

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ

Edited by

CARTER G. WOODSON

Volume I

Addresses Mainly Personal and Racial

The Associated Publishers, Inc.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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INTRODUCTION

The birth of Francis James Grimké was determined by those peculiar relations existing between master and slave in the South. While the Negro slave was considered as goods and chattels he was at the same time regarded as a person. The slave, however, did not have the right to do according to his own will. The master determined by fiat the social relations of his slaves. He mated healthy males with promising women to produce offspring for sale. He often had sexual relations with his own slave women and sometimes sold the offspring therefrom resulting as he did the animals produced in the fields. Nancy Weston Grimké, the mother of Francis James Grimké, was compelled by her master, Henry Grimké, to serve him as wife. From this union came three children, Archibald Henry, Francis James, and John Grimké. Their father was a member of one of the most prominent families of South Carolina. From a purely white branch of the same family descended Sara and Angelina Grimké, who turned abolitionists, freed their slaves and moved north where they devoted the rest of their lives to the anti-slavery cause.

Francis J. Grimké was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November 4, 1850. His father died when he was five years old and provided in his will that the child should be free, leaving him under the guardianship of his father's oldest son, E. Montague Grimké. This half brother faithfully discharged this trust for five years, but when Francis reached the age of ten he tried to enslave him. To escape such a fate Francis ran off to the Confederate army and served an officer as valet for two years. When Francis returned to the city with the regiment on a visit, however, his half brother and guardian had him thrown into the Charleston workhouse, where he became dangerously ill, and probably would have died had he not been removed to the home of his mother who nursed him back to health. Before Francis was well enough to leave the home this half brother sold him to an officer in the army of the Confederates, and there Francis toiled as a servant until the end of the Civil War.

In testimony as to these statements and his career after the Civil War we have from the Rev. Mr. Grimké this account addressed to a brother of his faith:

201 Hogan St.

Jacksonville, Jan. 24, 1887.

Dear Bro;

The following are the answers to the questions propounded by you. Please have the kindness to return all the inclosures.

(1). My parents' names were Henry and Nancy Grimké. I was born in Charleston, S. C. Nov. 4th, 1850. My mother was a slave. On the death of my father, however, which took place when I was only a few years old, we were all left free, and placed under the guardian care of my father's oldest son,—E. Montague Grimké, who faithfully discharged his duty towards us until I was about ten years old, when he attempted to enslave us, which led to some complications. Determined, although a boy, that I would not submit to such an outrage, I ran off, and went into the Confederate Army as a valet to one of the officers; in which position I continued for about two years. On visiting Charleston one day, while we were stationed in Castle Pinckney,—a fort in the harbor,—I was suddenly arrested just as I was about to step into the boat on my return to the fort, and thrown into jail, or what is known as the "workhouse," in Charleston.

There I remained for several months, and there I was taken dangerously ill from exposure and bad treatment, and came very near losing my life. It was only by being finally removed to my mother's house, and by the most skillful treatment, that I recovered.

I had thus fallen into the hands of this half-brother and guardian; he, fearing that I would go away again, sold me, before I was well enough to go out, to an officer, and again I went back into the Army, where I remained until the close of the war.

Through the influence of Mrs. Pillsbury, who was then in charge of the Morris St. School in Charleston which I attended for a time, my brother (Archibald) and myself went North for the purpose of being educated. I went to Stoneham, Mass. into the family of a Dr. John Brown. With this family I was to remain with a view to studying medicine, but my treatment while with them was so different from what I had been led to expect that I would receive, that I soon left them. During my whole stay with them I was forced to sleep in the barn, in the hay-loft, with no other mattress than the hay, and no other bedstead than the floor. I very soon found very warm friends in Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Dyke, who took me into their shoe-factory where I began to learn the shoe business. I was not there very long, however, before I was summoned by a letter from Mrs. Pillsbury to repair at once to Lincoln University in Chester County, Pa., where arrangements had been made for the prosecution of my studies. I graduated from the College Department of this institution in 1870 as valedictorian of my class. Immediately afterward I began the study of law in the Law Department of the University which at this time, 1871, was on the University grounds. The next year I acted as the financial agent of the University. The year after I resumed my legal studies in the same Department, which in the meantime had been removed to West Chester, Pa.

The next year I went to Washington, D. C. and entered the Law Department of Howard University, where I continued for more than a year. It was while there that I decided, after due reflection, to turn my thoughts to the ministry. Accordingly, in the fall of 1875 I entered the Princeton Theological Seminary, from which I graduated in 1878. From the Seminary I went directly to Washington as pastor of the 15th St. Presbyterian Church, where I remained until the latter part of October, 1885.

To the Rev. Mr. Grimké was issued the following significant call :

The congregation of the 15th St. Presbyterian Church Washington City, being on sufficient grounds, well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Frank J. Grimké, now of Princeton, N. J.; and having, from our past experience of your labors, good hopes that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation, promising you in the discharge of your duty all proper support, encouragement, and obedience in the Lord.

And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1000) in monthly payments for the term of each year during the time of your being and continuing the Pastor of said Church.

In Testimony whereof we whose names are hereto appended do subscribe our names on the day herein named :

Henry W. Lee, Commissioner for the Session.

H. F. Grant }
John C. Hart } Commissioners for the Board of Trustees.

Chas. N. Peters, Commissioner for the Congregation at Large.
Washington City, Feby. 7, 1878.

I hereby certify that, on this Seventh day of February, 1878, at the request of the Session of the 15th St. Church (Pres.) of the City of Washington, I have moderated a Congregational meeting called after notice of a previous meeting for the purpose of calling a Pastor; and that after full presentation of the case to the people, Rev. F. J. Grimké of Princeton, N. J. was unanimously elected to the office of Pastor.

I. E. Nourse.

Forwarded Feby. 8 to
Rev. F. J. Grimké
at the request of the Commissioners
I. E. Nourse

In this work the Rev. Mr. Grimké had the good wishes of the head of Princeton and of his teachers in the Theological Seminary. On October 18, 1879, the Rev. A. A. Hodge addressed Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler the following :

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 18, 1879.

Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Dear Friend,

The bearer of this, Rev. Francis J. Grimké, graduated from this Seminary last year. He is a very able man, highly educated, of high character, and worthy of all confidence. He is pastor of the only Colored Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. I can with confidence and cordiality commend him to you. He has the endorsement of his Presbytery in his present enterprise.

Yours sincerely,
A. A. Hodge.

Of his prospects in the ministry Dr. James McCosh, wrote the same day:

College of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J.

Oct. 18, 1879.

I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Grimké when he was a student in the Theological Seminary here. The late Dr. Hodge reckoned him equal to the ablest of his students. He studied the History of Philosophy under me in the College. He is now settled as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. and is there doing a very important work. It is of great moment to have such a man in the Capital of the country. But his church has a considerable amount of debt. I hope that the friends of religion in general and of the Colored Race in particular will encourage him in the effort to relieve his congregation and their burden.

James McCosh, President,
of Princeton College.

Less than two years later Dr. McCosh said further of the Rev. Mr. Grimké:

College of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J.,

Feb. 10, 1881.

Mr. F. J. Grimké was a student in the Theological Seminary here, and while he was so, he attended a post graduate class of mine in Philosophy. While here he convinced all the professors under whom he studied as a young man of a very high order of talent and of excellent character. I have heard him preach and I feel as if I could listen to such preaching with profit from Sabbath to Sabbath. I rejoice to find that the colored people of Washington have such a man to minister to them.

I know somewhat of the condition of the congregation at Washington to whom he ministers. It is most desirable that for the

interests of religion in the Capital the church should be freed from its burden of debt, and I will be glad to hear that any friends of mine contribute to this end.

James McCosh, President of
College of New Jersey.

Continuing the account written from Jacksonville, January 24, 1887, the Rev. Mr. Grimké said further of his career:

Since leaving Washington—having resigned my charge there,—I have been laboring in this city, where, in the providence of God, I hope to be able to do some good.

I have not thought of making money. The result is, I have none. All my worldly possessions are to be found in my library, which consists of about a thousand well selected volumes, on Theology, Philosophy, History, Science, Art, and General Literature,—together with a few choice pictures. My wife was Miss Charlotte Forten,¹ of Philadelphia. We had one daughter, but lost her when she was six months old. I send you a few notices of myself with a few letters. I have never made it a practice to keep any references to myself, either pro or con. The result is, I have scarcely any. It will be impossible for me to send you a “cut” of myself. This is about all, I believe, that I have to say.

Fraternally yours,
Francis J. Grimké
Pastor of the Laura St. Presbyterian Church,
Jacksonville, Fla.

The Rev. Mr. Grimké later wrote this brief account of his career after he had returned from Jacksonville to the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C.:

I was born in Charleston, S. C., November 4th, 1850. Attended school in Charleston for a time and at the close of the war went North and entered Lincoln University, Chester County, Pa., where arrangements had been made for the prosecution of my studies. I graduated from the College Department of this institution in 1870, as valedictorian of my class and immediately entered the Law Department which was afterwards removed to West Chester, Pa. I afterwards entered the Law Department of Howard University, Washington, D. C. where I continued for more than a year. It was while there that I decided after due reflection to enter the ministry. Accordingly, in the fall of 1875 I entered Princeton Theological Seminary, from which I graduated in 1878. From there I went directly to Washington, D. C. as pastor of the Fifteenth Street

¹Charlotte Forten Grimké was the granddaughter of James Forten, a Negro successful in business in Philadelphia before the Civil War. He devoted time and means to the Anti-Slavery cause. The granddaughter was well educated and wrote creditable poetry. Immediately after the Civil War she taught freedmen in the South.

Presbyterian Church, where I remained until the latter part of October, 1885.

I then received a call to the Laura Street Church, Jacksonville, Fla., which I accepted on account of the probable benefit to my health. During my stay there I enjoyed laboring among the people and succeeded in raising money to build them a very nice church. On being urgently recalled to Washington I returned to the church then in 1889 where I am still laboring.

I have written various articles for the New York *Independent*, New York *Evangelist* etc. on the race question.

As to the positions I held I have no particular answer, except that I am a Trustee of Howard University. Served for a time as Trustee of the Public Schools of the District (of Columbia). For a number of years I was Chairman of the Committee on Morals and Religion of the Hampton Negro Conference and have prepared the reports submitted for each year. I resigned the Chairmanship of the Committee last year, but am still a member of it. I have preached and lectured for a number of years at the Tuskegee Institute, and have preached at Hampton for a few weeks during my summer vacations for several years. I have published in pamphlet form a number of sermons on the Negro question, which I send herewith.

In 1891 I was elected Professor of Christian Evidences and Mental and Moral Philosophy in Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.

The Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church was organized in 1841 under the leadership of Rev. John F. Cook with a view to the more orderly and intelligent worship of God than was prevalent at that day.¹

It has been attended mainly by the more intelligent and well-to-do class of colored people, and has always occupied an influential position in the community. It occupies a handsome building and is beautifully situated in one of the most desirable localities in Washington.²

The valuation of the property is about \$75,000. Rev. John F. Cook was the first pastor and it has been served during its existence by such men as Bishop Tanner, Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, Rev. J. Sella Martin, and Rev. J. B. Reeve.

This is all I can think of, and I send you in addition five letters, which may be of some service to you. Please be kind enough to return them when you have used them.

¹In connection with his religious work John F. Cook conducted a school at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church. He had taught earlier in the District of Columbia, but in 1835 was compelled by the Snow Riot to leave the city and remain in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for a year or two, after which he reopened his school in Washington—Woodson, *The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861*, p. 135.

²At that time this church was located on 15th Street between I and K Streets, N. W.; but in 1918 the congregation sold that site and moved to another at 15th and R Streets, N. W.

Settled in Washington, the Rev. Mr. Grimké easily took rank as the outstanding minister of his people in the Capital and one of the most distinguished clergymen of his time. He attracted the attention of the thinking element of both races throughout the country. There were few, if any, outstanding ministers of either race in the United States that did not know something about the work of Francis J. Grimké at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and of his larger work extended to various points in the country through his lectures, sermons, and printed addresses which circulated far and wide. Because of his usefulness and nation-wide reputation, Lincoln University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, June 5, 1888.

All who knew of him and read after him were not his followers. He alienated the genuflecting, compromising, and hypocritical leaders of both races. Dr. Grimké was an unyielding advocate of righteousness. He was a man of high ideals. He walked circumspectively, lived above reproach and bore an honorable name even among those who did not agree with him and charged him with being bitter and narrow. Persons who knew him well often referred to him as the "Black Puritan."

Naturally a man of this type could not tolerate most of what he saw going on among the Negro ministers and among those whites who compromised with the world on race prejudice. Dr. Grimké was the eternal enemy of ministers who preached one thing and lived another. He not only denounced such methods in general, but exposed flagrant cases, naming the culprits themselves when he felt that the public interest demanded such action. He was therefore feared as well as respected by the wolves masquerading in sheep's clothing. And it is a great tribute to him that his own life was so far above reproach that none of these persons that he questioned dared to bring one charge against him.

As such a minister in a city like Washington, on the border line between the North and South, or preferably, in the South itself, Dr. Grimké had many opportunities for combating hypocrisy in the Christian Church. When he took charge of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church in 1878 the Negro was just beginning to feel the pinch of the conservative element which succeeded soon thereafter in eliminating the race from politics and reduced the Negro in the South to a status not much above the level of that of the free Negro before the Civil War. The Presbyterian Church, like all other national organizations of the whites

with a Negro constituency, compromised on the question of the civil rights of the Negro and very soon on the matter of equality or brotherly treatment in the church itself. The Negro had enjoyed considerable freedom for a number of years, but by 1890 the scales had turned against him. Thereafter he was to sit in the court of the Gentiles outside of the Temple of Jehovah.

This change in the attitude of the churches involved humiliation in various ways. Presbyterian schools even in the North failed to welcome Negro students freely thereafter. Presbyterian churches, like churches of other denominations once willing to permit Negro ministers of promise to speak from their pulpits, gradually receded from this position. Missionary teachers from the North and agencies operating their schools in the South tended to manifest less ardor in Negro education and evangelization. These schools, moreover, were held under the close supervision of unsympathetic or indifferent white administrators and teachers from the North who no longer had the zeal of the first workers to come from that section for the uplifting of the colored people of the South; and at the same time these white administrators frowned down upon the idea of having Negro executives and teachers conduct their own schools. Dr. Grimké excoriated his own alma mater, Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, for failing to accept Negro members on its faculty, and he belabored those in charge until that policy was changed.

In the contact of the Negro ministers with the white clergymen of the same denomination, moreover, unpleasantness often developed. In the border states and the lower South where some freedom in social relations had existed during the reconstruction period strict segregation followed. If the Negro minister attended conferences, he was supposed to sit in a back seat and not to participate freely in the deliberations of the body. When the time came for luncheons or dinners he was told to go around to a certain side street where some colored sister or brother lived. There he would partake of a meal provided especially for him. "God had not made the Negro the social equal of the white man." Of course, the Negro could not expect to stop in any other home than that of some member of his own race, and hotels religiously excluded him according to hostile laws. This was a most painful pill to swallow. Dr. Grimké did not censure the church for such discrimination as was beyond its control, but he fearlessly attacked those persons and agencies that claimed to be Christian and bowed to the will of those who were victims of race prejudice.

In order to expose this unbrotherly attitude of the so-called Christian church, Dr. Grimké delivered lectures and preached sermons not only from his own pulpit, but wherever the opportunity offered. What he preached, moreover, he had printed and at his own expense widely distributed his messages in pamphlet form. He sent these especially to the clergymen of both races, called upon them to stand up and fight for righteousness—never to compromise with any such evil as that of treating the Negro other than as a brother.

This method of making known what was taking place within the church and of exposing the evils resulting therefrom was necessary at that time. The press of the country was turning a deaf ear to the woes of the Negro. Papers like the *Independent*, the *Evangelist*, and the like began to change their attitude when intelligent ministers like Dr. Grimké preached a sermon on these evils and sought a hearing through these self-styled organs of the church. The would-be Negro contributors were usually turned away because of being too bitter despite the fact that there was nothing in these sermons or addresses more radical than the teachings of the Bible.

The compromising religious element had begun to follow the fortunes of the leaders of political thought of the United States. The very people who had gone to war and freed the Negroes forgot the race thereafter just as soon as the party of combinations and trusts, which brought all poor men where they are today, had reached the point where it could carry the country without the Negro vote in the South. Former friends of the race had finally decided that the less said in defense of the Negro, the better it would be for the carrying out of this economic revolution of wresting the country from the slaveholding capitalists of the South and bringing it under that of the economic royalists of the other sections. The white clergymen became genuflecting with respect to capital. Reform became impossible, compromise arose as the order of the day, and hypocrisy reigned supreme.

Against any such procedure Francis J. Grimké protested without fear and trembling. He knew no compromise and did not listen to any excuses offered by so-called Christians who were too weak to stand up for the principles of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Very often he had to stand by himself, for there were not a few Negro ministers who, in order to enjoy the profits of segregation, sealed their lips on the matter of the

unfair treatment of the Christian church. Dr. Grimké insisted that the prophets of old and the New Testament writers knew the moral law by which the Christian world should be governed better than the self-appointed prophets who lived on the profits of segregation. He became a foreigner in the world of such compromises, but he made things so uncomfortable for spineless leaders that they could not ignore his preachments.

Some of the compromisers tried to answer him. No answer was possible from the Biblical point of view, however, as Dr. Grimké understood it; and yet, a few undertook to prove that segregation resulting from racial differences was authorized by the Bible. Dr. Grimké preached that "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth." He insisted that since all people were made of one blood they should live as brothers and worship together one God. One of the white ministers who tried to answer him, as a letter in this series will show, contended that Dr. Grimké was inconsistent in not quoting all of that verse which he used to uproot the argument in favor of segregation. While it is true that "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth," Dr. Grimké had overlooked the fact that "He hath appointed unto them their metes and bounds." As this defender of race prejudice saw it, the Negro was created and put in Africa, the white man in Europe, and the yellow man in Asia. The church in segregating the Negro, then, was doing the will of God. The so-called Christians were committing no sin, as he saw it, in refusing to live among Negroes, to eat with them, to work with them, and to ride with them in the same coach. God, therefore, had conveniently solved the problem for the white man to go to heaven without accepting or dealing with the Negro as a member of the human family.

Dr. Grimké easily exposed the fallacy of this position. If God appointed to each race its metes and bounds, by what right did the white man come from Europe and take possession of the Red Man's land in America? By what right did the white man compel the Negro to come to America to labor for him on the plantations and in the mines? By what right can the white man go to Africa today and deprive the natives of their most fertile land and corner them on reserves where they have to starve or leave to labor like slaves in the mines and on the plantations?

The change in the attitude of the church and the general public toward the Negro necessitated a change in Dr. Grimké's methods

of enlightening and stimulating the progress of his race toward usefulness and recognition. During the beginning of his career he had looked forward to lecturing and addressing white churches and conferences with respect to the needs of the Negro. Prejudice, however, rapidly reduced the number of these contacts except in cases involving the compromise of one's manhood. Such a sacrifice, however, a man of Dr. Grimké's temperament could not make. A few outstanding white ministers like Wallace Radeliffe of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., agreed with Dr. Grimké and maintained friendly relations with him. But the large majority of the Presbyterian and other clergy never welcomed Dr. Grimké and even avoided him, contending that he was too bitter and that his leadership was doing the Negro much harm.

Dr. Grimké also started out in life with much hope for efficient work for the race through the schools. He preached to them and lectured to their student bodies on various topics pertaining to life. He devoted special attention to such important matters as marriage, divorce, the duties of parents, and the training of children. He had to turn away from some of the schools, however, when there came a division with respect to whether the emphasis should be placed on practical training for the special benefit of the Negro or liberal education intended for all persons regardless of race. Dr. Grimké stood for the latter.

Early in his career he was a constant lecturer at both Hampton and Tuskegee. But, in the proportion that they committed themselves exclusively to the policy of special training for the Negro Dr. Grimké had less and less to do with these schools. At one time he was a close friend of Booker T. Washington, as the correspondence published in his works will show; but, during the early part of the century when Booker T. Washington so dramatized industrial education as the *summum bonum* and refused to speak out for the civil rights of the Negro the two friends came to the parting of ways. The climax in the alienation was the meeting of Negro leaders called by Booker T. Washington in New York in 1906 to take up measures with respect to the best interests of the race. There a majority of the leaders including W. E. Du Bois, Francis J. Grimké, and his brother, Archibald Henry Grimké, effected a schism in the ranks by proclaiming that they would follow no Negro as a leader who would compromise on the rights of the Negro or whose utterances could be quoted in support of the position of those who denied the Negro such rights.

Dr. Grimké found some hope in a new effort called the Niagara Movement which culminated in the organization of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1909, an agency originated and supported by prominent members of both races emphasizing equality and justice for all. His brother became a member of the national board of directors and for a long time served as president of the Washington Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, through which he did much to defend the Negro from attacks leveled at the race by members of state legislatures and the Congress of the United States. In all of these efforts Francis J. Grimké was his warm supporter.

Dr. Grimké, however, was not an agitator using the church for public reform. The Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church where he was pastor for more than half a century was always regarded as a church conducting itself on the highest plane of Christian ideals. Dr. Grimké often preached about the injustices heaped upon the race, especially the hypocrisy of those who called themselves Christians when denying the race liberty and freedom guaranteed the Negroes in the laws and the Constitution of the United States. Yet, he never used his church as a center for agitation where anyone could hold a meeting for propaganda purposes. Dr. Grimké had a keen conception of the dignity of the church and in his ministry never permitted his congregation to diverge from these ideals. Christian men and women were urged to support movements projected for equality and justice, but to operate through the channels established for this purpose. The church was God's altar, and this thought should be ever in the minds of those who sought the courts of the Lord.

Dr. Grimké had no desire to devote his time to agitation, and he cannot be classified as such a leader. He was drawn into the battle for human rights because as a minister he was duty-bound to plead for equality and justice in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. The ministry to him was something sacred to which he had a divine call, and he never had any temptation to leave his post of duty. At one time he was offered the professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Biddle (now Johnson C. Smith University) but this was not sufficient to take him out of the ministry. When he was receiving less than fifteen hundred dollars a year he was offered the presidency of Howard University, and he refused it, saying that his work was that of a minister rather than that of an educator.

The conservative and genuflecting clergy often asserted that Grimké was accomplishing nothing by his "radicalism and bitterness," and it cannot be denied that the large majority of the prophets dependent upon the profits of segregation had things their way and could laugh Dr. Grimké to scorn; but the great principle by which his life was guided was never to be afraid to stand alone for the right. Thus for years it seemed that the battle fought by Dr. Grimké and those who stood with him was doomed to failure. The situation looked especially dark during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Forces taking shape during and immediately following the World War of 1914-1919, however, began to effect some changes in the status of the Negro. By 1937 when Dr. Grimké passed from the picture the Negro had plunged to the depths economically during a universal depression, but he had seen lynching all but blotted out, the provisions for the education of the Negro made equal to that for the whites here and there, better facilities for the health and recreation of the race, a larger number of his people exercising the right of suffrage, a keener appreciation of the Negro's contribution to culture, more helpful social contacts of the whites and blacks, some change in the attitude of the Negro-baiting press, and an increasing number of whites in and outside of the Church who were putting the hypocrites of the organization to shame by accepting the Negro as a brother and joining with him wholeheartedly in the fight for equality and justice for all.

These changes, to be sure, were not effected by Dr. Grimké and his co-workers alone, but probably no other man living made a larger contribution to this outcome than did this uncompromising and unyielding agent of righteousness and truth. His life, therefore, is a long chapter in the history of the Negro in the United States, an important chapter in that of all America. In his works the efforts of all helpful agencies throughout his active career may be traced, and all important issues before the American people and how they were decided may be studied. From his point of view, every good thing vouchsafed to other elements of the population of this country should be extended to the Negro. Dr. Grimké could not be satisfied with less than that full measure.

Dr. Grimké's contribution to these undertakings, moreover, was not mere talk. He was a doer of the Word he preached. He not only proclaimed what was the duty of the hour but took the lead in showing how this duty should be performed. The record of his receipts and expenditures shows that he religiously lived up to

the Biblical principle of giving a tenth of his income to help those who were unable to help themselves. He gave considerable sums to agitative organizations, but he never forgot the fact that he was a Minister of the Gospel and turned most of his gifts toward educational and religious channels. His check stubs show annual contributions to missions and missionaries at home and abroad, to private institutions engaged in the education of the Negroes in the United States, and to committees and boards promoting the health, recreation, and general welfare of handicapped Negroes. In his giving, moreover, he was sufficiently broad and philanthropic to help all men without regard to race or color. He contributed annually to institutions helping the poor, the blind, and unenlightened in India and China. He was especially interested in helping the lepers in the Philippines. He warmly supported and financially aided the work of Kawaga in Japan. By his will he, having forgiven his alma mater, Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, bequeathed it \$4,000; and he gave \$4,500 to the Board of Pensions of the Presbyterian Church in America.

Dr. Grimké was especially interested in the work of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. He attended the annual meetings when it was convenient for him to be present. He became one of the first subscribers to *The Journal of Negro History*. He made a contribution every year to its support, and in his will bequeathed it \$400. In the work of research and editing undertaken by the organization he took no active part for the reason that he always adhered to the principle that his work was in the pulpit, and other things in which he was deeply interested could not detract him therefrom. He showed his unselfishness in trying to make it possible for those trained in modern historiography to perform with scientific objectivity an important task for the race and nation.

Dr. Grimké began to retire from his various activities after he had reached the age of seventy. This could not be done abruptly for the reason that he had given such general satisfaction wherever he had served that it was difficult for his co-workers to suffer the ties to be severed. Howard University was reluctant to give him up as one of its trustees among whom he had faithfully labored more than two generations. He had served on this board along with Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, and B. K. Bruce. Dr. Grimké finally made it clear to his co-workers that he desired to yield his position to some more active person who might perform such duties more efficiently. He remembered Howard, however, by

giving his library to that school. This has been set apart there as the Dr. Grimké Collection. Some of his books, collected after the donation to Howard, went to Lincoln.

The Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church was more reluctant than any other institution to let their pastor for more than two generations retire to private life.

On May 13, 1923, he addressed the congregation the following :

To the Session and Members
of The Fifteenth Street
Presbyterian Church :

After a pastorate among you for more than forty years, I hereby tender my resignation to take effect Sept. 30, 1923. I feel that the time has come for the work to pass into the hand of a younger man. I am now in my 73rd year. I am not as strong as I used to be. I have infirmities incident to advancing years which make it no longer possible for me to do effectively the work of the active pastorate. Besides, there are some things that I want to do before I die, if it is the Lord's will to give me a few years free from the active duties of the pastorate, which I cannot do with the responsibilities of a church resting upon me. I will, of course, still be in your midst. Here I have lived in loving fellowship with you for these more than four decades of years: and here I expect to continue to live until the time comes for me to go hence. It is from this church that I want to be buried; and to be laid to rest by you, among whom I have lived so happily for these many years. Dissolving the pastoral relation doesn't mean a severance of the ties that have bound us together in the bonds of a loving fellowship.

I have been thinking of this for some time: and have been putting it off, hoping that I might be able to continue a little longer: but now I feel that it ought not to be put off any longer in justice to myself and to you, the good people of this church. You need a younger man, must have a younger man, who will take the work up and carry it forward. There are great things, I believe, in store for this church under proper leadership. I am asking, therefore, that you join with me in a request to the Presbytery that the pastoral relation between myself and the church be dissolved, as I have already stated, to take effect September 30, 1923.

Yours lovingly,
Francis J. Grimké.

The church refused to accept his resignation, and to the end insisted that he maintain pastoral connection with the congregation. It was finally agreed to retain him as pastor with the understanding that when he felt so disposed he might preach, but the

actual work of the Church was committed to the hands of an associate pastor. This did not prove to be the most satisfactory arrangement, for it was all but impossible to find any minister who could measure up to the standard set by Dr. Grimké—someone whom the people could love and follow as they had their old pastor. Dr. Grimké, as his diary shows, was ever present to test the service rendered by his associate and all other ministers who occupied that pulpit. Few could meet the requirements. They often said things with which he could not agree. Dr. Grimké was a plain logical outspoken minister ever fighting all compromise with the world, especially if there were manifested any tendency toward modernism. There was not a scintilla of such thought in the message of Dr. Grimké. In some such fashion, however, this arrangement continued until his death on October 11, 1937, although the Church in the meantime suffered not only on this account but because of the depression.

I. ADDRESSES DEALING WITH THE CAREERS OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS

I

BISHOP DANIEL ALEXANDER PAYNE¹

I am to speak to you this evening, on what to me is a very attractive subject: The life and character of Bishop Daniel Alexander Payne. Without stopping for any preliminary remarks, by way of introduction, I will plunge at once into the subject.

The external facts which go to make up the history of this noble man of God, may be briefly stated as follows: He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 24, 1811. His father died when he was four and a half years old, and his mother when he was nine and a half. After the death of his parents he lived with his grandmother, a devout Christian woman. At eight years of age he began going to school and continued until he was twelve. In these four years he learned to read, write, and cipher as far as the rule of three. In his thirteenth year he left school and was hired out to a shoe merchant with whom he stayed but for a short while. He was next put to learn the carpenter's trade, at which he worked for four years and a half. He then spent nine months in learning the tailor's trade. At the age of fifteen he was very seriously impressed religiously, so much so that he applied to the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was taken under its care as a probationer, though his conversion did not take place until three years later. It was at this time, or shortly afterwards, while earnestly engaged in prayer in his room, that he had clearly and distinctly made up his mind the impression that God had called him to educate himself and to be the educator of his people. This impression, to use his own language, "was irresistible and divine, and gave a new direction to my thoughts and efforts." His great desire now was to fit himself for this work, and to get at it as soon as possible. Accordingly, he determined to devote every moment of his leisure to study, and every cent not absolutely required to supply him with the bare necessities of life to the purchase of books. In order to raise the money needed for books, he made

¹ Delivered in Washington, D. C., December 10 and 17, 1893.

tables, benches, clothes horses, and corset bones, which he sold on Saturday nights, in the market or along the streets. In order to find the time necessary to enable him to pursue his studies while working at his trade, he would eat his meals in a few minutes and devote the rest of the hour allowed him to reading and study. On knocking off in the evening he used to go directly home, and not unfrequently, would be found at his books until 12 o'clock. He used to rise also every morning at 4 o'clock and work until 6 o'clock. In this way he succeeded in reading a number of books, and in rendering himself proficient in several branches of learning.

At nineteen years of age he felt that the time had come for him to undertake the second part of the work to which he believed God had called him, the work of educating his own people. Accordingly, he forsook the carpenter's trade for the life of an educator. In 1829 his first school was opened, with three pupils, for each of whom he received fifty cents a month. He also taught three others at night, for which he also received fifty cents each. The first three were free; the last three were slaves. This was certainly not a very promising outlook. Three dollars a month, for board, lodging, clothing, and other incidentals was not a very pleasing prospect: nor did the financial outlook improve. At the end of the year, he was in such pecuniary straits that he was forced to consider seriously the question of giving up the experiment altogether and of seeking a livelihood in some other way, and came very near doing so; but he was finally restrained by two considerations. The first was an interview which he had with a wealthy slave-holder who was en route to the West Indies for his health, and who desired to secure the services of a free colored boy as an attendant. The second was the conviction, or rather reflection, that to abandon the school house was to be false to the trust which he believed God had imposed upon him. Accordingly, in 1830, he reopened his school, with much brighter prospects. There was a decided increase in the attendance. The growth was so rapid that the school soon outgrew the building, and he was forced to secure other and more commodious quarters. And so it continued to grow until it became not only the largest but by far the most influential school for the education of colored people in Charleston, if not in the entire South.

While he was seeking to educate others, he still continued to apply himself diligently to the cultivation of his own mind. His

attainments at first were limited to reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. To these he afterwards added geography, map drawing, English grammar, English composition, geometry, descriptive chemistry, natural philosophy, descriptive astronomy, Greek, Latin, French, painting, botany, zoology, and natural history. As these subjects were sufficiently mastered by him to teach them, they were added to the curriculum, and thus the standard of the school steadily improved. The good work begun in 1829, and started afresh in 1830 under more favorable circumstances, went on prosperously, until 1835, when the Legislature of South Carolina passed a law making it a criminal offense not only to teach slaves to read or write, but also free persons as well. The penalty annexed to the violation of this law so far as free colored persons were concerned, was a fine of fifty dollars and fifty lashes. The effect of this law was to bring his labors abruptly to an end, which was a source of great sorrow and regret to him. He felt keenly the injustice of it, and for a time, was in a state of great agitation over it, during which he was led to question the existence and justice of God. He could not understand why one race should be allowed to oppress another, as the whites were oppressing the blacks. The thoughts which were passing through his mind, he has embodied in a poem, which I will not take the time to read, but which you will find in his *Recollections of Seventy Years*, pages 29-34 inclusive.

In the midst of his distress and agitation, he had a dream, which finally determined him to seek a field of labor in the North, where he would be enabled to pursue his chosen vocation without let or hindrance. The dream was a very singular one. He dreamed that he was lifted up from the earth, and without wings fled towards the North. He was clad in the pink robe which he always wore in the school room. On reaching the North, he kept flying up and down, just south of the great lakes which separate Canada from the United States. This he took as the hand of God, indicating the direction in which he should go. Accordingly, having closed his school, he made all arrangements for leaving the home of his birth for a strange land among strangers. This preparation consisted in getting his few personal effects together, and in securing such letters of recommendation to influential friends in the North, as might be helpful to him. These letters were cheerfully

and gladly given by such men as Drs. Capers, Palmer, Gadson, and Kennedy. Armed with these letters, and with a firm faith in God, he sailed from Charleston on May 9, 1935, then a young man of only twenty-four. On reaching New York, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Peter Williams, pastor of the colored Protestant Episcopal Church, at whose house he met for the first time Dr. Alexander Crummell, who was then a young man preparing for school. He also proceeded, soon after his arrival, to deliver the letters of introduction which he had brought with him. He was kindly received by all, but was advised by these gentlemen, with a single exception, to turn his face towards Africa. It was not of Africa, however, that he was thinking, but of his poor, benighted brethren in this country; and to help them was the great desire of his heart. It was not until he came to the pastor of the Lutheran Church, to whom he had a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bachman, that he heard one note of encouragement in the line in which he desired to work. The Society of Inquiry on Missions, located in Gettysburg, had just voted to educate a talented, pious young man of color for the intellectual, moral, and social elevation of the free colored people in this country; and was in search of such a man. After talking with him and reading his testimonials, so impressed was Dr. Strobel with his intelligence and high Christian character, that he frankly told him that he thought that he was just the man they were looking for; and finally persuaded him to consent to enter the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, with the view of the better qualifying himself for work among the colored people. Strange, as it may seem, up to this time he had felt no inclination whatever towards the ministry, and consented to enter the seminary, only with the understanding, that he did not thereby commit himself to the work of preaching after his graduation. During his stay at the Seminary, he made a most favorable impression upon all of his teachers, and advanced rapidly in the various studies assigned to him. He studied Greek, Hebrew, German, ecclesiastical history, mental philosophy, archaeology, and systematic theology.

While at the Seminary he made himself useful by gathering together all the colored children in the neighborhood and organizing them into a Sabbath School, which he was allowed to hold in one of the rooms of the Seminary building. He also conducted

from time to time religious exercises for adults, which resulted in the conversion of many.

After two happy and prosperous years at the Seminary, he was forced, greatly to his regret, and the regret of his teachers, to relinquish his studies, owing to an affection of the eyes, brought on by reading in a recumbent position.

From the Seminary he went to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at which place the conviction first entered his soul that it was his duty to preach the Gospel. "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," was the passage that sent the conviction home to his heart. With this thought upon his mind he returned to Gettysburg, and after consultation with Dr. Schmucker, and with his advice, determined to join the African Methodist Episcopal Church, as furnishing a wider field of usefulness than the Lutheran Church. With this end in view, he went to Philadelphia, for the purpose of talking the matter over with Bishop Morris Brown; but while there, through the influence of a friend of his father, was induced to change his mind. He was told that the African Methodist Episcopal Church was opposed to an educated ministry; that the ministers of that denomination often introduced their sermons with the statement that they thanked God that they had never rubbed their heads against a college wall, or studied Latin, Greek, or Hebrew: and that the people would respond and say "Amen, and Glory to God." He determined therefore, to join the Lutheran Church, and was received and licensed by that body in June, 1837, and two years later was ordained. At this time he had extended to him three different calls from churches: from the Colored Presbyterian Church, East Troy, from the Second Colored Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and from the Second Colored Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City. The two latter he declined, but accepted the former. His first regular charge was in a Presbyterian church.

While at Troy, he was sent by the citizens as a delegate, to what was known as the National Moral Reform Society, which held its session that year in Philadelphia. There he met the Rev. Samuel Cornish, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, Theodore D. Weld, Lewis Tappan, and other members of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society. On his return to Troy, he received a commission from the society as one of its lecturers, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year, and travelling expenses. This he

declined, however, on the ground that he had consecrated himself to the work of preaching the Gospel. In this same year, he met with an accident which silenced him for nearly twelve months. On the last night of the year he preached so long, and earnestly that he ruptured the left gland of the throat, which resulted in the total loss of his voice. In consequence he resigned his pastorate, and went to Carlisle, Pa., where under careful and skillful treatment he finally recovered his voice. From there he went to Philadelphia, and in 1839 began a work similar to the one he had begun in Charleston ten years before, the work of school teaching. This he continued to do until the summer of 1843.

While in Philadelphia he became better acquainted with the A. M. E. Church, and in the winter of 1841 joined the Quarterly Conference of Bethel Church, in that city. In 1842 he was received by the Philadelphia Annual Conference, on trial as a local preacher, and into full connection in May, 1843. Almost immediately afterwards he entered the itinerancy, in obedience to the call of Bishop Morris Brown. As soon as possible he turned his school over to the Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell, then a young man just beginning the ministry, and started for Washington, D. C., where he began his active work in the A. M. E. Church, as the pastor of Israel Church, at the foot of the Capitol. While here he organized the first association of colored ministers consisting of himself, the Rev. John F. Cook, the founder of the church of which I have the honor to be pastor, and the Rev. L. Collins, who was then pastor of Zion Church, South Washington. While here he also first wrote and published his thoughts on Ministerial Education, in the form of five letters, which gave great offense and created a good deal of excitement throughout the church. They were denounced in the strongest terms—were characterized as “full of absurdities,” as “teaching infidelity in its rankest form.” Some went so far as to call him a “devil.” Others charged him with “branding the ministry with infamy, and recklessly slandering the general character of the Connection.” So intense was the excitement that the editor of the magazine in which the letters were published said, “Great fear is entertained by some, that if the measure proposed be adopted by the General Conference, discord and dissolution will necessarily take place in the church between the ignorant and intelligent portions of it. “Notwithstanding this note of alarm, the general excitement and the abuse

with which he was assailed, there were some men in the church who saw that he was on the right track, and who were determined to stand by him, in his warfare against ignorance. Among them, were the venerable Bishop Morris Brown, Jas. G. Bias, H. C. Turner, Abram D. Lewis, John M. Brown, who afterwards became bishop, John Vashon, Henry Gordon, Elymas Johnson, James Reed, and Dr. Martin R. Delany. And so the fight went on.

At the General Conference of 1844, an opportunity was afforded him of laying his plans before the church, which he did in the form of a resolution to institute a course of instruction for the education of the ministry. The resolution as soon as introduced was promptly voted down by a large and overwhelming majority. It was evident not only from the size of the vote in the negative, but from the whole spirit and tenor of the meeting, that the representatives of the church were not in sympathy with this educational nonsense, as it seemed to them. They had come up, among other things, for the express purpose of putting down this disturber of the peace of the church, this new prophet of education: and they were not disposed to give him any quarter whatever. The next day, however, through the influence of the Rev. A. D. Lewis, the motion was reconsidered, at the close of a most powerful and eloquent speech, which so convinced the brethren of the folly of voting it down, that it was passed without a dissenting voice. A committee, was then appointed, of which Bishop Payne was made chairman, known as the Education Committee whose duty it was to prepare a course of studies to be pursued hereafter by young preachers. The Committee made its report on the sixth day of the session, and outlined a two years' course of studies for exhorters, and a four years' course for preachers. The first embraced the study of the Bible, Smith's *English Grammar*, Mitchell's *Geography*, the *Discipline of the Church*, Wesley's *Notes*, the *History of the M. E. Church*, and Watson's *Life of Wesley*. The second course embraced Smith's *English Grammar*, Mitchell's *Geography*, Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, *History of the Bible*, Horne's *Introduction*, Schmucker's *Popular Theology*, *Mental Philosophy*, *Natural Theology*, Watson's *Institutes*, *Ecclesiastical History*, Goodrich's *Church History*, Porter's *Homiletics*, D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*, the *Geography and Chronology of the Bible*. The report of the committee was adopted, and with

its adoption the African Methodist Episcopal Church entered upon a new era in its history.

Through the untiring effort of this man, the church was now firmly committed to the policy of intelligence as against ignorance in the pulpit. Its aim henceforth would be, not only to see that the Gospel was preached, but that it was done by men who had had, at least, some intellectual preparation for it.

Up to this time, any ignoramus who imagined that he was called to preach, who thought that the Lord had need of him, felt that it was his right to be ordained, or at least to be licensed; and no objection was interposed by the church, under the impression that if a man opened his mouth the Lord would fill it. Bishop Payne was the first man in the A. M. E. Church who saw clearly the evil of that policy, who had the courage publicly to express his disapproval and who set himself resolutely, and determinedly to overthrow it. And he did overthrow it, or at least greatly modified it, be it said to his praise and everlasting honor.

The victory of 1844 was a great and signal triumph. As a declaration of principle, it marked an epoch in the history of the church. The church had yet, however, to be educated up to the stand which the General Conference had taken. A declaration of principles was all right; but something more was necessary in order to render it effective. This Bishop Payne clearly saw, and hence turned his attention at once to the preparation of a series of essays, eight in all, on the subject of ministerial education, which were published and widely circulated, in the hope of broadening and deepening the interest already felt, and of securing the earnest cooperation of the whole church. Nothing shows more clearly how profoundly interested he was in the whole subject, and how deeply desirous he was for the success of the movement which had been inaugurated, than his words in the closing number of this series. They are such noble words that I cannot refrain from quoting them, in part, at least.

“We now conclude our essays,” he says, “by an appeal to all who are concerned, i. e., the whole church. And first we appeal to the venerable fathers of the connection, and call upon you to assist us in this glorious enterprise, by giving your sanction to our efforts. While we acknowledge that your advanced life and domestic cares may present insuperable barriers to your improvement, we hail you as the pioneers of the church. You, with the enter-

prising Richard Allen, have gone forth, the broad-ax of primitive labor upon your shoulders, entered the forest, hewn down the timber, and erected the stupendous fabric, which constitutes our Zion. O cheer us then, while we labor to beautify it, and carry it on to perfection. Let it never be said, that you were opposed to the cause of sacred learning, or that you hindered the car of improvement. But while you are descending to your peaceful and honorable graves, let us hear your invigorating voice saying unto us: Go on, my sons, go on. Then shall the bright pages of history hand down your memories as a precious legacy to unborn generations, who, with hearts of gratitude, shall look to this period and thank heaven that their progenitors were not the enemies, but the friends of education.

“Beloved young brethren, we appeal to you, because a glorious career of usefulness lies before you, an uncultivated field, long and wide invites you to enter and drive the ploughshare heavier through its length and breadth. Truth declares that the soil is deep and rich, and will yield an abundant harvest. Up, up, to the toil. The reward is in the fruits, your resting-place is in heaven. Put forth every effort, employ every means, embrace every opportunity to cultivate your minds, and enrich them with the gems of holy learning: Be not satisfied with little things; lift your standard to the skies, and your attainments will be great. Swear eternal hatred to ignorance, and let your banner float upon the breeze of heaven with this inscription

Wisdom to riches we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

“Venerable mothers of Israel. We call upon you to aid us in this glorious reformation. Give us your influence; give us your money; give us your prayers. Teach your children from their infancy to value learning more than riches, and wisdom more than gold. Teach them that the glory of their manhood consists not in eating and dressing, but in the cultivation of the immortal mind, and the purity of their morals. The fall of ignorance is as certain as the fall of Babylon, and the universal spread of knowledge as the sun; for the Lord has said it. The beaming chariot of the genius of knowledge is rolling triumphantly onward to the conquest of the world: therefore, the opposers of education must either

ground the weapons of their unequal warfare, or be crushed to death beneath its ponderous wheels.

“A period of light has already dawned upon the A. M. E. Church. Its morning star was seen in the days of the General Conference of 1844. Its opening glories were manifested in the decrees of the Educational Convention of 1845. Blessed is the man or woman who will aid the enterprise of heaven. Yea, thrice blessed is the one who will hasten on this age of light. As for ourselves, we have dedicated our all to this sacred work. We have laid our souls and bodies, our time, our influence, our talents, upon the altar of our people’s improvement and elevation; there we intend to bleed, and smoke, and burn, till life itself shall be extinct.

“The calamitous fact that our people are entombed in ignorance and oppression forever stares us in the face. It shall be the fuel of the flame that consumes us, and while we talk, and write, and pray, we shall rise above opposition and toil, cheered and inspired by that God whose lips have said, The priest’s lips shall keep knowledge.”

