULD think it an explanation.

And if I lived in a country like that I should not attribute the danger of such insanity to foreigners incapable of appreciating the blessings of the country; or to free speech—the best thing the world has gained in 500 years; or to sensationalism of the press, which, after all, can never be more sensational than the facts.

If I lived in a country like that I should not hope to cure such insanity by any punishment severer than death's penalty, for there is none. You cannot punish a dead man, or one who does not care for his life. I should not expect to cure it by annoying and persecuting men who cared very little for their lives. I should be afraid it might cause them to care nothing at all. I should try to make life so good for all that all would want to live.

And now I come to the gospel that will save from Terrorism. It is a very old gospel, but it has been of great service to the world. It is the eternal gospel of the Fatherhood of God. Spoken, but never lived; dimly seen, but never attained—that gospel of a God whose impartial Fatherhood is over all men, is the gospel to save from hate and disorder and fear. It is because our individual lives, our religion, our social institutions are all a denial of divine Fatherhood, that hate finds its home in human hearts. Such hatred cannot be cured by hating back again. "Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time," says Buddha; "hatred ceases only by love—this is an old rule."

That hatred, fierce, despairing hatred, is found in human hearts no individual is alone responsible. Yet in each one of us is found the cause, and to ourselves we must look for the remedy. That shot the other day, which we in Buffalo can never forget, was not fired at William McKinley. If this man had ever met or known him he could never have done that deed. That shot was aimed at your heart and mine. If you do not see that, then you are incapable of seeing anything. And unless you pause to think why you and I are hated, then the lesson of this awful deed, which God in his inscrutable wisdom permitted, will not be learned. I do not for a moment expect that any man will cease to hate me so long as I take advantage of his ignorance and helplessness, deny him the opportunities I enjoy, or live at his expense. If that is the reason why a man hates me I can cure him of that hatred in two ways only. I must either show him I am not doing those things he imagines I am doing, or, doing them, I must do no more. If we are children of the same infinite love, then I must acknowledge that his claim is just as good as my own to the opportunities that infinite love has provided. If I dispossess him, if I make all the laws myself and for myself; if I get the judge's ear in advance; if he is voiceless, powerless, hopeless, while I with no better claim have all, then I cannot expect that man to love me. The God in him will become a devil, and his hatred I cannot escape.

Do you for a moment suppose that if in all the churches of this land, where, every Sunday millions of people repeat: "We believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth," a real belief in God were found, there could exist any class of people with hatred in their hearts? Jehovah complained of the children of Israel: "They have forsaken me, the fountain

of waters; and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." It is so with us to-day. When things go wrong it is natural to look for something or some one to blame outside of ourselves. So we denounce some political party, or the papers, or free speech. But in a country of which we are a part, and which we help to make, upon ourselves at last all responsibility rests. No matter how much we profess God with our lips, if we deny him with our lives, if we educate men to think, and deny them the opportunity to live if we permit a few to own this great big earth God meant for all, if we tyrannize one over the other, if we encourage a system of society which permits courtesans the luxury of milk and champagne baths while honest girls go hungry, then shall we reap as we have sown, for God is not mocked and—

The God who reigned over Babylon
Is the God who is reigning yet.
And the responsibility rests not upon the man gone mad, for every assassin is a suicide, and suicide is insanity; nor yet upon the head of the nation, who is but one of ourselves exalted for a moment to lofty place. The responsibility rests upon you and me. William McKinley is a victim to society's ignorance and greed and sin. He died for your sins and mine. To learn to live together as God's dear children is the goal of all our effort. Says Frederick Harrison:

The problem is: How can the devil of separate interests, the power that drives man apart from man, be banished from the human heart. Hope lies in the progressive realization that despite all transient contrary seemings we have all really one life, that we are members one of another; that the true order of the universe is such that the interests of all men and all nations are identical, that in universal mutual service alone are to be found true progress and true prosperity for all.

Once in the Alps I climbed with several others a very high mountain. About each one of our bodies was a common rope so that no one of us could fall without the others falling with him. From the time we started we knew we were all to live together or die together. In the world to-day we are bound in the same way. The cord is not visible, but it is there. Moreover it is a cord we cannot sever. God has made it so that we cannot get very far away from one another in wisdom, goodness or safety. If the health officials are ignorant or careless it may result in typhoid fever in your home. The beggars we make by denying men opportunity we have also to support. The criminals we produce by

permitting children to grow up uncared for, make our property and lives unsafe, and necessitate the ever-increasing burden and menace of the police. The hatreds we foster in human hearts, strike back at us; the ugliness we permit makes our lives ugly; it's ignorance makes us incapable of clear thought; it's malice makes us brutal. No man can suffer or go to ruin alone. The man who scuttles the ship in which you and I are sailing, drowns himself to be sure, but he also drowns all who are in the ship.