How clearly he saw what was needed, how earnestly he plead for the dawning of a brighter day, and how determined he was to leave nothing unsaid or undone to make that day possible. Wherever he went, North or South, East or West, the gospel which he never failed to preach, was the gospel of light. Everywhere his voice could be heard saying, throughout the church, Let there be light. That he was misunderstood, that he was regarded as a fanatic, as a setter forth of strange doctrines, is not to be wondered at when we remember the dense ignorance that enveloped the A. M. E. Church at that time, and in fact our people in general. He is no longer misunderstood and abused, however; the church now sees, and has seen for a number of years, the wisdom of the course which he advocated, and now has for him only praise. All unite in acknowledging the greatness of his services, and to nothing does the church refer today with greater pride than to his noble efforts in behalf of education.

In 1845 his field of labor was changed from Washington to Baltimore, where he continued to labor for five years in the double capacity of teacher and preacher. While there he was married to a very amiable lady of this city, who died, however, within a

year. In the city of Baltimore he did a grand work, and made himself felt as a power for good.

He became involved, however, while there, in a very serious and bitter church quarrel, which grew partly out of an effort on his part to modify some extravagances of worship. He was always opposed to shouting, and the outlandish manner in which God was worshipped, in many of the churches; and he did not hesitate to express his disapprobation. It was the attempt on his part, to put an end to some of these antics, as carried on by what was then known as "singing and praying bands" that precipitated the trouble, and that came very near breaking the church to pieces. He held his own, however, and finally came out victorious.

In the year 1848 he was appointed by the General Conference historiographer of the church. At this conference he was also strongly urged by Bishop Quinn to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the bishopric, assigning as a reason that it was the earnest desire of many of his brethren, that he should fill that office. This, however, he positively refused to do.

In 1850 he officiated at the funeral of Bishop Morris Brown, preaching the funeral discourse, which shows the estimation in which he was beginning to be held. In the same year, with a view of gathering materials for the work which had been assigned him as historiographer of the church, he was left without appointment by his own request, and spent the time from 1850 to 1852, in visiting every church of the connection in the Eastern and Western states, and in the South as far as New Orleans. He also visited Canada. From this extended tour, he returned just in time for the General Conference of 1852, which met in the city of New York, and was ordered by Bishop Quinn to preach the opening sermon, which he did, taking as his text 2 Cor. 2:16, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The sermon made a profound impression upon all who heard it, and brought him still more prominently before the church.

This was the General Conference, you will remember, at which he was elevated to the bishopric, a position which he did not desire and from which he sought earnestly to escape; but found it impossible to do so. The feeling that was expressed at the conference of 1848, as to the desirability of making him bishop steadily grew during the intervening four years. The more his brethren saw of him, the more they came to know the man, to understand

his spirit and temper, the more they felt that he was the man of all others for the place, and they were determined to elect him. No change, however, had come over his own mind, he was still unwilling to allow his name to be used, he still refused to yield to the wishes of his brethren. The motive which influenced him was not indolence or timidity, nor was it a desire on his part to escape any duty or responsibility, which the Great Head of the church might see fit to lay upon him; but a profound sense of his utter unfitness for so high and responsible a position.

In nothing, perhaps, is the character of the man more strikingly exhibited than in his bearing and attitude at this time. In describing his feeling he says, "About twelve months before the conference of 1852, I saw and felt that my brethren were determined to elect me, and, therefore, I prayed earnestly up to that time, that God would take away my life rather than allow me to be put into an office, for which I felt myself utterly unfit. The announcement of my election fell like the weight of a mountain upon me, and caused me to weep like a child, and tremble like a tree shaken by a tempest. I now felt that to resist this manifest will of the Great Head of the church, so clearly and emphatically expressed, would bring upon me his displeasure. I yielded, because I felt that the omnipotent arm that had thrust me into the position, would hold me in it."

This reads almost like a romance. The contrast between it and the spirit that is now in the church, is so great that it is difficult for us to realize that there ever was a time when men had to be almost literally thrust into this office against their will. And yet, this is the strange, the delightful spectacle that is here presented to us. Under a deep sense of the responsibilities involved in the office of the bishopric, and under a sense of his own unfitness for it, this man positively declines to have his name used as a candidate, and four years later, when without consulting him he was elected, bursts into tears, and trembles from head to foot; accepts the position only because it was thrust upon him, and because he saw no honorable way of getting out of it.

Today all that is changed. Every man now wants to be a bishop. Every man thinks he is fitted for it. Every man thinks that he is entitled to it. And there is hardly anything that men will not stoop to do in order to obtain the coveted prize. Every form of demagoguery has found its way into the church. Every

species of wire-pulling is resorted to, and even bribery itself, it is alleged, has been employed by candidates for the sacred office.

Fifty years ago the great obstacle that stood in the way of the church's progress was ignorance. There was one man at that time who saw the evil of it, and had the wisdom and courage to sound the alarm, and through his influence it was throttled to death, or at least, so held in check as to make progress possible. The great obstacle that stands in the way of the church's progress today, is no longer ignorance; but the worst form of demagogism, the combination of unprincipled men within the church to get the control, the monopoly of all positions of honor and trust of a general character. For years there has been a concerted effort in this direction; for years this evil has been growing. And unless another Daniel A. Payne arises to inaugurate another warfare against it, and continue that warfare until bad men, unprincipled men, are put down, either driven out of the church entirely, or relegated to the back, the usefulness of the church is at an end. It may increase in numbers, but in moral and spiritual power it will become a constantly diminishing factor.

There is no possible excuse for ever allowing bad men to occupy high and responsible positions, positions which bring them prominently before the public. There are good men within the church, intelligent, upright, pious, God-fearing men, adequate to every need. If bad men are allowed to work their way to the front, good men are responsible for it.

There is but one way to defeat this combination of bad men to get control, and that is by the thorough organization of good men to resist their demands. That is the next great crusade upon which this church must enter if it is to save itself from an ignominious failure, and is to preserve intact the glorious inheritance which has come down to it through the labors of such men as Bishop Payne and others, who have not only held aloft the torch of intelligence, but also the banner of purity. There is no better evidence of the unfitness of a man for the high office of the bishopric, than his eagerness for it, and his willingness to enter into combinations, and to stoop to wire-pulling in order to get it. The saintly man of whom we are speaking was simply incapable of such a thing. He was never an office-seeker, but the office always sought him. He was never found thrusting himself forward, but was always thrust forward by others. The thing

we call love of office, the desire for power for personal aggrandizement, had no place in his make-up. His one and only desire was to do good. Hence the men who gathered around him were not the tricksters, the self-seekers, the ecclesiastical demagogues. He had no ax to grind, no favors to ask, stood in no need of combinations. Hence he was always independent, always untrammelled, always free to act out his honest convictions. And that is the quality that is needed to command respect, in order to enforce authority. The man who comes to the bishopric through wire-pulling, through politico-ecclesiastical combinations is not free, in the nature of the case, cannot be, and never can command the respect which is necessary to make the office what it ought to be. It is a significant fact, that the man of all others, who went into the bishopric against his will, who had it thrust upon him, is the man who stands highest in the estimation of the church. No man in all its history has had anything like the influence which he had. No man commanded, while he lived, such universal respect. And it is safe to say, no man for years, if ever again, will occupy the same commanding position in the church. And one reason for this is to be found in the manner in which he entered the bishopric, and the spirit in which he continued to exercise it. He did not ask for the office. He did not turn a finger to secure it. He owed his election to no man or combination of men. It came to him unsought; and he accepted it as a sacred trust from God; and in that spirit he continued to exercise it to the end of his life.

There is a lesson in this for the whole church. The spirit exhibited by this man is what it needs, and must have in those who are elevated to positions of honor and trust, if it is to fulfill its high mission. For more than forty years, his example has been a constant rebuke to all self-seeking demagogues in the church. And now that he is gone, it is the duty of the church to hold up his example and make it the standard by which to determine in all of its great ecclesiastical gatherings the question as to the fitness of men for high places. I know something of the pain and sadness that filled his soul, at this growing spirit of demagoguery in the church, and this unholy and unseemly greed for office. I shall never forget a conversation which I had with him shortly after one of the general elections for bishops. In speaking of the election, he said, It was simply disgraceful. The church cannot survive another such election. The methods adopted, the character

of the aspirants, and the spirit in which the whole affair was conducted was most abhorrent to him.

At the next General Conference, this same spirit will, in all probability again assert itself. It is almost sure to appear. The wires are already being manipulated, cliques and combinations are already being formed. Men are already nominating themselves for the vacancies that have been created by death. What will the church do about it? I do not know what it will do, but I know what it ought to do. In the name of this dead saint, whose life was a constant protest against that spirit, it ought to arise in the majesty of its strength, and stamp it out; or at least, set itself resolutely to resist it. There is nothing that would give the good Bishop greater pleasure than the defeat of such self-seeking demagogues. There is no greater tribute of respect that the church could pay to his memory than to stand by the great principles for which he contended, and which were so nobly exemplified in his own life,—the principles of purity of fitness; of the office seeking the man, and not the man the office.

PART SECOND

BISHOP DANIEL ALEXANDER PAYNE

In my previous paper on Bishop Payne, I ended with his election to the Bishopric in 1852, and called special attention to the manner in which he regarded the proposition to make him bishop, the effect of the announcement of his election upon him, and the spirit in which he entered upon the discharge of its high and solemn duties and responsibilities.

Resuming the thread of the narrative, the next thing of importance in his life was his second marriage. In 1854 he was united in wedlock to Mrs. Eliza J. Clark, of Cincinnati, and transferred his residence from the East to that city. Two years later, in July, 1856, he removed to what was then known as Tawawa Springs, now Wilberforce, which continued to be his home up to the time of his death. His object in selecting Tawawa Springs was the prospect of the establishment of a school, of the M. E. Church at this point, for the education of persons of color. The school was opened in October of the same year, under the name of Wilberforce University. Bishop Payne was elected one of its Trustees, and thus became closely and intimately associated with it from its

inception. In 1862, owing to the financial pressure caused by the Civil War, the school was closed and continued closed until 1863. As things did not improve financially, the M. E. Church concluded to give up the work and sell the property. This fact was communicated to Bishop Payne on the tenth day of March, 1863, and in the city of Cincinnati he entered into a contract with the authorities of the M. E. Church to purchase the property at the cost of \$10,000 for the A. M. E. Church. At that time he had not ten dollars in hand towards it, but he had a firm faith in God and the conviction that if the matter could be properly brought before the church, the money could be raised. In this faith he went to work, and by June, three months afterward, the first payment of \$2,500 was made. The School was then reorganized under a new charter, and a new Board of Trustees elected. The Bishop became its first president, a position which he continued to hold for thirteen years, and the Rev. John G. Mitchell, the present head of the Theological Department, its first principal. Two years afterwards, greatly to his sorrow and regret, on the very night that Lincoln was assassinated, the main building was laid in ashes. Thus his labors were greatly increased. As President of the University he had not only to see to the raising of the original \$10,000, but the means necessary to meet the current expenses and the doing his share of the work of teaching, but money had also to be raised for the erection of a new building. He did not become discouraged, however, but with his usual vigor and faith, addressed himself earnestly to the work, and soon another building, more beautiful than the former, rose upon the ruins of the old. This University is one of his noblest monuments, and will continue to be so as long as there is one brick left standing upon another. The Theological Department has, within the last few years, been reorganized, and is now called by his name,—which is a fitting recognition of his eminent services in the cause of Christian education.

During the great struggle for freedom no one was more profoundly and deeply interested in that struggle than himself. In 1862 we find him in Washington urging upon President Lincoln the importance of signing the Act which had just passed both houses liberating the slaves in the District of Columbia. And when the struggle was finally ended, and the slaves were emancipated, his heart overflowed with joy. As soon as the way was open for

missionary and philanthropic work in the South, his thoughts were turned towards his brethren there, and he was soon in their midst, hard at work. He first went to South Carolina, and there organized the first A. M. E. Conference in the state. From South Carolina he went to Georgia, after which he returned to Ohio, where he had been called to look after the interests of the University.

Two years afterwards, in 1867, he sailed for England and the Continent, for the double purpose of soliciting funds for Wilberforce, and of attending the Evangelical Alliance, which met that year at Amsterdam, Holland. The voyage was a very delightful one, and he had the pleasure of having on board two such distinguished men as William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson,—the famous and eloquent English anti-slavery lecturer. His mission to England, so far as the school was concerned, was a failure. He found it impossible to induce the English people to give any money to Wilberforce. This he attributed to two causes, one was that the institution was poor. “To a question of Secretary Whipple of the American Missionary Society, as to how he had succeeded his answer was, “Poorly, because I find English Christians just like American Christians; they give power only to the powerful, and wealth only to the rich.” Another reason was that the wave of English enthusiasm had spent itself before he reached England. “If you had come just after the war,” his landlady said to him, “when English enthusiasm was at its height, you might have obtained something; but now I fear it is too late.” Another and third reason was suggested by John Bright, namely, that England had already sent over millions of dollars to aid the freedmen, and that America had immense resources within herself to supply the wants of her people. In other respects, however, his visit was a very pleasant and profitable one. At the Evangelical Alliance he met many distinguished men, among whom were Drs. Tholuck, Guthrie, McCosh, and Krummacher.

He also visited Paris, and enjoyed the opportunity which he had long desired of perfecting himself in the French language. He attended lectures at the Sorbonne, and the College de France, and thus had the opportunity of hearing many distinguished French scholars and scientists.

The next year he found himself again in America, busily employed in his labors in the double capacity of college president and bishop.

In his efforts to improve the condition of our people he was also very active in organizing literary societies, and mothers' meetings, in connection with the various churches. The first were designed largely for the intellectual development of the young people. The Bethel Literary of this city was organized through his influence. And the second were for the instruction of mothers in all matters pertaining to the proper care and management of the home, and the proper rearing of children. In this way his influence has been very widely felt in many homes. His treatise on *Domestic Education*, a book that ought to be more widely read than it is, was designed especially to assist parents in this delicate, difficult, and important work.

As an author, in addition to many poems, hymns, and articles on various subjects, published from time to time in the papers and magazines, he has left behind him three volumes: his treatise on *Domestic Education*, his *Recollections of Seventy Years*, and the first volume of his *History of the A. M. E. Church*, which was published in 1891. Up to the very last, he was busily employed working on the second volume which was nearing its completion.

In 1893 it was my good pleasure to spend the greater part of my vacation at Wilberforce, and to be much with him. I used to go down and read to him every afternoon, and most precious moments they were. Among the things that I now remember, as having read to him were that charmingly written Life of Professor Agassiz by his wife, and two articles from the *Review of Reviews*, one on Mr. Edison and the other on Sir William Thompson, the two great electrical kings of this generation, which greatly delighted him. The activity of his mind was something remarkable, and his interest in everything of an improving nature was just as great during the last year of his life as at any previous period of his history. His body was growing feebler, but there was no diminution in his intellectual strength and in his interest in the great living issues of the day. When the time came for me to leave I shook hands with him, and looked into his dear face, as I had done on previous occasions, little dreaming that it was for the last time. It was not long, however, only five months,—before the tidings came that he was no more. On the afternoon of the 29th of De-

ember in 1893 in the quiet of his beautiful evergreen cottage home he fell asleep in the arms of his loving Lord and Saviour, whom he had so long and faithfully served.

In looking back over this remarkable record, there are several things in it, which I think may be helpful to us, and to which I desire especially to direct attention. And notice, if you please, the difficulties under which he labored, in his efforts to educate himself. Bear in mind the fact that he was born nearly 83 years ago, in a slave state, at a time when slavery was at its height, and when the darkness of ignorance which had settled down over our people was most dense; that he was born in a section of the country and in the midst of circumstances which tended to crush out of the colored man every desire for improvement and every noble aspiration. Bear in mind also the fact that he lost both of his parents before he was ten years of age, and that all the schooling he ever got, until he entered the Seminary at Gettysburg, when he was a man, twenty-four years of age, ended with his twelfth year. Bear in mind also the fact that his education when he left school consisted simply of his ability to read and write and cipher as far as the rule of three. Bear in mind also the additional fact that he was early thrown upon his own responsibility, and had to earn his own living, and that he was always of a frail and delicate constitution. His long life has been a marvel to all, and was made possible only by the utmost care on his part. Bear in mind also the fact that between the ages of twelve and nineteen all the time he had for study was a few moments snatched from his work in the day, during the hours allotted for meals, and at night, after his work was over, and early in the morning before it began.

And yet, notwithstanding these facts, notwithstanding the difficulties and obstacles that stood in the way, he succeeded in making himself a well-educated man—in so enlarging the scope of his knowledge that he became proficient in many grades of learning—in history, in philosophy, in many of the sciences, in the higher mathematics, and in some languages, both ancient and modern. What a lesson is this to our young men and women who are living today, and who are surrounded by schools, colleges, universities, and every means of self-improvement; and yet who are content, in many instances, to remain in ignorance. If this man succeeded in doing what he did, years ago, under the very great disadvantages under which he labored, what ought not we to be able to do who are

living today, in this age of light and knowledge? His life in this respect forcibly illustrates the truth of the adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way." It shows in a most striking manner what things are possible to an earnest soul, whose mind is fully made up to succeed, even under the most discouraging circumstances. The eager desire for knowledge which he exhibited, and his resolute purpose and determination to make something of himself is just what is needed by our young people everywhere today.

In the extract which I made from his closing essay on the subject of education how his own eagerness for knowledge is revealed, and his earnest hope in seeking to arouse in others the same noble desire. "Put forth every effort," is the language of this appeal to the young men, "employ every means, embrace every opportunity to cultivate your minds and enrich them with the gems of holy learning. Be not satisfied with little things,—lift your standard to the skies,—swear eternal hatred to ignorance, and let your banner float upon the breeze of heaven with this inscription,

"Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her."

This thirst for knowledge which he sought to arouse in others, and of which he was so early conscious, never forsook him. He was a student to the last. He never reached the point where he felt that his knowledge was complete. He was constantly reaching out for more, and died feeling as the great Newton did, that he had succeeded in gathering only a few pebbles on the margin of the boundless ocean of truth. In this respect it would be well for all of our young people to think of this man of God, and to seek earnestly to emulate his example.

In the second place, notice, if you please, what were some of the influences that helped to make him what he was morally and spiritually. Under this head there are three facts which to my mind are of special significance: and the first is, that both his father and mother, as well as his grandmother, with whom he lived after the death of his parents, were persons of eminent piety. He speaks of his father as "an earnest Christian and a faithful observer of family worship;" of his mother as "a woman of amiable disposition, gentle manners, and fervent piety." And of the

“holy example of his grandmother.” The home in which he was born and reared was a Christian home, in the best sense of that term, a home where God was revered, and where the Christian graces were most beautifully exhibited, so that every day of his life he was made to see the beauty of holiness, and to feel the sacred influences of religion.

The second fact is that he was by his parents solemnly dedicated to the service of God. Speaking of himself he says, “I was the child of many prayers. My father dedicated me to the service of God before I was born, declaring that if the Lord would give him a son, that son should be consecrated to him,—and named him after the prophet Daniel. After my birth I was taken to the house of God, and there again consecrated to his service in the holy ordinance of baptism. From the sanctuary my parents returned home with me, and on bended knees, my pious father, holding me up in his arms, again dedicated me to the service of the Lord.” Thus showing that the earnest desire of these parents was that he might grow up to be a good man, that he might early come to know the Saviour, and that his life might be spent in his service. This was no empty sentiment, but the deep, soul-felt desire of their hearts. And it had its influence in shaping the character of the boy.

The third fact is that he was the object of special care and attention on the part of his parents. They labored earnestly to train him up in the way he should go. He was not left to himself to develop as he might, without any special guidance or direction. He was not only a child of prayer, but also of the most patient, painstaking labor. Nothing was left undone that was fitted to make him what they so earnestly desired him to be. Speaking of his mother and grandmother he says, “After the death of my father it was my mother’s invariable custom to take her little Daniel by the hand and lead him to the class meeting, seating him by her side. In this way I became early impressed with strong religious feeling. After her death my grandmother took charge of me. She did much towards stimulating me to attain unto a noble character, and to this day I feel the influence of her godly lessons and holy example.” Mark the language, not only the effect of her holy example, but of her godly lessons as well. She not only lived before him a noble Christian life, but was careful also

to instruct him, line upon line, and precept upon precept, in the way he should go; thereby following the divine direction.—“And these words which I command thee shall this day be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine head, and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house, and upon thy gates.”

Again in speaking of his early life, in the same connection, he says: “Many a time, when the people of God were telling their experience in the divine life in the class-meeting, I have felt the Spirit of God moving my childish heart. When I was only eight years old, such was the effect of a sermon upon my young heart, that I went home crying through the streets, and sought the garden and prayed. After my mother’s death I was often led by the Spirit to go to the garret, and bend the knee, and look up to heaven, beseeching the Lord to make me a good boy.” Whence this desire to be a good boy? Where did it come from? It was the result of his early training. It was because the thought had been implanted there, and kept constantly before him by his sainted father and mother while they lived, and continued to be emphasized by his grandmother, after their death. He was made to feel from his earliest infancy, that to be good and upright, was the thing of greatest importance. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that he grew up to be the noble man that he was, honored and respected by all who knew him. And, here, there is an important lesson for those who are parents. If our sons and daughters are to command the same respect which this man commanded, if they are to develop equally noble characters, we have got to see to it that the home influences which surround them are of the right kind, and that the same care and interest which were manifested in his development are manifested in theirs. We cannot fold our arms and allow our children to grow up simply as the weeds grow, as is true in the great majority of cases today, and hope for any such results. One reason why, in all his teaching, he laid such emphasis upon proper home training, was because he had experienced in his own early life the transcendent importance of it, and bore in his own noble character and life the evidence of its value. The child who is consecrated to God before birth, who is recon-

secrated to him after birth in baptism, and again dedicated to him at the family altar; who is made the subject of special prayers, who is surrounded by the influence of godly parents and who is carefully instructed in God's Word, is bound to develop rightly. If our children do not grow up to be good, upright, virtuous men and women it is because there has been some neglect somewhere. What this man became under proper home influences our children may become; and it is our duty as parents to see that these influences are not wanting.

In the third place, notice, if you please, what the great underlying motive of his life was. It was the desire to do good, to be useful, to leave the world better than he found it, to be of service to his fellow men. Like his Divine Lord and Master, the crowning ambition of his life was not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give himself for others. In the poem already referred to, written on the eve of his departure from Charleston, in which he pours out his soul, the closing lines are these:

“Guide Thou my feet, great Sovereign of the sky.
A useful life by sacred wisdom crowned,
Is all I ask, let weal or woe abound.”

He was on the eve of his departure from his home to a strange land among strangers, not knowing what was before him, and not caring very much, if only he might be useful. In that sad hour of his life, when the darkness seemed deepest, the thought that was uppermost in his mind, was this thought of service, this desire to be a blessing to his fellow men. And in his *Recollections of Seventy Years*, published in 1888, fifty-three years afterward, he says in the same noble spirit: “And now I feel my years of labor coming to a close. I consecrate, O Thou Most High and Holy One, the remainder of my days to thy divine service. O give unto me the mind that was in Him, who went about doing good. All the work of salvation and of education committed to my oversight vouchsafe to bless, to build up, and to establish for the benefit of all the generations and for all the races. Let the translation of the Bible, and the diffusion of its life-giving truths by the living missionary, go on without faltering. Let the victories of thy conquering Cross be ever increasing. Let its living trophies in the heathen world be as innumerable as the stars in the skies, and as

countless as the sands upon the ocean shores. To all these glorious ends, O Lord Jesus, make thy aged and feeble servant helpful.

Yes, helpful. That is the word that expresses the keynote of his life. He wanted to be helpful. And this desire of his heart was gratified. God made him a blessing, not only to the great church with which he was connected, but to our people in every section of the country, and of all denominations. May his noble ambition to be of service descend upon us, and through us be transmitted to our children, and to our children's children to the remotest generation.

In the fourth and last place, there are a few of his leading characteristics to which I would now direct attention in closing in the hope that we may all lay them to heart and seek earnestly in these respects to emulate his noble example. He was a godly man, a man of real piety. Religion to him was no mere empty profession. It was his life. He had the profoundest reverence for God and all things sacred. His whole life was pervaded by the thought of God, and he desired from the great depths of his heart to do only that which was well pleasing in his sight.

In the second place, he was a thoroughly conscientious man. He was influenced by a sense of duty in all that he did. To convince him that a thing was right was all that was ever necessary in order to secure his support. That settled, he could always be relied upon. If any man ever followed the right, as he understood it, with invincible determination, he did. This, all men who had any knowledge of him knew and respected him for it. Even his worst enemies, if he had any, or his best friends, however widely they might differ from him, never questioned for a moment his integrity of character, his honesty of purpose. All felt that whatever course he might take, it was because he believed it to be right. He was never consciously, I believe, influenced by any other motive, than a sincere desire to do his duty. That was the impression he made upon everybody with whom he came in contact. I remember an incident which occurred one winter while he was lying ill at Jacksonville, Fla., which furnished a practical illustration of the point we are considering.

Among the letters that came to him while he was lying on a sick bed was one from a clergyman of his own church, but of another Episcopal District. It was an earnest appeal to the Bishop to be present at a certain conference where he expected to be

arraigned for trial on charges which had been preferred against him. He had no faith in his own bishop, and he had no faith in the men before whom he was to be tried. He believed that their purpose was to find him guilty, regardless of the evidence. And his object in writing—and this was the thing which especially impressed me in the letter—was that he believed that the presence of the Bishop, and the mere fact of his being there would act as a check upon his enemies and insure him a fair trial and this was why he wanted him to come. It was a splendid tribute to the character of the man, to his known integrity and uprightness. And that was the feeling in regard to him throughout the church. No one believed that he would knowingly do injustice to any one.

He was a man of genuine moral courage. He had convictions, and he was ready to stand by them come what may. It was not the popular side of any question that he was looking for. He was never afraid of giving offense, or of incurring the disapprobation of others, in the discharge of his duty, in doing what he felt to be right. He was always willing to suffer for conscience' sake. Never did he allow himself to swerve a hair's breadth from the right, as he understood it, by threats, or angry demonstrations of any kind. This was seen in the stand which he took on the subject of an educated ministry, at a time when he knew that it would excite the bitterest opposition, and that it would bring down upon his head every species of abuse.

He did not hesitate, however, but boldly spoke out what was in his heart. It was also seen, shortly after his election to the bishopric, in the position which he took as to the eligibility of white persons to join the A. M. E. Church. This question was raised in the city of Philadelphia by the application of a white lady to join one of the A. M. E. churches. This lady was the teacher of a colored school, and on that account was ostracised by the whites. She very naturally, therefore, found her associates among the colored people, and in order the more completely to identify herself with the people among whom she was laboring, worshipped at Bethel Church, and finally made application, and was received as a member of one of the classes. To this, however, the colored sisters objected. The Bishop was in New England at the time, and on his return was asked if the discipline of the church permitted the admission of white persons. His answer was, that

the A. M. E. Church, like Christianity itself, was open to all and for all. On learning that the women were determined to have her turned out, he visited the pastor, and finding that he had authorized the class-leader, and the local preacher to receive her, expressed the hope that he would defend her right, which he promised to do, but did not. The opposition increased daily; she was insulted in the class-room and elsewhere. Not satisfied with this, they threatened that if the woman was not expelled they would withhold support from the pastor, and starve the bishop out. The pastor, alarmed at this aspect of things, seeing that his bread and butter were at stake, proceeded forthwith to carry out the wishes of his parishioners, and she was expelled. It was not so, however, with Bishop Payne. He would not yield one inch to this unrighteous demand; the threat of starving him out did not influence him in the least, unless it was to strengthen him in the position he had taken. To borrow his own language,—“I resolved to let those evil-minded ones know that I belonged to that class of Christian ministers, who cannot be controlled by back nor belly. I hired two rooms, fitted them up, bought kitchen utensils, and commenced keeping bachelor’s hall. I not only did my own cooking, but washed my own garments, that I might support the right, and uphold the government of the church.” And that was the kind of man he was,—utterly fearless in the discharge of his duty. He was no time-server, no trimmer, to suit the prevailing sentiment about him, but a courageous, uncompromising defender of the right, regardless of consequences to himself.

The same spirit showed itself again in his endorsement of what Prof. B. T. Washington said about the intellectual and moral unfitness of a very large class of colored ministers. He knew at the time, that he would be denounced for it, that his own church would be down on him, for allowing his name to appear in connection with such a statement, but he did not allow such considerations to influence him in the least. He knew that what was said was true, or at least believed it to be true, and he was not afraid to avow what he honestly believed, though such avowal might expose him to criticism and abuse. In this respect he was not unlike his great namesake, the prophet Daniel, and like the noble army of martyrs who sealed their faith with their blood.

Let us earnestly pray, that this noble spirit of heroism, of courage, may descend upon us and may long remain with us, and

that many others of like spirit may be raised up to fight the battles of the Lord.

“Standing by a purpose true,
 Heeding God’s command,
 Honor them the faithful few,—
 All hail to Daniel’s band.
 Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host
 By joining Daniel’s band.
 Dare to be a Daniel,
 Dare to stand alone,
 Dare to have a purpose firm,
 Dare to make it known.”

In the fourth place, he was a broad-minded man. There was nothing narrow about him. He was a Methodist by profession, but his sympathies were circumscribed by no mere denominational lines. He was interested in every branch of the Christian church, and felt just as much at home in other churches as he did in his own. He was first a Christian, and secondly a Methodist: hence whatever was Christian claimed his sympathy, and wherever he saw progress, development, growth, whether in his own denomination, or out of it, he rejoiced in it. The feeling that his church was better than other churches, or that it was the only church, had no place whatever in his make-up. He was entirely free from all narrow sectarian or denominational prejudices, and did everything in his power to discourage the spirit of strife, of unholy rivalry and antagonism that too often exists between different denominations. He was an exceptional man in this respect, and furnished in his own beautiful life a noble example of what a broad-minded, liberal Christian ought to be. To him all Christians were brothers, and all evangelical denominations were branches of the one true church,—“One Lord, one Faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and in all, and through all.”

There are many other things that might be said of this noble man of God, but time will not permit. Suffice it to say the race has lost in him one of its noblest representatives. In all the elements that go to make up moral and spiritual greatness, greatness in the highest and best sense of the term, he was one of the most princely men that it has ever been my privilege to meet. He was a credit not only to the A. M. E. Church, and to the colored race,

but to Christianity and to all humankind. In him white and black alike felt that there was something which no man dare call common or unclean. The nobility of soul that lay back of the color of his skin forced from all alike the recognition which he deserved.

In looking back over his long and eventful life; in thinking of his struggles and achievements, of his self-sacrificing devotion to the good of the race, and of his untiring efforts in behalf of Christianity and of every worthy cause, the language that comes instinctively to our lips is, "Well done, good and faithful servant." There are no words in our language that so fittingly sum up the results of his life as these words, good and faithful. And there on the serene heights of that summit where "God himself is sun and moon," we leave him; rejoicing in the fact, that though he is no longer with us in person, we still enjoy the fruits of his labors, and still have his noble example to inspire us, to make the most of our opportunities and to devote ourselves unselfishly to the good of others.

2

REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL¹

We have met here this evening under the auspices of the Pastor's Union of this city to do honor to the memory of our late colleague and friend, Dr. Alexander Crummell, whose death we most deeply deplore. He was identified with this Union from its organization. He was among those who called it into being, and for many months our meetings were held at his study on O Street. There are a few of us still here who will remember those days and the pleasant moments that were spent in that upper room. I can, in imagination almost see him now sitting at his desk among his books, and hear the familiar tones of his voice as he used to come forward to greet us each Monday morning. He was never too busy, never so engaged as not to find time to spend an hour or an hour and a half with his ministerial brethren each week.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church, but all other denominations were to him equally a part of the one true church of Jesus Christ. There wasn't a taint of bigotry about him,—the feeling that his church was the only church. The ecclesiastical rights of all denominations he recognized, and claimed no superiority for his own church over other churches. This was the spirit

¹ Delivered December 17, 1898.

that he brought into the Union, and this was the spirit that characterized him during his entire connection with it. He believed profoundly in the unity of the faith,—that all believers, whatever might be their ecclesiastical connections, were one in Christ Jesus, and, therefore, brethren. Between all the denominations he felt, therefore, that only the most kindly feeling should exist, which is not always the case, however. Too often it is one of hostility, of conflict, of antagonism. Instead of uniting their forces in trying to pull down the strongholds of wickedness, making common cause against the common enemy, they expend their strength and energy in efforts to weaken each other. No man saw more clearly than he did the evil of this spirit, or more deeply deplored it. And one reason why he was anxious for the organization of this Pastors' or Interdenominational Union, and why he took such a deep interest in it, was because he felt that it would have the effect of helping to remedy this unfortunate condition of things and bring about a spirit of fraternity. And in this he was not mistaken. It has had just that effect. It has brought us all as ministers and churches nearer to each other. We have come to learn from contact with each other that no one denomination has a monopoly of the people of God, or of God's faithful ministers.

Another reason which influenced the Doctor was the opportunity which he saw in such a union, for us as colored ministers to confer on all matters affecting our interest as a people in this community and country. This aspect of it he greatly valued, for he was an intense race man. The race idea, any matter affecting the interest of our people was very dear to him, and our meetings were often turned to splendid account in this respect. It was through this Union, as you will remember, that attention was called to the utterance of one of our judges touching a Negro criminal and a bill introduced into the House of Representatives asking for an investigation, and in case the facts were found to be true as alleged, for his impeachment and removal.

The Doctor saw in such a union also a means of mutual helpfulness. It would give opportunity for the exchange of thoughts on various subjects, of profiting by each other's reading and study and criticism. And in this respect the Union has been a very great blessing to us all. Under the leadership of so eminent a scholar and thinker our meetings have often been veritable feasts of good things. How we shall miss him. How we have already missed him.

The annual dinner which has been one of the most pleasant features of our Union came as the result of a suggestion from him, if my memory serves me right. This much I am sure of, in that dinner he always took the deepest interest. To him it was not to be a mere material feast, an occasion where a number of hard-worked (and poorly paid) ministers might come together once a year and have a good dinner, but the thought with him mainly was the feast of reason which was to be associated with it.

The material or Epicurean aspect of it was entirely subordinate to the intellectual. Of course, we were to have a good dinner, but that was of secondary importance with him. It was the other feast in which he took the deepest interest, and to which he mainly directed his attention. The feast of reason was to consist of after-dinner speeches. But who was to select the subjects? Who was to assign the speakers? The Doctor took charge of all that. Suitable subjects were selected, the speakers assigned, and to the consternation of us all, not a man was overlooked or omitted. Every member was expected to say something, each one was required to make some contribution to the intellectual uplift of the occasion. And we all did. But as these after-dinner speeches required some work, a little extra labor, in addition to what was already pressing upon us in our several charges, there was a disposition on the part of some of the brethren after the first dinner to rebel against the ruling of our worthy President. When we were getting ready for our last dinner, during the discussion which it precipitated, it was suggested that we have only one speech, that the whole time be given to the President. Of course, if there was to be but one speech the President was the man to make it. As the discussion waxed warm, many reasons were assigned why the whole time should be given to the Doctor. Mention was made of his long ministerial career, of his rich and varied experience, of the many good things which he had treasured up in the stores of his knowledge, which he might say to us and which would be of value to us. Some of us also thought of the fact that he was nearing the end of the journey of life, though we did not for a moment suppose that the end was really as near as it was, and felt anxious to avail ourselves of every opportunity to get out of him all that we could.

But the Doctor was not to be turned aside from the course which he had mapped out, and upon which he had set his heart, by any such move as that. He knew, of course, that so far as the

desire to hear him was concerned, that what was said was true, for we had always given him every reason to believe that we were not only glad to hear him at any and all times, but at any length; he saw, however, in this very great desire to hear him at this particular time, and to hear no one else, only a clever attempt on the part of the brethren to get out of making speeches themselves. And so without heeding what was said, he went right on, made out his list of subjects and assigned the speakers. The dinner came off, and was a great success. The speeches were exceptionally fine. At the close, and just before we were about to separate, the Doctor arose in his place at the head of the table, his face beaming with satisfaction, and after expressing his gratification at what he had heard, said, with a twinkle in his eyes, and a glance at some of us who had been most pronounced in our opposition to general speech making, "This splendid meeting that we have had, is a fitting rebuke to those brethren who felt that we ought not to have after dinner speeches." We all laughed, and had to admit that the results had vindicated the wisdom of his course. As we gathered about him, it was a source of pride to us all that we had among us one so wise, so strong.

I mention this little incident simply to show how deeply, profoundly interested he was in this Union, and how anxious he was to make it tell in every possible way for our good. He saw in this annual dinner an opportunity of setting us thinking along certain lines, of giving us a great intellectual uplift, and he was determined to allow no disposition on our part to make it a mere festive occasion, or to get out of doing a little extra work, to defeat this end. I remember one brother playfully saying, after the meeting, when it was evident that the Doctor was determined to carry his point, "Why, the Doctor is a perfect Tzar." Well, it is a good thing to be under such a Tzar. I wish that we had a great many more of them,—people who will not let us rest in our indolence, who keep constantly before us high ideals, and who speak to us with authority, with a power, a force which compels obedience. Such an imperial force was the Doctor in our Union.

One of the strongest evidences of the high estimation in which he was held by us is to be found in the fact that he was our only President. He often protested against his reelection, but the vote was always unanimous. We all felt that it would have been entirely out of place for any one else to fill that position as long as

he was among us. It was his by right of age, by length of service in the ministry, by scholarly attainments, and by rare mental endowments. We felt honored in having such a presiding officer. We all looked up to him, valued his criticisms, and listened with the most respectful attention to whatever he had to say. It was always delightful to hear him talk. Widely read on almost every subject, he was always full of information; and as he was a ready talker, expressing himself in the choicest English, however few might be present, if he were there, we were always sure of having an interesting and profitable meeting. As a presiding officer he was always dignified, always courteous, rarely ever absent, rarely ever tardy. We, who came, expected to see him, and we were scarcely ever disappointed: never when he was in the city, and able to be out.

We all had the profoundest respect for him; the greatest admiration for his rare gifts and endowments. He was a ripe scholar, a man of varied attainments and of commanding ability. But I think I can go a step farther than this and say that our feeling for him was something more than mere admiration; he had a warm place in our hearts. We were all strongly attached to him. I remember when Dr. J. Albert Johnson and myself were on our way to New York to attend the funeral as the representative of this Union, we talked of him; and as the time was too short to permit us to go to Brooklyn, and supposing that the body was there, and that it would not be opened in the church, we deeply deplored the fact that we would not be permitted again to look upon the face of our dead friend. But after reaching the church, and while we were quietly sitting in the pastor's study, the sexton came and said, "Gentlemen, have you seen the remains?" We said, "No, why? Where are they?" He said, "In the chapel. Come with me and I will show you the way." We rose and went with him. And as we stood around the casket, in the quiet of that room, and looked upon that calm, sweet, familiar face, so kingly in its grand repose, we were both profoundly touched. There was something more than admiration of which we were conscious. We recognized in him a friend and brother,—our hearts went out towards him: we felt that we had sustained a personal loss. And what is true of us, is true of all the members of this Union. He had a warm place in all of our hearts.

The very last meeting we had before we adjourned for the

summer, he was with us. There were not many present, only a few of us, but we sat for an hour or more and chatted pleasantly together. And when we separated, it was with the full expectation that when we resumed our meetings in the fall, we would all look each other in the face again, as we had done during previous years; but the great Head of the church had decreed otherwise. It was to be our last meeting with that grand old sage and patriarch who had presided for so many years over our deliberations. The next time we were called together it was to take action upon his death. With sad hearts, and with many precious memories crowding upon us, we met. After appointing a committee to represent the Union at his funeral, we adopted the following resolutions, which were read at the grave in the presence of the family and friends, and which but faintly express the high estimation in which he is held by us.

“Whereas the Ministers’ Union of Washington, D. C., has heard with very deep sorrow of the death of Dr. Alexander Crummell; *Resolved,*

(1) We acknowledge the sad impression made upon us, and feel most keenly the loss of so noble a man. He lived worthily, and his life was an inspiration. Mature in years, ripe in scholarship, gracious in manners, strong of will, abounding in energy, and rich in the endowment of character, he was the foremost Negro of the American pulpit. He was the friend of education, and had firm faith in the Negro mind. He was compassionate, and carried the burdens of a race on his great heart. In his death, the Ministers’ Union loses its president and foremost member; the church a strong defender; the race a wise counsellor, a skillful advocate, and a most faithful public servant. *Resolved,*

(2) That we extend our truest sympathy to the bereaved family and commend them to the great Christ’s pity. *Resolved,*

(3) That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.”

It is not my province this evening to pronounce the eulogy upon this eminent servant of God, this prophet of righteousness, this man of stern, uncompromising hostility to wrong, who for so many years was a tower of strength in this community to the good, and a terror to the evil doer, and who for more than a half century labored with untiring effort for the good of the race, and who, in his own noble personality, beautifully illustrated the pos-

sibilities of Negro character and scholarship. What I have said has had reference simply to his connection with this Union, under whose auspices this meeting is held. The memorial address, involving an analysis of his character and an account of the many lines of activity in which he was engaged in this country and in Africa for the betterment of our condition as a people, and the advancement of the kingdom of Lord Jesus Christ, will be pronounced by the Rev. George Frazier Miller, pastor of St. Augustine Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you. Mr. Miller was a warm personal friend of the Doctor, and from his intimate acquaintance with him and his scholarly attainments is eminently fitted to perform the task which has been committed to him by this Union, and which he has lovingly consented to undertake.

3

FREDERICK DOUGLASS¹

On the twentieth day of February, 1895, there passed from the stage of action the greatest representative of the colored race that this country has yet produced; one of the most illustrious citizens of the Republic; and one of the most remarkable men of the last century. My purpose at this time is to look back over that remarkable career of Frederick Douglass, covering a period of nearly eighty years, with a view of forming some estimate of the man, of the debt we owe him, and of getting from his life courage and inspiration for the future.

1. As to the man. By nature he was cast in a great mould, physically, intellectually, morally.

Physically, what a splendid specimen of a man he was: tall, erect, massive, and yet moving with the grace and agility of an Apollo. How Phidias or Michelangelo would have delighted to chisel in marble, or cast in bronze that noble form and figure! It was always a pleasure to me just to look at him. His presence affected me like some of the passages of rugged grandeur in Milton, or as the sight of Mt. Blanc, rising from the vale of Chamouni, affected Coleridge, when for the first time he looked out upon that magnificent scene. I think all who came in contact with him

¹ Delivered on March 10, 1898.

felt the spell of his splendid presence. The older he grew, the whiter his locks became, the more striking was his appearance, and the more did he attract attention wherever he appeared, whether on the street or in public gatherings. I was never more impressed with this fact than at the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago. One morning I had the pleasure of going with him to the Art Gallery. There were several things that he wanted to show me, he said. The first thing that we stopped before was a piece of statuary, "Lincoln Dying." We had been standing there but a short time before a crowd gathered about us. I was absorbed in what he was saying, and did not at first notice it, but he took in the situation at once, it was an old story to him, and said, "Well, they have come; let us pass on." And wherever we went in the building the same thing was repeated. It seemed as if nearly everybody knew him, but even those who did not know him were attracted by his remarkable appearance.

Intellectually, what a splendid specimen of a man he was! His intellect was of a very high order. He possessed a mind of remarkable acuteness and penetration, and of great philosophic grasp. It was wonderful how readily he resolved effects into their causes, and with what ease he got down to the underlying facts and principles of whatever subject he attempted to treat. Hence he was always a formidable antagonist to encounter. No man ever crossed swords with him who was not forced to acknowledge, even when he did not agree with him, his transcendent ability. He had the faculty of seeing at a glance the weak points in an opponent's position, and, with the skill of a trained dialectician, knew how to marshal all the arguments at his command, in the form of facts and principles, in refutation of the same. It was to me a constant delight to witness the play of his remarkable powers of mind as they came out in his great speeches and published articles. He had a strong, mighty intellect. They called him the Sage of *Anacostia*; and so he was—all that that term implies—wise, thoughtful, sound of judgment, discriminating, far-seeing.

Morally, what a splendid specimen of a man he was—lofty in sentiment, pure in thought, exalted in character. Upon the loftiest plain of a pure and noble manhood he lived and moved. No one need ever be ashamed to call his name. There he stands, in the serene, beautiful white light of a virtuous manhood! For more than fifty years he was before the public eye: not infrequently

during that time he was the object of the bitterest hatred, and yet during all those years, in the face of the strongest opposition, with the worst passions arrayed against him, no one dared even to whisper anything derogatory of him, or in any way reflecting upon the purity of his life, or upon the honesty and integrity of his character. There have been among us, in the past history of our race, men who were richly endowed intellectually, and who, like him, possessed also that rarest of gifts, the mighty gift of eloquence—men who could hold entranced great audiences by the hour, the fame of whose eloquence has come down to us; but when you have said that of them, you have said all. Beyond that, you dare not go. When it comes to character, which infinitely transcends in point of value all mere intellectual endowments, or even the gift of eloquence, we are obliged to hang our heads, and remain silent, or go backward and cover their shame. But not so here. No one need ever hang his head when the name of Frederick Douglass is mentioned, or feel the necessity of silence. No man need ever go backward to cover anything in his life. There is the record, covering a period of fifty years! Read it, and put your hand upon anything in it if you can. Character! character! was one of the things that his name always stood for. Physically, he was great; intellectually, he was great; morally, he was great. Had he not been morally straight, whatever may have been his other gifts and graces, he never would have risen to the place of power and influence which, for more than a generation, he occupied. He never would have won for himself the respect in which he was held. Had he not been sound morally, we would not be saying today what we are saying of him, nor would any such gathering as assembled in the city of Washington at the time of his funeral to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory have been witnessed. It was because, in addition to the admiration which all felt for his transcendent intellectual endowments and his marvelous eloquence, there was the conviction that back of, and beyond, and above all these, there was a pure and exalted manhood. It was because we could say of him as Mark Antony said of Brutus,

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”

One of the things that I am especially proud of is that this greatest representative that our race has yet produced was a pure

man, a man of unblemished reputation, a man of sterling integrity of character, whose example we can commend to our children and to the generations that are to follow them. Let us make much of this; and let the fiat go forth; let it ring out from every pulpit, and from every schoolhouse, from all of our colleges and universities, from every hilltop, and every valley, that the men who aspire to leadership among us must be pure, clean, upright in character and life. In the presence of this splendid record that is before me; with the full knowledge of all that this man was, of what his sentiments were, I stand here today, and in the name of Frederick Douglass say to this race of ours all over the country, stand up for a pure leadership; honor the men, and the men only, whose character you can respect, and whose example you can commend to your children.

“God give us men—
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
 Men who possess opinions and a will,
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie:
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty, and in private thinking.”

And such was the great man of whom I am speaking.

“Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth,
 Is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
 The city of the great King”

is what the Psalmist wrote as he looked out upon the Holy City; and so, we feel, as we look upon this man, that there is a beauty, a moral grandeur in his life that is to us, and will remain to us, a joy forever.

In attempting to analyze his life, with a view of forming some estimate of it, there are several things to be taken into consideration: the circumstances under which it began; the obstacles which it had to contend with; and what it became.

I. As to the circumstances under which he was born. These may be briefly set forth in two statements. (1) He was born a colored man; he was identified with a despised race, a race which “had no rights which white men were bound to respect.” The condition of the colored people in this country, even free colored

people, ninety years ago was sad, inexpressibly sad. There was not even a glimmer of light along the horizon. All was dark, gloomy, discouraging. (2) He was born a slave, a piece of property, a chattel, a thing to be bought and sold, to be cuffed and kicked about at the will of another. The fundamental assumption underlying the system of slavery was the supposed inferiority of the Negro—the natural, inherent, God-ordained inferiority. Its great aim was to crush out of him every noble aspiration; to degrade him to the level of the brute, and to make him a mere beast of burden. Hence it made it a crime for him to learn to read and write; almost to think. He was to have no views or opinions of his own. He was simply to reflect those of others, to be obedient to the mandates of his master. Its whole code of ethics was summed up in the injunction, "Servants, obey your masters." This man was born under this accursed system—a system which entirely ignored the fact that he was a man, or that he had the right to exercise any of the prerogatives of a man. This was not only the prevailing sentiment in the South: it was largely the prevailing sentiment in the North. Church and State alike were in league with the South against the Negro. Almost the entire North was pro-slavery. It was worth almost a man's life to say anything against the Slave Power. It was in Boston, the city which contains Faneuil Hall, the "Old Cradle of Liberty," that Garrison was dragged through the streets by a "broadcloth mob." It was in the state of Connecticut that Prudence Crandall's school was destroyed because she dared to admit colored pupils. What Theodore Parker said in his great sermon entitled, "The True Idea of a Christian Church," perfectly reflects the then existing sentiment of the North.

"Are there not three million brothers of yours and mine in bondage here, the hopeless sufferers of a savage doom; debarred from the civilization of our age, the barbarians of the nineteenth century; shut out from the pretended religion of Christendom, the heathens of a Christian land; chained down from the liberty unalienable in man, the slaves of a Christian republic? Does not a cry of indignation ring out from every legislature in the North; does not the press war with its million throats, and a voice of indignation go up from East and West, out of the hearts of Freemen? Oh, no. There is none of that cry against the mightiest sin of this age. The rock of Plymouth, sanctified by the feet which led a

nation's way to freedom's large estate, provokes no more voice than the rottenest stone in all the mountains of the West. The few who speak a manly word for truth and everlasting right are called fanatics; bid be still, lest they spoil the market. Great God! and has it come to this, that men are silent over such a sin? 'Tis even so. Then it must be that every church which dares assume the name of Christ, that dearest name to men, thunders and lightens on this hideous wrong. That is not so. The Church is dumb while the State is only silent: while the servants of the people are only asleep, God's ministers are dead."

Such were the conditions under which this man was born; and such were the adverse circumstances against which he had to contend.

In looking back over this life; in studying it carefully, as he himself has written it, the first thing that impresses us, and that gives promise that something may yet come out of it is his rebellion against this system under which he was born. It asserted his inferiority; it declared that he was created simply for the convenience and the pleasure of others. This, in his inmost soul, he branded as a lie. Slave though he was, there came welling up into his soul the conviction that he was a man. And, with that conviction, its corollary, that being a man he ought to be free. Byron, in his Prisoner of Chillon, speaks of the

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind";

and it was this spirit that came into Douglass' soul, and that came there never to depart. The consciousness, I am a real man; I ought to be free, are the two first steps in the progress of this man upward.

A third step was soon taken, when he pleaded with his mistress for the privilege of learning to read, and by her assistance mastered the alphabet, thereby getting hold of the key which was to unlock to him the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. One of the most pathetic things in this history is the eagerness, the avidity, with which this little slave boy appropriated the crumbs of knowledge that lay about him. In imagination, I can see him now with his spelling book concealed under his coat, pressing into his service his little white play-fellows, whom he met along the streets as he was sent on errands or during his hours of play, making them his teachers. The spirit of liberty is not only stirring in this boy's

breast, but a thirst for knowledge is also taking possession of him. The immortal mind, that marvelous thing we call the intellect, is beginning to work. The alphabet is soon mastered; the ability to read is soon acquired; and one book, at least, comes into his possession, the "Columbian Orator," from which he drank in great draughts of the bracing air of liberty as he studied the utterances of such men as Chatham, Fox, Pitt, and others. Thus his ideas were enlarged, and his desire to be free greatly stimulated. The truth of what his master had said to his mistress, when forbidding her to continue to instruct him, "Learning will do him no good, but a great deal of harm, making him disconsolate and unhappy," he began now keenly to realize, for he became more dissatisfied with his condition than ever.

In this frame of mind a fourth step soon followed: the solemn purpose and determination to be free is formed. It was the natural and logical outcome of what had gone before:

I am a man.

I ought to be free.

I will be free.

Garrison said, "I am in earnest. I will not excuse. I will not equivocate. I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." And in the same spirit this man said: I will be free. No Emancipation Proclamation; no stroke of the pen of the immortal Lincoln gave freedom to him. He wrote his own emancipation proclamation; he struck with his own hands the fetters from his limbs. On the third of September, 1838, he turned his back forever upon slavery, and quietly settled down in the town of New Bedford, Mass., where he labored as a common workman, putting in coal, digging cellars, working on the wharves, and doing whatever he could get to do that was honorable, in order to make an honest living for himself and family. Let our young people take note of this. It may give them a hint or suggestion that may be of service to them in the future. This man was not ashamed to work. It is hard for us, who knew him only after he had risen to greatness and power, to think of him as putting in coal, digging cellars and working as a common laborer on the wharves: and yet he did; and was not ashamed of it either; *and never* was ashamed of it. All honest toil was honorable in his estimation.

In his new environment, in order to keep from starving, it was necessary for him to work; and he did work, and work hard. He

did not forget, however, in the midst of his struggles, to keep soul and body together, that he also had a mind that needed to be fed. He still had a desire to improve himself. The old love for knowledge still burned within him. And hence, all the leisure he could command he gave to the cultivation of his mind. He read books, and he read the newspapers, especially that great fountain head of anti-slavery thought and sentiment, *The Liberator*. This paper he read carefully, week by week, as it came out, with ever-increasing interest and profit. And so things went on until 1841, when quite unexpectedly to himself, and only three years after his escape from slavery, he loomed into notice: and then began that marvelous career which ended only with his death. Incredible as it may seem, in the short space of nine years from his escape from slavery, he was lecturing to great audiences, both in this country and in England, captivating them with the magic of his eloquence and his masterly appeals in behalf of his enslaved brethren. He had also become editor of a paper, *The North Star*, which took rank with such papers as *The Liberator*, *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, and others.

The most wonderful thing about it all is not that he was able to talk to great audiences and edit a paper, but that he was able to do these things so well. Men heard him with astonishment; questioned; even doubted the truth of his story; wondered whether his speeches and editorials were not written for him. It seemed incredible to them that he could ever have been a slave, or that he had so recently made his escape, or that he had had no educational advantages. Some said right out that they did not believe it. Either they must deny his story, or else admit that he was a prodigy: and this they were not ready to do. Even many who were disposed to be friendly were not quite prepared, at that time, to concede the possibility of a Negro prodigy. Their doubts did not deter him, however. While they were puzzling their brains and philosophizing about him, he moved steadily on. Day by day he continued to grow, to expand, to develop; more and more did he attract attention; and more and more did he make his influence felt. It was not long before he won his way to the very front rank and took his place by the side of the greatest of the anti-slavery leaders. Sixty-eight years ago this man was unknown, save to a few in the town of New Bedford. Today he is known everywhere. Sixty-eight years ago the name of Frederick Douglass

was no more than any other name: today it is one of earth's honored names. On Wednesday, February 20, 1895, when he passed away, the whole civilized world took note of it, and acknowledged that one of earth's great men had fallen. The *Washington Star*, in commenting upon his death, said: "Of remarkable men, this country has produced at least its quota, and among those whose title to eminence may not be disputed, the figure of Frederick Douglass is properly conspicuous. Born into captivity, and constrained for years by anti-educational environment, he nevertheless achieved greatness such as rewards the conscientious efforts of but few."

The *Philadelphia Press* said: "The death of Frederick Douglass has been followed by wide public notice of the honors he has received, the consideration with which he has been treated, and the positions he has filled. But it is worthwhile remembering, in the interest of justice and equality—twin duties of the Republic—that these honors and this consideration were both infinitely less than he would have received in any other civilized country in the world."

An ex-editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* said: "That the whirligig of time brings its revenges was never better illustrated than in the death columns of the newspapers yesterday. In one column, imposing headlines announced the demise of Frederick Douglass, ex-slave of Talbot county, Maryland. In another, two lines served to chronicle the death of the late Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The latter inherited great wealth and a proud name in American annals. The other was born a piece of animated chattels, without a name, taking the proud one of the master that owned him, and afterwards discarding it for that of Douglass, with a double s. The one came from an ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence. The other left children and grandchildren who are proud to claim him as an ancestor who helped to make possible the Proclamation of Emancipation. These are our two great charters of liberty. When history makes its final award, it will not give a higher place to Charles Carroll of Carrollton for that Magna Carta that left the black man enslaved than to Frederick Douglass for the labors of a lifetime in securing that other, which washed out the blot in the 'scutcheon of the nation. It was an unconscious realization of the platitude of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal, so long a mockery

where all men were not free, that the newspapers should almost overlook the descendant of the 'signer' in paying an obituary tribute to the slave-born hero who earned a renown greater than ancestry ever conferred."

The *Philadelphia Record* said: "Frederick Douglass was the most famous citizen of Washington. No other Washingtonian, white or black, has the world-wide reputation that he had. Indeed, when you stop to think of it, it would be difficult to name any other man, white or black, in the whole country who would be as well known as Frederick Douglass in every corner of the world. Lincoln and Grant were such men, but I cannot think of anyone now, except President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison, who are ex officio, so to speak, our world-wide celebrities. Dr. Holmes was the last of our men of letters who had this world-wide fame, and no other class of men or women seems to have produced an international character in our time. Our great lawyers are perhaps known by lawyers the world over; our physicians by physicians, clergymen by clergymen, journalists by journalists, business men by business men, and so on; but where is the man or woman who is known in all countries by people of all classes?"

These are but samples of the many comments which his death called forth. There have been other men in the history of our country who have risen from humble beginnings to places of power and influence. Lincoln was a rail splitter, Grant was a tanner, Garfield was a canal driver. These men had no such obstacles to overcome, however, as this man had. They were not identified with a despised race. They were not born slaves. Public sentiment was not against them. The schools and colleges of the land were not shut to them. Every avenue was opened to them. In his case, however, the very reverse was true; everything was against him. And yet, in spite of his environments, with everything to discourage him, with obstacles, like mountains, rising before him at every step, by the sheer force of his character, by almost super-human efforts, for it seems almost like a miracle now, as we look back over that life:

On with toil of heart and knee and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light,

he won his way upward to a place by their side. And there he stands today; and will stand: and not by sufferance either, but by right. Indeed, in view of all the circumstances, when we remember

where he began, and where he ended; what his environments were, and what he became, he is, it seems to me, the most conspicuous and shining example of the century in which he lived, of what ability, and pluck, and character, and hard work can do to carve out a great and honorable career in spite of adverse circumstances. His great example stands colossal! No one need ever despair, however humble his origin, however his pathway may be beset with difficulties, with this record before him, of patient earnest toil, of unflagging energy, of unswerving devotion to principle, of high ideals steadily adhered to.

II. Notice now the debt we owe this man. Why should *we*, as a race, honor the memory of Frederick Douglass? What has he been to us? What has he done for us? It is impossible fully to estimate his services: nor shall I attempt, at this time, in what I shall say to do so. A few things may be noted, however, that will enable us, in a measure, at least, to approximate the greatness of those services.

(1) He consecrated to the welfare of the race his splendid oratory. Some of us, who are living today, were permitted to hear him, and were thrilled by his magnetic utterances, but it was after the great anti-slavery struggle was over, and the war of the Rebellion had ceased. Those who heard him in the earlier days, when he was in the prime of his splendid manhood, tell us that we can form but very little idea of what his power was in those earlier days, from what he was in his later years. He spoke as one having authority, with a power that stirred every heart. God gave him the gift of oratory, the passion of eloquence, as He gives to but few men. And this gift of eloquence, of passion and pathos, this ability to stir men's souls, he gave to his race. And who can estimate the influence of that voice, as it rang out in every part of the North, in behalf of his oppressed and enslaved brethren. In 1852, at a meeting at one of the large halls in Philadelphia, he spoke for two hours to an audience which filled every seat and packed the aisles. Ten o'clock came, and he stopped amid cries of "Go on, Go on!" He stopped and said, "I don't often have a chance to talk to such an audience of friends. You who are standing are certainly wearied. We will take a five-minute recess, and allow anyone to retire who wishes to do so." The time was up, and he spoke for another hour and a quarter, and not a man or woman left the hall. Three hours and a quarter is a long time to

sit and listen, much less to stand, and yet such was the power of his eloquence that men forgot they were standing and ceased to take note of the time. A writer in the New York *Evangelist* describes a scene which took place in that city, and which will give us some idea of what the power of this man was, as he went from place to place, a living protest against the iniquity of the slave system. He says: "When Anthony Burns was taken by slave hunters in the streets of Boston, and Dred Scott was handed over in Missouri to his captors by a Supreme Court decision, the end of forbearance had come, the limit of endurance was passed, the slave power had humiliated the nation. In those days it was necessary for politicians 'to trim ship' with extraordinary vigilance and adroitness. To them Douglass seemed a specter of defeat. If he lifted those once manacled arms before the people, even before they caught the tremulous tones of his magical voice, they were swayed by uncontrollable emotion. Once in the old Broadway Tabernacle, filled up to the dome, as Douglass was announced, the vast crowd sprang up as one man, and the Marseillaise hymn, with the refrain 'Free soil, free speech, free press, free men,' rolled out through doors and windows, blocking the street with lingering listeners for a hundred yards either way. Meanwhile Douglass stood with bowed head, great tears coursing down his cheeks." His simple presence was often more effective than the eloquence of other men.

(2) He consecrated to the service of his race, his time and all the powers of his body and mind. He labored incessantly; he was instant in season and out of season; he worked by day and by night; he was at it, and always at it. The wonder is that even his iron constitution did not break down under the strain. He himself tells us that he used to write all day, and then take the train and go off at night and speak, returning the same evening or early the next morning, only to resume his work at his desk.

In addition to writing and speaking, he was also an active agent of the Underground Railroad. From his house many a fugitive crossed the line into Canada. He labored also in many other ways.

Some men have said: "Douglass was selfish; he always had an eye to his own interest," implying that it was not the race that he was thinking about so much as of himself. For this base insinuation, for that is the only term which properly characterizes it, I have the utmost contempt. When I think of how richly this man was endowed; of the great services which he rendered to freedom,

and remember that his salary was only four hundred and fifty dollars a year; when I think of his self-sacrificing efforts to carry on his paper, *The North Star*, putting every cent he could into it, even mortgaging the house over his head, I say I do not believe it. I have read his life carefully; and I had the honor of knowing him intimately for a number of years; and as I look back over those years, I can recall nothing that would in any way justify such an accusation. In the summary which he gives at the close of Part II of his life, we get a true insight into the spirit that animated him during his long and eventful career, as well as the motives which prompted him to make a record of that life. He says: "It will be seen in these pages that I have lived several lives in one: first, the life of slavery; secondly, the life of a fugitive from slavery; thirdly, the life of comparative freedom; fourthly, the life of conflict and battle; fifthly, the life of victory, if not complete, at least assured. To those who have suffered in slavery, I can say I, too, have suffered. To those who have taken some risks and encountered hardships in the flight from bondage, I can say I, too, have endured and risked. To those who have battled for liberty, brotherhood, and citizenship, I can say I, too, have battled. And to those who have lived to enjoy the fruits of victory, I can say I, too, live and rejoice. If I have pushed my example too prominently for the good taste of my Caucasian readers, I beg them to remember that I have written in part for the encouragement of a class whose aspirations need the stimulus of success."

"I have aimed to show them that knowledge can be obtained under difficulties; that poverty may give place to competency; that obscurity is not an absolute bar to distinction, and that a way is open to welfare and happiness to all who will resolutely and wisely pursue that way; that neither slavery, stripes, imprisonment nor proscription need extinguish self-respect, crush manly ambition, or paralyze effort; that no power outside of himself can prevent a man from sustaining an honorable character and a useful relation to his day and generation; that neither institutions nor friends can make a race stand unless it has strength in its own legs; that there is no power in the world that can be relied upon to help the weak against the strong or the simple against the wise; that races, like individuals, must stand or fall by their own merits."

Continuing, he says: "I have urged upon them self-reliance, self-respect, industry, perseverance and economy. Forty years of

my life have been given to the cause of my people and, if I had forty years more they should all be sacredly given to the same great cause.”

There is not a trace of selfishness there. If any man ever lived who loved this race, who desired to see it succeed, and who labored earnestly for its freedom, for its elevation, for its protection under the law in order that it might have a fair chance in life, that man was Frederick Douglass. He loved this race with all the depth and strength of his great soul. One of the most touching things I have ever heard of him was told me by a friend. He happened to be calling at the house while Mr. Douglass was preparing his great speech on Southern Outrages. He took this friend into his study and read him portions of that speech; and, when he came to the part which described the sufferings of our poor brethren in the South, great strong man though he was, the tears ran down his cheeks and choked his utterance, so that he was unable to proceed. Tell me this man was selfish, that he was thinking only of himself! It will be a long time before this race will have another Douglass to lean upon; a long time before it will find another man to carry it, in his heart of hearts, as he carried it. “Forty years of my life I have given to the cause of my people; and if I had forty more they should all be sacredly given to the same great cause” is not the utterance of selfishness, but of a great soul whose chief desire was the good of his people.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
 Let my right hand forget her skill.
 Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
 If I remember thee not;
 If I prefer not Jerusalem
 Above my chief joy.

So sang the exiled Jews, so felt they towards the Holy City. And so felt Frederick Douglass towards this race. It was ever uppermost in his thought; and never did he forget it for a moment.

(3) It was largely due to the influence of Mr. Douglass that the colored man was allowed to shoulder his musket and strike a blow for his own freedom, and for the preservation of the Union. In Chapter Eleven of his life, entitled “Secession and War,” he says:

“When the Government persistently refused to employ colored troops; when the emancipation proclamation of General John C.

Fremont in Missouri was withdrawn; when slaves were returned from our lines to their masters; when Union soldiers were stationed about the farm houses of Virginia to guard and protect the master in holding his slaves; when Union soldiers made themselves more active in kicking colored men out of their camps than in shooting rebels; when even Mr. Lincoln could tell the poor Negro that '*he* was the cause of the war,' I *still believed*, and *spoke* as I believed, all over the North, that the mission of the war was the liberation of the slaves, as well as the salvation of the Union: and hence from the first I reproached the North that they fought the rebels with only one hand, when they might strike effectively with two; that they fought with their soft white hand, while they kept their black iron hand chained and helpless behind them; that they fought the effect while they protected the cause, and that the Union cause would never prosper till the war assumed an anti-slavery attitude, and the Negro was enlisted on the loyal side. In every way possible, in the columns of my paper and on the platform, by letters to friends at home and abroad, I did all that I could to impress this conviction upon this country."

And when the general government finally came to its senses, and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts was given permission to raise two colored regiments, it was through the columns of his paper that the cry rang out: "Men of color, to arms, to arms!" It was his pen that wrote the burning words: "Liberty won by white men would lose half its luster." "Who would be free themselves must strike the first blow." "Better even die free than live slaves." "By every consideration that binds you to your enslaved fellow-countrymen and to the peace and welfare of your country; by every aspiration which you cherish for the freedom and equality of yourselves and your children; by all the ties of blood and identity which make us one with the brave black men now fighting our battles in Louisiana and South Carolina, I urge you to fly to arms and smite with death the power that would bury the government and your liberty in the same hopeless grave."

He took also a very active interest in securing just and fair treatment for the colored soldier after his services were accepted. To this end, he not only wrote and spoke, but visited Washington and had an interview with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, in the course of which he urged "the right of colored soldiers to receive the same wages as the white soldiers; the right of the

colored soldier to receive the same protection when taken prisoner, and to be exchanged as readily, and on the same terms, as other prisoners; that if Jefferson Davis should shoot or hang colored soldiers in cold blood, the United States Government should without delay retaliate in kind and degree upon Confederate prisoners in its hands; that when colored soldiers performed great and uncommon services on the battlefield, they should be rewarded by distinctions and promotions precisely as white soldiers are rewarded for like services." And he never ceased to press this matter upon the attention of those in authority until the end aimed at was accomplished.

(4) He rendered also most important services in bringing about the enfranchisement of the race. Even Mr. Garrison and other anti-slavery leaders questioned at first the wisdom of such a step, but Mr. Douglass never doubted, never hesitated. To him suffrage was necessary to enable the colored man to protect himself; and hence he addressed himself to the subject with all the earnestness of his nature, using all the means within his power to secure it for him. He says: "From the first I saw no chance of bettering the condition of the freedman until he should cease to be merely a freedman and should become a citizen. I insisted that there was no safety for him or for anybody else in America outside the American government; that to guard, protect and maintain his liberty the freedman should have the ballot; that the liberties of the American people were dependent upon the ballot-box, the jury-box and the cartridge box; that without these no class of people could live and flourish in this country; and this was now the word for the hour with me, and the word to which the people of the North willingly listened when I spoke. Hence regarding, as I did, the elective franchise as the one great power by which all civil rights are obtained, enjoyed and maintained under our form of government, and the one without which freedom to any class is delusive, if not impossible, I set myself to work with whatever force and energy I possessed to secure this power for the recently emancipated millions."

With this end in view, with other gentlemen, he brought the matter to the attention of President Johnson, and the next morning published a letter on the subject which was very widely circulated and commented upon at the time, and which had the effect of bringing the subject prominently before the country. He spoke

also earnestly of the matter before the National Loyalists' Convention, which met in Philadelphia in September, 1866. He labored also personally with many senators when the matter was before that body, visiting them daily, and pressing upon them the necessity and the justice of the measure. And so he continued to work until he had the satisfaction of seeing it enacted into law in the form of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

There are many other things that might be mentioned under the general head which we are considering, but time will not permit. Suffice it to say that during the last fifty years of his life there was no measure looking to the betterment of our condition, as a people in this country, in which he was not a leading actor. For fifty years he allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved in which, either by his voice or pen, he could make the way easier and the future brighter for this race. Whenever we needed a defender, he was always on hand. Whenever there were rights to be asserted, he always stood ready to make the demand: never lagging behind, always at the front. For over fifty years he stood as the sentinel on the watch-tower, guarding with the most jealous care the interest of this race. I remember how I felt when he was appointed Minister to Haiti. I did not want him to go, and I wrote and told him so, and told him why. It was because I felt that we could not spare him out of the country. It seemed to me our interests would not be quite so safe if he were away. The very fact that he was here filled me with the assurance that all would be well. And that is the way I think we all felt—a sense of security in the consciousness of the fact that Great Douglass was in our midst.

In politics he was a Republican. He loved the Grand Old Party of Liberty; but when it proved recreant to its trust; when it was ready to sacrifice the colored man, to trample upon his rights, to push him aside out of deference to popular race prejudice, then it was that he turned upon it and cauterized it with actual lightning. I shall never forget the article which he wrote on "The Reasons for the Defeat of the Republican Party," published, I think, in *Harper's Weekly*. It was a masterly arraignment of that party for its cowardice and its perfidy, and showed how deeply concerned he was for the welfare of his race, and how he was ever looking out for its interests.

In the Twenty-fifth Chapter of Matthew's Gospel, Jesus is rep-

resented as saying, in the great day of solemn account, to *those on his right hand*:

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And, in a sense, this is what we can all say as a race as we think of this man. He was all that is here implied to us. In our distress and suffering; in our hours of loneliness and despondency, when we felt discouraged and sick at heart, he stood by us, and watched over us, and ministered to our necessities, and cheered us by his voice and presence. What is it that he did not do? In what way did he not manifest his interest? What more could he have done than he did? What stronger proof could he have given us of his disinterested interest in us than he did during his whole public career? To even intimate, however faintly, that he was moved by selfish considerations is the basest ingratitude.

There are many other things that I would like to speak of did the time permit. I would like to speak of some of his personal traits and characteristics—of his gentleness, his sympathetic nature, his tenderness, his generosity, his great-heartedness. There was nothing mean or close-fisted or penurious about him. God blessed him with means, and he used it for the glory of his Maker and the good of his fellow men. He was all the time giving to some good cause or reaching out the helping hand to the needy. Years ago, when there was a movement to purchase a building for the use of the Colored Young Men's Christian Association in the city of Washington, made necessary because they were shut out of the white association, in company with the International Secretary, Mr. Hunton, we called upon him and laid the matter before him. He listened to us, and when we were through said: "Gentlemen, I am not a rich man; I can't give you as large a subscription as I would like to, but I will do something. Put me down for two hundred dollars. And that is but a sample of what he was constantly doing.

In the city of Baltimore, some years before he made his escape from slavery, while he was working in one of the shipyards, he was set upon by some white laborers, was mobbed, dreadfully beaten, and came very near losing his life. The cry was, "Kill

the nigger!" Among those who responded to that cry and who tried hard to kill him was a man who, up to a short time before Mr. Douglass' death, was still alive and living in Baltimore. He was then old, sick, decrepit and in great destitution. Mr. Douglass heard of it while in Baltimore, called upon him, spoke kindly to him and, in parting, left a ten-dollar note in his hand. It was a beautiful, a gracious thing for him to do, but it was just like him. He was all the time doing noble things. God bless his memory and give us more men like him.

I might also speak of his love of the beautiful in art and in nature. At the great Columbian Exposition the Art Gallery was a constant delight to him. He reveled in its treasures. He loved also all nature—the flowers, and the grass, and the trees, and the birds, and the drifting clouds, and the blue sky, and the stars. He had a poet's love of nature. With Wordsworth he could say:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

How often have I heard him speak, as I have sat with him on the front porch of his beautiful home in Anacostia, or under the trees on the hillside, with the lovely landscape stretching out on all sides around us, of the pleasure which it gave him, the satisfaction, of how it rested him to commune with nature.

I might also speak of his love of music—his passionate love of music—especially the music of the violin. He had a kind of reverence for that instrument. It seemed to him almost like a living thing. How lovingly he handled it! With what enthusiasm he spoke of it! He could hardly resist the temptation to speak to a man who carried a violin. He used to say: "No man can be an enemy of mine who loves the violin." He never missed an opportunity of hearing a great violinist. It was his favorite instrument. Not even Paganini himself had a more passionate love for it.

He delighted also in vocal music, especially in sacred music, in the old hymns of Zion that breathe the sentiment of love, of trust, of hope. One of his favorite hymns was "Seeking for Me," beginning:

Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
with the refrain:

Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
Oh it was wonderful, blest be His name,
Seeking for me, for me. Seeking for me!

Another was :

In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
 Hide Thou me;
 When the fitful tempest rages,
 Hide Thou me;
 Where no mortal arm can sever
 From my heart Thy love forever,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

That hymn I shall never forget. The last time it was my privilege to be at his home, only a few weeks before he passed away, after dinner was over we all repaired to the sitting room and he himself suggested that we should have some music. His grandson Joseph was there, and we knew, therefore, that a rich treat was in store for us. We had music on the piano, and music on the violin, and singing. In the singing he took the leading part. Standing in the doorway between the sitting room and the hall, with violin in hand, he struck up the last-mentioned hymn, "In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages," and sang it through to the very end with a pathos that moved us all. We all spoke of it afterwards. It seemed to take hold of him so. The closing lines especially seemed to touch the great depths of his nature. I can almost hear now the deep mellow tones of his voice and feel the solemnity that pervaded the room as he sang the words :

In the sight of Jordan's billow,
 Let Thy bosom be my pillow;
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

as if he had a kind of presentiment that the end was near, that he was already standing on the very brink of that Jordan over which he was so soon to pass, and over which we shall all one day pass. The prayer uttered that night,

Let Thy bosom be my pillow,
 Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

I believe was answered. His noble head was pillowed on the bosom of the "Strong Son of God" when he fell asleep in death, and he is safe in Him.

It is hard to realize that he is no longer among us; that we shall never again look upon his noble form, nor hear his eloquent voice, nor receive from him the gracious benediction of that radiant smile which so often played upon his face.

He is gone, but the memory of his great deeds remains. Never can we forget him. Never can we cease to hold him in grateful remembrance. What he was, and what he did, will remain to us forever a joy and inspiration.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice, from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew.

To those of us who are members of the race with which he was identified, I would say: "Let us keep his shining example ever before us. Let each one of us endeavor to catch his noble spirit; to walk upon the same lofty plain of a pure and exalted manhood upon which he moved: and together, in the consciousness of the fact that he is no longer with us, let us consecrate ourselves anew with what powers we may possess to the furtherance of the great cause to which he gave his life."

And may I not also, in his name, appeal to the members of the dominant race, especially to those who revere his memory, to join with us in continuing to fight for the great principles for which he contended until in all sections of this fair land there shall be equal opportunities for all, irrespective of race, color or previous condition of servitude until, to borrow the language of another, "Character, not color, shall stamp the man and woman." And when black and white shall clasp friendly hands, in the consciousness of the fact that we are all brothers, and that God is the Father of us all.

4

FREDERICK DOUGLASS ¹

In 1896 the Commissioners of the District saw fit, in virtue of the power vested in them, to affix the name of Douglass to one of our school buildings, in honor of Frederick Douglass. This was a splendid tribute to the worth of the man, and that building stands now, and will stand in the years to come, as a monument to his memory. Theodore Tilton, in his notable series of "Sonnets to the Memory of Mr. Douglass," closes with these lines:

What final wreath of olive, oak or bay,
Which to withhold would do the dead a wrong,
Is due him for the fetter, yoke and thong
Which, as a slave, he bore for many a day?

If to his wintry burial, blooming May
Had come herself, chief-mourner of the throng,
And stopt his bier as it was borne along,
And laid a million lilies on his clay—

Not one of all these fading funeral-flowers
Would have survived the frost! . . . So—(since, alas!
Such honors fade)—my Country, hark to me!
Let us in yonder Capitol of ours,
Mould him a statue of enduring brass
Out of the broken chains of slaves set free!

Some day, let us hope that the suggestion of Mr. Tilton will be taken up and carried out; some day let us hope that the majestic form of this man, who has lifted the name Douglass to a pinnacle higher than it ever before occupied, may yet find a place in yonder Capitol by the side of the other immortals who have made illustrious this great Republic. Of all the men who look down upon us in yonder Hall of Statuary, none is more worthy of a place there than he. In real services to his country; in the part which he played in bringing about the second great charter of our liberties—The Emancipation Proclamation—and thus in removing one of the greatest obstacles to our progress as a nation; in his life-long devotion to the principles of justice and humanity; in his patient, painstaking efforts to set clearly before the American people, to borrow the language of Kidd, "the stern and immutable conditions of moral fitness and uprightness, through which alone a peo-

¹ Delivered at Miner Teachers College, February 14, 1907.

ple can long continue to play a great part on the stage of the world," he is surpassed by none; and there, among the Nation's benefactors, he ought to stand. But whether that idea is ever realized or not, here is a monument which, in my judgment, is vastly more significant than any statue that might be carved in marble or cast in bronze—a schoolhouse, the symbol of light, of knowledge, of elevation, has been named for him—a Common School, not a college, or university, or professional school, where only the exceptional few may hope to go, but a school that is opened to all alike—rich and poor, high and low, the dull and stupid as well as the bright and intelligent—the people's school: a schoolhouse which is a part of that system of education which lies at the basis of the Republic, having for its special object the elevation of the masses, where the poorest and humblest may enter and be fitted for intelligent and virtuous citizenship, and through which they may work their way up to honorable recognition.

It is fitting that a school of this character should bear the name of Frederick Douglass, for, though he stood preeminent among us, "a peer of princes, yea a king," as Mr. Tilton has expressed it, no man was nearer in his sympathies to the masses of our people; no man desired or labored more earnestly for their elevation than he did. No man struck heavier blows or performed more Herculean labors when the great struggle for freedom was in operation; but when victory came, when the fiat went forth proclaiming the freedom of the slave, when the "irrepressible conflict" had come to a glorious termination and the "clang of bell and sound of gun," as Whittier has expressed it, had proclaimed the knell of slavery, no man entered more earnestly into the work of uplifting the race.

It was not the exceptional few, the few who had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for culture and development, that arrested his attention, but the great mass of our people—ignorant, degraded, the great unwashed who were down, and who needed a helping hand in their efforts to rise. These were the people that he thought most of and that he desired most to help. There is a peculiar fitness, therefore, in associating his name with a school that is for the people; that aims to get under this great ignorant mass and lift it up. Frederick Douglass was never ashamed of his people. However degraded or ignorant they might be, he would still say: "These are my people—my poor people." How often I have heard him speak of them in this manner; and how much pathos he could

put in these words, "My poor, poor people!" He was always profoundly touched as he thought of their condition. The whole past seemed to crowd upon him, the centuries of degradation through which they had passed, and he was disposed to pity rather than blame them. In spite of the many things which he saw in them which he deeply deplored, which he would gladly have had otherwise, they were still his people—his poor people. He never sought to disown them, to get away from them, to cast them off. He had *faith* in them. All they needed was an opportunity. And he was all the time trying to make that opportunity for them.

And that is just what our public schools are doing, bringing to the masses the opportunity which they need, the kind of training that will fit them for life's duties and responsibilities. If the statue never comes; if yonder Capitol is never graced with the majestic form of Frederick Douglass, what matters it, so long as a school-house stands which bears his name? That is a more fitting tribute. It represents more of the things which he loved, and more of the things that he would have his race treasure up and live for, now that he is no longer with us. I shall love to think of him always in connection with our public schools. No man loved these schools more than he did; no man took a deeper interest in the advancement of the children than he did; no man delighted more to listen to their public exercises; and no man felt a greater pride in their triumphs and successes.

In 1897, the year after this building of which I have spoken was named for Mr. Douglass, another thing was done which has been a source of very great satisfaction to me, and I am sure to all of our people, and that was the setting apart by the School Trustees of a day to be known as Douglass Day in our schools. I don't know with whom this idea originated, or from whom the proposition came, or how it came to be considered by the Board. It was considered, however, and favorably acted upon. It was a great deal to ask the Trustees to do. Under ordinary circumstances such a proposal would not have been entertained for a moment; but it was entertained and, without a dissenting voice, carried. That fact in itself is a splendid tribute to Mr. Douglass. Nothing but his exceptional character and his exceptional manner made such action possible. I know of no other representative of our race, and I have a very high opinion of some of them, of whom such a proposition at that time would have been thought of, or could have been

carried through that Board. Here is one Negro that all, without a dissenting voice, unite in saying that if a day is to set apart in commemoration of anyone, he is the man. There are no jealous rivals to contest the honor with him—there he stands, by common consent, the great representative Negro.

Now that a day has been set apart, however, the thing which most concerns me, and which I desire especially to emphasize, is that we see to it that we make the most of it. It is not enough that this day has been set apart; it is of the utmost importance that the officials of our schools, that all of our teachers and supervisors in all of the grades, from the highest to the lowest, should understand the true significance of this day, the purpose for which it has been instituted. What is its significance; what is the meaning of it? It means that once in every year the children of our public schools, in the Normal, in the High, in all the grades below, shall be called upon to think of this man, to look into and carefully study his character and life. And that means, also, that the teachers who have charge of these children shall themselves make this great character and life a study, in order that they might intelligently direct the children to a true understanding of the man.

Well, but what of that? What advantage is there in this annual diversion from the ordinary routine of school work? What is to be gained by having teachers and pupils turn to the contemplation of this man's character and life? Is there anything in the man worth thinking about, anything worthy of emulation? There is, and it is in that fact that the true significance of the action of the Trustees in setting apart this day is to be found. It is because Mr. Douglass is what he is that it becomes important that the eyes of the rising generation should be kept fixed upon him. Every part of that life is worthy of careful study. Turn the pages where you will, you will find much that is interesting, instructive, inspiring—much that is stimulating along all lines of noblest endeavor. No man can read that marvelous record without desiring to make something out of himself, without feeling, as Lowell has expressed it,

. . . the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood.

Here is a man who began at the lowest rung of the ladder. There isn't a child in all of our public schools, however humble his condition, who began down where he started. He was a mere thing, a chattel, a piece of property; and yet that thing, that piece of

property, became in the course of time one of the most potent factors in moulding public sentiment, during one of the most eventful periods in the history of our country.

Here was a man who had few or no opportunities for obtaining an education; who came up under conditions where it was a crime for him to learn to read and write, a misdemeanor for him to be found with a book in his hand; and yet, what a thinker he became; what a marvelous command of English he acquired! Read his speeches and put them by the side of the greatest productions of our greatest orators, and they do not suffer in comparison in point of thought and diction. He was a great master of English prose, and spoke on the subjects which he touched with the profundity of a Plato or Socrates. Here was a man who began life in the moral miasma of the slave system, in the midst of the degrading influences of slavery, and yet who came out of it as pure as the light, with character unsullied, and who, all through life, kept the torch of a pure and noble manhood brightly burning.

In a letter which I received from Mrs. Douglass after his death, thanking me for some words which I had uttered in a sermon in honor of him, occurs the following striking passage: "I used to tell Mr. Douglass that nothing in his later life was to me more wonderful than his character as a child. And it does seem to me, as if the flaming sword of an archangel had been about him from his birth to his death." And that was true. He was a man of singular purity of character.

Here was a man who began life, in spite of bad environments, with high ideals, who wanted to make something of himself, and wanted to do something for others. His was no petty, selfish, ignoble ambition that began and ended with self. He had larger ideas of life and nobler aspirations than merely the desire to make a way for himself: he thought of others as well as of himself, and desired, in some way, to be a blessing to them. His was the spirit embodied in the lines:

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter;
 God help me speak the little word
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

Here was a man of genuine courage,—a man who dared to do right; who dared to be true to his convictions; who was never afraid to be on the unpopular side; but who lived, and wrought, and suffered, in the sublime faith which expressed itself in the declaration, “One with God is a majority.”

Here is a man who had a soul within him, a big sympathetic heart; a man who knew how to put his great loving arms about those who needed to be succored, a man, who, like Abou ben Adhem, loved his fellow men, and who possessed all the tenderness of a woman. Here was a man who never played hide and seek with the interests of his race. Men never had to ask what Frederick Douglass thought about any matter affecting the rights and interests of his people. He boldly denounced every species of injustice and oppression, from the mean petty spirit that discriminates against us in so-called Christian churches, in hotels and restaurants, and that forces us to ride in “Jim Crow Cars,” down to the cowardly, brutal, and bloody spirit of mob violence that disgraces the Southern section of our country. Like the prophets of old, he lifted up his voice like a trumpet; he cried aloud, and spared not.

Here was a man who was a man. There are so many apologies for men in the world that it is really refreshing to come in contact with a real man. The old Latins had the true idea of a man when they described him by the term *vir*, which means strength, force. And the apostle Paul had the same idea in mind when he wrote, “Quit you like men; be strong.” Here was a man who was strong. God never made him to be putty in the hands of anyone. He was fashioned out of no such stuff as lackeys, and sycophants, and time servers are made of, men that can be manipulated, mere tools in the hands of others, who stand ready to do the biddings of their masters. He was a man, every inch a man, he stood erect, in the strength of his own individuality. And that means a great deal. Manhood is a thing to be prized; upon which we should put a high estimate. It isn't every day that we are permitted to look upon a man. There are not a great many manly men: and therefore we should make much of this man of whom we are speaking; we should keep his shining example ever before us.

It is not my purpose to prolong these remarks, to enter upon any extended eulogy of Mr. Douglass: this much I want to say, however, in addition to what has already been said. I regard the setting apart of a Douglass Day in our schools as of special value.

From it very large results may be made to flow. If it is properly used it can be made one of the mightiest educational forces in connection with our public schools, in uplifting our people. The young men and women, the boys and girls who make up these schools cannot be brought face to face each year, with the life and character of such a man without catching his spirit, and, without, like him, starting out to make something of themselves. As the years go by, if our teachers and school officials are alive to the educational possibilities of the day, and will make it a point to see that careful preparation is made for it, we may expect to see hundreds of the pupils of these schools awakened to a true sense of the mission of life, from the thoughts, the sentiments, the ideas, which this day, as it recurs year after year, shall bring to their attention. The inauguration of this day means, or rather it may be made to mean, if it is properly used, the entering of Mr. Douglass upon a mission, that, if possible, will prove even more fruitful of good than all that he accomplished while in life. Though invisible, yet perceptibly and powerfully, he will continue, in this way, to speak to the best thoughts, and the noblest aspirations of the pupils of these schools, in all the years that are to come. The setting apart of this day, I regard as an important step in the higher education of these children; for what I call higher education is the education that lifts, that elevates, that ennobles. I care not how much Greek, and Latin, and the higher mathematics you may give them, if they are not made better by it, if they are not lifted to higher conceptions of life, if they are not filled with noble ambitions and aspirations, it is not higher, but lower education. That education is highest which is most uplifting in its influence, and out of which come the most beneficent results. And such a force is the life and character of Frederick Douglass.

His picture ought to be in all of our school buildings; and his life, written by himself, ought to be in the library of every building. The one will enable the children to look upon the outward form of the man, the noble face upon which, we who knew him, delighted to look; the other, will enable them to penetrate beneath the mere exterior to the real man, to see him as he was in the make-up of his soul, and to understand the forces that made him the power that he was while he lived, and that still give him such a hold upon us, such a warm place in our hearts. The book and the picture, under the wise and intelligent direction of the teachers

will make him a living power and reality to the children. And thus shall be realized what our poet Dunbar has expressed :

The current that he sent throughout the land,
The kindling spirit of his battle cry
O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet
And place our banner where his hopes were set.

Oh, Douglass, thou hast passed beyond the shore,
But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale.
Thou'st taught thy race how high her hopes may soar
And bade her seek the heights, nor faint, nor fail.
She will not fail, she heeds thy stirring cry,
She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh.

In the struggle through which we are passing in this country, as a race, we need not only brainy men like Douglass, but men also like him in point of character, clean, pure men, if we are to succeed in overcoming the obstacles that lie across our pathway. Character is the thing that will tell more than anything else. And you, the young people of this race who are coming up, and who hold in your hands, in a large measure, its future, should understand this. You can do more to help this race on in the struggle that it is making to rise, by living clean pure lives than in any other way. And the race has a right to expect this of you; and it is your duty to see that it is not disappointed in this expectation. George Macdonald has said :

Be noble,—that is more than wealth;
Do right,—that is more than place.

Nobility of character, uprightness of conduct, are incomparably more valuable than wealth, or place, or both together—are more desirable possessions. . . . And these are the great lessons which the life and character of Frederick Douglass hold up and emphasize. He was noble; he did right; "the path of duty was, to him, ever the way to glory." And if you are to be helpful to this race, in the most effective way; if through you it is to be glorified, you have got to find the same path and follow it with the same unswerving devotion.

May God bless this race of ours, and fill you, the young people who are coming up, with the same noble spirit that animated this man; may God fill us all with high ideal, with noble aspirations, with the earnest purpose and determination not to go to the bad,

as so many of our enemies are already affirming of us, but to make for ourselves a name that shall be everywhere honored and respected.

It is to this high calling of a true manhood and womanhood to which you are summoned on this day which has been set apart to commemorate the life and character of this great and good man, Frederick Douglass.