If we permit a class of people to exist whose interests are all hostile to society, who have no homes to defend, no good of life to be preserved by law and order, when terrorism appears, why should we wonder? We have simply come to our own.

Rich by my brother's poverty!

Such wealth were hideous.

I am blessed only in what they share with me,

In what I share with all the rest.

It may take us long to learn that wisdom, but learn it we must. A colonial governor of the Bahamas who was about to return to England, offered to procure for the people of the colony any favor from the home government that they desired. Now what do you suppose those people said? "Get us permission," they said, "to tear down the light houses. They are ruining the prosperity of the colony." The people were wreckers. To-day I have no doubt those same people are in the life-saving service, helping to preserve the lives for whose destruction they were once so anxious. To make life-savers out of the wreckers of society, is your business and mine, and the permanent work of the church.

And since time began, and till time shall be no more, the only way this can be done is by the patient wisdom and suffering love and enlarging justice which are ours when we have full faith in God's all-inclusive Fatherhood.

For out of this faith in God there comes a fuller faith in men. Yes, in the face of this most awful deed I dare affirm that the world's need is more trust in men. The natural hearts of men abhor violence, and seek to gain their ends by self-sacrifice—know that those ends can be gained in no other way.

I am not willing to believe that any one class of people is more dangerous than another. The man who believes in murder is unsafe to be at large. Judged by all the tests we

know the man is a lunatic. If such men can be detected before they have done harm they should be put where they can do no harm. But to talk of special legislation for such people is folly. There is a class more dangerous to society than they are. It is the class that produces them. For even lunatics do not come by chance. They are produced by causes and conditions. If there is one class more dangerous than another it is the men who corrupt legislatures, who defy the laws they do not like, who oppose every movement that looks to larger justice and equality, and whose silent, powerful influence often makes both lawyer and minister their paid agents in the defense of wrong.

But flinging epithets is poor business. Rich and poor alike, we have been lawless. And because human laws are so easily evaded we imagine there are no divine laws. We have lost faith in God. We believe in fate; we think there must be a first cause. We believe in God and a divine law some of the time, while only faith in a personal God can inspire to patient, obedient, serviceable lives. The terrorist is always an atheist. We ought indeed to believe in law—eternal, unchangeable, unescapable law. The people of the world spend half their time trying to cheat the inevitable. We need to see with Lowell that "We've got to get up early to get ahead of God," and that up to date that early riser has not been found. Cheat ourselves, cheat one another, break the laws we have made, we all may and do; but from the divine law there is no escape. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man are not two beliefs, but one; and it is because we do not believe the one that we do not believe or live the other.

The world needs the faith of this church: One God above, One life below, Universal Love, Universal Life, Universal Progress, and the one divine spirit in all hearts.

If we could see as God sees we should know that President McKinley, saying in his suffering: "Do not let them hurt him," and the man who fired that abhorrent shot under the insane delusion that he was doing humanity a service, are not separated by such an awful gulf as at first appears. One was wise, the other foolish; one sane, the other insane; but in each some life from God.

Both are victims. In myself I find

the criminal. I look at my hands and know that they are not free from stain of blood. In these tragedies of our social life we all have a part. When we look within and see what has kept us and caused us to differ, the wisest and fairest and best among us could go and sit down by the side of the one who seems most depraved, and say: "Brother, do not despair, for I am beginning to hope."

When we come to realize what Universal Fatherhood means, when we come really to believe that every man is a brother—believe it and live it—then will hatred cease, and love will cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

And now if you have followed me with your intelligence, I need say no more. I have shown you why hate is found in human hearts. I know of no way to cure that hate except by justice and love. Almost every other counsel will be given in the press and pulpit. Believing in God and the religion of his Son, I can give no other.

And yet I cannot close without expressing the feeling, so strong that it makes us impatient of the lesson we ought to learn—the feeling of horror at such a deed, regret at the reactionary measures they always provoke, the indignation and even hatred we cannot down. Our abhorrence of the deed and the spirit that prompted it, our sorrow that it should happen in this city we love, and our deep, heartfelt sympathy—all these are facts which all feel. They need no emphasis. I have tried to make clear what is not so obvious. President McKinley has suffered as our representative; let us be grateful for his services, cherish the memory of his virtues, and in our own lives do works meet for repentance.

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