It may not be for me to win the height
To which my being and my soul aspire;
Life may not give to me the dear delight
Of granted heart's desire.

Yet though success for me may never spin
The golden thread of its sweet fellowship,
'Tis mine, when failure's cup is at my lip,
Still to deserve to win!

It may not be for me to win the love
Such as I fain would reap from passing years
It may be only given me to prove
Sad harvestry of tears.

But never dourest fate may wrest from me
The sacred privilege to serve and wait,
Still it shall be my aspiration great
Worthy of love to be!

Or as another has expressed it :

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

5

FREDERICK DOUGLASS¹

Dear children, I have been asked by your teachers to be present at these exercises today and to occupy about ten minutes of the time in saying a word to you, on the Life and Character of Frederick Douglass. I am glad to be here, and to have this opportunity of doing my little to help keep before you the memory of this great and good man in whose honour this day has been set apart by the Trustees of our Public Schools.

¹ Delivered February 14, 1908.

The Scotch had their Douglas, the hero of many battles in the Scotch war of independence, the bravest and most faithful supporter of Robert Bruce; the whites in this country had their Douglas, Stephen A., known as "The Little Giant, of the West"; and we have ours, the noble Frederick, the eloquent orator and defender of human rights. The fact that he was a great man, that he stood out among the most illustrious men of a century remarkable for great men, is a reason, in and of itself why we should cherish his memory and should seek to familiarize ourselves with the facts which go to make up his remarkable career; but when we remember that he was identified with us, that he was a member of our race, our hearts should swell with pride as we think of him; and when we remember still farther that he was not only one of us, but that he loved us with a most passionate devotion, and that he consecrated himself with all of his splendid powers to the work of uplifting us, and of creating a public sentiment in favour of justice and humanity in dealing with us, in addition to admiration and pride, our hearts should go out towards him with the most tender regard.

He was not only great as a man, but great in his defence of us, and in the many services which he rendered to us. He was true to the heart's core to this race. He was never found crying it down, and he never stood by, and saw any one else crying it down, without lifting up his voice in its defence. His great right arm was ever stretched out to defend it from foes within as well as from foes without. You who are coming up, the young people in our schools, the boys and girls, the young men and women of our race, should understand this, and cherish it as a sacred legacy. Here is one Negro to whom the whole black race in every section of this country could look and feel assured that its interests were always safe in his keeping. He never proved traitor; never allowed selfish considerations to obscure his vision, or to blunt his moral sensibilities. Every interest of this race was sacred in his keeping. I would just as soon have expected the apostle Paul to prove false to Jesus Christ, as for this man to have proven false to his race.

When I contrast him with the generality of our Negro politicians, whose one and only thought is self—to whom the race means nothing, only so far as they can use it to advance their own selfish interest,—who dare not speak a manly word for fear of offending their political bosses, and thus of diminishing their

chances of getting their hands into the public crib, I find my admiration for him constantly growing. The more I study his life and character, the more do I realize what a rare man he was,—rare in his fidelity to his race, in the vigilance which he exercised in guarding its every interest. With him the race was always first. It was never subordinated to personal or selfish ends. It was never a question with him when the interests of his race were at stake as to how he might be personally affected by the position which he might take. It was the larger aspect of things, the wider interest of the whole people, which always determined his course.

The Stars and Stripes mean a great deal to white Americans, they go into ecstasies over the flag; nothing seems to delight them more than to wave "Old Glory," as they call the flag; and, that is the way I feel about this man, I always like to hold him up, and wave him before the eyes of the Negro youth of the land. And that is what I am here for today,—to throw out before you the colossal figure of Frederick Douglass. There he is—I want you to look upon him, and to keep him ever before your mind's eye. He was every inch a man:—manly in his bearing; manly in his utterances; manly in the qualities of his soul. He symbolizes in himself even more than Old Glory does, for the flag has not always been the symbol of liberty and fair play, it has not always stood for human rights: it has stood for the rights of white men, and for Anglo-Saxon supremacy, but not for the rights of man as man, as was true of this man. As the days and weeks and months and years go by, as selfishness comes in more and more to complicate the race issue in this country, the more will we learn to differentiate, to separate this man from the miserable set of so-called race leaders with which we are cursed today,—most of whom are leaders only in the sense of being foremost in the scramble for office, for the loaves and fishes, with absolutely no concern as to what becomes of the race, how it is despoiled of its rights and trampled upon, so long as they are taken care of.

Douglass was a man to be proud of, a man to be honoured, a man to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance. As Theodore Tilton has expressed it:

There never walked a grander man than he!
He was a peer of princes—yea a king!
Crowned in the shambles and the prison-pen,—
The noblest slave that ever God set free!

Not since our land of liberty was young,
 When fiery Otis passed away in flame,
 And Patrick Henry's burning lips grew cold,
 Hath mortal silence hushed a braver tongue
 Than of this Bondman, who, in Freedom's name,
 Spake, like the Byzantine, with 'mouth of gold.

Chief of his tribe, he centered in his soul—
 As their evangel—all their hopes and fears!
 —Through all his lifetime, as their wisest head,
 He planned to lead them to some happy goal.
 (How they shall lack him in the coming years,
 And wish him back among them, from the dead.)

How true these closing lines are! Yes, we have missed him, and, again and again have wished him back, especially, in these troublous times, in these days of gathering darkness, when our enemies seem to be multiplying and springing up on all sides. What a comfort and inspiration it would be to us, if he were here, if we could hear his voice, and look into that grand, lion-like face of his! But, while, in one sense, he is not with us, in another sense, he is: his spirit is here; we have his grand example. And, this day which has been set apart in his honour is for the very purpose of keeping him ever before us, so that you, the young people of our race, may drink in his spirit, and come up, filled with the same purpose and determination which inspired his noble life of unselfish devotion to his race and to humanity.

There are many things that might be said to you, on the life and character of this great man, but as the time is limited, and in the nature of the case, must be on an occasion like this, I shall have to content myself with pointing out only a few of them.

And first of all, let me remind you of the fact that this man was born a slave. He did not belong to himself, he did not belong to his parents, he had no control of his time, labour, or anything else pertaining to himself. He was simply a piece of property, as much so as a house, or a horse, or a cow, liable at any time to be sold or to be kicked and cuffed about without any redress.

In the second place, he was born with no opportunities of improving himself. There wasn't a school to which he could go. It was against the law for him to learn to read and write. Severe penalties were attached to anyone who was found teaching a slave. He came up in almost midnight darkness, so far as knowledge was concerned and the opportunities of obtaining it.

In the third place, he was born poor; he didn't even own the clothes on his back, and he was shut up by the very system of which he was a victim, the slave system, to a life of poverty, with no prospect of ever being able to own anything.

In the fourth place he was born under bad social conditions, in an atmosphere where virtue, purity of life, was not specially regarded,—on the contrary, where everything tended to push one down, morally; slavery had no restraining influence upon the passions, upon the sensuous nature of the slave. It tended to make him a beast, to sink him to the level of a mere animal. There isn't a child in all this broad land that is not more favourably situated than this man was; there isn't one of you here this afternoon that isn't far better off than he was. He was born a slave, you were born free; he was born without any opportunities of improving his mind, you have every facility offered to you,—free schools and free textbooks, and well trained and well qualified teachers to instruct you; he was born poor, you are also poor, perhaps, but you are free, you are entitled to what you earn; his earnings belonged to another; his environments were bad, were unfavourable to high moral development; your environments, in some cases, may be also bad, but you may change yours if you will; his was enforced, was a part of the system of which he was a victim. In every way you are better off than he was, your chances are better than his were. And yet, see what this man made of himself, see what he became, see, how everywhere he was honoured and respected.

There is a lesson here for you, the young people who are coming up,—you who belong to this struggling Negro race, you through whom it must be helped or hindered in its efforts to rise, which you ought to lay to heart, which you ought not to allow to pass without being quickened and stimulated by it.

If this man, with all the disadvantages against which he had to contend, with no such facilities as you enjoy, with no such incentives as you have, succeeded in doing what he did, in forging his way to the front, in living an honourable and useful life, what have we a right to expect of you who are so much more favourably situated? What ought you to require of yourself? If these opportunities are not utilized; if you do not make an earnest and honest effort to make a good record for yourselves, it will be to your everlasting shame.

I do not mean by this to say you may all become Frederick Douglasses in intellectual greatness, in the eloquence of your utterances, or in the wide sweep of your influence; but I do mean to say, that in all the elements that go to make up a true man or woman,—in fidelity to duty, in purity of soul, in loyalty to the right, in love of truth, in earnestness of purpose, in steady, patient, persistent resistance to the spirit of caste, and to every form of injustice and oppression,—you may be like him, every one of you. The way is wide open; the same path that he trod, you may tread; the same kind of life that he lived, you may live, if you will. It is all with you. If you want to grow up to be good men and women, clean, pure men and women, men and women that people will be glad to think of when you are gone, and to hold you up as examples to others, you may. All you have to do is to make up your mind to do it, and persist in it, and you are bound to succeed. What a glorious thought is that! And I want you all to catch it, and to take it home with you, and to keep it ever before you. To be a true, pure man, as Frederick Douglass was, is the noblest thing in life. We honour him most of all for his moral worth, for his sterling integrity of character, and for the purity of his life. And these are the things for which you will be most honoured, and respected, while you live, and after you are gone—the things without which life is not worth living.

The qualities that stood out prominently in this man's life, are the qualities that our young people, especially, need to lay to heart, and without which they will be failures.

He believed in work. He did not believe in loafing, in standing idly by waiting for something to turn up. He was all the time seeking to turn something up. He was never seen standing at street corners, or prowling idly about the street. He was an industrious man, a man who believed thoroughly in the inspired declaration, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"; "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

He was a self-respecting man. He carried about with him the consciousness that he was made in the image of God, and therefore, that there were certain things that were beneath his dignity, as a man, to which he could not stoop. In other words, he revered his own nature, as a man,—and hence always deported himself in a way which commanded respect from others.

He was an honest man: he robbed no man; he defrauded no man; he wanted only what was his own, what he was justly entitled to; he was guilty of no sharp practices. "Thou shalt not steal," was a cardinal principle in his life, to which he strictly adhered. Hence no one was ever afraid to trust him; he was the very soul of honour. He paid his debts; he rendered to every man his due.

He was pure, chaste in character and life. He had no sympathy with anything that savoured of looseness, of immorality in any shape or form. He lived in an entirely different atmosphere. No one would have dared to have told a smutty, obscene or vulgar story in his presence. The bent of his mind was away from such low degrading thoughts and associations. And so let it be with you. See to it that all such things are put far away from you; that you have nothing to do with people who take pleasure in such things, whose thoughts run in the direction of what is impure. Don't keep company with a boy; don't be seen with him, if he shows any disposition to indulge in improper language, or to tell stories of a questionable character. He isn't fit for a decent boy to associate with: and you ought to make him feel by the treatment you accord him that you despise his ways; that you disapprove of his character and conduct.

And, what I say to the boys, I say also to the girls. The same course ought to be pursued by you. The girl who shows any disposition to indulge in talk unbecoming a lady, ought to be marked and treated with the contempt which she deserves. Frederick Douglass was a pure man,—pure in thought, in word, and deed. Nothing impure ever escaped his lips. He was a gentleman. And the boy who isn't a gentleman,—the girl who isn't a lady,—I am sorry for. I know of no one who is more utterly despicable, or who ought to be more heartily despised, than a vulgar, foul-mouthed boy, or a girl who is not chaste in thought and word. See to it that you hold high the banner of purity. Never allow it to trail in the dust where you are.

Mr. Douglass was a temperate man. He was never seen standing about liquor saloons or going in and out of them. He saw the evil of intemperance and eschewed it, and did what he could, both by example and precept, to discourage the use of intoxicants among us, as a people. He was no friend to the saloon, to the liquor-traffic, to the intoxicating bowl.

He believed in the principle of doing well whatever we undertake to do. He had no patience with slovenliness, with inefficiency, with doing anything in a slipshod, careless, indifferent way. He always endeavoured to put his best into whatever he did. He was never content with inferior work; *Excelsior*, was the motto that he carried on his banner all through life; he believed thoroughly in the principle, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."—And so, let me say to you, in closing, if you are to make a success of life, if you are to follow the example of Frederick Douglass, if you are to walk in his footsteps, you have got to incorporate these great principles into your lives, you have got to make them a lamp to your feet and a light to your path:—you have got to be industrious, self-respecting, honest, pure, temperate,—you have got to do well whatever you undertake to do.

And this is the message that I bring you today, from our great departed leader, who loved you while he lived, and who, in the higher sphere in which he now is, still thinks of you with interest, I am sure, and longs to see you grow up to be good men and women, a credit to yourselves, a joy to your parents, a blessing to the community in which you live, and an honour to your race. The best evidence that you can give of your appreciation of his character, and of his great services, and the way to give him greatest pleasure,—is to live worthy lives, is to be true to the great principles that were so magnificently exemplified in his own life.

I am glad to see that you have on your platform here a bust of Mr. Douglass. Day by day as you look upon the face of this great and good man may you drink in his noble spirit, and catch inspiration from his beautiful character and life. It is a face full of strength, of sweetness and of nobility,—a face that you will do well to carry ever in your memories. Remember, as you go in and out of this building, that Frederick Douglass is looking down upon you; is observing your conduct. If you study hard, and do right, it will be gratifying to him; but if you neglect your studies, and do things that you ought not to do, or say things that you ought not to say, it will have the opposite effect upon him,—it will not be pleasing to him; it will be painful to him. The fact that Frederick Douglass, now, in a sense, abides in this building, should lead you all to do your level best, to be always on your good behaviour. This is what, I am sure, he is expecting of you;

and you will not, I am persuaded, disappoint his expectations.—The spirit of Douglass is here, and fills this room, and this building if that bust means anything. Try to think of this every time you come into this room and building, and throw wide open all the windows of your souls so that the light from his great soul may flash in upon you, and give you the illumination that will enable you to see as he saw, the things that are true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, and to rejoice in them, as he rejoiced in them.



MRS. HELEN PITTS DOUGLASS¹

The special purpose that brings us together at this time is to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friend, Mrs. Helen Pitts Douglass, who departed this life on Tuesday of this week, after being confined to her room for some months by serious illness. She always seemed so strong, that when the first announcement of her serious illness was made, it was a shock to some of us at least. There were others, however, who knew that for years she had been suffering from an affection of the heart. As far back as ten years ago, she was advised of this fact by the doctor, who told her that it was necessary for her to be very careful, if she wanted to prolong her days. She was not to over-exert herself in any way, and was to avoid all excitement. Unfortunately, however, it was not in her nature to spare herself, and so the end has come sooner than it might otherwise have been.

She was born in the state of New York a little over sixty-five years ago; was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Massachusetts; came to this city some years ago, where she continued to reside up to the time of her death. Nearly twenty years ago, at my residence, which was then at 1608 R Street, N. W., I had the honor and the pleasure of uniting her and my dear and distinguished friend Frederick Douglass in the bonds of holy matrimony. During these nearly twenty years I have had the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Douglass frequently, at Cedar Hall, as well as in my own home, where she was always most warmly welcomed by Mrs. Grimké and myself. Since the death of Mr. Douglass, during the nearly eight years that have intervened, I have seen even more of her than I did before; so that I have had ample op-

¹ Delivered December 5, 1903.

portunity of knowing her. And I can say of her what cannot be said of many persons, the more intimately I came to know her, the clearer and fuller the insight which I got into her soul, the more highly did I esteem her. Our estimate of people is not always improved by a close, intimate knowledge of them. The reverse is often the case. As we know them, our opinions of them change, and change for the worse. It was not so in the case of Mrs. Douglass, however. Those who knew her most intimately are the ones who held her in highest estimation.

She was in every way a worthy consort of the great and good man whose honored name she bears. She was no ordinary woman, either in her moral qualities, or in her intellectual endowments. She had a strong intellect, was well-educated, and showed a mind well disciplined and enriched by study and reading. She was a thoughtful woman, and had, in a remarkable degree, the power of expressing herself clearly and forcibly. She had a great thirst for knowledge, and was deeply interested in almost every department of inquiry. She was fond of books and thoroughly digested what she read. One department of learning she was particularly interested in, and that was archaeology. In a little club of which she was a member, we always looked to her for information when anything came up touching upon such matters. And we always found her well informed. In the papers and magazines, when we came across anything of this character, we would always say, Well, Mrs. Douglass will be interested in this, and we would save the item for her. In that little gathering where we have spent so many pleasant and profitable evenings together, I am sure every member will miss her.

Mrs. Douglass had many excellent qualities. She was a woman of great strength of character. And by that I mean, not only that she had a large endowment of will-power, but also of moral force. She was no reed shaken by the wind; she was not one who could be moved by every passing influence. She had the ability to take a position and hold it against the world. The word, strength, expresses better than any word I know of, the quality which I have in mind, and which was possessed in such a high degree by her.

She was a conscientious woman; and by that I mean, that the standard which she sought always to follow, was the standard of duty. I do not believe, under any circumstances, she would knowingly have swerved a hair's breadth from what she felt to be right.

In this respect, she was a Puritan of the Puritans. Duty to her was, as Wordsworth has expressed it, "Stern Daughter of the voice of God." And that voice she sought ever to follow. It was never with her a question of expediency or of interest, in the narrow selfish sense of the term, it was always the larger, the broader question of duty, of right, which absorbed her thoughts and determined her action. This thing we call conscience, this still, small voice that speaks within us, that speaks to what is best within us, is a wonderful thing. And wherever it is strong enough to make itself felt, to compel obedience, it always lifts and glorifies the life and clothes it with power. And this was true in her case. It was this hewing ever to the line of duty, which we all recognized in her, that was one of the secrets of our high regard for her.

She was a woman of magnificent courage. Physical courage, I believe, she possessed, but I refer now particularly to moral courage,—the courage of one's convictions. Most of us are cowards, we are afraid of public sentiment, afraid to do the unpopular thing, to incur the displeasure of somebody. There was absolutely not a particle of that feeling in her. Convinced that she was right, she moved calmly and serenely on, pursuing the even tenor of her way, unaffected by frowns, or criticism, or other manifestations of displeasure. She had the qualities that go to make a hero; she had the spirit of a martyr; she would have willingly gone to the stake I believe, for her principles. Someone has said, "Convictions are not worth much unless one has the courage first to utter them, then to defend them, and last and best of all, to live up to them." And that was true of her; she had convictions and she lived up to them, and did it in the face of a hostile public sentiment. Her courage, to me, was simply magnificent.

I have seen her again and again under circumstances which showed the mettle that she was made of. There was not a drop of coward blood in her veins. She was free, untrammelled, save by the dictates of her own conscience. The heathen might rage and the people imagine a vain thing, but it had no intimidating effect upon her. She dared to do what she felt to be right. There is something positively sublime to me about this quality of soul; and it is one of the rarest of qualities. If we had a few more men and women of her stamp, how much greater would be the strides of the world in its onward march towards higher and better things;

but the trouble is there are so many timid ones, so many who are afraid to speak out or to act out their convictions. And so the cause of righteousness is retarded, and the forces of evil are strengthened.

She was a woman of remarkable self-possession. After my return from my vacation, having learned of her serious illness, and after having had a talk with the doctor, who informed me that there was really no hope of her recovery, and that it would likely not be very long before the end would come, I called upon her. I found out also that the serious nature of her illness, with its almost certain outcome, had also been communicated to her, so that when I saw her, she knew that her life was hanging on a very slender thread that was liable to snap at any moment, and yet she never betrayed in the least, the slightest nervousness. She was in absolute possession of herself. She talked to me about many things that she wanted done in case of her death, in the most matter-of-fact way, things that were very near her heart, and that she wanted, I know, to live to see accomplished, and the prospect that she would not, that her course was almost run, must have powerfully affected her emotional nature, and yet it never came to the surface. Through the entire interview, there was that marvellous self-control, which never gave way. She greeted me with a smile, when I came into the room, and when we parted, the same beautiful smile was playing upon her face. Miss Messer said to me, when we came out, "Isn't it wonderful, wonderful."

She was a perfectly sincere woman. There was not a particle of deceit about her. She was as transparent as the light. There was never any difficulty in knowing where she stood, or what her real feelings were towards anyone. She never sought to mislead, to make a false impression to seem to be other than what she really was. It was said of Nathaniel, "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." And that, I think, could be truthfully said of her; she was utterly guileless, there was no trace of anything that seemed even to border on deceit.

She was a kind-hearted woman. To those who met her only casually she may have seemed a little cold, but such was not the case. Rarely have I met a person whose sympathies could be more easily touched, or who possessed a larger amount of the milk of human kindness. Distress and suffering of any kind appealed to her at once; and she was always ready, to the extent of her ability,

and beyond her ability, to lend a helping hand to those who were in need. I have thought, in some cases that I have known of, that through her very kindness of heart she was sometimes imposed upon, was led to waste her sympathies as well as her means on unworthy objects. She had a big, generous heart. And those of her friends who knew her intimately, know that she was a warm-hearted woman, and that in the hour of sickness or sorrow, or distress of any kind, no one could be more surely depended upon.

She was a woman who carried into life, and all through life, a serious purpose. To her, "Life was real, life was earnest," She realized its solemn significance, and sought to make every moment tell. Hence she had no desire for its vain pomp and glory, and no time to devote to its frivolities, to its giddy and empty pleasures. She always had in view something which tended to her own uplift or to the uplift of others. She had no sympathy with the diletante idea of life which so many have today, and which is responsible in a large measure for the little that is being accomplished in comparison with what might be. She believed fully in the great principle enunciated by Longfellow in his "Psalm of Life—"

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

And that is the view which we all need to have, if we are to make the most of life, and are to receive at last, the approbation of our own conscience, and the well done of God.

She had a deep-seated hatred of injustice and oppression of every kind. She believed in fair play for all of God's children, white and black alike, in every section of our country and throughout the world. Nothing stirred her more quickly or more deeply than the attempt of the strong to oppress the weak; than any exercise of tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the mob or the individual. Hence she became deeply profoundly interested in the so-called Negro problem in this country, and threw her influence actively in seeking to bring about more favorable conditions. At one time she travelled and lectured, especially, on the Convict Lease System in the South, and sought by her earnest words to arouse the conscience of the nation in regard to this matter. I do

not believe, and I say it deliberately, weighing my words carefully, that the colored people had a truer or better friend in all this wide world, than she.

One of the most striking and beautiful things about her was her singular devotion to the memory of Mr. Douglass. No man, I believe, ever held a warmer place in the affections of a woman than he held in hers; no man, I believe, was ever blessed with a truer, a more whole-hearted devotion than was manifested by her. Everything connected with Mr. Douglass was precious in her sight. The fact that he was in any way associated with anything put the stamp of sacredness upon it. The chair in which he used to sit, after he had passed away, had a ribbon tied over it so as to prevent anyone from occupying it; the place at the head of the table where he used to sit, no one was ever permitted afterwards to occupy; the little bouquet of nasturtiums, that he was so fond of, was kept always at his plate as long as they lasted; the croquet ground upon which he spent so many pleasant afternoons, was never used afterwards. And one of the most touching and beautiful things of all, I think, was to see her rise from her seat, or before she was seated, and walking to the head of the table kiss the back of the chair upon which the great man had sat. And this she did, not only in the privacy of the home, when there was no one present but the immediate members of the family, but on all occasions, whoever might be present. Some people have been cruel enough to insinuate that she married Frederick Douglass because of his money. There are some things that money can buy,—it can buy palaces, and titles, and it may be a seat in the United States Senate; but it cannot buy the affections of a true woman. She married Frederick Douglass because she loved him. There are some women who may be won by gold, but Helen Pitts was not of that class. She was as far removed from them as the East is from West. If Mr. Douglass had been worth millions, instead of thousands, he would have sought her hand in vain, had there not been the consciousness on her part of real genuine love for him. Any one who knows anything about Mrs. Douglass knows that she was simply incapable of being actuated by any such sordid motives, especially in connection with that most sacred of all relations, the marriage bond. No; a thousand times, no,—no such thought ever entered her mind. They were both “groping for the keys of the heavenly harmonies,” and they found them in the grasp of each

other's hands, and in the sympathetic touch of each other's souls; and that was the secret of their union, and it is the secret of every true and lasting union.

I want to say a word also in reference to her beautiful hospitality. Her home was always open to her friends. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to welcome them here. She was always glad to see them. The latchstring was always on the outside of the door, and a warm welcome on the inside. And those of us who have enjoyed her hospitality know how genuine it was.

There is only one thing more that I want to say, and that is, that while she was not afraid to die, she nevertheless desired earnestly to live. During one of my interviews with her, she said, "There never was a time, it seems to me, when there were greater reasons why I should live than now." One thing especially which she had in mind, and which she desired to accomplish, was the organization of a strong association, which should have as its object the maintenance of this home as a perpetual memorial to Mr. Douglass. Ever since his death this thought has been absorbing her; to this end she has sacrificed everything; for she denied herself of things that she ought to have had, and that she could easily have had, had it not been for this object upon which she had set heart. It was really pathetic. She had very little encouragement, and many discouragements, and yet she never faltered in her purpose, she never for one moment gave up the idea, or even entertained the thought of it. The possibility of a failure seems never to have dawned upon her. She felt that if the matter could only be brought properly to the attention of the colored people, they would, of course, take hold of it; would be glad of the opportunity of showing their appreciation of Frederick Douglass and of what he had done.

It was in vain that we pointed out to her how slow people were to respond to such appeals; it was in vain for us to point her to the Washington Monument and the Grant Monument: how in the one case the Government itself had to come to the rescue, and in the other, it was only after the most extraordinary effort that it was accomplished. Our words made not the slightest impression upon her. The simple fact was, her heart was so firmly fixed upon it that it was impossible to dislodge the idea from her mind. She saw that, and saw nothing else. I have never seen anything quite

like it,—such tenacity of purpose, such all-absorbing interest. It was the burden of all the interviews I had with her during the closing days of her life. Ever and anon it was the same thing. It was the first thought, and it was the last thought with her. Nothing gave her such joy, nothing brought such brightness to her face, as a word of encouragement, something which pointed in the direction in which she was looking, which said to her, “Cheer up, things are looking brighter for the Douglass Memorial Association.”

And, one of the most remarkable things about this entire movement is, that from beginning to end, there was no thought of herself. It was all about him. Her one desire was to honor him, to enshrine his memory. I remember once suggesting to her, in case the project should fail, that it might be well to take the money that might be gotten from the sale of the place and establish a scholarship in some of our schools of learning, which should bear her name and Mr. Douglass's. She did not take at all kindly to the suggestion because it seemed to imply the possibility of a failure, or the abandonment of her idea of setting this place apart as a memorial. She finally said, however, “If a scholarship should ever be established, it doesn't make any difference about *me*, let it bear *his* name, call it the Frederick Douglass scholarship.” How beautiful it was in her; how unselfish. No thought of herself,—all for him.

She had very large ideas about this place. In the years to come she saw multitudes coming up here to see the home of Frederick Douglass, as they now go to Mount Vernon to see the home of George Washington; and as they went away they would take with them impressions of the great man who had lived here. It was because Frederick Douglass was what he was; because of his personal worth as a man; because he stood for so much that was highest and best in character and life, and because of the splendid services which he rendered to the cause of freedom, that she desired this place to stand, located as it is at the capital of the nation, as a perpetual rostrum from which he might continue for ages to speak to the nation, to young men and old men, to white men and black men, of the things which make for righteousness and which make life worth living. And so she hoped that it would become in time, a great educational centre, a great source of uplift

and inspiration to the whole people. Not a university, in the ordinary sense of the term, but a shrine where pilgrims may come, and where they may dream dreams and have visions of greater things. The idea is a magnificent one.

We promised her that we would do all we could to further this object. And we will; and, I believe, you who are here today, and who knew her, and loved her, will do all you can to aid us. It ought not to fail. Such devotion, such sublime consecration, such noble unselfishness ought not to be allowed to fail from lack of sympathy and cooperation on our part. The appeal which she makes, enforced by her own noble example, to the whole American people, white and black alike, is that this place, the home of Frederick Douglass, where he lived for more than a quarter of a century, and where he breathed his last, might be preserved as a memorial to him, as a kind of Mecca, where men of all classes and conditions and races might come and learn wholesome lessons of life and duty. This is what she wanted; this is what she earnestly desired; she closed her eyes in death with this object, resting as a precious burden upon her heart; and she now lays it upon us as a sacred obligation to be taken up by us and carried out.

If she were permitted to speak here today, I know just what she would say, what she has often said to me, and to others, "Do what you can to help the cause." That is her message to all of us today. Whenever we think of her, as I am sure, we will all do, let us remember how she felt about this place and what she wants each one of us to do. When we meet her again, as we shall some sweet day, in the better land, nothing will give her greater pleasure than to know that we did all we could to realize her wishes in regard to this place. It will bring joy to her heart; it will make us doubly precious to her. And so as we say, Farewell to her today, as we commit her body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, let us, one and all, in loving remembrance of her, resolve to take up this burden which she has laid upon us, and do what we can with it. We can at least make the effort to carry out her wishes.

It will seem strange to come here, and not be greeted by her; it has seemed strange to us as we have come here within the last eight years, not to be greeted by the great soul whose outstretched

hand and beautiful smile we all remember. How often we have longed, as we have stood here,

For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

But it will seem doubly strange to us, if the time should ever come when he shall not be permitted even to come here, because it shall have passed into other hands. It was just that possibility that Mrs. Douglass saw, and that she wanted to avert. She never wanted the time to come when the home of Frederick Douglass, the place where he lived and where he breathed his last, should ever be closed to any one. She wanted it free, so that all might come, and feel at home here. And that is what she asks us, what she asks the whole American people to help to do; to make it free for all.

It is sad to think that this noble woman,—one of the noblest it has ever been my lot to know,—is no longer with us; and yet the memory of her heroic life will always be a joy, an inspiration to us. It isn't often that we meet a woman of the type of Mrs. Douglass,—a woman of her strength of character, of her courage, of her independence, and breadth of vision.

A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

If I had to write her epitaph, those are the words that I would select. She was heroic in the truest and best sense of that term. Few women have had greater burdens to bear,—misunderstood, misrepresented, unjustly criticized, her motives impugned, her highest and holiest purposes distorted, ostracized, given the cold shoulder by those from whom she had a right to expect better treatment; we never shall be able to know fully what her burdens were, her heartaches, her sorrows; we know that they were many, and yet how magnificently she bore up under them all. A silent sufferer.

Greatly as we shall miss her, I cannot help rejoicing, that this heroic soul, has at last passed beyond into the deep and abiding peace of the better land, where these burdens no longer press upon her, where her poor sorrowing heart no longer bleeds. The accident of birth, the color of one's skin, the race to which one belongs, and the thousand and one things that come in to disturb our

peace, to bring about estrangements, and that rise as barriers here, have no meaning there. Today she is free from all these annoyances.

Not a wave of trouble rolls
Across her peaceful breast.

How delightful it is to think of her in this deep and abiding peace.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep;—
Good Night! Good Night!

Until the shadows from the earth are cast;
Until he gathers in his sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom be overpast,—
Good Night! Good Night!

7

CENTENNIAL OF THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

December 10, 1905¹

On December 10th, in the year 1805, there was born into the world, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, an infant, the centennial of whose birth we have met here this morning, as hundreds and thousands of our people all over the land will do, to commemorate. That infant was William Lloyd Garrison, the noted anti-slavery leader, to whose labors, more than to any other man's, is due the abolition of slavery in this country. It is meet and proper that this event should not be allowed to pass without some public and general recognition, on the part, particularly of those who have been more directly benefited by his labors. And this is why this day is to be generally observed, and why our people have been asked to come together in the churches all over the country to listen anew to the story of this great-hearted man in his tireless efforts for the liberation of the slaves, and his uncompromising warfare against the combined forces of the enemies of freedom.

During the century that intervened between his birth and the present a great many things of deep and abiding interest have transpired, things that have meant and that will continue to mean a great deal to this Republic, to the millions who are here, and who

¹ Delivered at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, December 10, 1905.

are yet to come; but I know of no single event that is comparable, in point of interest and value, to that great movement that was inaugurated by him, and that he lived to see brought to a successful and glorious termination.

What was that movement? What was it that he started out to do? It was to revolutionize public sentiment on the subject of slavery; it was to break the fetters that bound the slave, and set him free. That was a most stupendous and perilous undertaking! Why was it stupendous? Why was it perilous? Because of the state of the country at that time. What was the state of the country at that time? It was almost completely under the power of the Slave Oligarchy. North, South, East, West, everywhere, it was all powerful, everywhere its insidious influence was felt. It controlled the Press; it muzzled the Pulpit, or made it its ally; it had its way in State as well as in National legislation; the great lights of the legal profession stood ready to do its bidding, to justify its every demand; and back of it was the whole commercial, banking, monetary, interest of the country. In the political world, in the religious world, in the business world, its influence was all dominant. Whenever this Goliath of the Slave Power appeared the whole nation seemed to tremble, just as the Israelites did when the man of Gath stood forth and defied the armies of the living God. That great, huge mass of flesh struck terror to them; even the king was awed by his commanding presence.

Mrs. Stowe, in her *Men of Our Times*, has this paragraph, which will explain, in part, the subtle and all-powerful influence of the South at this time. She is speaking of the mob spirit in Boston:

“It is difficult, at this distance of time, to conceive of such scenes as occurring in Boston. They are to be accounted for by two things. First, the intense keenness of the instincts of the Slave-holding power in the United States, in discriminating from afar what the results of the anti-slavery discussion would be, and the real power which was arising in the apparently feeble body of the Abolitionists; and second, the ties of politics, trade, blood relationship, friendship and religion that interlaced the South with the North, and made the North for many years a tool of southern dictators, and a mere reflection of southern sympathies. There was scarcely a thing in northern society that was not inter-

woven and intertwined with southern society. Northern schools and colleges were full of southern scholars—northern teachers were all the while seeking places on southern plantations. The great political bodies had each its southern wing; every religious denomination had its southern members and southern interests. Every kind of trade and industrial calling had its southern outlet. The shipbuilders of Maine went to Charleston for their cargoes. Plantations were fitted out at the North by every kind of trade. Our mercantile world was truly and in fact one firm with the South, and felt any disturbance to them as virtually as the South itself.”

The Slave Oligarchy was not only all-powerful, but it was also most intolerant. It had no disposition to listen itself or to allow anybody else to listen to anything which in any way called in question its right to own slaves. Free speech and the freedom of the press was not only suppressed in the South, but it was demanded that the same rule should be enforced in the North. It was all the time talking itself, but it wasn't willing to have the friends of the slave talk; it was all the time ventilating its views through the papers and magazines, but it wasn't willing to have the friends of freedom do the same. This is why Lovejoy was murdered; this is why Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia was burned; this is why the riots in New York occurred; this is why the Abolitionists were mobbed in various parts of the country when they attempted to hold public meetings. The spirit of the Slave Oligarchy was one of utter intolerance. It wanted to be heard, but it wasn't willing to hear anybody else. Those who did not accept its views had no rights which it was bound to respect, the Constitution and laws to the contrary notwithstanding. Such was the state of the country, the condition of things when Mr. Garrison began, John the Baptist-like, to cry in this wilderness of pro-slavery sentiment and interest.

What was there to encourage him in this stupendous undertaking; what hope was there that he would be successful? There was none, so far as appeared to the outward eye, so far as earthly resources were concerned. Everything pointed the other way. All that was great, all that was powerful, all that was influential, in Church and State, in the social and in the commercial world was arrayed against him. It didn't seem possible for him to succeed, any more than it seemed possible for David to succeed when he went forth to meet Goliath. What chance was there for that

stripling, that little shepherd lad, with only a bag thrown across his shoulder, a simple sling in his hand and a few smooth stones picked up from the side of the brook in a contest with the mighty man of Gath, ten feet high, with a helmet of brass upon his head, with a coat of mail enveloping his body, with greaves of brass upon his legs, a javelin of brass between his shoulders and a great spear in his hand, the head of which weighed six hundred shekels of iron. It seemed a foolhardy thing for David to go out against such a foe, but he didn't think so; nor did Mr. Garrison think that it was a foolhardy thing for him to measure arms with this Goliath of American slavery.

What was it that sustained him, that kept his courage up in the face of such seemingly insurmountable obstacles, such giant foes? It wasn't because he had underestimated the strength of the enemy. No man knew better than Mr. Garrison how strongly slavery had entrenched itself in the Republic, how wide and varied were the interests that it touched; no man knew better than he did the sentiment of the North as well as the South on the subject of slavery; and no man knew better than he did that the slave power was determined to have its way at any cost, and therefore that the struggle would be a long and desperate one, becoming more and more violent as the end approached. He knew fully what the struggle meant, and he knew the foe which he had to fight in all the plenitude of its power. And yet he never faltered; he never seemed to take into consideration for a moment the tremendous odds against him. On the contrary, we find him coming to the contest with an assurance, with a buoyancy of spirit, with a noble daring that challenges the admiration of the world, and that places him among the greatest of the heroic spirits of earth. Instead of showing the white feather in the presence of this giant evil, which had been growing for more than two centuries, and which had so woven itself not only into the industrial and commercial interests of the South, but of the whole country, that there were thousands of men who were willing to lay down their lives in support of it, and, at a time when the power of the Slave Oligarchy seemed greatest, he fulminated those sublime words—among the noblest that ever fell from human lips and which gave notice to all the enemies of freedom in every section of the country of the kind of man they had to reckon with and as to what they had to expect from him: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not re-

treat a single inch; and I will be heard." That was the spirit in which Mr. Garrison confronted the slave power and all the enemies of freedom in the land; and that was the spirit in which he continued the contest to the end. He was always active, always aggressive, always in the forefront of the battle; his was always "a faithful heart and a tireless brain."

What was it that sustained him; that kept him from losing heart; that made him always hopeful; that kept his courage up through all the thickening of the combat? What was it? (1) It was faith in God. He believed in a great and infinite Spirit; in a moral Ruler of the universe, who had no sympathy with wrong, with injustice, with oppression in any shape or form; he believed that this great Being was omnipotent; that He was on the side of the oppressed and that, therefore, that side must ultimately triumph. The Second Psalm had evidently burnt itself into his inmost consciousness:

Why do the nations rage,
 And the peoples meditate a vain thing?
 The kings of the earth set themselves,
 And the rulers take counsel together
 Against Jehovah, and against his anointed, saying,
 Let us break their bonds asunder,
 And cast away their cords from us.
 He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh:
 The Lord will have them in derision.

* * * *

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
 Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Mr. Garrison's faith was in the mighty God of Jacob. He believed that ultimately every obstacle that stood between the slave and freedom would go down before the omnipotent arm of Jehovah. He never doubted this; never questioned for a moment on which side God was fighting. Every blow that he struck, every word that he uttered, every article that emanated from his pen was in the consciousness, in the full assurance that God was back of him; that he was fighting on the side that God approved. Hence his magnificent courage, his utter fearlessness, his never-failing hopefulness. "In the shadow," though unseen, he believed with Lowell that God was standing, and that He was "keeping watch above His own."

In the second place, Garrison believed firmly in the right, and that right would triumph. "We may be personally defeated," he says, "but our principles never."

"Truth forever on the scaffold.
Wrong forever on the throne.
Yet that scaffold sways the future."

The wrong may have a temporary triumph, but it will not last; it is bound, sooner or later, to be beaten down, to be dethroned. All history is but a confirmation of that great truth, and Mr. Garrison knew it, and to it he pinned his faith, and in the strength of that faith gave himself up to the work, never doubting what the outcome would be. In that world-wide conflict that is ever going on between truth and error, between right and wrong, Browning expresses the faith of his own heart in his immortal lines:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fail to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

And this is what Mr. Garrison believed; and this is what he meant in saying, "We may be personally defeated, but our principles never."

In the third place, he believed that he was right. Deep down in the bottom of his soul God had implanted the conviction, a conviction which nothing was able to shake, that slavery was wrong. Whatever others might think of it, to him it was evil, and only evil. "I hate slavery as I hate nothing else in the world," he says. "It is not only a crime, but the sum of all criminality; not only a sin, but the sin of sins against Almighty God."

In the fourth place, he believed that it was his duty to take the part of the slave; to speak in his behalf; to use all the power that he had to secure his release. Whether others felt that way or not, that was the way he felt. It was a responsibility from which he could not free himself, and from which he did not desire to be freed. "As to our moral obligation, it belongs to our nature, and is a part of our accountability, of which neither time nor distance, neither climate nor location, neither republican nor monarchical government can divest us. Let there be but one slave on the face of the globe; let him stand on one extremity of the globe, and

place me on the other; let every people, and tribe, and clime, and nation stand as barriers between him and myself; still I am bound to sympathize with him—to pray, and toil, and plead for his deliverance; to make known his wrongs and vindicate his rights.”

In the fifth place, he was a man who had the courage of his convictions; a man who was not afraid to stand alone and be counted for the right. “When one stands alone with God for truth, for liberty, for righteousness, he may glory in his isolation” is what he says; and it reveals the spirit of the man. How magnificently Lowell brings this out in his splendid tribute to him:

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
 Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
 Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?
 He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
 See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
 To win a world; see the obedient sphere
 By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
 And by our Present's lips repeated still,
 In our own single manhood to be bold,
 Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

And this expresses the very soul of Mr. Garrison. He was always “fortressed in conscience and impregnable will”; he was ever under the influence of the “inward must,” the “everlasting yea.” And hence in his actions and in his utterances he was never influenced by the state of public sentiment about him, whether favorable or unfavorable, whether for him or against him. He dared to do right; he dared to stand by his convictions. “As for myself,” he says, “I deem it, with the Apostle, a small thing to be judged of man's judgment. I solicit no man's praise; I fear no man's censure.” In the face of such seemingly insurmountable obstacles; with a hostile public sentiment confronting him; with principalities, and powers, and might, and dominion arrayed against him; with the whole nation, as it were, standing in battle array on the one side and he on the other, we can understand now what it was that sustained him; that kept up his spirit; that inspired him to take the stand which he did and to hold on with the splendid tenacity which he showed. It was his faith in God; his faith in the ultimate triumph of the right; his belief in the justice

of his cause; his sense of obligation to the slave, and his dauntless spirit. "My reliance for the deliverance of the oppressed universally is upon the nature of man, the inherent wrongfulness of oppression, the power of truth and the omnipotence of God—using every rightful instrumentality to hasten the jubilee." Such was the spirit of the man; such were his convictions; such were the principles by which he was animated.

Notice, now, what was his method of attack—the way in which he sought to compass the overthrow of slavery. He insisted upon immediate, unconditional emancipation. Slavery being wrong, there was but one thing to do, and that was to give it up, and to give it up at once. He had no patience with the doctrine of gradual emancipation, because he believed it was wrong in theory and because under it he saw no hope for the slave. "Gradualism in theory," he says, "is perpetuity in practice. Is there an instance in the history of the world where slaves have been educated for freedom by their taskmasters?" In his speech in connection with the dedication of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, in which he takes severely to task David Paul Brown, who delivered the dedicatory address, occur these words:

"He would prepare the slaves for freedom, so that in the course of half a century, he thought, they might all safely be set free!"

The old siren song of gradualism! Prepare men to receive, at some distant day, that which is theirs by birthright! Prepare husbands to live with their wives and wives to be indissolubly allied to their husbands! Prepare parents to cherish their own children! Prepare the laborer to receive a just recompense for his toil! What sort of honesty or humanity is this? "Set free"—from what? Not, surely, from the restraints of law, or the obligation of society; but from irresponsible power, usurped dominion, tyrannical authority. Now, here is a man, claiming to be a philanthropist, who says he is willing to have the slaves set free in fifty years—*i. e.*, free from despotic control! For forty-nine years, eleven months and some odd days he consents to the exercise of this control over them—for their special benefit, too—as excellent scholastic treatment, in order to initiate them into the rudiments of liberty—into the mystery of owning their own bodies and of receiving cash instead of the lash for their labor! The Almighty demands of oppressors that they break every yoke and set their captives free, without delay; but here is one of His creatures giving a worse than

papal indulgence to men-stealers to prolong their robbery and oppression for at least half a century from the present date.

“Whether it be right, in sight of God, to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye.” That was the gospel which Mr. Garrison proclaimed; that was the note which he sounded out ever and anon. He preached the sin of slavery and the duty of immediate repentance on the part of the slaveholder. He sought to open the eyes of the country to the real character of slavery in its nature and practical operations, believing that if the facts could only be brought before the people there would be a change of sentiment in favor of the slave. To this end he gathered from every reliable source all the information he could in regard to the condition and treatment of the slave, and proceeded to give it out whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself. Day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, he cried aloud and spared not. He instituted a campaign of education through which he hoped to awake the slumbering conscience of the nation. This campaign he carried on first through the press. As there was no disposition to give him a hearing in the press of the country, either religious or secular, he started a paper of his own. On January 1, 1831, the first issue of the *Liberator* appeared, through which he continued to speak to the very end of the struggle.

I am proud to be able to say that the first fifty dollars that was sent to Mr. Garrison after the issue of the paper was from James Forten of Philadelphia, the grandfather of Mrs. Grimké. He recognized at once the importance of such a medium of communication, and showed his interest by contributing of his means to help carry it on.

In the opening issue of the *Liberator* Mr. Garrison showed clearly the necessity of a campaign of education and of his purpose to set it in motion and the spirit in which he proposed to carry it on. “During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States—and particularly in New England—than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn and apathy more frozen than among the slaveholders themselves. Of course, there

were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty. That standard is now unfurled, and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe; yea, till every chain be broken and every bondman set free! Let Southern oppressors tremble; let their secret abettors tremble; let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.''

This paper went out on its holy mission week after week, and wherever it went it made a stir. It set the people thinking who had never thought before or who had given the subject no serious consideration. It broke up entirely the old state of apathy, of indifference. The slaveholders and their sympathizers denounced it in the bitterest terms; wanted it suppressed, even offered a reward for the head of its editor. But the more it was spoken against, the more it attracted attention to itself, the more people wanted to read it. It made a great many mad; it set a great many teeth gnashing; but it started the people thinking. And the moment they began thinking on the subject the revolution had begun. As long as the people didn't think, as long as they were kept in the dark, the slave power was safe; but it couldn't stand the light; it wouldn't bear investigation. This is why it wanted this paper suppressed. It was doing the very thing that it didn't want done. It was making the people think; it was showing slavery up in its true light. It knew perfectly well that when the facts were fully known in regard to slavery what the result would be. This is why the Legislature of Massachusetts was asked to pass a law making it a penal offense for a citizen of Massachusetts to print and publish abolition sentiment.

Second, Mr. Garrison sought to flood the country with light by means of the living voice through lectures, addresses, private conversation, whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself. He not only spoke himself, but others were associated with him, both men and women, who were sent everywhere to disseminate anti-slavery principles, and to make known the facts in regard to slavery. As the apostles, as the early Christians went forth proclaiming the truths of Christianity to a world lying in darkness, so these men and women went out as missionaries of freedom to teach, to instruct, to pour in upon the darkened minds of their

countrymen the light of truth in reference to slavery. And though they were mobbed, though their meetings were often broken up, the truths which they proclaimed went marching on; the precious seeds sown by them were not all snatched away by the birds of the air, but some fell into good soil and sprang up and brought forth fruit. These meetings, these public discussions were fruitful of great good; they were of immense service to the cause of freedom. It was in such gatherings that those mighty masters of eloquence like Douglass, and Phillips, and Weld shone with such peculiar lustre. Never had the world listened to more convincing arguments, to more impassioned appeals, to more soul-stirring eloquence or to loftier sentiments than from these apostles of freedom.

Mr. Garrison sought to unify the forces of freedom; to bring together the men and women who thought and felt as he did, whose sympathies were with the oppressed, into organizations in various parts of the country in order to give greater efficiency to the work. Hence there came into being in 1832 the New England (afterwards the Massachusetts) Anti-Slavery Society; then the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, and in December, 1833, in Philadelphia, the American Anti-Slavery Society, composed of delegates from all of the free States. Mr. Garrison recognized the importance of organization, of coming together at stated times for consultation, for the purpose of talking over the work and planning for it, and of keeping alive, in this way, anti-slavery sentiment in the various sections and communities. And these societies were centers of vitalizing influences; they kept the members in touch with each other and with the friends of freedom all over the country. They were the connecting links, as it were, that bound the whole together. Through them the interest locally was kept up; through them the fires of enthusiasm were kept brightly burning. In this way, through this network of organization, a great impetus was given to the cause.

These were the channels through which Mr. Garrison worked—the press, the living voice, heard in public discussion, in lectures, in addresses, and these local, State and national organizations. These were the weapons with which he assailed slavery. These were the instrumentalities that he used to revolutionize public sentiment.

How effective they were you know, I know, we all know—the whole country knows. The change in public sentiment which he

started out to effect came. Soon the whole North was ablaze with anti-slavery sentiment. Now, I do not mean to say that Mr. Garrison did this alone; he did not. There were a great many influences that contributed to the result. Harriet Beecher Stowe, through *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, wrought mightily for freedom; so did Whittier and Lowell through their inspiring lyrics; so did Phillips, and Douglass, and Sumner, and Parker Pillsbury, and Henry Ward Beecher, and Abby Kelly Foster, and Lucretia Mott, and Lydia Maria Child, and a host of others. They all did their part, they all contributed to the result. But Mr. Garrison was the moving spirit; it was through him that all the others were quickened into life; it was the red-hot coal from the altar of his heart that kindled the fires of liberty in theirs. He inspired them and sent them forth as missionaries of freedom. Mr. Phillips said, at his funeral, and no one knew better than he did, what he was saying:

“The great party that put on record the statute of freedom was made up of men whose conscience he quickened and whose intellect he inspired, and they long stood the tools of a public sentiment that he created. The grandest name beside his in the America of our times is that of John Brown. Brown stood on the platform that Garrison built; and Mrs. Stowe herself charmed an audience that he gathered for her with words that he inspired from a heart he kindled. Sitting at his feet were leaders born of the *Liberator*, the guides of public sentiment. I know whereof I affirm. It was often a pleasant boast of Charles Sumner that he had read the *Liberator* two years before I did, and among the great men who followed his lead and held up his hands in Massachusetts, where is the intellect, where is the heart that does not trace to this printer boy the first pulse that bade him serve the slave? For myself, no words can adequately tell the measureless debt I owe him, the moral and intellectual life he opened to me. I feel like the old Greek who, taught himself by Socrates, called his own scholars the disciples of Socrates.”

And that was the feeling that was shared by all; all recognized him as the great moving spirit, as the source of the life-giving influence which had quickened them into being. I remember hearing Theodore D. Weld, himself one of the greatest of anti-slavery orators, a marvelously gifted man, say once that up to the time he met Mr. Garrison he thought that he was interested in the subject of slavery; felt that perhaps something ought to be done, but,

as a matter of fact, he never did anything; but that from the time he came in touch with the great soul of Garrison, after listening to one of those marvelously luminous and soul-stirring discourses of his, he became an entirely different man; a new spirit came over him. He was transformed. He saw slavery as he had never seen it before, and felt that he had never felt before a deep sense of personal obligation to do something. Mr. Garrison, he said, took hold of him as nobody else had done. Ever afterwards he was alive, wideawake, active, earnest, in the thickest of the fray. And so from him was constantly going forth this regenerating, life-giving influence. He is a most wonderful personality; his a most inspiring record! Nowhere in the annals of the world will you find a more magnificent specimen of moral heroism, of noble daring! It is a record that has made the whole human race the richer; and from which, in all the coming ages, the springs of liberty, the world over, will be fed:

Mr. Garrison lived to see the abolition of slavery; to see his labors crowned with success. And in the city of Boston, where he had been dragged through the streets by a Broadcloth Mob, his statue today adorns the most magnificent and aristocratic of its avenues.

We stride the river daily at its spring,
 Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee,
 What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
 How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
 Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
 Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
 Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

And now as I close this record, brief and imperfect as it has been, and as it must necessarily be, owing to the limited time allotted to a service like this, it is:—(1). With a sense of profound gratitude to God for having given us such a friend, in the hour of our direst need. He was the divinely chosen instrument for beginning the great movement which resulted in the overthrow of slavery. And how nobly he did his part; how true he was to us; how faithfully he stood by us, through thick and thin, to the very end. We can never forget him. Let us cherish his memory; and let us teach our children, and our children's children to the remotest

generation, to do the same. As the old corporal in Napoleon's army said to the surgeon, when he was probing for the bullet, "Probe deeper, and you will find the Emperor," so let it be with the members of this race. Deep down in our hearts let this man find a place, an abiding place. (2). I have come from the study of this record, saying to myself, O for a Garrison today! We need men of his stamp,—men of clarified vision, of moral earnestness, of splendid daring, men who see the right and who are not afraid to stand up for the right; big-hearted men, whose sympathies are not circumscribed by race lines, to take part in the struggle through which we are now passing, for our civil and political rights, as the early Abolitionists took part in the struggle for freedom.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

So wrote Wordsworth of Milton: and so feel I in reference to Garrison, and the men and women who were associated with him. We have need of them today! We need men and women of their stamp; of their moral fiber; of their hatred of wrong, of oppression, of injustice. Even the old Party of Freedom no longer listens to the cry of the oppressed; no longer gives any serious consideration to moral issues. It is now a party of expediency, of policy,—and policy dictated by a mammon-loving spirit, by a powerful monetary interest, that doesn't care who goes down, whose rights are trampled upon, so long as it is financially profitable.

When Mr. Garrison began the great struggle for freedom, public sentiment in this country stood behind the Slave Power, upheld it; and public sentiment today stands behind that same power, in another form, in its efforts to rob us of our civil and

political rights. But where is the man today with the "dauntless spirit and a press" to challenge this Goliath of proscription and race prejudice that is walking up and down the land? There is no *Liberator!* There is no Garrison! There are no men built on his heroic mould! There is no inspired prophet crying aloud! There are spurts of righteous indignation now and then; occasionally someone speaks out, but it is only occasionally. The old fire; the old persistency; the old hatred of wrong, of oppression, which made it impossible to keep silent, is wanting. We hear no one today, saying, "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate; I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—And I will be heard." It is a rare thing now to find a man who wants to be heard. The tendency is to skulk away; to get out of sight. Everywhere, in every section of the land, there are scores upon scores of men, little men, and big men, in the pulpit and out of it, who are ready and anxious to be heard, on every conceivable subject, except human rights, except the rights of the black man. The Garrisons, the Phillipses, the Sumners, the Lovejoys,—have gone, and they have left no successors,—no men who, feel as they felt,—the "Woe is me, if I keep silent." Silence is the rule now, even among our professed friends. Only occasionally a note of protest is heard. There is no propaganda now, carried on by men and women like those who were in the Anti-slavery ranks, whose watchword is Liberty, Fraternity, equality of rights and opportunities; whose aim is to redress the wrongs from which we are suffering. We are so absorbed with material things, with money getting, that there seems to be no burning convictions on human rights anymore. "Right is on the scaffold," and "wrong is on the throne": and the disposition is to let things alone. And they are being let alone.

As I have been reading during the past few weeks, in view of this centennial celebration, one of the things that especially impressed me, was the type of men and women that were engaged in that struggle. What a tonic it has been to me to come in touch with them; to look into their great souls, and to feel the throbbings of their great hearts. How refreshing, how strengthening, how soul-inspiring it has been to me to live, and move, even for a little while, in company with men and women whose first, and last, and only thought was, "Is it right?" not, "Will it pay? Is it expedient? Is it popular?" but, "Is it right?" and who were

willing to sacrifice themselves and all that they had to further the ends of justice, of truth, of righteousness. And, these are the kind of men and women that we need to-day, in large numbers.

A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts,
true faith and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking—
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,

I have come from the study of this record feeling, more profoundly than I have ever felt before, that if we are to succeed; if the enemies that are now arrayed against us are ever to be overthrown, we have got:—(1). To put our trust in God; we have got to lean upon more than an arm of flesh. And, if we are to expect any help from God, we have got to live right; we have got to make his law a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. If we forsake him; if we go the way he doesn't want us to go; if we do the things he doesn't want us to do, he will leave us to our enemies, and we will perish. Mr. Garrison's faith was in God; and we have got to have faith in God if we are to succeed,—a faith that purifies the heart, and that keeps us in the way of righteousness.

(2). We have got to be in earnest: we have got to feel that the things that we are contending for are worth contending for; we have got to put a high estimate upon them; they have got so to take possession of us as to enlist in their attainment all of our powers. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," is what was said of Jesus. And that is the spirit that we must carry into this work. It was the spirit that animated Mr. Garrison. How tremendously in earnest he was. He entered upon the task which he had set before him with his whole heart, soul, mind, and strength. Never did he become indifferent, cold, lukewarm, never did his zeal flag,—to the very end, he was the incarnation of earnestness. And we have got to be in earnest; we have got to take more than

a casual, occasional, superficial interest in the great struggle in which we are engaged. There are too many of us who are half-hearted, who have to be constantly spurred up; who are saying, Rights are nothing, money is everything.

(3). We have got to agitate; we have got to continue to keep before the public eye the facts touching the wrongs from which we are suffering in this country, and the rights of which we are deprived, though guaranteed in the Constitution; we have got to continue to cry aloud, not only in obedience to our own self-respect, to our own sense of right, but for the sake of the whole country, in order that public sentiment may be educated to see the wrong, and ultimately to redress it. Unless public sentiment changes, the wrongs from which we are suffering will never be righted; and there is no way of changing public sentiment, but by turning on the light, by showing conditions as they actually are. That was just the method that Mr. Garrison pursued; and just the method that the enemies of freedom didn't want him to pursue. He kept turning on the light, kept showing slavery up as it really was; and they said, That is just what we don't want. And that is the same cry that we hear from the enemy to-day, the enemy from within as well as from without, "Don't agitate; stop complaining." If there is any one lesson, more than another, that the Anti-Slavery struggle teaches, it is the importance of agitation. It was the instrument by means of which Mr. Garrison revolutionized public sentiment. Where would we be to-day, if he had listened to those who were decrying agitation, who were seeking to suppress agitation?

A southern white man riding in a street car in Atlanta, said, in the course of conversation, "I hate that fellow DuBois, because he is all the time agitating, all the time complaining." And, then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "Well, after all, that is the only way we ever got our rights." And that is the only way we will ever get ours: we have got to agitate. Don't make any mistake about that; don't listen, for a moment, to the silly talk which we hear sometimes, even from our own people, about not agitating. As long as there are wrongs to be righted, there must be agitation; there will be agitation.

(4). We have got to have a press that is loyal to our interests; a press that cannot be bought, bribed, or intimidated; that rings true every time.

(5). We have got to make use of the living voice. We have got to seek opportunities, or make them, to be heard—on the rostrum, in public gatherings. We haven't done enough of this. This is one way of helping to make public sentiment,—and one of the most effective ways.

(6). We have got to stand up for our rights. There must be no backing down; no cowardly surrender; no yielding to the demands of the enemy. Nothing is to be gained by such a course. It is always a hindrance instead of a help; it always impedes the progress of truth, of righteousness, instead of accelerating it; it only puts farther away the day of its ultimate triumph. Mr. Garrison stood up squarely for what he believed was right. He fought his way to victory without a single compromise, without retreating a single inch. And we must do the same. Nothing, in the long run, is going to win but principle. All the great moral battles of the world have been fought out on that line. It is the line upon which William the Silent stood, in his magnificent fight for freedom of conscience in the Netherlands! It is the line upon which Luther stood before the Diet of Worms, in his equally magnificent contention for the Word of God as the rule of faith and practice. And that is the way we have got to stand for our rights, firmly, fearlessly, unflinchingly, like the "Old Guard" "Die, but never surrender."

(7). We have got to organize our forces; we have got to come together; we have got to understand each other, understand what we are driving at; and we have got to work together, we have got to understand that in union there is strength. Whatever petty factions there may be among us, on the great issues, on the things that are vital, we have got to stand together, and pull together. The importance of organization is one of the things that we have got to learn. The Anti-Slavery Movement was thoroughly organized; and that was one of the things which contributed largely to its success.

(8). We have got to keep a stout heart, notwithstanding the tremendous forces that are arrayed against us. Nothing seemed more improbable than the abolition of slavery when Mr. Garrison began his agitation; nothing seemed more improbable when William the Silent and Luther began their labors, than that they would succeed. There were many discouragements; there were times when there wasn't a glimmer of light, when everything

seemed to be against them, but their courage never failed them: they were always hopeful. And so it must be with us. We have our discouragements, our dark days, but we mustn't lose heart; we must be hopeful, ever hopeful.

Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

In that beautiful hymn of Dr. Washington Gladden, beginning, "O Master, let me walk with Thee," occur these lines:

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;

And that is the spirit in which we must work:—far down the future, in spite of our present environments, we must be able to see the light of a better day for us, and in that light, live. We must never lose sight of the fact, that there is a silver lining to the cloud; that there is a better day coming. It was in this spirit, in 1848, that Mr. Garrison wrote:—

"How much remains to be done! How swarm the foes of liberty and equality! How numerous are their banners, how extended their ranks, how malevolent their purposes! Over what continent, kingdom, people or tribe, do they not hold mastery? What vigilance and determination, what energy and enterprise do they not exhibit! What resources, inventions, machinations, are theirs! They rule with a rod of iron. Though they have obtained universal conquest they sigh for another world to subjugate. But—as sure as light is more pleasant than darkness, and truth is stronger than falsehood, they are yet to be put to flight, and their reign of cruelty is to terminate. Their courage is only beastly: it has no moral quality: and in conflict with spiritual heroism, it quickly becomes pusillanimous. Their power is only an aggregation of self-destructive materials, and constantly exposed to spontaneous combustion. One brave, disinterested, world-wide spirit, whose faith is an eternity of steadfastness, and whose love is God-inspired, can carry dismay through all their ranks. It is only for

the sacramental host of God's elect to be up and doing, in a spirit worthy of their cause and profession, to usher in that glorious day when the great human family, now isolated and hostile,

“Like kindred drops, shall mingle into one.”

“There is never any reason for despair in a righteous cause. And, we must not despair; must not lose heart; we must struggle on, and fight on, in hope.”

These are some of the impressions that have been left upon my mind as I have come from the study of this record; and I trust that we may all feel their importance, and may lay them to heart.

May the spirit of Garrison descend upon us all; and in his spirit may we take up the work that is before us and continue it, in the full assurance that it will ultimately be crowned with success, though we may not live to see it.

All hail to the great soul of Garrison! We rejoice in the thought of him, not only because of what he was to us, but also because of what he will be, as an inspiring, uplifting force, to all the generations of men, in all the coming ages.

Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

The best tribute that we can pay to the memory of this great and good man, is to “march breast forward:”—forward against the enemy, against those who would rob us of our civil and political rights,—against all that tends to degrade us, to drag us down to lower levels, morally and spiritually;—forward, in the pursuit of all that tends to lift us up, to make us better men and women.

On this centennial occasion, in the presence of this grand life that spent itself for us, let us solemnly pledge ourselves to God, and to each other, to be true men and women, and to train our children to walk in our footsteps. The shackles have fallen from our limbs: let us see to it that we do not come under a worse bondage,—the bondage of sin, the slavery of passion, of evil desires and appetites. Though we may still be in the shadow of slavery, let our faces be towards the light; though we may still be groping, let it be for the “keys of the heavenly harmonies.” Let our motto be, EXCELSIOR! Let our WATCHWORD be, ONWARD,

UPWARDS! While we are to stand up squarely and uncompromisingly for our rights as American citizens, we must also stand up in the same uncompromising spirit for what is highest and best in personal character and life. Though we succeed in getting our rights, as we shall some day, if we fail to govern ourselves, to restrain our passions, to lift ourselves to the plane of true manhood and womanhood, the great battle for freedom will have been fought in vain; we shall prove ourselves unworthy of the sacrifices that were made by Mr. Garrison and the men and women who were associated with him in our behalf.

If we are worthily to commemorate the sacrifices, the devotion of the friends of freedom, we must come up to these anniversaries in the consciousness of the fact that we have done our best to conserve our rights and to make the most of ourselves along all lines, materially, intellectually, morally, spiritually. Only as we come up in this spirit and with this consciousness, can we fittingly commemorate the great deeds of these anti-slavery heroes, men and women who were willing to risk everything and to suffer everything that we might be free. Not only for our own sake, but as a fitting tribute to them, we must stand up for our rights, and for what is highest and best in character and life. This, it seems to me, is the great message of this Garrison Celebration to us as a race: and, God grant that we may heed it ourselves, and seek earnestly to impress it upon our children and our children's children. Freedom is of no value divorced from high character, from qualities that go to make us worthy men and women.

8

CENTENNIAL OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER¹

1807-1907

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—

PSALM 112:6.

*The memory of the righteous is blessed.—*PROVERBS 10:7

The thought expressed in the first of these passages is, that the upright, those who worthily serve their age and generation will not be forgotten, but will be remembered, will be thought of; their memory will be cherished. The thought in the second passage is,

¹ Delivered at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, December 15, 1907, and repeated by request January 5, 1908.

that it is helpful, it is beneficial, it is a real blessing to keep such in memory. It is impossible to think of them, to remember what they were, and what they did, without being stimulated to nobler living ourselves. This is why we have memorial days, anniversaries, and the like. We ought to keep in memory those who have wrought nobly for God and humanity.

It is in view of this fact, that the friends all over the country, especially the members of our race, have been asked to take note of the fact that day after tomorrow, one hundred years ago, the poet John Greenleaf Whittier was born into the world. It is an event that ought not to be allowed to pass without some public notice on our part for whom he labored so faithfully during the great struggle for freedom in this country. It is an event that ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed by others, as well as ourselves, because the service rendered to us as a people was service rendered to the whole country, inasmuch as the whole country has profited by it. And when we think of how many beautiful and helpful things he has written, how his poems have brought cheer and comfort and inspiration to many how thousands in other lands, as well as our own, have been made better, purer, nobler by them, it is an event in which the whole world ought to be interested.

A man like John Greenleaf Whittier, though born in this country, is not the property of this country alone, but belongs to the human race. His great example, the noble record which he has left behind, the thoughts that were expressed by him, and which were by him embalmed in immortal verse, are for all the races of mankind, and are fitted to inspire and ennoble men everywhere. The birth of such a man is not an ordinary event; it is one in which we should all rejoice—one in which all who are interested in the forces that make for righteousness, in the things which tend to make men better, to lift the general level of society, to make men more thoughtful, more humane, more loving, and to inspire them with an immortal hope, ought to rejoice. And, therefore, I want to take the time this morning that is usually devoted to this service to speak of this man: I want to help us to see what kind of a man he was; what were the nature and extent of the services which he rendered to us, the country and to the world, and the estimation in which he ought to be held.

Whittier was born December 17, 1807, in the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—a Commonwealth that has given us some of the greatest names in our history as a nation, and some of the strongest, truest friends that we have had, as a race in this country. From this old Commonwealth came William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Lydia Maria Child, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Stephens Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Julia Ward Howe, who wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which thrilled the heart of the nation, and inspired and spurred on the forces of freedom to their heaven-appointed task of freeing the slave:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

It was in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts also that Douglass, Great Douglass, that noblest Roman of us all, that fearless leader, who never faltered, who never showed the white feather, who was never afraid to speak in behalf of his race, who never ceased to the day of his death to cry aloud against the enemies of his race, against those who were seeking to rob us of our rights, to limit our aspirations, to curtail our opportunities, to keep us down in an inferior position—it was in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that Douglass, as a flying fugitive found a resting place for the soles of his feet; and it was there also that he was trained for his great after-work. The men who called him forth, the men who supplied him with literature, the men in motion, and in keeping in motion the great agitation which who created the opportunities for him to be heard in the beginning of his career, were Massachusetts men.

It is a remarkable fact that all the great men and women that God intended to use in stirring this country up, in setting was to result in the overthrow of slavery, came into the world nearly the same time. In the first quarter of the 19th century there came crowding into this world, and in this part of North America, known as the United States, an unusual number of great spirits, as if there had been a consultation, an agreement among them in some other sphere, as to the time and place of their advent.

Where did they come from? Who sent them here? How was it that all happened to meet here at that particular time, and that all were inspired by the same spirit,—the same love of freedom, the same hatred of oppression? Who brought these noble spirits together and united them in the holy cause of freedom? Who inspired their hearts? Who clarified their vision? Who enabled them to see eye to eye, and to pull together in a common cause? There is but one answer to that question. It wasn't accidental, it wasn't the result of chance, a mere coincidence. God was back of it. He was the active agent, the power that brought these things to pass. These men and women were created by him; they were brought here by him, the time of their coming was fixed by him, they were his agents, to do his work. And these men and women all believed in God.

The anti-slavery struggle was not an atheistic struggle, it was not a struggle that was carried on by men and women who scoffed at religion, who repudiated the idea of God. Some of them, it is true, cut loose from the church, because of the church's attitude on the subject of slavery; but they did not cut loose from God, they did not repudiate religion. They believed in God; they believed in religion, in true religion, religion which teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and lives what it teaches. The anti-slavery struggle was a struggle that was carried on, and that was fought out in dependence upon God. The whole spirit of the Anti-slavery movement was caught and crystallized by Mrs. Howe in her noble Battle Hymn already referred to.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible
swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps:
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
 steel:
 As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal:
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
 his heel,
 Since God is marching on.

He has sounded out the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
 ment seat;
 O, be swift, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
 While God is marching on.

All through it the thought of God runs. It is God who is marching on; it is his truth that is marching on; it is his day that is marching on. It is God who has loosed the fateful lightnings. It is God who has sounded forth the trumpet that was never to call retreat. It was God who was back of, and in, and around, and through the Anti-slavery movement. The men and women who were most deeply interested in it, and who wielded the mightiest influence in it, were all religious men, god-fearing men and women.

Mr. Whittier was no exception to the rule. He was a deeply religious man. He carried about with him ever a sense of the Divine presence. No one has written more beautifully about God, and about things spiritual than he has. His writings are pervaded by a reverent, god-fearing spirit. Some of our most beautiful hymns we owe to him. In our own hymnal three of his hymns are included:

I bow my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim.

Immortal love, for ever full,
 For ever flowing free,
 For ever shared, for ever whole,
 A never ebbing sea!

Thine are all the gifts, O God,
 Thine the broken bread;
 Let the naked feet be shod,
 And the starving fed.

There are many things of interest about the career of Mr. Whittier. The home in which he was reared was a very humble one, as were also the homes of Garrison, Henry Wilson, Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, Carnegie, and others who have risen to distinction. His food and clothing were of the simplest kind, as well as the household furnishings. There were no carpets, or lace-curtains, or many of the comforts that are to be found even in the houses of the poor today. He was no pampered child of fortune, but a poor boy who had to content himself with very simple and plain things. He had that, however, which was better than wealth, the environment of a happy home, where he was surrounded by wholesome, healthful moral influences. His mother was "a large-hearted woman, full of sweetness and light," so we are told, "a woman of real refinement and beauty of soul. She was also very fond of books, from which, no doubt, he got his taste for literature. His father was also "a clever man, somewhat rough, but kind-hearted and devout." In such a home as this he was born and reared. Loving hands ministered to him, and wise and loving hearts directed him. Both by example and precept he came early to love the things that were true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. The great principles of righteousness, of justice, of humanity, were early implanted in his heart. It was a great, and unspeakable blessing to him to have come into being under such home environments. It is always a blessing to be well-born, in the sense of having good parents,—parents of high moral ideals and aspirations, to look after us, to direct, to shape and mould the budding and expanding life. And this was eminently true of Mr. Whittier.

His educational advantages, however, were very limited. At the time he came upon the stage of action no such splendid provision was made for the education of the children of the State as we find to-day in Massachusetts. Every opportunity is now furnished to the boy or girl who wants an education, not only in Massachusetts, but in most of the states of the Union. Our Public School System brings within reach of all the opportunity of intellectual development. It was very different, however, a hundred years ago. Those were the days of small things, of meagre educational opportunities.

In 1814, when he was seven years of age, he began for the first time to attend the district school. I remember once talking to

Mr. Whittier at his home, of the disadvantages under which our people labored in the South; and as a sample of such disadvantages, made mention of the fact, that the schools, as a general thing, for colored people, were kept open only about four months in the year; and was surprised, when he told me, by way of encouragement, that when he was a boy, even in Massachusetts, the schools were kept open only about three months in the year. All the education that he received, until he was twenty years of age, was in one of these district schools of three months' duration. In addition to this, by working at the shoe-maker trade one year, and by teaching school another, he managed to save enough to spend two terms in the Haverhill Academy. This was all the education that he ever received, these were all the educational advantages that he ever enjoyed.

There is an important lesson here for our young people. If we are made of the right material; if we are determined to make something of ourselves; if we have the spirit, the disposition to rise, limited, even extremely cramped educational opportunities, will not prevent us from rising, from forging to the front.

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
 And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
 And lives to clutch the golden key.

That was the spirit that Whittier possessed, and that enabled him to rise in spite of his educational disadvantages; and which will enable us to do the same. The manner in which Mr. Whittier utilized his meagre opportunities contains in it a wholesome lesson for us, who, though we are laboring under some disadvantages, enjoy very much larger opportunities than this man did; and therefore, his example ought to be a spur, a stimulus to us, in our efforts to rise. Where there is a will, there is a way. What a man really wants to do, he rarely ever fails to do. The failure comes usually from lack of purpose, from lack of effort, rather than from lack of opportunity. Very early in life Mr. Whittier showed a love for poetry; and began comparatively early also to write verses. One of his poems fell into the hands of Mr. Garrison,

who was greatly impressed with it: so much so that he took the pains, we are told, to look him up, and to urge upon his parents the importance of giving him every facility for developing his remarkable genius. His family was too poor, however, to lend him any assistance. But he had written enough already to show that he had decided literary talent, and his mind was fully made up to seek his fortunes in literary pursuits. Accordingly in 1829 he took up his abode in Boston as editor of a paper called *The American Manufacturer*, a protectionist organ, for which he received the munificent sum of nine dollars a week. The next year he returned to Haverhill as editor of *The Haverhill Gazette*. The next eighteen months, from July, 1830, to January, 1832, he spent in Hartford, Conn., as editor of *The New England Weekly Review*, originally edited by George D. Prentice. So that within a few years, by the time he was twenty-five years of age, he was fully launched upon his literary career. Many things came from his pen, in prose as well as poetry: so that by 1888 it was possible to publish the Riverside Edition of his works in seven superb volumes. It is not my purpose to dwell at any length upon his literary career. A passage from Welsh's *Development of English Literature and Language*, condenses in a few words all that there will be time to say under this head:—

“One of our most characteristic and popular poets is Whittier. Bryant excepted, no one has been less influenced by other literatures. He may be said to illustrate four principal phases of our national history: Aboriginal life, ‘Mogg Megone;’ Colonial life, ‘Mabel Martin;’ Abolitionism, ‘Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother;’ the Civil War, ‘Barbara Fritchie.’ His narrative and legendary poems are especially noteworthy. ‘Maud Muller’ and ‘Skipper Ireson’s Ride’ had no prototypes; nor has the ‘Bare-foot Boy’ a parallel.

“No writer of ballads founded on our native history and tradition can be compared with him.”

It is not by marvelous finish or by lofty imagination that Whittier has obtained the suffrages of the reading public. He himself disclaims these eminent merits. Yet he reaches the hearts of his countrymen, because he has that touch of nature which is beyond all; because he embodies, in smooth and flowing metre, the cardinal qualities of greatness,—simplicity, sincerity, manli-

ness, piety. The ethical element is not extraneous and occasional, but inherent and intense. I may also mention the fact, that at the time of his death the *Chronicle* of London, England, said of him,—“Whittier was the nearest approach to our conception of an American Robert Burns that the New World has given us.” And the *Telegram* said: “Whittier possessed no small portion of Wordsworth’s genius. Although inferior to the best work of Bryant and Poe, it is probable that his ‘Mogg Megone’ and ‘Maud Muller’ will live as long as ‘Thanatopsis,’ and the ‘Raven.’” These and other citations that might be given, show the high estimation in which he is held, and the permanent place which he has won for himself in the field of letters. His works will never grow old, but will continue to be a source of joy, of inspiration, of helpfulness to many for ages to come. It is impossible to read such poems as “The River Path,” “Eternal Goodness,” “My Psalm,” “Andrew Rykeman’s Prayer,” and ever forget them; impossible to read them and not be benefited by the reading. He speaks always to the best and noblest within us. To read his poems, to cultivate a taste for his writings is to be greatly strengthened and built up in the elements that make for a true manhood and womanhood. The things that are beautiful, the things that are noble, the things that are symbolized by “light and sweetness” are the things that he seeks ever to bring before us. In one of his poems occur the lines:

“I pray the prayer of Plato old.
 God make me beautiful within;
 And let mine eyes the good behold,
 In everything save sin,”

and they embody the spirit of all that he wrote. To make men better, to set before them high ideals, to spur them on to be noble, and to act nobly, was his great mission, as poet and writer. And no poet has done more to lift up a worthy standard for men than he has; has done more to glorify the things that are worth glorifying.

His interest in the cause of the slave began actively to show itself about the year 1833. Mr. Pickard in his *Life of Mr. Whittier*, says:—“In 1833, his attention had been called by Garrison to the importance of arousing the nation to a sense of its guilt in the matter of slavery. He did not need any change of heart to

become an abolitionist. As a birthright Quaker he inherited the tradition of his sect against the institution of slavery. But he had been hoping by moral means, and by efforts within the lines of the old parties, to secure the gradual extinction of a system so out of harmony with our otherwise free institutions. A word from Garrison caused him thoroughly to study the situation. All the literature of the subject within his reach was examined carefully. Among the Southern newspapers to which he had access he found evidence that whatever thought of extinguishing slavery had animated the fathers of the Republic, and prompted the anti-slavery utterances of Washington and Jefferson, no such idea was now entertained by any of the Southern people. The demand for slave labor in the rice swamps and cotton fields of the extreme South had made the raising of slaves profitable in Virginia, and in other States in which hitherto the 'institution' had seemed doomed to extinction as an economic mistake. He found, too, that both the great parties of the North were beginning to discipline their members who were too urgent in pressing measures that might lose to them the support of the Southern States. He had learned something of this change in the popular feeling from the experience of his friend Garrison, who had been imprisoned at Baltimore for his free utterance of anti-slavery sentiments. This incident occurred at about the time when Whittier took the editorship of the *New England Review*, in 1830. In January, 1831, Garrison began the publication of the *Liberator* in Boston. He had uttered his memorable ultimatum: 'I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.' Whittier counted the cost with Quaker coolness of judgment before taking a step that closed to him the gates of both political and literary preferment. He realized more fully than did most of the early abolitionists, that the institution of slavery would not fall at the first blast of their horn. When he decided to enter upon this contest, he understood that his cherished ambitions must be laid aside, and that an entire change in his plans was involved. He took the step deliberately and after serious consideration." This step, made at such a great sacrifice, he never afterwards regretted. His cherished ambitions he threw to the winds, and entered heart and soul into the cause of the slave. Ever afterwards he was in the thickest of the fray. He had no gift for public speaking, was no silver-tongued orator as Phillips, nor was

he gifted with the fiery eloquence of Douglass, or the stately eloquence of Sumner, but he wielded a pen before which the enemies of freedom quailed. His influence soon began to be felt everywhere. The cause of freedom was greatly strengthened by his accession. His clear and incisive utterances, his burning and eloquent words stirred the whole nation. In his address published in 1833, entitled "Justice and Expediency, or Slavery considered with a view to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy,—Abolition," he sought to arouse the North to something more than a mere empty sympathy for the slave which ended in doing nothing. Among other things he says: "Can such hollow sympathy reach the broken of heart, and does the blessing of those who are ready to perish answer it? Does it hold back the lash from the slave or sweeten his bitter bread? Oh, my heart is sick,—my very soul is weary of this sympathy—this heartless mockery of feeling. No—let the truth on this subject—undisguised, naked, terrible as it is, stand out before us. Let us no longer seek to cover it—let us no longer strive to forget it—let us no longer dare to palliate it."

And in another place he says: "In vain you enact and abrogate your tariffs; in vain is individual sacrifice, or sectional concession. The accursed thing is with us, the stone of stumbling and the rock of offense remains. Drag, then, the Achan into light; and let national repentance atone for national sin." How strong, how earnest, how eloquent are his words. His very soul was aflame with righteous indignation against the oppressor, and his heart overflowed with sympathy for the oppressed. He was naturally of a very sensitive nature, was made of the very finest fiber, so that his capacity for sympathy as well as moral indignation, was greater than that of most men: and the slave got the full benefit of his great sympathetic heart.

In order to appreciate fully what this espousal of the cause of the slave involved to Mr. Whittier, it is only necessary to bear in mind two things,—the fact that he was a poor young man, just in the beginning of a promising literary career, and the unpopular character of the anti-slavery cause. The step which he took involved social ostracism, neglect, and, possible personal violence. The state of public sentiment is evident from the fact that Miss Martineau, after expressing her sympathy for abolitionism, no longer found a welcome in Boston's best society; Lydia Maria Child, after the publication of her "Appeal," was denied the use

of the Athenaeum Library; Dr. Follen was deprived of his professorship in Harvard College, because he dared to disapprove of slavery; and Elizur Wright lost his professorship in a western college for the same reason. When Longfellow put forth his little pamphlet of *Poems on Slavery*, the editor of *Graham's Magazine* wrote to him excusing himself for the brevity with which the poems were noticed, saying, that the word slavery was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and that the publisher of the magazine had objected to have even the name of the book appear in his pages." Mr. Whittier himself, in speaking of his early poems and literary productions, says, "that he received absolutely nothing for them, with the exception of a few dollars from the *Democratic Review*, and *Buckingham's New England Magazine*: and the reason which he assigned for this was, "that his pronounced views on slavery made his name too unpopular for a publisher's use." It was a great sacrifice which this man made in espousing the cause of the slave, but he gladly, willingly made it.

In the latter part of 1833 he was elected a delegate to attend the memorable convention that was called in Philadelphia to form the American Anti-slavery Society, an organization which played such an important part in the great struggle for freedom. There were in attendance representatives from eleven different states,—numbering sixty-two in all, and including nearly all of the most prominent names in the cause of freedom. Among those present were William Lloyd Garrison, John G. Whittier, Joshua Coffin, Arnold Buffum, Samuel J. May, Beriah Green, Lewis Tappan, Robert Purvis, and many others. The declaration of sentiments, which was adopted by the convention, and which represented the aim and purpose of the organization, was drawn by Mr. Garrison. It is a most notable utterance, and, like our Declaration of Independence, is not likely ever to die. It denies the right of man to hold property in a brother man; and affirms the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation. It then goes on to say, "To effect this end:

"We shall organize anti-slavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke."

“We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, tracts and periodicals.”

“We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and dumb.”

“We shall aim at purification of the churches, from all participation in the guilt of slavery.”

“We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions.”

“We shall spare no exertions, nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.”

And closes by pledging to the utmost the hearty support of the members to the overthrow of slavery. “Come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of Liberty, Justice and Humanity, or perish utterly as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause.”

To this declaration all the members affixed their signatures, and labored with hand, and voice, and pen to realize its great aim, to accomplish the great purpose therein set forth. Mr. Whittier, in speaking of signing this document, said, “I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book. “And of the Declaration itself he predicted that it would live “as long as our national history.” One of the most impressive things to me about this declaration is the close of it in which that most solemn pledge is entered into. It is a pledge involving everything that men hold dear,—their lives, their interests, their good name. Whatever the sacrifice might be they were willing to make it for the sake of the slave. And it becomes all the more impressive when we remember that these men meant every word of it. It was no mere empty declaration on their part, no mere meaningless array of words simply for effect; it expressed the real sentiments of their hearts. They meant every word of it, as their after actions showed.

There is something magnificent, a moral sublimity and grandeur about the action of these men, that thrills me to the very center of my being. It is only as we stand in the presence of such men, that we come to realize the truth of what the Psalmist said centuries ago, in speaking of man:

“Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels;”

This is sometimes rendered, “but a little lower than God.”

It is in the presence of such men that we see the divine in man; that we get glimpses of the possibilities of nobleness that lie

wrapped up in the soul of man. That convention considered with reference to the spirit that pervaded it, the men and women who composed it, stands as one of the great landmarks, one of the highest points reached in the moral progress of humanity. Nothing that has ever taken place in this country reflects greater credit upon it than the anti-slavery struggle. There are no names in our history that ought to be thought of more reverently, or held in higher estimation than those that were appended to the Declaration of 1833, and the names of others who were associated with them in the great struggle for freedom.

The two years immediately following the formation of the American Anti-slavery Society, were signalized by several violent attacks against the abolition movement. In 1834 the mobs in New York City were so numerous and violent, that, for a time it was a veritable "reign of terror." In 1835 the post office in Charleston, S. C., was broken open by citizens, and all packages judged by them to be of an inflammatory character were seized and burned. In the same year Garrison was mobbed in Boston. Mr. Whittier himself, shortly afterwards, in company with George Thompson, the noted English abolitionist and orator, became the object of mob violence.

It was not long after his thrilling experience with the mob, that Edward Everett, then governor of the State, issued a message on the subject of slavery, in the course of which he urged all classes of citizens to abstain from all discussion of the subject of slavery; and in which he also expressed his willingness "to buckle on his knapsack and shoulder his musket to help fight the battles of the slaveholders."

To this message, Mr. Whittier wrote a scathing reply. It is in this reply that the passage occurs, from which, no doubt, unconsciously, it may be, Mr. Phillips got the idea, which came out in his first great speech in Faneuil Hall, in the passage, "I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American." Two years before Mr. Phillips had made this speech, Mr. Whittier had published his open letter in reply to the Governor's message, in which the same idea is expressed by him.

In 1836 Mr. Whittier became one of the three secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society,—his associates being Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld. This carried him to New York City.

In 1837 he removed to Philadelphia and became editor of *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, a paper that had been formerly edited by Benjamin Lundy, under the title of *The National Enquirer*. It was at this time that he passed through the exciting scenes connected with the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, a building which had been erected by the Abolitionists at a cost of \$40,000, and dedicated to Freedom. Mr. Whittier's office was in this building, and all his papers, books, and other property were destroyed. A mob of 25,000 persons surrounded the building, and fired it. It was burnt to the ground. The feeling against the abolitionists was very strong. And yet, in the very next issue of the *Freeman* Mr. Whittier denounced the action of the mob in the strongest terms. Instead of being intimidated by this angry demonstration of the enemies of Freedom he seemed more determined than ever to carry on the fight. The bugle note that rang out from him was: "Woe unto us if we falter through fear of man! Citizens of Pennsylvania! your rights as well as ours have been violated in this dreadful outrage. In the heart of your free city, within view of the Hall of Independence, whose spire and roof reddened in the flame of the sacrifice, the deed has been done—and the shout which greeted the falling ruin was the shout of slavery over the grave of Liberty! As we pointed to the smoking ruins of that beautiful temple of Freedom, which we fondly hoped would have long echoed the noble and free sentiments of a Franklin, a Rush, a Benezet, a Jay; and as we look sadly on its early downfall, are we bidden to learn hence the fate of our own dwellings if we persevere? Think not the intimation will drive us from our post. We feel that God has called us to this work, and if it be his purpose that we should finish what we have begun, He can preserve us, though it be as in the lion's den or the seven-fold-heated furnace." How magnificent was the courage of these men, and how unshaken was their faith in God!

In 1850 Webster made his famous Seventh of March speech, in which he took the position that no further restrictions on the extension of slavery into the territories of California and New Mexico were needed; that the Fugitive Slave Law must be obeyed; that colonization of the free Negroes was desirable; and that the labors of the Abolitionists had served only to fasten the system of slavery more firmly than ever on the South. It was after reading this speech that Mr. Whittier wrote his "Ichabod," in which

he expresses his estimate of the depth to which Webster had fallen, and his own great sorrow that one so gifted should have so prostituted his great powers :

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore !
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore !

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes
The soul has fled :
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame ;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide his shame.

Among the finest of his Anti-slavery poems may be mentioned: "The Virginia Slave Mother's Farewell," "Massachusetts to Virginia," "Stanzas for the Times," "The Hunters of Men," "The Slave Ships," "Our Fellow Countrymen in Chains," "The Rendition," "Laus Deo," and "The Branded Hand." "The Branded Hand" was written as a tribute to Captain Jonathan Walker who was caught trying to assist some slaves from the state of Florida to escape to the West Indies. He was put in irons, taken to Pensacola, Florida, branded in the right hand by a United States marshal with the letters S. S., slave stealer, kept for eleven months chained to the floor of his cell all bare of furniture, and while he was ill; and was finally released only after a fine of \$150 had been paid by Northern Abolitionists. When

he started home from his Southern prison cell this was the welcome that was extended to him by Mr. Whittier, and through him, by the friends of freedom all over the North :

Welcome home again, brave seaman!
 with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
 And the old heroic spirit of our earlier,
 better day,—
 With that front of calm endurance, on
 whose steady nerve in vain
 Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the
 fiery shafts of pain!

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold
 ploughman of the wave!
 Its branded palm shall prophesy, 'Sal-
 vation to the Slave';
 Hold up its fire-wrought language, that
 whoso reads may feel
 His heart swell strong within him, his
 sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up
 against our Northern air,—
 Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love
 of God, look there!
 Take it henceforth for your standard,
 like the Bruce's heart of yore,
 In the dark strife closing round ye, let
 that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall
 tremble at that sign,
 When it points its finger Southward
 along the Puritan line:
 Woe to the State-gored leeches and the
 Church's locust-band,
 When they look from slavery's ramparts
 on the coming of that hand!

“These Anti-slavery poems of Whittier,” to borrow the language of another, “stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet, and justify the truth of Lowell's description in his “Fable for Critics,”—

“There's Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart,
 Strains the straight-breasted drab of the Quaker apart.”

And another eminent critic says, "He roused, condensed and elevated the public sentiment against slavery; and many a political time-server, who was proof against Garrison's hottest denunciations, and Phillips' most stinging invectives, quailed before Whittier's smiting rhymes."

In his "Laus Deo," written after the great struggle was over, how his very soul leaped for joy:

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wings
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

How magnificent! how glorious! how exultant is this triumph song! His precious life was spared for nearly three decades after the great struggle was over. In the early part of September, 1892, in his eighty-fifth year, serene, beautiful, with the peace of God filling his soul, he passed into the skies. At the time of his death this little poem was written by a friend, and beautifully

expresses not only the sentiment of her own heart, but of many others:—

“Farewell, great, gentle, loving heart!
 The deathless need not tears; rather to-day,
 Lest weak grief harm thee, let us reverently
 Look up unto that heaven where thou art,
 Thanking our God for thee. The busy mart,
 The State, the whole world, knew thee. Where the fray
 Was wildest, while the slave in fetters lay,
 Thy free soul spake, nor dared to dwell apart.
 The New World’s child voicing her joys in song,
 Hating her foes, battling with giant wrong—
 New England’s conscience and her heritage
 Art thou! a white leaf on her sacred page.
 Her ancient faith and wise simplicity
 And truth were thine, and she gives thanks for thee!

Of all the brave men and noble women who labored for the cause of the slave, none, if we except, perhaps, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, rendered more important service than Mr. Whittier. At the anniversary meeting of the Anti-slavery Society in 1863, Mr. Garrison paid this tribute to him: “There are few living who have done so much to operate upon the public mind and conscience and heart of our country for the abolition of slavery as John Greenleaf Whittier.” And in the New York *Evangelist* of Sept. 15, 1892, immediately after his death, Dr. Cuyler paid this beautiful tribute to him:—“His most thrilling lyrics have been his glorious trumpet blasts for Freedom; they did as much to strengthen the anti-slavery conscience of the nation as any speeches of Phillips, Sumner, Birney, or even the immortal *Uncle Tom* of Mrs. Stowe. Whittier was one of the John the Baptists of Emancipation; his voice was heard in the wilderness, crying, Repent, repent, more than sixty years ago. In the days when Pennsylvania Hall was burned by a pro-slavery mob in Philadelphia, and when heroic Lovejoy was martyred at Alton, the young Quaker was throwing red-hot shot and shell into the peculiar institution.”

It is impossible to overestimate the services of Mr. Whittier to the cause of Freedom. The pledge to which he committed himself in 1833 he kept sacredly. He gave himself and all that he had to the cause of the slave; and no one rejoiced more heartily than he did when the shackles fell off, and he walked forth a free man. Others may remember him for the many beautiful and helpful

things that he has written, and for these blessings we too will remember him, but there is an additional reason why we, as a people, should cherish his memory. He came to our assistance at a time when we sorely needed friends, and by his unselfish devotion helped, and helped mightily, to bring about the great revolution in public sentiment, which brought to us freedom, and citizenship, and the ballot. This man might have gone quietly on his way in pursuit of his cherished ambitions; he might have said, "This slavery question is no business of mine; there is no reason why I should disarrange all my plans, why I should abandon the things upon which I have set my heart." But he said nothing of the kind. He took the subject up; looked into it; saw that slavery was wrong; and heard the voice of God in his soul, bidding him take up arms against it; and, regardless of consequences to himself, he went forth to do battle for the slave; and did it nobly.

These anniversary occasions may be made a great blessing to us, as a people, if we enter into them in the right spirit. The record of the lives of such men ought to be very helpful to us. We are enabled to see what manner of men they were. They stand for great principles; they represent great qualities of soul; they sum up in themselves the noblest ideals of life.

We should not only be grateful to them, and teach our children to be, but we should seek to emulate their example; to catch their spirit; to imbibe their sentiments; to be governed by the same great principles by which they were governed. The consciousness that such men and women were our friends; that they toiled and sacrificed for us, ought to be a constant incentive to us to live on the highest plane, and to do our best to make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities. These noble men and women, by the help of God, succeeded in striking the fetters from our limbs; it now remains for us to take up the greater work, cheered and inspired by their example, of developing ourselves,—materially, intellectually, morally, spiritually. If we fail it won't be for lack of inspiration, of encouragement. The glorious company of these choice spirits that make up the Abolition host, as they look down upon us from the skies, is saying to us by the sacrifices they made, by their words and acts, by the purity of their

lives and the beauty of their characters—Press on! If we fail the fault will be ours.

“The tissues of the life to be,
We weave in colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.”

We are to do the sowing; and, as we sow so shall we reap. As we think of these old Anti-slavery heroes let us take courage; and, with renewed determination make up our minds to do with our might what our hands find to do. A very good motto for each one of us to adopt in working out this great problem of our development is,—

“I am but one;
But I am one.
I can't do everything;
But I can do something.
What I can do, I ought to do;
And what I ought to do,
God helping me, I will do.”

In this spirit, with the help of the Lord, and with the noble purpose of going forward firmly adhered to, backed by steady, persistent, earnest effort; all things are possible to us; and, in proportion as we come to realize this ourselves, and, as we get our children to realize it will be the measure of our progress. We are not going forward any faster than we want to go forward; any faster than we are willing to exert ourselves, to lay ourselves out in earnest work. What these friends of freedom did for us will go for naught unless we take up the work and carry it on in the same spirit, with the same earnest purpose and determination to succeed. Especially should our young people feel the thrill of that great movement for the freedom and the uplift of a race which began nearly a century ago. We can't afford to lose the inspiration which comes from the memory of that great past, with all that it represents of suffering, of sacrifice, of heroism, of unswerving devotion to a great cause. I am glad, therefore, when these anniversaries come, these reminders to us of the men and women who counted not their lives dear unto them in behalf of an enslaved race. We ought to welcome these anniversaries, these memorial occasions, we ought to make much of them; we ought to enter enthusiastically into them; we ought to show by our presence

on such occasions, our appreciation of what these noble men and women did, of their splendid services in our behalf. Sometime I have been afraid that we do not enter into such occasions with the enthusiasm that we ought to, especially our young people. May the time never come, anywhere in these United States, when men of color shall hear the name of Garrison, or Phillips, or Sumner, or Whittier, or any of the men and women who were associated with them in the great struggle for freedom, unmoved, with indifference! Let us cherish their memory ourselves, and teach our children to do the same.



JOHN BROWN¹

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.—HEBREWS 11:36-40.

In every age of the world there have been men big enough and brave enough to die for a principle. In the verses just read in our hearing our attention is directed to some of the early martyrs to Christianity,—men who, in spite of the fiery ordeal through which they were made to pass, in spite of nakedness and peril and the sword, stood true to their convictions, and firm in their allegiance to the Jesus Christ. Paul himself who wrote or who is supposed to have written, this epistle to the Hebrews, possessed in an eminent degree the martyr-spirit. No fear of death deterred him from the path of duty. On his way to Jerusalem as some of his friends sought to dissuade him from going, telling him that only bonds and imprisonment awaited him, you remember the noble spirit in which he met this friendly but cowardly advice, “What mean ye, to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name

¹ Delivered December 5, 1909.

of the Lord Jesus." Acts 21:13. You will recall also his equally noble words recorded in Acts 20:22-24. "And now, behold, I go bound in spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Luther also possessed in an eminent degree the same heroic spirit. In his denunciation of the abuses of the Romish Church, its corruptions, its departure from the letter and spirit of the inspired word, he seemed never to have thought for a moment of what might be the possible consequences to himself; nor did he much care, so long as God's truth was vindicated. On his way to the Diet of Worms to meet the charges against him his friends, solicitous for his safety, urged him on reaching Oppenheim, to fly for his life. His reply was: "Flee! Oh no. I will go on. I will enter the town in the name of Jesus Christ. I will enter though there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house tops." And so when he appeared before the Diet, in response to the question of Dr. Eck, "Do you retract those writings or not? Will you defend all the doctrines therein contained, or will you disavow some of them?" His reply was, "I stand here ready, nay anxious, if anyone can prove me to have written falsely, to retract my errors, and to throw my books into the fire with my own willing hand. Unless I am convicted, however, of error by the testimony of the scriptures or by manifest evidence,—for I put no faith in the mere authority of the pontiff, or of councils, which have often been mistaken, and which have frequently contradicted one another, recognizing, as I do, no other guide but the Bible, the word of God, I cannot, and will not retract, for we must never act contrary to our conscience. Such is my confession of faith. Expect no other from me. I have done. God help me. Amen."

This spirit has not only shown itself in matters of religion: it has also played a most important part in the great struggle for liberty, the world over. There have been martyrs to liberty, as

well as to religion. No one, perhaps, has more beautifully voiced this sentiment than Byron, in his *Prisoner of Chillon*:—

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,—
 For there thy habitation is the heart,—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those steps efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

It is a matter for congratulation that this spirit which has been implanted in man by the Creator, has survived all the assaults that have been made upon it. Wherever the iron heel of oppression has rested, it has found resistance, sooner or later. However perilous it has been, there have always been found men brave enough to stand up and speak a manly word for the oppressed, and to seal their testimony, when necessary, with their blood.

This boasted land of the free, in many respects, has been and now is one of the most despicable countries in the world. Its treatment of the Negro as a slave, and since, as a freeman; the cold-blooded and heartless manner in which he has been shut out of nearly all the avenues of making an honest living; and the brutal manner in which he has been shot down and is still being shot down by lawless mobs in the South without redress, constitute one of the darkest, if not the darkest chapter, in its history, and reflect very seriously upon its character as a Christian nation. On the other hand, it may be said with equal truthfulness, in other respects, it is one of the most glorious countries in the world. In spite of its record of injustice and oppression and mob violence against a helpless and defenseless people, it has produced a set of men and women that will challenge comparison with the very finest specimens that the race has produced in any age of the world. Go where you will you will find nowhere a more magnificent set of men and women than was produced dur-

ing the great struggle for freedom in this country. I do not undervalue the character or the services of the men who gave shape and direction to the movement which resulted in the Declaration of Independence and the birth into the family of nations of our great Republic; but I do not hesitate to say, I believe that the men and women who shed greatest luster upon the Republic, who furnish the materials for the most glorious chapter in its history, are those who arrayed themselves on the side of freedom during the great Anti-slavery struggle. In that magnificent crusade there was more real character shown, more manhood and womanhood of the highest type developed,—more of all those qualities we call divine, than in any other struggle that has ever taken place on this continent. The biggest crop of morally great men and women,—the highest kind of greatness,—which this country has produced came out of that struggle. And therefore of all the men and women who go to make up its history, they are the ones, above and beyond all others, who ought to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance. When I think of these noble specimens of humanity:—of their lofty patriotism; of their noble daring in behalf of human rights,—in behalf of the weak and oppressed, and compare them with some of the miserable hypocrites in high places,—with the cowards and sycophants and time-servers with which our land is infested today, the more am I impressed with the importance of holding up their example, of directing special attention to them.

It is of one of these princely sons of the Republic, one of these heaven-born heroes, one of earth's great martyrs to liberty, to human rights, that I desire to speak of this morning, John Brown.

My purpose is to recall briefly the salient points of his life, and to draw a few lessons from them. He was born in the State of Connecticut, May 9, 1800, a little over a century ago. At eight years of age he lost his mother.

At ten, through the influence of a friend, he began for the first time to read a little history; and in this way, "By reading the lives of great and good men, by making himself familiar with their thoughts and sentiments, grew to dislike, we are told, frivolous conversation and persons." Would that our young men and women of to-day possessed more largely than they do something of the same spirit. There is entirely too much frivolity among us. There is a lack of seriousness which is not a promising sign. No

race can hope to amount to very much whose young people are given up mainly or largely to the pleasures and frivolities of life. John Brown began early to take a serious view of life. The thought expressed by the poet,—

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

This thought began very early to take possession of him, and to exert a controlling influence over him.

He began also very early to show an ambition to excel in whatever he undertook, a quality which continued to characterize him all through his life. Even as a boy he aimed to do well whatever he undertook, and knew no such word as fail. Hence success almost always crowned his efforts. If failure came it was not because he hadn't done his best to succeed.

In his fifteenth year he became a Christian, and a firm believer in the Bible as the Word of God. This old book became his daily companion; he loved it and studied it as he did no other book. During the five years following his conversion he felt a very strong desire to improve his mind; but was prevented from doing very much in the way of reading and studying, owing to pressure of business and an inflammation of the eyes from which he was suffering. He managed, however, in spite of these obstacles, to acquire a knowledge of arithmetic and of surveying.

In his twenty-first year he took to himself a wife; and was most fortunate in his selection of a companion. She was not only a woman of most excellent character, but also profoundly sympathized with him in his desire to help the slave, to be of service to the oppressed blacks in this country. In 1833, death having deprived him of this excellent lady, he was married a second time to a no less worthy helpmeet, by whom he had thirteen children, and who was loyal to him and the cause which lay so near his heart, to the very end.

In 1846 he moved to New England, and took up his abode at Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1849 he changed his residence to North Elba, N. Y. Gerrit Smith had set aside a hundred thousand acres of land in that part of the state, which he offered free

to any colored families who would come and occupy them. This invitation was accepted by quite a number, and John Brown, who was anxious to help the colored people, and who felt that he could be of help to them, went to see Mr. Smith with a view of settling among them.

The substance of what he said to Mr. Smith was, "I am something of a pioneer; I grew up among the woods and wild Indians of Ohio; and am used to the climate and way of life that your colony finds so trying. I will take one of your farms myself, clear it up and plant it, and show my colored neighbors how such work should be done; will give them work as I have occasion, look after them in all needful ways, and be a kind of father to them."

How beautiful is the spirit which these words reveal! how Christ-like! His desire was not to be ministered unto, but to minister, to be of service to others, and especially to this poor race of ours. The little that he could do to help these colored families, in the region of North Elba, exposed as they were to the rigors of a northern climate, he was glad to do; but it was the condition of the millions of this race all over the country—enslaved, degraded, brutalized, reduced to the level of mere chattels, beasts of burden—that weighed most heavily upon his heart and mind. Others might be indifferent to the wrongs that were being perpetrated upon these oppressed millions, but he was not: he felt that it was his duty, his divinely appointed mission to strike a blow for the liberation of the slave. And this was the thought which now filled him; which dominated his soul; which stirred him to the very depths of his being.

His eyes were opened to the true character of slavery by the treatment which a little slave boy received at the hand of a cruel master, with whom he used to spend a day occasionally as a cattle driver, a business in which he was engaged when he was quite young. He saw this little colored boy, who was a bright intelligent little fellow, poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly lodged in winter; and knocked and cuffed about, and beaten with iron shovels or anything that came to hand, as though he were a dog. This set him thinking. He began to reflect, he tells us, on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children, sometimes raising the question, "Is God their father?"

With a view of settling this question he began studying it in the light of his Bible, and came to the conclusion, as the result,

that slavery was wrong; and, though he was yet in his teens vowed eternal hostility to it. He not only felt that it was his duty to fight the institution of slavery, to seek its overthrow; but that he had been especially raised up by God for that purpose. This was all settled, "he said, that is, the part which he was to play in the great struggle," millions of years before the world was made. He was evidently a strong believer in predestination. He had a firm faith in God; and a firm faith in the Bible as the Word of God. And as he read the book day by day pondered upon its great truths, he seemed to hear the voice of God speaking to him out of it as clearly as Moses heard it out of the burning bush, or Paul heard it out of the brightness above the noonday sun, on his way to Damascus, bidding him arise and strike for the freedom of the slave, for the overthrow of the slave oligarchy. To free the slave; to break every fetter and let the oppressed go free became therefore the great purpose of his life; his master passion. To this end everything was made subservient, every other interest was subordinated. All of his plans, his every movement, had reference to it. He valued men and measures in proportion as they helped or hindered the cause upon which he had now embarked.

In 1858 he said to Richard Hinton, "I have never made any business arrangement which would prevent me at any time answering the call of the Lord. I have kept my affairs in such condition that in two weeks I could wind them up and be ready to obey the call, permitting nothing to stand in the way of duty—neither wife, nor children, nor worldly goods." He not only kept every thing in such a condition as to be ready at a moment's notice, but he regulated his household expenses and ran his business with a view of being the better able to carry out this project.

Frederick Douglass paid him a visit during his residence in Springfield, Massachusetts, and has left us a description of that visit in his own inimitable style. He tells us,—“His dwelling was a small wooden building on a back street, in a neighborhood chiefly occupied by laboring men and mechanics, respectable enough, to be sure, but not quite the place, I thought, where one would look for the residence of a flourishing and successful merchant. Plain as was the outside of the house, the inside was plainer. Its furniture would have satisfied a Spartan. It would take longer to tell what was not in the house than what was in it.

There was an air of plainness about it that almost suggested destitution. My first meal passed under the misnomer of a tea, though there was nothing suggestive of that meal as it is generally understood. It consisted of beef soup, cabbage and potatoes,—a meal such as a man might relish after following the plough all day. There were no servants, the mother, daughters and sons did the serving." Mr. Douglass afterwards learned that the secret of this extreme plainness of living was that he might save as much money as possible for his great enterprise of freeing the slaves. Everything that could be dispensed with beyond the barest necessities was given up by himself and family for the sake of the slave. The one thought that filled and thrilled him, the one thing for which he stood ready to sacrifice all that he had, even life itself, was the freedom of the slave.

It was obedience to the solemn purpose which he had formed of fighting slavery to the death that carried him to Kansas in 1855. With the cause which precipitated that struggle you are all familiar. By the Compromise of 1820 it had been decided that, with the exception of Missouri, slavery should be prohibited in the territory of the United States north of the parallel 36 degrees and 30 minutes, and west of the Mississippi River. In 1854, however, this was repealed. A bill was introduced in Congress, known as the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and was passed May 31st, by which the restrictions of 1820 were removed and the two territories of Kansas and Nebraska organized. The position taken by Stephen A. Douglas in the discussion was what was known as the Squatter Sovereignty Doctrine, namely, that the complexion of the territories as to slavery or freedom was to be determined by the majority of those who settled it. The moment this principle was accepted and the territories thrown open, emigrants from both sections of the country began to pour into Kansas,—those from the North determined to make it a free state, and those from the South equally determined to make it a slave state. In the struggle which ensued, for a long time, the advantages were on the side of slavery. Through the influence of border ruffians from Missouri every obstacle was thrown in the way of northern emigrants. They were driven back; were tarred and feathered; their claims were seized; their cabins were burned down; they were often ordered by committees of Southern emigrants or the Missouri rabble to leave the territory at once under penalty of death.

The spirit of the pro-slavery party may be gathered from the following extracts taken from a notable speech delivered at the time in St. Joseph, Missouri, by General Stringfellow: "I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you who is in the least tainted with abolitionism, or free-soilism and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the d—d rascals. I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas in defiance of Reeder and his myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither take nor give quarter as the cause demands it. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal." The importance of the struggle in Kansas was fully appreciated by both sides, as is evident from the following taken from the *Charleston Mercury* in 1856: "By consent of parties the present contest in Kansas is made the turning point in the destinies of slavery and abolition. If the South triumphs abolition will be defeated and shorn of its power for all time. If she is defeated abolition will grow more and more insolent and aggressive until the utter ruin of the South is consummated. If the South secures Kansas she will extend slavery into all territories south of the fortieth parallel of North latitude to the Rio Grande; and thus, of course, will secure for her pent-up institution of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in Congress. If the North secures Kansas the power of the South in Congress will gradually diminish and the slave population will become valueless. All depends upon the action of the present moment."

Into this struggle between freedom and slavery, John Brown, as might have been expected, threw himself with all the earnestness of his nature. He took at once a leading part and made his influence felt throughout the territory. He became a tower of strength to the friends of freedom, and a terror to the abettors of the slave power. Through his efforts several splendid victories were won, notably, the battles of Black Jack and of Ossawatimie.

After remaining in Kansas a little over a year, and after enduring many hardships, in the latter part of 1856 he started North, reaching Boston in January, 1857, in the hope of securing aid, and of exciting a deeper interest in behalf of the struggling cause in Kansas. With this end in view he traveled from place to place, made addresses, and issued an appeal. The appeal was addressed to the friends of freedom throughout the United States, calling upon them to hold up his hands by pecuniary aid, as his individual

means, which he had freely used for the cause of freedom, were nearly exhausted. After several months spent in this way he turned his face again towards Kansas, deeply pained at the slender results of his visit East, and the lukewarmness and criminal indifference of the people of the East to the sin of slavery. He gave expression to his feeling in some notes which were found among his papers at the homestead in North Elba, in his own hand-writing after his death. It is entitled "Old John Brown's Farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins." And is as follows:—"He has left for Kansas. He has been trying since he came out of the territory to secure an outfit, or in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute men who are mixed up with the people of Kansas; and he leaves the states with a feeling of deepest sadness, that after having exhausted his own small means and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in irons, with extreme cruel treatment, and others death; that after lying on the ground for months in most sickly, unwholesome and uncomfortable places,—some of the time with sick and wounded destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves, sustained in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause which every citizen of this glorious Republic is under moral obligation to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God,—a cause in which every man woman and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest: that when no wages are asked or expected, he cannot secure amid all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this heaven-exalted people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. How are the mighty fallen!"

There is nothing, perhaps, which sets forth more fully what this man and those who were associated with him endured in Kansas for the cause of freedom, than those touching words. Though disappointed and sorely grieved at the indifference, the lack of sympathy with which his earnest appeal was received, he was not discouraged, however. He returned to Kansas and with the slender resources at his command carried on the fight, confident that in the end victory would crown the efforts of the friends of freedom.

John Brown had very little faith in moral suasion in dealing with slavery. He believed that severer measures were necessary; that it would yield to violence, and violence only. This was his remedy, his method of attack from the first. He saw no hope for slave; no hope of purging the nation of the sin of slavery except by an appeal to arms,—through the shedding of blood. And it was under this conviction that his plans were made which culminated at Harpers Ferry.

How the old hero was wounded; how he was struck several times over his head with a saber, and bayoneted twice after he was down on the ground; how for the space of thirty hours he lay on the floor of the guardhouse weltering in his blood, without a bed, and without receiving any attention; how he was finally lodged in the jail at Charles Town, tried, condemned, and executed, we are all familiar with, and therefore I will not take the time to recount these events in detail. Suffice it to say,—in attempting to serve others, his own life was sacrificed.

After he was pronounced dead, his body was lowered from the scaffold; loving friends received it, and conveyed it to his home at North Elba; and on the eighth of the month, with appropriate ceremonies, all that was mortal of the old hero was laid to rest, where his ashes still repose.

His body was laid to rest, but not his spirit. They had shattered the earthly tabernacle, but the dauntless, irrepressible, liberty-loving spirit of John Brown was still alive, and was destined to play a still more important part in the great struggle for freedom, to exert a still more potent influence. It is Byron who says,—

They never fail who die
 In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others and conduct
 The world, at last, to freedom.

And this was the higher mission upon which John Brown had now entered. By his death and seeming failure, the cause was to be greatly strengthened; a new impulse was to be given to the

movement; and large accessions were to be made to the ranks of freedom. To destroy the institution of slavery and let the oppressed go free was the crowning ambition of this man's life; and, God, who knew the desire of his heart, permitted him to be executed at Charles Town as the most effective means to that end. Great as were his services in life, they were vastly greater in death. This was the view which he himself took of it, and which subsequent events showed to be true. Von Holst, in the seventh volume of his History of the United States, in referring to the matter says,—“By means of that scaffold, the first erected in the United States for a traitor, and indeed for a political criminal, the words, ‘He that is not for me is against me; and he who is not against me, is for me grew to the fullness of truth.’ Precisely because it was conceded, almost without contradiction, that the legal existence of slavery had made Brown's execution a necessity, people could not help having universally a certain feeling of responsibility for it, since not the South alone, but the entire people, bore before God and man, the responsibility for the legal existence of slavery. Hence, if not loudly, at least irrepressibly, the voice of conscience, in numberless breasts, demanded an answer to the question, whether that scaffold was a tree of malediction and ignominy for the man who had to breathe out his life upon it, or not rather for the people who were compelled by their institutions to erect it. Brown's conduct, from the moment of his arrest until his latest breath, irresistibly forced new multitudes every day, to ask themselves this question with the honesty and earnestness which its dreadful importance demanded, and the number of those from whom it wrested the right answer, and who had the courage publicly to confess it, swelled to even greater proportions. The attack which he and his twenty comrades made on slavery with powder and lead was a sublime piece of folly, but the manner in which he bore the consequences of his act was simply sublime without the slightest admixture of folly. The fear with which his lawless violence had inspired the South was groundless, but the slavocracy had no arms, offensive or defensive, against John Brown, overpowered, mortally wounded, and hanged. Even in his boldest dreams he had never ventured to hope that he would be able to deal slavery a blow of such destructive force as he had now dealt it, by his suffering and his death.”

The part which his death was destined to play, in the great struggle, became more and more apparent to John Brown himself as the hour of his execution approached. As early as February 24, 1858, he had said,—“I expect nothing but to endure hardship; but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson.”

To his brother, Nov. 12, 1859, he wrote,—“I am gaining in health slowly, and am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being firmly persuaded that I am worth more for hanging than for any other purpose.” He closes his letter to his sister of the same date with the words: “Say to all my friends that I am waiting cheerfully and patiently the day of my appointed time, fully believing that for me now to die will be an infinite gain and of untold benefit to the cause we love, wherefore be of good cheer and let not your heart be troubled.” And in his last letter addressed to his family he says, “I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and humanity; and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost.”

This was not only the view of John Brown, but others felt the same way. Mr. Phillips, in his funeral address over him, said, among other things, “He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much to say. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate the least. Men walked Boston streets, when night fell on Bunker Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better? Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia emancipation from Harpers Ferry. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes,—it does not live,—hereafter.”

And so it was. While John Brown's body was mouldering in the grave his soul went marching on, and continued to march on until freedom came. From Harpers Ferry there could be no retreat. The spirit of Freedom, incarnating itself in this man, had grappled in bloody and deadly conflict with the slave power.

and though he was beaten down, others came forward and took his place, and kept up the struggle until victory came. It was at Harpers Ferry that the "trumpet that never calls retreat," was sounded forth as it had not been heard before in this land.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the part which John Brown played in the great struggle for freedom in this country. He has placed the whole nation, and especially our race, under a lasting debt of gratitude to him. Only here and there, as we run down the long annals of history, do we find a man of his stamp. God doesn't send a great many such men into this world; but occasionally he does send us a man of his stripe,—a man of courage, of convictions, of moral earnestness, of unswerving loyalty to the right, a man who isn't afraid to die in the path of duty. And John Brown was such a man. How beautifully has his character been sketched for us in the noble lines written to his memory:—

A stern, brave man, of iron nerve
 Stood on the gallows tree,—
 A martyr to the noble thought
 That all mankind was free.

For threescore years that thought had burned
 Into his soul so brave,
 Till he believed it came from God
 That he should free the slave.

He passed through trouble, grief, and woe,—
 No murmuring word he spoke;
 Stern to his purpose, firm he stood
 As stands the mountain oak.

Nor friend nor foe could move his soul
 To swerve from his intent;
 The time, he thought, at last had come,—
 Bold to his work he went.

Alas, that arm, though nerved with truth,
 Essayed too great a deed;
 It bravely struck, and boldly too,
 It battled but to bleed.

The man borne down and overcome,
 Was forced at last to yield;
 But the brave soul, defiant still,
 Its mighty strength revealed.

And e'en the bravest cowered and quailed
 Beneath the eagle eye,
 Which all the petty tyrant's rage
 It did in scorn defy.

A trial! 'twas a mockery
 Condemned this man to death;
 With cheek unblanched he scorned their power,
 E'en with his latest breath.

And when upon the gallows tree
 This brave old hero stood,
 Prepared in freedom's holy cause
 To sacrifice his blood;

When asked the sign of death to give,
 Replied in accents steady;
 Virginia drops the handkerchief,
 John Brown is always ready.

Virginia dropped the handkerchief,
 And brave John Brown is gone:
 But, ah! she finds her ruin, while
 His soul is marching on.

The man, whom all men thought was crazed
 When tyrants he defied;
 Saw the great future deeper far
 Than all the world beside.

Such was this old hero; this martyr to liberty, to the rights of man; this friend of the weak, of the oppressed, of the downtrodden; this friend of the slave, of the brother in black, when friends were few. Others may forget him, but the members of this race can never, will never. As long as one representative of the enslaved millions in this country and their descendants remain, will his memory be cherished.

And now in closing, there are a few lessons, as a race, which we should learn from this noble record:—We need to be dominated by a great purpose, as John Brown was. John Brown had a mark towards which he was ever pressing. He could say, and say from the bottom of his heart,—This one thing I do; and that one thing was the freedom of the slave. As a race we are suffering in this land from great wrongs; the purpose is to keep us down, to deprive us of our rights, civil and political, to rivet upon us chains that are more galling than those which bound the slave.

Are we going to submit to it? Are we going quietly to acquiesce in this renewed effort of the Slave Power to neutralize the great Amendments to the Constitution, or are we going to stand up for our rights as men, and as citizens of the Republic? John Brown had a purpose,—let it be our purpose, a purpose which nothing shall be able to shake,—to stand up squarely and uncompromisingly for what belongs to us, for what we are entitled to. The heathen may rage, the people may imagine a vain thing, bloody riots may be incited, red-handed murder, in the shape of mobs, may continue to stalk through the land; but let us not be driven from our purpose. God is greater than presidents, or Senates, or Houses of Representatives,—greater than political parties, greater than all the hoards of Negro-haters, North and South, in high places and in low places, who are seeking to hound us down. If we are right we are bound, sooner or later, to triumph. Tenacity of purpose,—the purpose to “sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,”—is what you need, and what I need, and what the race needs; and what we must have if we are to succeed, if we are to hold our own in the great struggle in which we are engaged. The fact that John Brown was willing to die that we might be free, willing to die, that we might become citizens of this Republic, with all that that implies, should lead us to hold sacred our rights. Rights purchased at such a time should not be lightly esteemed. The memory of John Brown, of the greatness of the sacrifice which he made, should fix forever in the breast of every Negro in this land, the purpose never to surrender the rights which he helped to make possible to us,—rights that have been so dearly bought.

We need the spirit of self-sacrifice which John Brown possessed. He lived in the plainest kind of a house, he lived on the plainest kind of food, he dressed in the plainest kind of clothes, and his family did the same,—and all for the sake of the cause in which he was interested and to which he had given his life. John Brown was willing to deny himself of a great many things, a great many of the comforts of life,—to say nothing of the luxuries, in order that he might help the slave. And that is the spirit that we need, as a race, but which we haven't got, I am sorry to say, in any large measure. We have yet to learn this great lesson of self-denial for the sake of the cause in which we are engaged. In contending for our rights, among other things, we have got to have money if the fight is to be properly made. If it is only a

campaign of education, we must have money; and, if we are to carry matters into the courts, we have got to have money,—the lawyers are to be paid, and there are other expenses incident to such proceedings that must be met. You can't take a step without money. And this money ought not to come from white men. We ourselves ought to furnish the sinews of war; we ought to be sufficiently interested in our own rights to be willing to make some sacrifices in order to maintain them. Until, as a people, we are willing to deny ourselves for the cause, we are not going to make much headway. As long as we think more of a dollar, and of what that dollar will bring to us in the way of personal material comforts, than we do of our rights, the cause will languish. It shows that while we are prating about our wrongs, and pretending to be chafing under them, it is only talk. These wrongs haven't yet taken hold of us as they ought to, otherwise we would be willing to make sacrifices to have them righted, or, at least, to make a manly effort to do so. It is well enough to love the almighty dollar, but we ought not to be willing to hold on to it at the expense of our rights. The spirit of self-sacrifice, of self-denial for the cause is what we need, more largely than we have, as a race.

We need the noble daring, the sublime courage which John Brown possessed. John Brown was no coward. He had convictions, and he was not afraid to let men know what he thought. And we need brave men in this battle which we are waging,—men who are physically brave, men who are morally brave. There are things that only brave men can say; there are times when only brave men dare speak. Frederick Douglass was such a man. He looked like a lion, and he had the heart of a lion.

“John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on,”

we sometimes sing. God grant that the spirit of this old battled-scarred hero, this man of dauntless courage, while it is marching on, may take possession of some of us. It is impossible to wage successfully any warfare, physical or moral, with cowards; you have got to have brave men to lead, and brave men in the ranks. And this is the kind of men that we need and must have, if we are to succeed,—men who are not afraid to speak; men who are not afraid to act; men who are not afraid to die, if it becomes necessary.

We need the tireless, sleepless energy of John Brown. He was alive, wide awake in every fiber of his being. He knew how to work, and how to work long and hard for the object which he had in view.

We need to catch the spirit of this old hero,—his passion for work. For there is so much to be done, in so many directions in working out this great problem of our elevation. We need all the energy and push that we can possibly muster up. Those that are sleeping, must be waked up; those that are sitting with folded hands, must be stirred to action. Everywhere, within the race, among old as well as young, there must be generated a sense of the importance of active, earnest work on the part of all. Whatever our hands find to do we must be made to realize the importance of doing with our might. If we don't we will be sure to be left behind in the race of life. It is the man who has push and energy and pluck that is going to succeed; and the same is true of a race. There must be no folding of the hands; no calling for a little more sleep, a little more slumber. We must all be active and earnest; we must all be up and doing.

We need John Brown's faith in God, and in the old book of God. The Psalmist says,—

“Great peace have they that love thy law.”

And again,

Except the Lord build the house,
They labor in vain that build it:
Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

It is important for us, as a race, to remember this, and to hold on to God, and to make his Word the man of our counsel, and the guide of our lives. We may think that we can get along without God, that we can work out the problem of our elevation without him, but we are mistaken. Let us live ourselves, to the glory of God and train our children to do the same. This is what John Brown did; and this is what we must do if we are to come out all right. In noble qualities of this man we have a splendid example for the imitation of our race. May his inspiring example, the example of a great purpose, steadily adhered to; of a spirit of self-sacrifice, of sublime courage, of noble daring, of tireless, sleepless energy, of implicit faith and trust in God and in his Word,

not be lost upon us, and upon our children, and our children's children. Let it be to us a constant spur and stimulus to all high endeavor, to all noble action. There yet remains a great deal to be done; but with faith in God, and faith in ourselves, and the purpose to do the right, we cannot fail. If John Brown were permitted to speak to us today from heaven, where he has been now for fifty years, he would say to us, I believe, Never despair! Never give up! The forces that are for you are greater than those that are against you. Be patient; be earnest; be aggressive. In spite of Atlanta riots; in spite of the official lynching, or the unjust dismissal of Negro soldiers, and the Negro-hating spirit which it exhibits, and all the other brood of evils that seem to be threatening you, keep a stout heart. Out of the darkness, and the seeming triumph of the forces of oppression and injustice in 1859 when I was executed, there came the Emancipation Proclamation, and the great Amendments to the Constitution. Be assured of one thing, God did not strike the shackles from your limbs, and lift you to the plane of American citizenship, that he might desert you and leave you in the hands of your enemies. The same power that was with you in the dark days of slavery, and that stood behind you when the great Amendments were being put through, is still with you, and will continue to be with you to the end.

Back of all the forces that have been put in operation for the uplift of your race, from the beginning to the present, God has been, and still is. He it was who stirred the Anti-slavery leaders to action, and brought on the war, and inspired the men in Congress,—men like Sumner, and Stevens, and Wade,—and that moved upon the heart of Lincoln himself. It was the power of God, working through human agencies, that brought about emancipation, and that lifted you to the plane of citizenship, and clothed you with the sacred right of the ballot. And will he now desert you? Will he leave you naked to the tender mercies of your enemies? Never. God doesn't work that way; that is not his way of doing things. These great landmarks in your history,—slavery, emancipation, citizenship, the ballot, are the evidences that there is to be no backward step. God never would have brought you thus far unless he meant to stand by you, and to see that the rights guaranteed to you under the Constitution, are yours in reality as well as in name. In spite of discouragements; in spite of the gathering gloom, God is leading you on."

God's ways seem dark ; but, soon or late
They reach the shining hills of day.

That is what John Brown would say to us today, I believe, if he were permitted to speak to us. Ours is not a hopeless fight, but one that is sure to eventuate in victory.

As we go to our homes this afternoon, with the memory of this old hero fresh upon us, let us remember what God hath wrought since the raid on Harpers Ferry and since the great sacrifice at Charles Town, and let us rejoice, and lift up our hearts and voices in praise and thanksgiving to Him. Not unto us; not unto us; but unto His great and holy Name be all the glory. Amen.

10

REMARKS AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE ORDINATION TO THE MINISTRY OF THE REV. JOHN B. REEVE

The special occasion that calls us together at this time is memorable, because it is intended to commemorate the preaching of the glorious gospel of the grace of God by one man for half a century. It has been just fifty years ago today since the honored pastor of this church was solemnly set apart by the Presbytery to the gospel ministry.

(1). That in itself is a fact that is worthy of note. Of the many positions that a man may fill in this life, I know of none that is more honorable than that of the gospel ministry; nor one that opens up a wider field of usefulness. To stand between the living and the dead; to stand as God's representative; to be the bearer of the message of salvation to a perishing world, is an honor greater than that which belongs to an ambassador of the greatest of earthly powers. The setting apart of a man to the office of the gospel ministry is, in itself, an event of more than ordinary interest—not only because of the message which he bears, but also because of the relation which he sustains officially to the greatest being in the universe.

(2). That this ministry has continued for fifty years is a still more notable fact. It has been the privilege of a great many to preach the gospel. Hundreds and thousands of faithful men have proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy, have called sinners to re-

¹ Delivered at Philadelphia, in the Central Presbyterian Church, June 4, 1911, at 11 o'clock, A. M., Semi-centennial of the Ordination of Rev. John B. Reeve, D.D.

pentance; but it has been granted to but few to continue in the active ministry for half a century. Fifty years are a long time to look back over. It is longer than many of us here this morning have lived. For fifty years, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, the same voice has been heard, pointing men the way to life, saying to them,—“Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” Think of the number of sermons preached during these years! At the lowest calculation, two a week, there would be fifty-two hundred; and half as many more lectures, during the weekly services.

(3). That this ministry has continued during the whole of these fifty years, in the same church, interrupted only by a few years of absence, is still more remarkable. There are not many long pastorates now. The average duration is but brief. Before a man has had time to know his congregation, or they to know him, there is a change, either because some more inviting field presents itself or because the people are tired of him. There are few pastorates in this city, or in any of our cities, that have lasted as long as this. There are people here today who were not born when it began; there are people here today with children and perhaps grandchildren, who were only children themselves when it began. There are fathers and mothers here today whose children were not only baptized by the venerable pastor of this church, but who were themselves baptized by him in infancy. The man who for so many years sustains such close and intimate relations to a people,—baptizing them in infancy, uniting them in the holy bonds of matrimony, visiting them when they are sick, sympathizing with them in the hour of sorrow and distress, and saying the sad last rites over their loved ones in the hour of death—who has wept with them and rejoiced with them,—covering a period of years, has a hold upon his people, an influence over them that no brief ministry could possibly give. The bond that unites pastor and people is a sacred bond, and, like the bond of marriage, ought not to be severed except by death, unless there are very, very good reasons for it. When a church extends a call to a man, and the man accepts it, and the bond has been constituted, there ought always to be the understanding on the part of both pastor and people, that it is for life; or, in the phraseology of the marriage ceremony, “till death us do part.” I believe that such a pastorate

is better for the church, and better for the minister: larger and better results grow out of it.

(4). This pastorate has not only continued for nearly the whole of these fifty years over the same church, but during all these years it has been an efficient pastorate, which, if possible, is still more wonderful. Nearly fifty years is a long time for the same man to speak to the same people without exhausting himself, without losing in power and influence; fifty years is a long time for the same man to continue to speak to the same people, and to keep up the same high standard of pulpit ministrations. It is no easy matter to have something fresh, something interesting, inspiring, something that is worthy of the attention of thoughtful people, week after week in the same place, for fifty years. It requires work, hard work, patient, painstaking, earnest effort, day in and day out. The man who is going to feed his people, who is going to break to them the bread of life, who is going to lead them into green pastures and by the side of still waters, and to do it for years, has to be a student; has to study, and study hard.

What this pulpit has been for nearly fifty years, you know and I know; we all know. Here the gospel has been preached in its purity, and with simplicity and power. It has been an intelligent ministry, and a ministry of the highest character. No pulpit in this city has commanded greater respect. It is a great thing to live in a community for fifty years, and at the end of that time to stand not only above reproach but to be held in the highest estimation by it, by its best citizens, by its most worthy representatives.

These fifty years have been years of earnest, faithful work for the Master, carried on quietly, unostentatiously, with no thought of catching the popular ear or of winning applause, but simply with an eye single to the glory of him who seeth in secret. At no time, during the forty-five years that I have known Dr. Reeve, have I ever been able to discover anything like self-seeking, any desire or disposition on his part to exploit himself with a view of getting glory of men. He has been singularly free from that kind of weakness. The work that he has done has been not with a view of magnifying himself, but of magnifying Jesus Christ. To him, I am sure, that the greatest joy of these fifty years has been the joy of preaching the glorious gospel of the grace of God. Such a ministry is worthy of all honor. And I, who for forty-five years

have known something of it, of its scope, of its quality, of the spirit that has been back of it, desire with all my heart to extend to Dr. Reeve my warmest congratulations. When I was only a young man, a student at Lincoln University, I sat here under the sound of your voice, and feasted on the good things which you so lavishly spread for us; and during all the years since, whenever I have had the opportunity of hearing you, I have been abundantly repaid, I have always been fed, and fed with the finest of the wheat. I am not unmindful also of the fact that it was from this church, under your pastorate, that I became a candidate for the gospel ministry, and that it was by this session, over which you presided, that I was recommended to the Presbytery. During nearly the whole of your fifty years in the ministry I have been associated with you in one way or another, and always most pleasantly.

I not only congratulate you myself, but I am sure, though I am not authorized to speak for them, that I speak the sentiment of every one of our ministers, when I say, I am not only glad that God has blessed you, but that he has made you a blessing to so many during these fifty years. Your career has filled us all with pride and pleasure. I desire to assure you, for myself and for others who share with me the same sentiment, of the high estimation in which you are held by us, of the admiration which we feel for the noble manner in which you have carried yourself during these years, and of our affectionate regard for you as a man and brother. Our earnest prayer is that God's richest blessings may continue to rest upon you; that your last days may be your best days; and that your bow may continue to abide in strength.

I wish also to extend to this church and congregation my hearty congratulations. These years, I know, have been pleasant years to you. Highly as Dr. Reeve may be appreciated elsewhere, nowhere is he so highly appreciated as here where he has given the best days of his life in earnest effort to make you better men and women. If there is any man who ought to be thoroughly loved and appreciated, it is a good minister. And I am sure such a one you have had for nearly fifty years. I need not tell you to esteem him highly for his work's sake, for this, I am sure, you will continue to do in the future as you have done in the past. You have been good to him in the past; see to it that you make his last days the happiest years of his life. Let him see, more and more, as the days and weeks and months and years go by, how fully you ap-

preciate his long and faithful and loving ministry. May God's richest blessings continue to rest upon pastor and people is my earnest prayer.

In this connection, I feel, perhaps, that I ought also to say a word of congratulation to the community at large. For fifty years you have had a good man living in your midst,—a scholar, an able divine, a man of the highest character. And this fact you have not been unmindful of, but in various ways, and on more than one occasion, have shown the highest estimate that you place upon him. His long and faithful ministry here has been a blessing not only to this church and congregation but also to the community at large. The whole community has been made the stronger and better because he has lived in it these nearly fifty years. It is a great thing for a community to have had before it, in some prominent conspicuous place, a strong, clean man for nearly half a century. And this is what you have had here in the person of Dr. Reeve. Although you may not be connected with this particular church or congregation, you have a right, therefore, to have a part in this celebration; and I have a right to congratulate you as well as congratulate the church. It is an event that gives us all pleasure, and in which we all take a just pride. We can all rejoice, and we do all rejoice, and together can say, with hearts full of thanksgiving, to our dear brother, "Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been permitted to do what but few men have been permitted to do—to stand for fifty years, with powers unabated, as God's representative to a dying and sinful world; and we trust that there are yet more years of usefulness before you."

There are many things more that might be said, but I have said enough to indicate how highly you are esteemed by us, and what a warm place you have in our hearts. When a man has labored as long and as effectively in a community as you have in this, it is fitting that the alabaster box of precious ointment should be broken and the odor be permitted to fill the room. And this alabaster box we break today. To our dear brother, the odor is our love, our appreciation of what he has done, of what he has tried to do during all these years. Let him never be conscious of the absence of this sweet odor of our love, of our appreciation. When the time comes for him to go hence, may he be permitted to carry the sweet consciousness of it with him into the great life beyond.

I am sure, that in that life, among the things that will be most precious to him, will be the memory of the affectionate regard in which he was held by us all.

May the richest blessing of almighty God continue to rest upon you, is my earnest prayer, and, I am sure, is the earnest prayer of all those who have known you and loved you during all these years.

II

REV. JOHN B. REEVE¹

On Monday morning, in the first mail, I received a letter from my friend, Rev. Matthew Anderson of this city, telling me of the illness of Dr. Reeve. "The physician," he said, "did not think on Friday night that he would live until morning. He has had several sinking spells. Since then I have seen him twice. I will keep you posted daily as to his condition." I wrote the Rev. Mr. Anderson at once, thanking him for his letter, and also wrote at the same time to the oldest daughter, Miss Annie Reeve, telling her how sorry I was to learn of her father's illness, and giving her a message to give to her father for me: I said, "Give him my love, and tell him, though absent in body we are all thinking of him and are with him in thought, and in tenderest sympathy." On Tuesday morning a second letter came from the Rev. Mr. Anderson, in which he said: "Dr. Reeve passed away this morning at 2 A. M. He was conscious to the very last and talked with all who were present. I little thought when I was with him yesterday at three o'clock that it was the last time I would see him; he expressed himself as hoping he would see me again today."

A little later on in the day I received a letter also from the daughter telling me of the death of her father; the day and time of the funeral; and that it was the desire of her father that I take part in these services.

I knew, of course, from his age, that what came to him on Monday morning, in the nature of the case, could not have been much longer deferred. And yet, we are never prepared for death. It always comes as a surprise. In a moment when we are least expecting it. I had hoped that Dr. Reeve might be with us a few years longer, at least. We are hoping next November to celebrate

¹ Delivered in Philadelphia, Central Presbyterian Church, January 20, 1916, 1 o'clock, P. M.

the 75th anniversary of the organization of the church of which I am pastor, and among those who were scheduled to take part in the celebration was Dr. Reeve, who, while head of the Theological Department of Howard University, also, for a time, supplied the pulpit of the Fifteenth Street Church: and we were especially anxious to have him present with us on that occasion. But the dear heavenly Father has ordered otherwise. On Monday morning the end came. And we are here today, not to mourn,—not to indulge in vain regrets, but simply to say, at the end of this long and useful career, “Well done! well done! Good and faithful servant.”

Here he came when he was only a young man, fresh from the seminary; and here for more than fifty years he went in and out among you, doing faithfully and earnestly the work which his hands found to do in the vineyard of the Lord: here for more than fifty years he stood as a tower of strength and as a shining light to the whole community, commanding by his upright character and his intelligence the respect of the entire community irrespective of denominational affiliation. He was officially the pastor of this Church, but the whole community claimed him—was proud of him, and rejoiced in his possession.

In looking back over his career, there are some things that stand out in my own mind, to which, in the few moments that I am expected to occupy, I desire to direct attention:

I. He was a fine preacher. He knew how to wield the sword of the Spirit with power. The preaching of the word was not to him a secondary matter in his ministry. It was to him the great thing to which everything else was subordinated. It was the thing which he particularly stressed in his ministry. Hence his sermons were always carefully prepared. They were not simply thrown together without much thought or reflection, hurriedly in order to fill up the time usually allowed to the sermon in the Sunday services. He realized that when the time came to preach, it was the opportunity which God had given him to feed the flock and to call sinners to repentance. And his aim always was to make the amplest preparation—in the careful study of the passage to be expounded, in grasping clearly the truth which it contained, which he saw was necessary if he was to be able to make it plain to others—in gathering illustrations by which to illuminate it, and arguments by which to enforce it. At the beginning of

each week the chief thought with him was the message—the spiritual food which he was to serve out to the people. As the under-shepherd of the flock, he realized that his great mission was to lead the flock into green pastures and by the side of still waters. And he knew that these green pastures and still waters were not stumbled upon, but had to be searched for, came as the result of careful, diligent, persistent effort. The scriptures must be searched; the truth must be digged for; waters out of the wells of salvation must be drawn out; there must be effort put forth, constant, persistent painstaking effort. No one realized this more fully than did Dr. Reeve in the preparation of his sermons. No one could hear him preach without realizing that careful preparation had gone into his message. And, careful preparation, not only in the intellectual preparation of his sermons, but also in the still more important aspect of pulpit preparation, the spiritual side of it—the preparation that comes from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, both in building the sermon, and in its delivery, as well as in the atmosphere of the church as reflected in the attitude of the hearers. Dr. Reeve was a man of prayer, and he realized the necessity of Divine help in this great and important function of the ministry. He came to the preparation of his sermons and to their delivery, in the attitude of prayer, realizing that “though Paul may plant, and Apollos water, the increase comes from God,” and upon God he always relied. Now, we ministers, don’t always do that. We are too apt to feel that we are sufficient of ourselves, because of our education or ability or attainments, or because of something else, and so come short, fail to accomplish the results that we might otherwise accomplish.

It was my privilege frequently, especially in my early manhood, to sit under the sound of Dr. Reeve’s voice, and I can truthfully say, I never heard him preach a poor sermon; I never heard him when I was not benefited, when I was not fed both intellectually and spiritually. And I always felt that back of the message was not only John B. Reeve, who had given careful preparation to what he was saying, but conjoined with him was a higher and greater power, the presence of the Holy Spirit. The younger men among us who are already in the ministry, or who are coming into it, would do well to lay to heart what I have been saying about Dr. Reeve in the matter of preparation for the pulpit. The

temptation is, in too many cases, to become careless, to be satisfied with shoddy, slipshod, indifferent work.

II. He was a man of scholarly attainments. He never ceased to be a student; he never lost his taste for study; he never allowed himself by pressure from the outside to deprive him of his study hour. He was always delving; always seeking to enlarge the stores of his knowledge, to get a broader vision of things, and a greater store of information from which, not only to enrich his own intellectual and spiritual life, but also from which to draw supplies for his pulpit ministrations. He was an omnivorous reader. I don't know any man among us who was as widely read as he was, who, during his lifetime, read as many books as he did. He was reading, always reading, and reading in many directions—history, poetry, philosophy, fiction, books of travel—books religious and books secular.

Very early in his college and seminary life he came to realize with Milton the value of good books. "As good almost kill a man as a good book;" you remember is what Milton said; "who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye." "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond." Yes, good books; and he knew what the friendship of good books was; and that friendship was sedulously cultivated—continued to the very end.

The last time I was with him, we talked about books; and when I was coming away, he spoke about the sermon which he had heard me preach just the day before, and of the interest which he felt in the line of thought discussed in it, and handed me a package containing two books, which he said, he wanted me to accept, and which dealt with one aspect of the same subject which I had treated in my sermon. He was able to put his hand, at once, upon books bearing upon the subject discussed. I mentioned this incident to show how wide was his reading, how he kept in touch through the printed page, with almost every phase of thought. And here, too, the younger men who are coming up, and are just forming habits, and the older men also, in many instances, might learn an important lesson from him as to keeping up their habits of study, and of cultivating an ever-growing friendship for good books.

III. He was a man of unusual modesty. There was not, so far as I could ever see, a particle of egotism, of self-conceit about him. He never was one to push himself forward; to make any pretentious claims for himself. If any honors came to him, they always came unsought. In this age when almost everybody seems to be clamoring, in one way or another, for recognition, when the whole tendency is to push oneself forward; when there seems to be an almost entire absence of the spirit inculcated by the apostle, in Romans 12:10, where he says, "In honor preferring one another;" it is refreshing to find a man who never seemed to care to be in the limelight, who seemed always content to have others occupy the uppermost seats in the synagogue. As I look over my ministerial acquaintance, during the last forty years, I know of no one who had less of the spirit of Diotrephes, the desire for preeminence, than Dr. Reeve had. He was a singularly modest man; and the honors that came to him, the many public receptions that were tendered him, from time to time, in recognition of his worth as a man, and of his services to the community, never changed him, in the least, in this respect. To the last he was the same simple, unaffected, unpretentious Christian gentleman.

I have known Dr. Reeve for nearly fifty years. When I first entered Lincoln University as a student, in 1866, I think it was, I spent my first vacation in this city of Brotherly Love, and among the persons that I became acquainted with then was Dr. Reeve, and with him, in connection with this dear old church, some of my closest friends—friends that I still value, still cherish, still hold dear, and will to the end of life. Among these dear friends that came into my life, at that time, was Dr. Reeve. I remember well what we thought of him; what we use to say of him; the estimation in which he was held by all of the young people then, and of the old people as well. He was our ideal as a preacher, and our ideal as a man. I remember well, afterwards when the call came to him from the Trustees of Howard University to organize its Theological Department and to act as its dean, what a wail went up,—how universal was the feeling of regret that was felt, not only in this church, but all over the city. And I remember also another thing, although he went, went very reluctantly, only because he felt, under the circumstances, in view of the scarcity of men of color at that time, who were qualified to undertake the headship of a Theological Department in a University—although he went,

I say, we never gave him up, we still felt that he belonged to us, and never rested until we brought him back—back to the dear old church, the church that took him when he was a young man fresh from the seminary, and rejoiced as it saw his growth, his development, his expansion into the splendid type of man and minister that he became. He came back from the University, from the deanship of the department over which he had presided with distinguished honor,—and where he might have remained, back to the dear old church: and here he has been ever since. No longer its active pastor, for the past few years, but its pastor emeritus.

And we are here today to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory before we lay all that is mortal of him to rest. Here, in this city is where it is most fitting that the end should have come, in the city where the best part of his long life has been spent; and here in this church which he loved so well, and served so well and faithfully for so many years, is the fitting place for a service like this to be held. This church can never, never forget John B. Reeve—can never, never forget his long and faithful ministry, it can never, never forget what he has been to it—to those who have passed on, and those who are still here. And I am sure, there is no disposition on the part of any one to forget him, or to undervalue his services. Let him be held here in everlasting remembrance. Let us teach our children and children's children to revere his memory. He served this church nearly three times as long as all the other pastors put together; and no one of them, or all of them taken together, rendered it more important or efficient service. Fifty-four years ago his pastorate here began;—fifty-four years ago the sacred relation of pastor and people was constituted. As we look back and think of those years, what blessed memories and associations are linked with them. Out of that past, how many, many dear remembered faces rise to greet us; how many of the eldership; how many of the membership, no longer here, but with whom he held sweet fellowship.

On Monday morning when this faithful pastor entered the sweet bye and bye, the Beulah land, the home beyond, how many of his old parishioners, how many of the people, old and young, who loved him here, must have crowded about him to give him

welcome there. You remember the thought expressed in Newman's Hymn, "Lead Kindly Light?"

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

And the same thought is brought out by Whittier in his "River Path,"

So let the hills of doubt divide,
 So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

 So let the eyes that fail on earth
 On thy eternal hills look forth;

 And in thy beckoning angels know
 The dear ones we have loved below.

This is thoroughly scriptural I believe; and so with this prospect before us, it isn't so hard to part temporarily with loved ones; because we know that, after a little while, we are going to be together again.

We say farewell to our beloved brother, but it is in the full assurance that in a little while, and it may be sooner than we expect, our time will come. And then there will be no more tears, and no more separation.

I need not assure the members of the family of my deepest sympathy. You have every reason to rejoice at the long and honorable and useful career of your father; and every reason, if you are faithful to the God whom he loved and served, to look forward confidently to a happy re-union in the life to come. And here I am reminded of those beautiful lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled, "The Beyond."

It seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country—The Beyond;
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
 I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come near enough sometimes to touch my hands.
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes
 We should find heaven right around about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out
 To that still dearer country of the dead,
 And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
 I love this world, yet shall I love to go
 And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face
 But I think, 'One more to welcome me,
 When I shall cross the intervening space
 Between this land and that one over there;
 One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.'

And so for me there is no sting of death,
 And so the grave has lost its victory.
 It is but the crossing—with a bated breath,
 And white, set face—a strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious, than before.

And so we say, Good bye to our brother, but it is in the confident expectation that we shall soon meet again.

12

A SHORT ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY NOVEMBER 11, 1930, IN CONNECTION WITH THE PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. JOHN B. REEVE, D.D., FIRST DEAN OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, BY A COMPANY OF GENTLEMEN FROM PHILADELPHIA, HEADED BY MR. ARTHUR W. CLAPMAN AND DR. JOHN Q. MCDUGALD, BOTH ELDERS AND DEVOTED FRIENDS OF DR. REEVE, IN HOWARD UNIVERSITY CHAPEL.

Dean Pratt, Members of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am glad to be present and to have a little part in these Presentation Services. I have had the pleasure of knowing all the deans connected with this department of the University from its inception to the present, and have been in touch and friendly rela-

tions with them all. I knew Dr. Reeve longer and more intimately than I did any of the others.

When I was a student at Lincoln University I used to spend my vacations mostly in Philadelphia and attended the Central Presbyterian Church of which he was pastor. After my graduation and after I had made up my mind to prepare for the ministry, I was dismissed by request from the Ashmun Church at Lincoln University to the Central Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and was by the Session of that Church recommended to the Presbytery of Philadelphia to be taken under its care as a candidate for the ministry; and it was by Dr. Reeve that I was presented to the Presbytery.

By the way, I may say in passing, Dr. Reeve told me afterwards of it, the candidate being required to leave the room while they were deliberating on his case, that they hesitated a long time before accepting me as a candidate, on the ground that my voice was so weak as to raise the question as to whether I would ever be able to do much preaching. It was owing to the presence and influence of Dr. Reeve that the matter was finally settled in my favor.

Those grave divines who sat in judgment upon my fitness to enter the ministry were on the point of rejecting me because they thought I would not be able to do much preaching. The fact is I have preached for more than fifty years, and am still able to do a little preaching, although I have passed my eightieth year. Showing how little those who sit in judgment upon the fitness of candidates for the ministry often know what they are about.

The Doctor, in speaking of it, used to say to me in after years: "Grimké, I wonder if you realize how near you came missing the ministry? Had you been rejected, the probabilities are, that would have settled it." And very likely it would have. I would have, doubtless, returned to the law, having already spent two years in the study of it.

At the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Doctor's pastorate at the Central Church in Philadelphia he did me the honor to invite me to preach the Anniversary Sermon, which I did.

After his death, in connection with the funeral services, by special request of the family, I made one of the addresses.

I knew him before he came to the University to inaugurate the Theological Department here, and to become its first dean. I knew

him while he was here acting in that capacity, and knew him after his return to Philadelphia and often had sweet fellowship with him in the privacy of his home.

There are just three things that I want to say briefly about him :

1. He was an able expounder of the Word of God; was an interesting, instructive and edifying preacher. He knew how to wield the Sword of the Spirit with power. The preaching of the Word was not to him, in his ministry, a secondary matter. It was to him the great thing to which everything else was subordinated.

It was the thing which he particularly stressed in his ministry. Hence his sermons were always carefully prepared. They were not simply thrown together without much thought or reflection, hurriedly gotten up in order to fill up the time usually allotted to the sermon in the Sunday services. He realized, fully realized, that when the time came to preach, it was the opportunity which God had given him to feed the flock, and to call sinners to repentance. And his aim always was to make the amplest preparation—in the careful study of the passage to be expounded, in grasping clearly the truth which it contained, and which he saw was necessary if he was to be able to make it plain to others—in gathering illustrations by which to illuminate and enforce it.

At the beginning of each week the chief thought with him was the message, the spiritual food which he was to mete out to the people. As the under shepherd of the flock he realized that his great mission was to lead the flock into green pastures and by the side of still waters. And he knew that these green pastures and still waters were not accidentally stumbled upon, but had to be searched out—came as the result of careful, diligent, painstaking effort. The Scriptures must be searched; the truth must be digged for; waters out of the wells of salvation must be drawn out; effort must be put forth, constant, persevering effort.

No one realized this more fully than did Dr. Reeve in the preparation of his sermons. No one could hear him preach without realizing that careful preparation had gone into his message. And careful preparation, not only in the intellectual make-up of his sermon, but also in the still more important aspects of pulpit preparation—the spiritual side of it—the preparation that comes from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, both in the build-

ing of the sermon and in its delivery, as well as in the atmosphere of the Church reflected in the attitude of the hearers.

Dr. Reeve was a man of prayer, and he realized the necessity of Divine help in this great and important function of the ministry. He came to the preparation of his sermons and to their delivery in the attitude of prayer, realizing that though Paul may plant and Apollos water, the increase, i.e., the effectiveness of preaching, came from God. And upon God he always relied.

Now, unfortunately, we ministers, many of us, don't always do that. We are too apt to feel that we are sufficient of ourselves, because of our education, ability, attainments, or because of something else, and so come short, fail to bring about results that we might otherwise have accomplished.

It was my privilege frequently, especially in my early manhood, to sit under the sound of Dr. Reeve's voice: and, I can truthfully say I never heard him preach a poor sermon; I never heard him when I was not benefited; when I was not fed, both intellectually and spiritually, and, when I was not also made to feel that back of the message was not only John B. Reeve, who had given careful thought to what he was saying, but conjoined with him was a higher and greater power,—the presence of the Holy Spirit. He seemed to have realized, as the Apostle Paul had done in his ministry, the utter worthlessness of any words of his apart from the presence of the Holy Spirit to make them effective.

In writing to the Corinthians Paul said: "My words and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." And the sooner we all, as ministers, realize this, the better it will be for us and for the kingdom of God.

The younger men among us, who are already in the ministry, or who are in preparation for it, would do well to make note of, to lay to heart what I have been saying about Dr. Reeve in the matter of preparation for the pulpit. The temptation, in too many cases, is to become careless, to be satisfied with shoddy, slipshod, inferior work. A man who neglects his pulpit preparation is unworthy to be in the ministry.

2. Dr. Reeve was a man of scholarly attainments. He never ceased to be a student. He never lost his taste for study. He never allowed himself, by pressure from the outside, to be cheated out of his study hour. He was always delving, always seeking to

enlarge the stores of his knowledge, to get a broader vision of things and a greater store of information from which to enrich his own intellectual and spiritual life, and from which to draw supplies for his pulpit ministrations.

He was an omnivorous reader. I know of no man among us who was more widely read than he was. He was always reading, and reading in many directions—history, poetry, philosophy, science, fiction, books of travel—books religious and books secular. Very early in his college and seminary life he came to realize with Milton the value of good books. "As good almost kill a man as a good book," you remember is what Milton said. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond." And Dr. Reeve knew what the friendship of good books meant; and that friendship was sedulously cultivated to the very end.

The last time I was with him we talked about books, and when I was leaving he spoke about the sermon which he heard me preach the day before in his own church and of the interest he felt in the line of thought discussed in it, and handed me a package containing two books which he said he wanted me to have and which dealt with one aspect of the same subject which I had treated in my sermon. He was able to put his hand at once upon books bearing upon the subject discussed. I mention this incident to show how wide was his reading; how he kept in touch, through the printed page, with almost every phase of thought.

And here, too, the younger men who are coming up and are just forming habits, and the older ones too, in many instances, might also learn an important lesson from him, as to the forming and the keeping up of habits of study, of cultivating an ever-growing friendship for good books.

3. Dr. Reeve was a man of unusual modesty. There was not, so far as I could ever see, a particle of egotism, of self-conceit about him. He was never one to push himself forward, to make any pretentious claims for himself. If any honors came to him, they always came unsought. In this age, when almost everybody seems to be struggling, in one way or another, for recognition, for a place in the sun—when the whole tendency is to push one's self to the front, to get in the limelight, how refreshing it is to find a man who never seemed to care to be in the limelight.

I happened a few days ago to mention to a gentleman who takes his meals at the same place that I take mine, the fact of this presentation here tonight. I said to him, "Do you remember Dr. Reeve? He was a warm personal friend of your father." His reply was, "Yes, very well. You mean that modest man!" Modest! Able, scholarly, and yet modest, with no supercilious airs and frills about him.

I am glad that you are to have, through the kindness of friends in Philadelphia, headed by Mr. Arthur Clapham and Dr. William Q. McDougald, both Elders in the Church, and both devoted friends of Dr. Reeve, a portrait of him to be hung here to be an inspiration to the young men who may come here to study year after year, and to the young women also, may I not say, for they, too, are now entering the ministry.

In Dr. John Bunyan Reeve is presented to them a splendid example of a true man, an earnest Christian, an able and faithful minister of the gospel.

He was a man of whom we were all proud; and justly so.

13

GEORGE F. T. COOK¹

The special purpose that brings us together at this time is to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friend and brother, Mr. George F. T. Cook, who departed this life early on Wednesday morning of this week. Though he had been ailing for some time, and though it was known by the family that his condition was somewhat critical, yet there was no thought that the crisis would come so soon. On reaching town on Saturday, I heard, incidentally, that he was sick, and so called at the house on Sunday afternoon to inquire for him, and found that the report was true. From all that was said, however, by the members of the family, there was no intimation that they realized that matters were quite as serious as they really were. Great was my surprise, therefore, on approaching the house on Wednesday morning to find crape upon the door. For a moment I was shocked. I could hardly realize that the great change had come to our brother, that sooner or later, must come to us all.

¹ Delivered August 10, 1912.

The last time I saw him before I started away on my vacation, I noticed that a change had come over him. He was much thinner than I had ever seen him before, so much so that when I got home, I could not refrain from mentioning the fact to Mrs. Grimké and expressing my regret.

When I greeted him, the same pleasant smile, however, lighted up his face, and he chatted away in his usual bright, cheerful manner; but I could see that it required an effort on his part. It was clear that he was not a well man, and that he fully realized that he was not. He was born in this city, June 18, 1835. He was just a little over seventy-seven years of age, and was, until within the last year of his life, a remarkably well preserved man.

As to his personal characteristics:

(1) He was the soul of courtesy. He was by instinct a gentleman. This was true of him in all his bearings and relations, and in his contact with people of all classes and conditions. No one ever had reason, however lowly his position, to complain of a lack of courteous treatment on his part. He thoroughly respected himself, and this led him to accord to everybody the same respect which he expected them to accord to him. And his courtesy was not something assumed, put on, merely for the purpose of making a favorable impression. It was genuine; it was the spontaneous expression of the nobility of his soul; it was the instinctive prompting of his innate sense of the fitness of things.

(2) He was a thoroughly honest man, straightforward in all his dealings with others. There was not a trace of insincerity about him. People who came in contact with him, who had dealings with him, felt that he could be depended upon; that he meant what he said, and said what he meant. With him, no, meant no, and yes, meant yes. There were no mental reservations behind which he might dodge or find an excuse for shifting his course should it be to his advantage to do so. There was about him and about all that he did the stamp of genuineness. And without this quality, deeply rooted in the soul, it is impossible to develop true self-respect, or to command respect from others. Insincerity, crookedness in every shape and form, in dealing with others, is a quality that ought to be despised, and that cannot be too strongly reprobated. And the more so, because we are living in an age of duplicity, of double dealing, of trickery and frauds of every description. Sincerity, downright and upright honesty, is a quality

upon which, in very strong and emphatic terms, we ought to put the seal of our approbation. The young people who are coming up need to be impressed as never before with the value, the importance, the indispensable necessity of being sincere, truthful, thoroughly honest, if they are to measure up to the dignity of true men and women, and are to be worthy of the respect of others. And the place to begin to impress this great lesson is in the home, is in the school. And the best way to impress it is by example, by being true ourselves, sincere, honest in all of our dealings. You can't talk honesty, sincerity, and hope to have any influence unless you are living it, unless in your own personal character and life, you are exemplifying it.

(3) He was one of the most modest men I ever knew; he was extremely diffident. There was no desire or disposition on his part to push himself into public notice, or to draw attention to himself. There are some people who always like to be in the limelight, who are all the time laying plans, pulling wires, setting into operation schemes of one kind or another, by which to advertise themselves,—men of the stamp of the Pharisees, who, when they prayed, prayed at the corners of the streets, and in the synagogues; who, when they gave alms, sounded a trumpet before them; and who when they fasted, assumed a sad countenance—and all that they might have glory of men, that they might draw attention to themselves. There was not a particle of this spirit in Mr. Cook. He shrank away from all publicity. He not only did not advertise himself, but any attempt on the part of others to do so, was distasteful to him, was not with his consent or approval. He preferred to do his work quietly and to let the work speak for itself. It wasn't praise that he was seeking, it wasn't the applause of men for which he was laboring. The motive that animated him was not a selfish one; his interest was in the work in which he was engaged, the importance of which he fully appreciated, and his desire was to make it a success, to realize for those for whom it was intended, the largest and best results. And to this end every moment of his time was devoted. He was too busy about his work, about the welfare of the hundreds of teachers and thousands of children committed to his care to think about himself. It was the work that absorbed him, to which he unstintingly devoted himself, and not to the advertising of himself, to the drawing about him a set of underlings, lackeys, tools, to sound his praise, to be constantly

swinging the censer under his nose. George F. T. Cook was an entirely different kind of a man from that; he was built on a higher order, was cast in an entirely different mould. How I wish we had more men like him today! How I wish that in every vocation of life the self-seeker—the man who is bent on advertising himself, or is the agent of some other man who is seeking notoriety, who wants to be advertised, might be driven out of every walk and calling of life! There are too many who are aiming only at notoriety, who are grasping only at the shadow, who are content, if they are in the limelight, never mind by what means brought about; but who are indifferent to things that are worth applauding, and that bring lasting honor and respect.

(4) He was one of the most industrious men I ever knew. He was always a hard worker. He never spared himself. He was never afraid of work. There was in him no disposition to shirk, or to push off on others what it was incumbent upon him to do. And he worked with a will. He did with his might what his hands found to do.

(5) He was a man that had a good heart—he was by nature kindly disposed towards others. He was sympathetic; he was responsive to the claims of suffering humanity, and no worthy cause appealed to him in vain. There was in him a good deal of the milk of human kindness.

(6) He was a man who commanded the respect of the community. Men might differ with him, might not be able to see things as he saw them, but all respected him. And this was due to his high character. He stood in this community, where he lived all his life, for what was true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. He was a clean, pure man—a man of high ideals, of noble aspirations. There was no stain or blemish upon his fair name.

(7) Another thing about him that is worthy of note, was the simple, unostentatious manner in which he lived. He was a man of abundant means, but there was never the slightest disposition on his part to impress others with that fact by any display of his wealth. No man in the community was better able to make a display than he, but he never did. He was content all his life to live simply. And this was the more remarkable in view of the age in which we are living, when, on all sides, we see people straining at effect—seeking to make the impression that they are better off

than they really are by affecting a style of living which their means do not justify. Here is a most wholesome lesson, which it would be well for us as a race to lay to heart, and to instill into our children, into all of our young people. Mr. Cook knew, and no one realized it more fully than he did, that a man's title to respect is to be found in what he is, and not in what he has. Hence there was no effort to impress people with the fact that he had money; but he so lived that all came to realize that he was a man of character, and which he valued far more than all the material things which he possessed. There are not a great many of us who would have lived in the simple manner in which he lived, with the resources at our command which he had at his. The love of display is so deeply rooted in the most of us, that we would not have been able to resist its promptings. But he did: and it was not because he was a miser, not because he loved to hoard his possessions. There was nothing of the miser about him. He lived as he did, not because he loved his money too well to part with it, but because he preferred to live a simple life. Such a life was more congenial to him, was more compatible with his tastes and inclinations. And it may be that one of the things which he had in mind, was, in this way, to throw the weight of his influence against this ever-growing tendency towards extravagance, towards living beyond one's means, that is everywhere manifesting itself. How much better it would be for us as individuals, and as a race, if we had a little more of this man's sanity, of this man's large common sense in this regard.

As to his public service:

This is to be found in his singular devotion to the cause of education to this community. That he should have early taken an interest in the matter of education was but natural in view of his antecedents and environments. His father, the Rev. John F. Cook—the man who founded this church—was one of the early pioneers in the cause of education for the colored people in this community.

No man, at that time, was more thoroughly aroused or felt more keenly the importance of education for the colored people than the Rev. John F. Cook, and until the date of his death, did everything in his power to bring to the people of this community the blessing of education. From 1834 until 1855, the year of his death, he kept a school in constant operation with the exception of one year, owing to a riot which occurred in 1835, during which

nearly all the colored school houses were partially demolished, and some completely destroyed. In August, 1836, however, Rev. Mr. Cook reopened his school and it was kept opened until 1867, twelve years after his death, by his sons—John F. and George F. T.

Coming up as Mr. Cook did under the tuition of such a father, and in the midst of such environment, it was but natural that he should have turned his thoughts towards the educational uplift of the people, who stood, at that time particularly, so sadly in need of enlightenment. His love for knowledge, and the disposition to lend a hand in the educational uplift of the colored people, were bred in him at the fireside. He could not very well have come up under such a father, whose one great desire was to give the torch of knowledge unto his people, without catching his spirit, and sharing his aspiration. And this is why he early made up his mind to thoroughly qualify himself for this great undertaking, and to make it his life's work. And this he did, and soon found abundant opportunities for the use of all of his talents and resources.

On the 21st day of May, 1862, Congress passed an act requiring that ten per cent of taxes collected from persons of color in Washington and Georgetown should be set apart for the purpose of initiating a system of primary schools for the education of colored children residing in these cities. The fund accruing from this source was so small, however, that it was not until 1864 that a start was made, by the employment of one teacher at a salary of \$400 per annum. In 1864 another act was passed by Congress, which provided that such a proportion of all school funds raised in Washington and Georgetown should be set apart for colored schools as the number of colored children between the ages of six and seventeen years to the whole number of children in said cities. Under this act, in 1866-7, there were in operation five schools, with seven teachers and 400 pupils. Mr. Cook became superintendent in 1868, and with the exception of a brief interval, continued in this high and responsible position until 1900.

There was a disposition, at one time, to criticize his management of affairs; but I feel sure that many of his critics, in the years that have elapsed since he relinquished his hold upon the schools, since he laid down the arduous duties and responsibilities of his high office as superintendent, have had good reasons for changing their views. The simple fact is the schools, all in all, were never in a better condition than under his administration. There

never has been greater harmony in them; the teachers have never been more strongly drawn towards any superintendent than they were to him; nor have they ever worked with greater freedom and with a greater sense of joy in their work than under his kindly guidance and supervision. He had the happy knack of making all the teachers feel that he was their friend, and that, although his eyes were upon them, it was not for the purpose of criticizing them, of finding fault with them, of getting hold of something that might be used against them in the future, but in the hope of helping them to improve themselves, to overcome their deficiencies as teachers. And that is the spirit that should characterize a superintendent or supervisor. His business is not to lord it over his teachers, is not to beget in them a sense of fear, but to be a help, an inspiration to them in their work, and in their efforts to perfect themselves, to increase their efficiency.

Unfortunately this is not always the spirit that characterizes those in authority: too often the spirit which they inspire is that of fear instead of respect, of love, of gratitude. Authority is all right, but there is a way of exercising it that leaves no smart behind. There is such a thing as speaking the truth in love; and there is also such a thing as exercising authority in the same beautiful spirit. This element of kindness, of a real interest in the welfare and happiness of those who may be placed under us, is as important as any element that I know of, in those who are placed over others. And this Mr. Cook possessed. He so administered his high trust that his teachers were devoted to him, and did their best to make the system, of which he was the head, a success, not only because it was their duty to do so, but also because of their warm regard for him—a regard begotten by his kindly spirit and interest in them, and which made them anxious to play their part faithfully in bringing about the success of the whole, which they knew was so near his heart, and for which he labored so earnestly. As superintendent he was not only anxious himself to bring about the very best results, but the teachers sympathized with him, and warmly seconded his every effort. There was an esprit de corps, that pervaded the whole body of teachers, that was most beautiful. He had the confidence, the respect, the love of his teachers.

In the administration of his high trust, such also was his personal character, the high plane upon which he moved, that his example could have been safely commended to every teacher,

and every pupil in all of our schools. There was nothing to cover up; nothing to be ashamed of; nothing that needed an apology. And that ought to be true, not only of superintendents, of assistant superintendents, of supervising principals, of principals, but also of every teacher in our schools. * * * It ought also to be true of those who are appointed as trustees of our public schools. From top to bottom, our public school system, with all who are in any way officially connected with it, ought to stand for the highest morality, for those great qualities of heart and mind that it ought to be the aim of the public schools to beget in the future citizens of the Republic, but which cannot be done unless those who are connected with them as teachers otherwise are men and women of the highest character.

I do not think it is too much to say; that to no one man are these public schools, of which we are so justly proud today, more largely indebted than to George F. T. Cook. The best years of his life were given unstintingly to them. And no one ever addressed himself to a task more faithfully or conscientiously than did he to the organization and upbuilding of these schools. He carried into it a devotion, a consecration, an enthusiasm that is not often equaled. * * *

What the value of his services was to these schools will be manifest by a few statements gathered from those who are best qualified to speak.

I find in the report of Superintendent Stuart for 1904-5, the following: "The first superintendent of colored schools was Mr. A. E. Newton, formerly a member of the board of school trustees. He was succeeded by Mr. George F. T. Cook, a son of the Rev. John F. Cook, one of the early teachers in the colored schools. To Mr. Cook, more than to any one man, is due the high standard in discipline and instruction which the colored schools have reached today."

In the "Historical Sketch of Education for the Colored Race in the District of Columbia, from 1807-1905," by Prof. W. S. Montgomery, published in the same volume, after calling attention to the fact that Mr. Cook had been superintendent under the Territorial Form of Government in the District, he says:

"The territorial government was abolished in 1874 for the present one of three Commissioners, who continued Mr. Cook in office. and he occupied the position until July 1, 1900, when the

present board of education took control of educational affairs. How well, how efficiently he administered the important trust, let the growth of the schools answer; let the able reports which constitute the history of the colored schools answer; let the universal love and respect of the entire body of teachers answer."

Dr. Lucy Moten, Principal of Normal School No. 2, who is as able an educator as we have, and as fully abreast of educational matters as anyone in our school system, gave, at my request, this estimate of him as a man and as an educator:

"George F. T. Cook holds a unique position in the history of public school education in the District.

"It was largely through his personal efforts that public schools for colored children were established in the City of Washington.

"For nearly half a century he was mentor and intellectual guide for most of the men and women who have made the schools of the city models.

"His administration of our schools was wiser than we then knew. His reports, addresses, and discussions were sane, inspiring and philosophically sound.

"Gifted with a charming personality, he combined rare tact with fine administrative qualities. Modest, loyal, faithful to every trust, he was an inspiration to his associates and a delightful leader. Morally, without a blemish, he was looked up to by all as a Model and was highly esteemed; but his absorbing love for books, pictures, self-meditation, made him withdraw from society as such.

"He was a fine scholar, a thorough student of pedagogy, highly successful as a teacher and as an executive officer, and loved by all who knew him.

"His death is a great loss to the cause of education."

From a paper prepared, also at my request, by Mr. John Smith, who was for many years more closely associated with Mr. Cook, perhaps, than anyone else, I have taken the following statement:

"Scarcely had the smoke of battle lifted than he was called to the grandest work ever given to man—the establishment upon a firm and sure foundation of a system of education here. The hour and the man met in Mr. Cook. Years of actual teaching in the elementary schools well fitted him to lay hold wisely and skillfully upon school problems. The practical trend of his efforts actuated his teachers, and solid substantial training and teaching resulted.

“He saw the schools grow through what may be called the pioneer period, in his earlier days, and the philanthropic period, and managed them through the public school period to the year ending June, 1900. His purpose was revealed in the unremitting toil for three decades, to lay deep and wide the foundations of education in the District of Columbia. During the public school period he was associated with such efficient superintendents as J. Ormond Wilson and W. B. Powell, respectively superintendents of the white schools of the District of Columbia. Mr. Wilson, as is well known, was a great organizer; Mr. Powell a great thinker, and through his addresses a stimulator of the teachers. Mr. Cook was both an organizer and thinker, but not a talker. By intimate relationship with the teachers in the schoolroom and by frequent conferences with them in his office, he stimulated and inspired them. His executive ability was notable, as witnessed by the successful management of a rapidly developing system of schools. The selection of sites for new schools, all financial matters, requisitions for all books and supplies and innumerable other details, devolved upon his office. Thus he was both business manager and educator. He was a rare combination of talents, exemplified in the splendid system of which he was the master builder. To the momentum received under his inspiration, energy and guidance, it may be justly asserted that the onward sweep of the colored schools today is very largely due.”

“The establishment of the high and normal schools, as integral parts of our schools, was the realization of an aim cherished by Mr. Cook for many years. To him for these measures, veritable educational treasures, the people of Washington are debtors. The normal school about to be built should bear the name of George Frederick Thompson Cook, that the coming generations may keep him in remembrance. His scrupulous fairness and frank concessions to conservative thought, leave him nothing to atone for. For these traits of character, more than any others, he was beloved, not only by the great body of teachers, but by all with whom he came in contact.”

“The administration of his office was such that we can look back upon it with pride; his insight into affairs, his fair and considerate treatment of teachers, parents and pupils, and his kindness justify the many encomiums that he received from persons of national reputation.”

These statements, coming from those who are best qualified to speak of his relations to our public schools, are sufficient to indicate the extent and character of his services, and to show how largely, as a community, we are indebted to him.

In addition to his arduous labors in the schools, he found time to broaden and deepen his general culture. He was a man of fine taste; he had a real true appreciation of the best things in life. He was fond of art and literature, of books and pictures. He was a diligent student of the great Italian poet, Dante; and was familiar with many of the masterpieces of literature, ancient, medieval, and modern. He took a quiet pleasure in thus enriching his mind with beautiful and noble thoughts and sentiments.

There is only one other matter about which I would say just a word in closing. On May 9, 1879, the second year after the beginning of my ministry here, he made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ, and connected himself with this church, and here his membership has remained ever since. The purpose which he formed then, of serving the Lord Jesus Christ, I believe he steadily adhered to, to the end. He was not given very largely to church going, it is true; but this, I believe, was not due to his undervaluation of the public ordinances of religion, but to his extreme diffidence. He naturally shrank from public gatherings, and from crowds of any kind. And this is why he was not seen more frequently in our church gatherings. That he was interested in the church, and in all that it stood for, is evident from the liberal financial support which he always gave it. * * *

The end, which came to his earthly career, on last Wednesday morning, is the fate that, sooner or later, awaits us all. It is impossible to think of death, without thinking of the great future that lies beyond. Of that future I am sure he often thought, and wisely prepared for it, by getting in right relations to God, through alliance with Jesus Christ. "Life," as Joseph Parker has said, "is not a series of unconnected accidents; but a great and solemn stewardship, leading up to judgment—to penalty or reward." It is well for us all to remember this. Happy shall it be for us, when the time comes for us to go hence, to render up our account, if our lives have been such as to give us a reasonable assurance of receiving from the Judge of all, the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

“Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

“Hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.”

“This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.”

May not one of us go out of this life without knowing, from personal experience, what this eternal life is, through the knowledge of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ.

“The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ.”

14

EULOGY

AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE

MAJOR JAMES E. WALKER¹

I feel that in the death of Major Walker, not only his immediate family, but also the community, the race, the nation have sustained a great loss. He was a good citizen, law-abiding, self-respecting, fully conscious of what good citizenship meant and striving ever, by allying himself with the forces that have for their object the betterment of conditions to demonstrate his good citizenship. He occupied a high and responsible position in the educational work of our city. He was one of the most capable men in our public schools, having worked his way up on his merit. All recognized his ability, energy, efficiency. He loved his work, threw his soul into it, lived for it, and was ever ambitious to become more and more efficient, to do each year better work. He stood well with those above him, to whom he was responsible, and stood well also with those who were under him, over whom he had the oversight, and was highly thought of also by the parents and children. A great and ever-widening sphere of usefulness was before him as an educator. He was also connected with the District National Guard, and here also commended himself, by his soldierly bearing, his efficiency and energy. As a military officer, he measured

¹ Delivered at the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church, April 12, 1918.

up as fully to his responsibilities as he did as supervising principal in our schools.

At the beginning of the war, he was in the vigor of young manhood—his health was good, his body sound. This is evident from the fact that he passed the military physical tests, and was pronounced sound. When our troubles with Mexico began, among those who were ordered to the Mexican border were Major Walker and his men. This necessitated his leaving his family, the community, and his work in connection with the schools; but he cheerfully gave them all up at the call of his country, and went to the front, where he suffered many hardships and privations, and where the soldierly qualities of himself and his men were clearly demonstrated. After being away for a number of months, they were ordered back, and came, saying nothing about the hardships that they had suffered, but rejoicing in the fact that they had done their duty, had proved their manhood and their patriotism. The wear and tear of the Mexican border, as well as conditions that obtained after his return here, began however to tell upon his health. Major Walker was a man who was never content simply to do what was required of him, he always did more, so anxious was he to make good in whatever position he was called upon to fill. He, undoubtedly, overworked himself, subjected himself to too great a strain, which proved his undoing. I remember, when he was taken sick, how anxious everybody seemed about him; how everywhere you could hear the question, How is Major Walker? Have you heard of him recently? And, when it was announced that he was improving, how glad everyone seemed. But it soon became evident that the outlook for his recovery was not quite so bright, that the chances against him were steadily on the increase. The last time I saw him, just a few days before he went away, he was in a bad condition. It was just after he had been notified, however, that he might go to this Western Sanitorium, and that cheered him greatly. He hoped to get off in a few days, and confidently expected to be greatly benefited by the change; he hoped to return home perfectly restored. He did not want to die. Why should he? he had every reason for wishing to live. And, it was in this hope that he said, good bye to wife, children, to friends and relatives. It looked for a while as if his hopes were to be realized. News came back that he was improving. But suddenly, over the wires came the sad tidings that the end had come.

When I heard of his death, my thought went out first of all, in sympathy to the wife, children and other members of the family.

Then I found myself saying, what a promising career of great usefulness has been cut short, brought suddenly to an end.

And then this thought came into my mind: In the death of Major Walker, what a costly sacrifice we, as a race, have laid upon the altar of our country. I say sacrifice, for Major Walker gave his life, a most valuable and promising one, for his country just as truly as though he had been shot in the trenches, or on the battlefield, or had gone down in mid ocean by some submarine. When he went to the Mexican border, he was in perfect health, and the sickness that came to him, and which took him off, was contracted not only while he was in the service of the country, but was due to conditions which he encountered while in that service.

And not only Major Walker, but thousands of the members of our race have also enlisted in the army, and thousands are already on the other side of the waters, waiting to lay down their lives at the bidding of this country. And many, many thousands more, before this bloody conflict is over, will be found also, in obedience to the call of the country, baring their bosoms to the death-dealing missiles of the enemy.

In the presence of these facts, the death of Major Walker, the thousands who are in the army, and the thousands who are yet to go into it, and the thousands and thousands of homes that will be draped in mourning before it is all over, the widows and orphans that will be left behind in the homes of these dead colored soldiers, in view of these facts, I say, I have been thinking of the present condition of this race in this country, how we are oppressed, down-trodden, discriminated against, segregated even in the Departments of the Government, how we are treated all over the country, as though we were scarcely human, and I have been wondering what all this costly sacrifice, which we are making and will be making, is to mean to us? Whether, when the struggle is over, we are still to be denied our rights, our full rights, as American citizens? I have been asking myself two questions:

(1) Can this Government, after this clear, unmistakable recognition of our citizenship by requiring of us, as of other men, to fight in its Army and Navy, repudiate that citizenship when the war is over and peace has been resorted to? Can this Nation, after

calling upon colored men to die in its defence, be so little, so unjust, as to deny to the surviving members of that race the same rights as it accords to white men who are called upon to make no greater sacrifices?

And, (2) can we, as a nation, be fighting, as we profess to be, to safeguard democracy throughout the world, and yet be indifferent towards safeguarding it at home? Can we, as a nation; afford to be put in that light before the civilized world?

We, colored citizens of America, who are standing loyally back of the Government, bad as conditions are now with us, have charity enough to assume, and faith enough in the sure triumph of right, to believe, when, the war is over, that things will be better, not only in this country, but throughout the whole world for all races; we have faith enough to believe that under God, the principles of true democracy, the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, are going to prevail, are going to be reasserted, and reasserted with a clearness, fullness and power never before experienced in the history of the world. And, I do not believe in this great onward movement towards better conditions for all races and classes and conditions, that this Nation is going to be content to lag behind other nations.

While we are deeply sorry because of the death of Major Walker, there is some compensation in it, if it serves to remind the Nation of what its colored citizens are doing for it in this world crisis; and, what they are expecting of it when the crisis is over. They are laying down their lives for it, and are expecting to be treated just as other citizens are treated, and they have a right to, and will not be satisfied with any other treatment. If they are good enough to die for the country, they are good enough to enjoy all the rights and privileges it has to confer.

Let us, as a race, as we stand here today in the presence of this costly sacrifice, and, as we think of the many others that are to be offered upon the altar of the country, take courage. Men who are willing to die in defence of the rights of others, are not likely to quietly submit to the deprivation of their own rights; men who are willing to die for a country, that country will not always be content to hold back from them all they are entitled to. Let us have faith to believe in the ultimate triumph of true democracy even here in these United States. When the apostle Paul was on his way to Rome, after his shipwreck, he was met at Appii Forum and

the Three Taverns, by certain brethren from the city, and, we are told, "When he saw them, he thanked God and took courage." And so we may thank God, and take courage in view of the fact that the Nation is now calling upon us to lay down our lives at its bidding. Hereafter there can be no denial of citizenship rights without stultifying itself.

I read recently an order from General Ballou, directing all colored soldiers under him not to insist upon their rights, that to do so, in view of present conditions, would be highly improper. As I read it, I thought, that is a very strange kind of an order to issue to men who are in the Army and who will soon be on their way to the front to fight for the rights of other men,—strange that it should be thought an unseemly thing for men who are to be sent abroad to safe-guard democracy throughout the world, to insist upon their own rights at home! I cannot understand what such an order means. It has been puzzling me ever since I read it, and, as I stand here today in the presence of all that is mortal of one of the choice sons of the race, the more am I puzzled. Are we, I have been asking myself, being required to fight to safe-guard the rights of white men, with no guarantee or assurance of having our own rights safe-guarded? I cannot believe that the President of the United States, or the Secretary of War, who are calling upon our brave boys to make the sacrifices they are making, are back of such an order or sympathize with it. Major Walker was loyal to his heart's core to this Government. And there are no more loyal citizens in all this broad land than the race which he represents. Other citizens may be suspected, but there has never been any reason to call in question the loyalty of colored Americans, even under the hard conditions that they have been obliged to endure. You remember what Secretary Lane said in his address at the Semi-Centennial of Howard University, words that we ought never to forget, or allow others to forget:

"No men in this Nation," have a better right to claim eminence in that great virtue of loyalty than you have, as you have proved when you have been tried. I reckon no higher proof of loyalty was ever given by your fathers in the days of slavery, when into their hands was entrusted the care of the property of those men who were fighting against their freedom. And no greater courage and no greater loyalty have ever been shown by any of the troops of the United States than was shown in Cuba when you

had the chance, and but a year ago at Carrizal, in Mexico. You have the courage. Your courage no one questions, and, in these days"—note these words, "in these days when we, who have to do with large affairs of state are counting up the assets of this country and asking ourselves, and asking each other, 'who is there that is sure; who is there whose loyalty to that flag is unquestioned, no matter what comes,' we know that the Negro can be counted upon. No man has any reason to say that the colored man in the United States is not, first of all, a loyal American."

And because every word of this splendid encomium is true, we have a right to expect just, fair treatment at the hands of this Government; we have a right not only to claim our rights, but to expect to have them accorded to us. While we are standing loyally behind the Government, and will, to the end, that doesn't mean that we are to forget our rights, or to cease to contend for them. Loyalty never has meant, and never can or should mean the renunciation of our rights. On the contrary, in the fact that we are loyal, is to be found one of the strongest reasons why we should not be content until all citizenship rights are accorded to us.

As we stand here today over all that is mortal of Major Walker, and, in the presence of our past record of loyalty, and, in the consciousness of the honesty of our present purpose to be true to this nation, let us pledge ourselves anew, one to the other, never to give up the struggle for our rights,—never to be content with less than is accorded to other citizens of the Republic. We are not asking for charity, but for simple justice. We ask for nothing more; we will be content with nothing less.

15

THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.

The Congress of the United States set apart this day, as you know, upon which Senator Lodge is to pronounce the eulogy on Mr. Roosevelt in the Hall of the House of Representatives. In view of this fact, the President of the United States has asked

¹ Delivered at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., February 9, 1919.

that this day, February 9, be also observed in all of the churches as well, as a memorial to the late Theodore Roosevelt. It is in accordance with this request as well as according to my own inclination, that I am going to speak to you for a short while this morning on the illustrious man whose sudden taking away has been so universally deplored, not only in this country, but throughout the world. It is not often that God sends into the world a man like Theodore Roosevelt; only once in a great while, only once in many centuries. What Shakespeare said about Hamlet may be truly said of him,

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Surely, not in our day shall such a unique personality appear on the stage of action.

When the sad news flashed over the wire that he was no more, the one thing that was noticeable was the sense of personal loss that seemed to come over everybody even those who had never met him personally, and who knew him only through his writings and public utterances and acts. I do not know of any other man in this country, or throughout the world who could have produced the same kind of impression, who could have called forth such general and sincere regret as the death of Mr. Roosevelt. Even his enemies were compelled to join in the tribute of respect which his lofty character and great services to the country and to the world entitled him. They all realized that a great and beneficent personality had played his part, and played his part well, upon the theatre of action. What ex-President Taft said of him will scarcely be called in question by anyone, "The nation has lost the most commanding, the most original, the most interesting and the most brilliant personality in American public life since Lincoln."

Mr. Roosevelt was born in New York city, October 27, 1858. After graduating from Harvard University in 1880, and taking a course of law in Columbia, he at once entered politics.

He served in the legislative chambers of New York as a youth. He was a delegate-at-large to the national convention of 1884, and a prominent figure in it, though only four years out of college. Then followed his service as national civil service commissioner,

Police Commissioner of New York, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

When the Spanish-American War came on he resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and rushed into the war as lieutenant colonel of the Rough Riders, and bore a conspicuous part in that war. After which he became Governor of New York, then Vice-President of the United States, and on the death of President McKinley, succeeded him and was elected to a second term. He also figured conspicuously in the organization of the Progressive Party, and was its candidate, which resulted in the defeat of the Republican candidate.

My purpose, however, is not to dwell upon his public career, or to follow in detail his great and varied services to the country and to mankind at large, but rather to think of some of his personal qualities as a man. Among these the following may be noted:

(1) There was his wonderful virility, his extraordinary powers of physical endurance, his abounding vitality, his inexhaustible bodily energy. He seemed more like a living dynamo than anything else. His manner of walking, his gestures, his every movement indicated an exuberance of vitality. I have wondered sometimes if he ever knew what it was to be tired, to be worn out; if he really ever felt the need of rest. He always seemed to have on hand a surplus of energy, more vitality than he really needed or could find objects upon which to expend it.

And this is all the more remarkable when we remember, as we are told, that in childhood he was weak, puny; his parents wondered whether they would be able to raise him. It shows what can be done—where there is a will and a steady purpose to overcome the worst handicaps. We may be weak in body, and yet may become strong if we make up our minds, and go at it in the right way. * * *

(2) There was his mental vigor, his extraordinary brain power. The rapidity with which he thought, the many directions in which his thoughts went out, and the high quality of this thinking were very remarkable. Every faculty of his mind was in full play. No one ever caught him napping; he was always on the alert. He saw with wonderful clearness the things that he wanted to say, and always expressed himself with great lucidity, simplicity, and power.

His mental vigor was as pronounced, as conspicuous as was his bodily vigor. As someone has said, his body and mind were well matched. It is wonderful when you think of it, in how many lines of intellectual pursuit he won distinction,—in science, in history, in literature, in exploration.

(3) There was his sterling worth as a man, the purity of his life, the lofty plane upon which he always moved. He not only preached righteousness and purity, but in his personal character and life he always stood for the best things in life; he was never mixed up with anything of a questionable character. No breath of suspicion ever touched his fair name. In thinking of him, both in his private and public life, I have often been reminded of a poem written by J. G. Holland:

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoil of office does not buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie.
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking.

I know of no man anywhere that those words more fittingly describe than ex-President Roosevelt. All the things that are enumerated there were true of him.

(1) The call here is for men, "God give us men!" Where will you find a more manly man than Theodore Roosevelt. He was every inch a man. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he was a man. There was nothing weak about him, nothing flimsy, flabby, vascillating; he was no reed shaken by the wind; no spineless individual, but the very personification of manly strength. He never could become a mere tool for anybody, a mere creature moving about at the behest or dictation of others.

(2) The call is for men of strong minds. Surely no man ever had a stronger mind than had Mr. Roosevelt; no man ever used his mind with greater vigor; no man ever grappled more earnestly with the great problems of today than he did; no man ever brought to bear upon these great and pressing problems greater concentration of thought power.

(3) The call is for men of great hearts. In nothing, perhaps, was Mr. Roosevelt more conspicuous than in bigness of heart, in his great sympathetic nature. What a soul the man had! How he seemed to go out and take in everybody; how readily he entered into the feelings of other people. Some men have great intellects, but no hearts,—they are mere thinking machines, cold, heartless. They go through life and see things,—see distress and sufferings, injustice and oppression, but are unmoved by them. How different was Mr. Roosevelt. He had a great mind always active, always dealing with life's problems, but at the same time carried about with him a heart that was sympathetically responsive to every need. His famous motto, "All men up, and no man down," was simply the innate expression of his good will, his desire to see everybody getting ahead. And we know that it wasn't mere talk with him, a mere empty display of rhetoric, of words expressing a fine idea, but with no answering reality back of them. We know that Mr. Roosevelt meant every word of it, and the proof of his sincerity is in the life which he has lived. In this connection, I want to quote a passage from my diary written September 28, 1918, in commenting upon Mr. Wilson's speech in New York at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign. This is what I wrote over four months ago, when there was no thought of the death of Mr. Roosevelt:

"What a contrast there is between Woodrow Wilson and a man like Theodore Roosevelt. How different is the impression that the two men make upon you. Mr. Roosevelt impresses you at once, not only with his extraordinary vigor of body and mind, but also with his bigness of soul, with his great-heartedness, with his broad humanitarian principles, with his interest in and desire to give every man, of whatever race or color, an even and equal chance in the race of life. You never find him standing in the way, setting himself in opposition to the progress of any class or race of human beings; you never find him wallowing in the mire of a narrow, degrading, ignoble race prejudice. You find him always reaching out himself for the largest and the best things, and saying to every other man, be he white or black, 'Come on and do likewise,—make the most of yourself and of your opportunities.' Theodore Roosevelt possesses not only a virile personality and a big brain, but also a big heart,—a great soul,—a man who has caught the vision of what it is to be a man, animated by the spirit of Jesus

Christ, built after His model, and not a mere thinking machine, cold, calculating heartless.

“The contemptible little business in which Mr. Wilson and his southern friends and admirers are engaged, of trying to keep the colored people from going forward by endeavoring to block their way, by doing everything they can to impress them with their inferiority, and to beget in them a spirit of contentment in a condition of inferiority, is in marked contrast with the high minded, liberty-loving, justice seeking, kindly, brotherly spirit of Mr. Roosevelt. Humanity is not likely to make very much progress in pushing forward the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, in enthroning in the hearts of men the great ideal of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and the practical realization of this great ideal in the everyday life of the world, in all the relations existing between man and man, except under such leaders as Theodore Roosevelt. Leaders of the type of Woodrow Wilson will always be a clog on the wheels of progress as humanity moves on towards the goal,—the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

Those are the words that I wrote four months ago, with no idea of ever making them public; and I am quoting them here today because they express the sentiment of my heart, my deliberate judgment in respect to Mr. Roosevelt.

(4) The call is for men of true faith, faith in God, men who have a firm grip upon the Eternal; men who recognize their responsibility to a higher Power than any human power,—men whose ears are open ever to the voice of God. The Bible tells us, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” And the exhortation is, “Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” The call here is for God-fearing men,—men who believe in, and who live out the principle, “We must obey God rather than man.” Of all of our public men, certainly within my day, I know of none to whom the thought of God occupied a more prominent place in his scheme of life than in that of Mr. Roosevelt. He was in the best sense of the term a religious man,—a man of faith, a man who believed in God. His religion was intensely practical. He lived it, day by day, lived it in his home, in all of his relations and dealings with his fellow men. God was to him a reality and not a mere figment of the brain, a something to bring out on dress parade occasions, and afterwards forget all

about. Every Sabbath he went to the house of God. He showed by his example the value he put upon the public ordinances of worship, and his reverence for the Sabbath.

(5) The call is for men of ready hands,—men willing to lend a hand, to join in with others in working for, in pushing forward worthy causes and objects. No man was ever more willing to lend a hand than Mr. Roosevelt. Wherever there was a need all that was necessary was to bring it to his attention. In many, many ways, and to many, many causes his hand was extended, and extended in no half-hearted way, but willingly, cheerfully. Wherever he could lend a hand he could always be depended upon. He was singularly free from selfishness. He was the very soul of generosity. * * *

(6) The call is for,

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoil of office does not buy.

Was there ever a man in public life who measured up more fully to this demand than did Mr. Roosevelt? In his case, the office always sought the man, and when he came into possession of it he used it always for the public good. Office, merely as an end, or as a means of enhancing his own personal interest, he never thought of. He would have spurned such a thought; would never have stooped to such ignoble ends. Daniel Webster, at the height of his great influence, in order to gratify his ambition for the Presidency, sold himself over to the slave power, threw the weight of his great influence in favor of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Such a base surrender of principle, such a selfish prostitution of great powers, is utterly inconceivable in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. No office, however high, nor the spoils of office, however great, would have had the slightest influence in determining the attitude of Theodore Roosevelt on any public measure. In moral force and power he towered immeasurably above Mr. Webster. No office was big enough; no bribe, however large, could have induced him to sully his fair name. In his private life as well as in his public life, he was utterly incorruptible. He is the type of public man that we need more and more of.

(7) The call is for men "who possess opinions and a will," men who do their own thinking, men who are not mere reflectors of the opinions of others, mere puppets,—men who have reached

conclusions of their own after careful thought,—men of convictions, deep-rooted, well-grounded convictions. Surely if there ever was a man who had opinions and a will, who did his own thinking, who was moved by inward convictions, that man was Theodore Roosevelt. He was puppet to no man; he allowed no man to think for him; he did his own thinking, reached his own conclusions; so that he always had a reason, and a reason which satisfied his own intelligence, his own best judgment, for all that he did, or undertook to do. On all the most important problems of the day he had carefully thought, and had reached definite conclusions in regard to them; and in the light of those conclusions he acted. Back of all that he said or did were well-formed opinions, convictions, deep-rooted, well-grounded. And there was also with these convictions and opinions the purpose, the firm, steady purpose or will to realize them, to make them effective in the life about him. He had an indomitable will, a steady, fixed purpose that nothing could shake. He could not be lightly turned aside from any object which he had set before him. He had, in an eminent degree, what Sir Fowell Buxton calls “invincible determination,” and what James Russell Lowell calls “the impregnable will.” And men of that stamp are the men who move the world,—the men who do things.

(8) The call is for men “who have honor, men who will not lie.” We have reached a point now when that word honor no longer seems to stand for very much, when it no longer awakens within us the lofty idea of character which it once suggested. Now the word honorable is applied to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Every member of Congress, or of a State Legislature, or anyone who has been appointed to any position by the President or Governor is an honorable, though he may be anything but honorable in point of character. Men of honor,—men of highest self-respect—men who cannot be induced to do a mean or unworthy thing. “Men who will not lie.”

We are living in an age, unfortunately, when the most natural thing seems to be to lie; when society seems to be built on lies. When, everywhere you meet with frauds, with deceptions, with double dealings, with all kinds of devices to deceive, to make things seem to be what they are not, to palm things off for what they are not. Society, government, business, all seem to be made up largely of a tissue of lies. You hardly know whom to believe; scarcely any-

thing can be taken at its face value. Underneath almost everything is the disposition to deceive, to misrepresent. Insincerity, insincerity you meet with everywhere! And it is because things are as they are, because of this appalling condition, that there comes the call here for men who will not lie.

In this degenerate age, in this case of widespread hypocrisy and almost every species of deception rampant, we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that in the person of Theodore Roosevelt we had a man of honor, and a man who would not lie,—a man who was the very soul of honor, and who was in all that he did a man of truth, a man who never sought to deceive, who never knowingly represented as true what he knew to be false; who never made promises without intending honestly to fulfill them. He was a thoroughly sincere man if there ever was one. He said what he meant, and meant what he said. There never was any difficulty in knowing where he stood or what he thought on any matter. His whole nature revolted against lies and deceptions of every kind. There never was a time when there was greater need for men possessing this great quality of sincerity, of integrity of character, of upright and downright truthfulness, than the present. Honor and sincerity seem to be at a sad discount everywhere, in high places as well as low.

(9) The call is for,

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

The demagogue, the political demagogue especially, is the pest of our country and of all countries. We have them here by the thousands. They are everywhere working, and working with but one object in view, to enhance their own personal interest, ready to stoop to anything, and to be used in any way, in order to accomplish their object. They are usually utterly corrupt, mere pliant tools in the hands of their political bosses. To the credit of Mr. Roosevelt, be it said, that such hirelings exerted no influence whatever over him. The high purposes which he had in view were not dependent for their accomplishment upon the aid of such creatures. The men about him understood perfectly what he stood for, and the kind of instruments that he was willing to use. Being himself a man of high character, he naturally repelled the low-down politicians, the mere hangers-on for revenue only. He

was always able to see through their treacherous flatteries, and minister to them the kind of treatment which they deserved. Corrupt politics, and the men who believed in it, never had any chance with Mr. Roosevelt, and will never have with any high-minded, honest, straightforward public official. If there ever was a man in the White House who could stand before a demagogue, and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking, it was Theodore Roosevelt.

(10) The call is for,

Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.

And such, certainly, was Theodore Roosevelt. He was tall; he was sun crowned; he lived above the fog, in public duty and in private thinking. His whole life, private as well as public, moved on the highest plane; there was never anything little, mean, groveling about him; his wings were always spread for the heights; his steps were ever tending towards the summit, to borrow the language of Mr. Tennyson, "The summit where God himself is moon and sun." One of the most noticeable things about him was the great stress which he always laid on character. He did not underestimate wealth, and intellectual attainments, but he always was careful to put character far above them all. In his address on "The Duties of Citizens," delivered before the French Academy, he says, "The leaders of thought and action grope their way forward to a new life, realizing, sometimes dimly, sometimes clear-sightedly, that the life of material gain, whether for the nation or an individual, is of value only as a foundation, only as there is added to it the uplift that comes from devotion to lofty ideals."

Again he says, "There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities."

Again in his address on "The Uplift of Nations," delivered before the University of Berlin, he says: "It is no impossible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development

and a true feeling of brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality, and from the rancorous and evil passions which, curiously enough, so often accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man; in which a high material development in the things of the body shall be achieved without subordination of the things of the soul; in which there shall be a genuine desire for peace and justice without loss of those virile qualities without which no love of peace or justice shall avail any race; in which the fullest development of scientific research, the great distinguishing feature of our present civilization, shall yet not imply a belief that intellect can ever take the place of character, for, from the standpoint of the nation as of the individual, it is character that is the one vital possession." Yes, he lived above the fog of base desires, of low ambitions and groveling tendencies. What Sir Galahad said of himself may well be said of him:

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure. * * *

There are many other things that might be said of Mr. Roosevelt, but time will not permit. Of one thing more only I want to speak, and that is as to his attitude towards the colored race in this country. In this respect he was far, very far removed from the great majority of white men in this country, even from the most of our professed friends among them. It was not because he had any special fondness for the colored people as such. His interest in the colored man was the same as he felt in all men. It was because he was a man that he felt that he ought to be treated just as other men are treated. In his address on "England's Policy in Egypt," delivered at the Guildhall, London, after speaking of his "deep concern in the welfare of mankind and the future of civilization," he said, "Remember, also, that I who address you am not only an American, but also a radical, a real not a mock democrat, and that what I have to say is spoken chiefly because I am a democrat—a man who feels that his first thought is bound to be for the welfare of the masses of mankind and his first duty to war against violence, injustice, and wrong-doing wherever found." Such being his sentiments, we would naturally expect him to be sound on the so-called Negro question. And he was. The colored man always had a square deal under him. At the Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Ill., June 4, 1903, he said:

“It is a good thing that the guard around the tomb of Lincoln should be composed of colored soldiers. It was my own good fortune at Santiago to serve beside colored troops. A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.”

I wish that that sentence could be burnt into the consciousness of Mr. Woodrow Wilson and his southern sympathizers, and all Negro-haters, North as well as South,—“A MAN THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH TO SHED HIS BLOOD FOR THE COUNTRY IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE GIVEN A SQUARE DEAL AFTERWARDS.” It is because the colored man is not given a square deal that conditions are as they are in these departments and elsewhere in this country. All the blood shed, all the hardships endured, all the sacrifices made have gone for naught; have had no effect in improving conditions.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude on the race question was never more clearly shown than in the contest over the appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the Port of Charleston. Every possible influence was brought to bear upon him. He was invited to Charleston; the South gave him a good time, fawned upon him, prominent southern politicians visited him, letters were written to him,—all with a view of inducing him not to make the appointment. They had the audacity not only to seek to bend him to their will in this particular case, but tried also to get him committed to the policy that he would appoint no colored men to office in any part of the South. But to no purpose; he was immovable in his purpose to make the appointment, and made it. Nothing shows better the character of the man, taken in connection with his action in the matter, than a letter which he wrote in reply to one which he received from a prominent resident of Charleston. I want to read a part of this letter. We colored men and women should never forget it:

“My Dear Sir:

“I am in receipt of your letter of November 10th and one from Mr. ——— under date November 11th, in reference to the appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the Port of Charleston.

“In your letter you make certain specific charges against Dr. Crum, tending to show his unfitness in several respects for the

office sought. These charges are entitled to the utmost consideration from me, and I shall go over them carefully before taking any action. After making these charges you add, as a further reason for opposition to him, that he is a colored man, and after reciting the misdeeds that followed carpet bag rule and Negro domination in South Carolina, you say that 'we have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African, and an appointment as that of Dr. Crum to any such office forces us to protest unani- mously against this insult to the white blood ;' and you add that you understood me to say that I would never force a Negro on such a community as yours. Mr. ——— put the objection of color first, saying, 'First, he is a colored man, and that of itself ought to bar him from office.' In view of these last statements, I think I ought to make clear to you why I am concerned and pained by your making them and what my attitude is as regards all such ap- pointments. How anyone could have gained the idea that I said I would not appoint reputable and upright colored men to office, when objection was made to them solely on account of their color, I con- fess I am wholly unable to understand. At the time of my visit to Charleston last spring I had made, and since that time I have made, a number of such appointments from several states in which there is a considerable colored population. For example, I made one such appointment in Mississippi, and another in Alabama, shortly before my visit to Charleston. I had at that time appoint- ed two colored men as judicial magistrates in the District of Co- lumbia. I have recently announced another such appointment for New Orleans, and have just made one for Pennsylvania. The great majority of my appointments in every state have been of white men. North and South alike it has been my sedulous endeavor to appoint only men of high character and good capacity, whether white or black. But it has been my consistent policy in every state where their number warranted it to recognize colored men of good repute and standing in making appointments to office. These ap- pointments of colored men have in no state made more than a small proportion of the total number of appointments. I am un- able to see how I can legitimately be asked to make an exception for South Carolina. In South Carolina, to the four most impor- tant positions in the state I have appointed three men and con- tinued in office a fourth, all of them white men---three of them orig-

inally gold democrats; two of them, as I am informed, the sons of Confederate soldiers.

“I do not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. So far as I legitimately can I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality; but I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the ground of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my convictions, be fundamentally wrong. If, as you hold, the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit in point of character and influence to hold such positions, it seems to me that it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which will fit them.

“The question raised by you and Mr. ——— in the statement to which I refer, is simply whether it is to be declared that under no circumstances shall any man of color, no matter how upright and honest, no matter how good a citizen, no matter how fair in his dealings with his fellows, be permitted to hold any office under our government. I certainly cannot assume such an attitude, and you must permit me to say that in my view it is an attitude no man should assume, whether he looks at it from the standpoint of the true interest of the white men of the South or of the colored men of the South, not to speak of any other section of the Union. It seems to me that it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward.”

Nothing can be better than this statement of Mr. Roosevelt's as to our claim as American citizens. And I am glad that his death has given me the opportunity of calling attention to it, not only for our own encouragement, but also as a timely and wholesome lesson for all white Americans to learn.

In what I have been saying about Mr. Roosevelt, I am not claiming that he was perfect, that he was free from faults. None of us are perfect, none of us are free from faults, and he, like the rest of us, had his faults; made mistakes. I think his action on the Brownsville case was a blunder, a sad blunder. But from all that I know of Mr. Roosevelt, I must believe that he felt that he was doing the right thing in ordering the dismissal of those colored

soldiers. To believe otherwise would be to ignore his whole past record. I believe he was thoroughly honest, sincere in the course which he took, though I did not agree with him, and do not now.

Let us not, as colored Americans, allow the Brownsville affair, whatever we may think of it, to shut our eyes to his many and great qualities, and to his long, arduous and faithful service in the interest of humanity, in the interest of all races, classes and conditions of men. The great desire of his heart and the whole trend of his life were in the direction of the uplift of all men of whatever race or color. He wanted the best for himself, and he wanted the best for everybody else. All men up and no man down, expresses as fully as anything I know of, the inmost desire of his heart, the deep, abiding and controlling sentiment of his soul.

I cannot close these remarks more fittingly than with the tribute paid him by Mr. Root, in 1904, in an address which he made before the Union League Club of New York:

“Men say he is not safe. He is not safe for men who wish to prosecute selfish schemes for the public’s detriment. He is not safe for men who wish the Government conducted with greater reference to campaign contributions than for the public good. He is not safe for the men who wish to drag the President of the United States into a corner and make whispered arrangements which they dare not have known to their constituents.

“But, I say to you, that he has been, these years since President McKinley’s death, the greatest conservative force for the protection of property and our institutions in the City of Washington.

“I would rather have my boy”—and this is the point to which I am directing attention particularly—“taught to admire as the finest thing in our life the honesty and frankness, the truth and loyalty, the honor and devotion of Theodore Roosevelt than have all the wealth of this great metropolis.

“The work of President Roosevelt has more weight for good in this land than of any score or of all his detractors put together.”

Nothing could give us a better idea of the character of the man, coming as they do from one who knew him so well and intimately, than these words of Mr. Root. Whatever his faults may have been, Theodore Roosevelt was one of the biggest, bravest, broadest, noblest spirits that God ever sent into the world. His

place will always be among earth's most choice spirits; and his example will ever remain to spur men on to live the clean, strenuous, unselfish life.

Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of ever land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

We can, none of us, of course, be Theodore Roosevelt, combining in us all of his qualities, and in the peculiar manner in which they were blended in him; but we can all be like him in the estimate which he placed upon life, in the lofty purposes which he carried into life, and in his unswerving devotion to high principles and ideals. And such, I trust, is the earnest purpose of us all. We cannot afford, any one of us, to set up any lower standard, to live for any less worthy objects.

16

HUGH M. BROWNE¹

The special purpose that brings us together at this time is to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friend and brother, Prof. Hugh M. Browne, who departed this life Tuesday evening Oct. 30th, in the city of Philadelphia, where he had gone to have himself thoroughly overhauled as he was not feeling very well. At first everything seemed promising. We all hoped that very soon he would be out of the hospital and greatly improved in health. I so wrote him, in a letter which I sent him only a little while ago, telling him how glad I was to know that the worst was over as I supposed, and that we would all be glad to see him home again, little dreaming that my hopes and the hopes of others were to be so soon shattered. The change for the worse, came suddenly, unexpectedly. All was done that could be done to prolong his life, but it was all in vain. I soon learned, through our mutual friend Rev. Dr. Anderson who saw him every day and was ever most solicitous for his welfare, that the struggle was a hopeless one. The end came a little after seven o'clock on Tuesday evening of this week. He was a great sufferer, especially, latterly; death must, therefore, have been a welcome messenger to

¹ Delivered in Washington, November 2, 1923.

him. No one likes to suffer; very soon we tire of it, and welcome even death, if relief can come in no other way. And so in the condition in which he was, with no possibility of ever being any better, we would not, if we could, bring him back and have him continue to suffer. No, no, not one of us, not even those who are nearest and dearest to him would have him back under such circumstances.

How inscrutable are the divine providences, how impossible it is to fathom them, to understand them. His ways are truly past finding out. Clouds and darkness are round about him. Strive we ever so earnestly, we never will be able to understand the whys and the wherefores of his dealings with us. All we can do is to trust his wisdom, his goodness,—is to bow in humble submission to his will, saying as one of old “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight.”

Who would have thought of Prof. Browne’s going before his dear good wife who has been an invalid for months. But so it is: so it has turned out—he is gone, and she is still here. As I talked with her on Wednesday morning, with tears in her eyes, she said: “Why did the Lord leave me and take Hugh? He seemed so much better fitted to live than I am.” That question no one can answer, but the Lord had a reason for it, we may be sure; and some time, if not in this life, in the life to come, he will make it clear. It is that kind of faith that we all need,—faith in the guiding hand of infinite Love. It is only that kind of faith that will sustain, that will hold us up when the billows and waves are rolling over us. When Peter said to Jesus, How oft shall my brother trespass against me and I forgive him, till seven times, his answer was, “I say not unto thee, till seven times, but until seventy times seven.” In the presence of that amazing statement, a statement which Peter seemed utterly unable to comprehend, he said, you remember, “Lord, increase our faith.” And nothing but a strong abiding faith in the wisdom and love of God will enable us to bear up in the presence of the mysteries of divine providence.

Prof. Brown was born in the city of Washington June, 1851, being 72 last June. His father and mother were well known and highly respected citizens of Washington. There was a large number of children, boys and girls. I knew the father and mother well, and nearly all of the children: Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Pierre,

Mrs. Richardson, and Teny, the single sister who died shortly after I came here.

Prof. Browne grew up in this city, was educated partly in the public schools and at Howard University, being a graduate of the College Department of that institution. He was a graduate also of the Princeton Theological Seminary. He studied also in Scotland and Germany.

While in the seminary, during his senior year, he had charge of the Witherspoon Presbyterian Church there, and continued to serve the church after his graduation. The church was greatly prospered under his able and efficient management. He was beloved, greatly beloved by the members. While there he not only concerned himself about the church and religious matters in the community, but was also very active in looking out for the interest of the colored people along educational lines. Up to this time the educational advantages offered to the colored people of Princeton, though the seat of a great educational institution, were most meager and wretched. The school building was an old ramshackle affair, with only one teacher, and the teacher poorly paid. Prof. Browne saw the injustice of it all, and began in earnest an agitation for a decent building, a proper corps of teachers and an enlarged curriculum. And, although the whites at first did not regard his agitation favorably, finally came, however, to see that he was right. And very soon there was a decided change for the better. The colored people in Princeton now, as the result of the agitation set on foot by Prof. Browne, have as good educational facilities as any city in the state.

On his return from Germany he was called to the pastorate of the old Shiloh Presbyterian Church in New York City, made famous by the services of such men as Theodore S. Wright, J. W. C. Pennington, and the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet. He had about made up his mind to accept the call when Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, the distinguished African scholar, and at that time President of Liberia College, was visiting the United States in search of suitable men for professorships in his college. He so impressed Prof. Browne with the splendid opportunity which work in Africa offered for real service to the race, that he was finally induced to accept a professorship in the college, and shortly afterwards sailed for Africa. A farewell meeting was given to him in this city, held in the Old Fifteenth Street Church building on

Fifteenth Street between I and K. The meeting was largely attended. Dr. Blyden was present and made the principal address. Prof. Browne also spoke. It looked as if the colored people in America were to lose forever one of its most promising young men; but we were willing to have him go with such an inviting field before him, and as our contribution to the uplift of the land of our forefathers. He went away with our benediction resting upon him and upon the work in which he was to engage.

Only a few years passed, however, before Prof. Browne had severed his connection with the College of Liberia, and was in this country again. On reaching Liberia, he found that things were not as they had been represented. There was practically no college there, only a building, with a bare handful of students, and nothing to support the work. That was disappointing enough, but in addition, he found that the little that might have been done, if there had been proper cooperation, he was unable to do. He was hampered at every turn.

After severing his connection with the college, he returned to America, with a well defined plan in his mind, to raise funds and to return to Africa and carry on a work among the natives. He had little or no opinion of the Liberians. The only hope of the Republic, as he saw it, was in the native Africans for whom he had the greatest respect, respect for their ability as well as for their desire for better things. He thought for a time that the work which he had in mind might be carried on under our Board of Foreign Missions. But there was some hitch which forced him finally to abandon the idea of returning to Africa, and he settled down to work in this country. He graduated from a theological seminary, and did a little preaching; but it was in the field of education that he found his real life's work. He was a born educator; he took as naturally to it as a duck takes to water, and his subsequent career shows that he made no mistake in the choice which he made.

He began his educational work here in his native city in the old M Street High School as head of the Physics Department. We all know what his record was there; how rapidly his department grew in popularity and in efficiency. Money was scarce at that time in the public schools; it was difficult to get sufficient money to equip his department properly, but it was really wonderful what he did do with the little he had. He did not hesitate at times, so

great was his interest in what he was doing and his desire to give the pupils the best possible facilities, to take money out of his own pocket to get what he felt was needed. Many a dollar of his salary went that way. Such devotion, such interest in his pupils, such enthusiasm, naturally drew the pupils toward him; He had more than he could well attend to; everybody wanted to get under Prof. Browne: his pupils were devoted to him; they would do anything for him, and, all caught his enthusiasm, not only worked in the Physics Department, but loved to do so. I have been in his classes, and I know something of how he was regarded by his pupils and something of their enthusiasm for the work in which they were engaged. He had one very essential quality of a great teacher, and that was the ability to communicate his enthusiasm to his pupils, to get them interested, and thoroughly interested in the subject which he was presenting. This quality he possessed, I think in a preeminent degree. Sometimes we hear teachers complaining that they cannot get the pupils interested. The trouble, in nine cases out of ten, is that they themselves are not interested. If they were a little more wide-awake, themselves, their pupils would be. If the teacher is half asleep, if the subject he is teaching has little or no interest for him, how can he hope to create an interest in his pupils? How can he hope to have a live wide-awake class when he himself is not alive, wide-awake, bubbling over with interest?

Prof. Browne taught a subject that he was thoroughly interested in, and a subject that he knew thoroughly, and appreciated the value and importance of it; and that was one secret of his success as a teacher. He was not only thoroughly equipped, but had an abounding enthusiasm for what he was doing. You can't have those qualities meet in any teacher, and that teacher turn out to be a failure. More knowledge, and more enthusiasm are what most of our teachers need, not only for their own comfort in the work they are doing, but also for the sake of the pupils committed to their care. Teaching, in other words, is not a mere perfunctory performance, it is a vital process, it must have life in it, interest in it, if it is to count for anything. So many of our teachers, after they have been teaching for a number of years, lose interest in what they are teaching, go through with their work in a listless, half-hearted way. And yet they wonder why their pupils are not interested; why they are not rated higher as teachers.

Prof. Browne leaves a most valuable and impressive lesson here for all of our teachers. The lesson is: Know your work, the subject you are teaching thoroughly; love it; put life and enthusiasm into it.

One of the things that Miss Shadd said to me this morning over the phone was: "His desire was to be known as a teacher. His constant thought was: It is the duty of the school to furnish the opportunity for the child to discover the powers which God gave him. It is the duty of the teacher to help the child to develop those powers to the fullest extent." And that was the kind of teacher he was, and the use he made of all the schools over which he presided.

From the M Street High School Prof. Browne was called to take charge of the Physics Department at Hampton Institute; and there did for that department what he had done for the department in the M Street High School. He thoroughly overhauled it and reorganized it. He was not quite satisfied with some of the things which he saw at Hampton; he did not entertain the highest opinion of the ability and fitness of some of the teachers that were employed there. He felt that many of them were antiquated, and were retained simply because some of the wealthy patrons wanted them retained, regardless of their qualification. He felt that that was an evil that ought not to exist, that it was not quite fair to the pupils. And he did not hesitate to express himself, which did not tend to increase his popularity. All, however, had the highest respect for his ability. I heard, at the time that he was there, one of the high colored officials say: "When conferences were appointed for the consideration of some matter of interest in regard to the work, Prof. Browne would come in with more suggestions than all the others put together." And his suggestions, he said, were always worth listening to. From Hampton he was called to take charge of the newly organized High School in Baltimore. And there also he showed himself thoroughly equipped,—a man of executive force and ample educational knowledge, which soon gave him an intelligent grasp of just what was needed to make the school what it ought to be. He left a deep and lasting impression upon the schools in Baltimore.

From Baltimore he went to what may be regarded as his most important educational work, the principalship of the Institute for Colored Youth in the city of Philadelphia. After entering upon his

duties and looking the work over thoroughly, he was convinced that it was necessary to remove the school from its cramped quarters in the city to the country where it would have a plenty of room to expand and to do a more effective work for the race. The managers took his view, and secured a farm with a good farmhouse on it, located some miles from the city. The building in the city was sold and the construction of buildings on the new site was begun. The name was changed to The Cheyney Training School for Teachers. He remained there for ten years, during which time, by hard work he succeeded in making at Cheyney one of the most thorough, up-to-date training schools in the country. It has now been taken over by the State, and is one of its regular normal schools, but it will always stand as a monument to the educational ability and executive force of Prof. Browne. He planned it, organized it, brought it to its present state of perfection. Those who had the opportunity of visiting Cheyney during Prof. Browne's incumbency, will never forget the fine order, the beautiful arrangement, the thoroughness of everything, and the precision with which everything moved. He was an executive of the first order; nothing was allowed to go at loose ends. The standard that was maintained in every department of the school was always of the highest. It was manifest to anyone visiting the school, that at the head of it was a man whose educational standard was high; his aim was always to have the best.

In 1912 I was invited by him to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, and by way of introduction said:

"It is with very great pleasure that I am here this afternoon to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon to the class of 1912 of this Institution. It is always a pleasure to me to speak to young people, but it is doubly pleasant for me to speak to the graduating class of an institution presided over by my old friend and classmate, Prof. Hugh Browne. We have been friends for nearly forty years, and there has never been a break in our friendship during all these years. This Institute is most fortunate in having at its head a man of Prof. Browne's eminent qualification. He is, in my judgment, the best equipped, all-round educator that we have yet produced. And to his credit be it said, he has never been afflicted with the craze for notoriety, with which so many others have been, but has been content to do his work quietly, in a simple, unostentatious way, leaving the public to find out, through the

men and women who are being trained here, the high quality of his work. Prof. Browne has always, in whatever he has undertaken, aimed at thoroughness, at efficiency, and at the best that was possible within the reach of his resources. He has never been willing to tolerate shoddy work of any kind, or to be content with antiquated, defunct methods of doing things. He is an up-to-date educator,—a man fully abreast of the most advanced ideas in education and the most approved methods and appliances for doing most effectively the work of education.”

Those were my views, my estimate of Prof. Browne in 1912; and I have had no reason to change that estimate since. I still feel that we have produced no abler educator.

After the announcement of his death, I found a card which I had carefully put away in an envelope with his name marked on it. It sets forth very briefly but comprehensively the things that have been accomplished by him, and is as follows:

While a professor in the College of Liberia, West Africa, devised a course of industrial education for the Republic.

“Introduced and developed student experimentation in physics and home-made apparatus making, in the Public Schools, Washington, D. C.

Introduced and developed the same work at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. Devised the plan for Hampton Institute’s exhibit which received gold medal at Paris Exposition.

Reorganized and united the High School and Training School, Baltimore, Md., and placed the work under its first colored faculty.

Reorganized the Institute for Colored Youth, Philadelphia, Pa., removed the plant to Cheyney, Pa., and developed the present Training School for Teachers which aims to correlate academic and industrial education.

Planned and conducted thirteen summer schools for teachers—three at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., one at Baltimore, Md., and nine at Cheyney, Pa.

Directed the development of the “Daily Menus for the School Year,” which provided for three well-balanced and wholesome meals daily at twenty-one cents per day.

Devised the plan for the reorganization and removal to Cheyney, Pa., of the Shelter Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa., to become a practice school for the Cheyney Training School for Teachers.

This will give you some idea of the scope of his work and of its nature and importance. The daily menus that he directed and supervised at Cheyney proved so admirable in quality and in cheap-

ness that it attracted very wide attention, and was finally, I understand, adopted by the United States Government, and sent out as a bulletin under its direction as a model and guide for others.

After terminating his connection with Cheyney, with a view of fitting himself still more fully for his chosen profession, he went to Germany and spent a year in the study of vocational education in the schools of Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, Frankfurt-am-Main and Hamburg. Unfortunately the war came on, and he was forced to return to America. Naturally he came back to his home city, and set up an office, as Consulting School Director, his specialties being scientific management of schools, and vocational education.

For several years, however, owing to the health of his good wife which required his constant attention, he was able to do very little in the line of his chosen profession. He has done enough, however, to make his life well worth living. His was a useful life, a life of strenuous toil and endeavor in an earnest, honest effort to improve conditions, to fit men and women for the arduous duties and responsibilities of life.

I knew him well: we have been friends for fifty years. We entered the theological seminary together; we studied together for three years in the same class; we graduated together. And since graduation we have kept in close touch with each other. To him life was real, life was earnest.

“We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle: face it. 'Tis God's Gift,”

is the way he felt, and is the spirit in which he met life's duties and responsibilities. A serious purpose ran all through his life. No one could be with him long without realizing that he was not drifting, that his was not a purposeless life. He was a man who thought, and who thought profoundly on the problems of life. He was no superficial thinker, a mere dabbler in the field of education. Long and patiently he had gone over every phase of it, so that he spoke as one having authority, one having the right to speak in virtue of knowledge, accurate, scientific knowledge. He was a man who did his own thinking, who had his own views about things; and from those views he was not easily moved. Some people may have regarded him as somewhat obstinate; as set in his ways. But it was not that, it was because his convictions rested

upon careful thought and reflection; he was not easily moved because he felt confident of the soundness of his position. He was a man also of strong likes and dislikes, which I think is true of nearly all strong characters. It was difficult to change his attitude when it was once taken.

He was a man also of generous impulses, quick to respond to any worthy cause. There was nothing mean about him, nothing miserly. What he had he was always willing to share with others.

He was also a good friend. Nothing that he had was too good for a friend; nothing gave him greater pleasure than to be of service to a friend.

He was also a good husband; his devotion to his invalid wife was really beautiful. Always willing, always at hand to respond to every call. When he went away to Philadelphia, one reason why he hesitated to go, why he put it off as long as he did, was the thought that he might be needed at home. And one reason why he wanted to get back as speedily as possible was that he might be near her, that he might give her his personal care. In the last letter received from him at his home these words occur:

“I have so much to write: my only regret is that 2110 does not have my services; It will soon; and let me tell you the services will be mightily improved.

“If the Lord is through with me on earth, this operation will settle things. If he has still work for me to do, this operation will prepare me for it, both physically and spiritually. The Lord be praised.”

The early part of last September, we were both guests in the home of our mutual friend and schoolmate, Rev. Dr. Matthew Anderson of Philadelphia. We spent a very happy week together there. The three of us talking over the old Princeton days. When the time came for me to leave for Washington, I shook hands with him, bidding him good bye, and telling him I would look for him soon in Washington, little dreaming that never again in this life would I be permitted to take him by the hand and to hear his voice, his familiar voice. But so it has turned out.

And if this life were all, it would be sad, indeed, but it is not all; the great, the endless life is beyond. We say good bye, but it is in the full assurance that the meeting time will come, by and by. At best it will be only a little while before those of us who are left behind will also be on the other side. There is no need to be sad

when the portals of eternity swing open to receive our loved ones,
when they are so soon to swing open to receive us also.

As one has said :

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across that strange country—The Beyond ;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes
We would find heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet still I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But that I think, "One more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;"
One more to make the strange land Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but the crossing—with a bated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before.

That is the way we should look at death ; that is what it should
mean to us.

Prof. Browne was a member of this church, the Fifteenth St.
Presbyterian Church. He had been for fifty-seven years, joined it
when he was only fifteen years of age, grew up in its Sunday
School, and was actively identified with it until he went away to
Princeton in 1875. Since then most of the time he has been away
from the city engaged in educational work. And since he has

been back, during the past few years, has been so circumstanced at home as to make it impossible for him to be to the church what he desired to be. He was among those who rejoiced in the change from the old to the present site.

When he came into the church sixty-seven others were received. It was shortly after the termination of the pastorate of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet in 1866. The elders were Charles Bruce, William Slade, Edward Crusor, David Fisher, William J. Wilson. The session was moderated by the Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of the Fourth Church, who was the leading spirit in connection with Mr. Cook in the organization of the church. In running over the list I find that they are all gone with the exception of only two or three. And so it will continue until not one will be left.

Among the things also Miss Shadd said to me this morning was: "I used to say to Hugh: You never go to funerals: When you die it will be difficult to get pallbearers for you. He would laugh, and say: You will have no difficulty about that. Any of my boys who were trained by me will be glad to serve." And so they are. The six active pallbearers here today are all his boys, were all trained by him. Five of them, Capt. Arthur Newman, Mr. Dodson, Mr. Phil Williams, Mr. Alphonso Stafford, Dr. Charles Tignor, were under him at the M Street High School, and Mr. George Conway at Hampton. And so what he said is true "Any of his boys would be ready to perform this last sad service for him."

Till we meet again, farewell, farewell.

17

JAMES HENRY NELSON WARING¹

The special purpose that brings us together at this time is to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, Dr. James H. N. Waring, who departed this life very suddenly on Saturday morning, the 29th of December, at Cochituate, Massachusetts, where he had gone to spend the Christmas with his daughter, Mrs. Steele, and where Mrs. Waring had gone on before; so that they anticipated a very delightful time.

It only shows how little we know of the future, or what is before us from one day to another. How often our plans are all upset, our purpose frustrated, by One who holds within His hand the destiny

¹ Delivered January 2, 1924.

of everyone of us. We are not consulted, as to when the end of the earthly pilgrimage shall come, or where we shall be when it comes, or as to the channel through which we shall pass on and out. All we know is that some day the end will be reached. And, after all, that is all that it is really important for us to know. It is better, I think, that it should be so; I know it is better, otherwise the dear heavenly Father would have ordered differently. If it were otherwise, I am sure it would not add to our happiness. It is well that we do not know specifically what is before us, that things come to us as they do. I am sure nothing was farther from the mind of our good friend and brother when he left Downingtown for Cochituate that he was never to return to it, that never again was he to look into the faces of teachers and pupils again. But so it was to be, all veiled from his eyes but open to the eyes of Him who knows the end from the beginning.

Dr. Waring was born on a farm in Berrien County, Michigan, September 22, 1861. He was just a little over sixty-two years of age. He studied in the public schools of Oberlin; graduated from the Preparatory Department of Howard University in 1877; attended the Medical Department of the university, taking the full medical course and graduated in 1888. After graduating from medicine he became connected with the Public Schools of the District of Columbia, filling successively the position of teacher, principal, and supervising principal. It was in connection with the schools here that he demonstrated his ability as an educator. He made a thorough study of the graded school system, mastered it in every detail so that he was thoroughly proficient, abundantly able to supervise, to direct the teachers under him in the responsible position which he occupied and which he so ably filled during his incumbency. I was told at the time, while he was here connected with our schools, that there was no abler supervisor connected with the system. We have had some very able supervisors in these schools; and he was always rated among the ablest.

He not only knew his business, as an educator, in the special branch of education committed to his care; but he also understood human nature, how to get along with his teachers, how to keep them at their best, pointing out their defects when necessary, but doing it in a way not to embarrass them, or to embitter them, doing it frankly and fearlessly, but always in a kindly spirit, so as to make the teachers feel that his aim always was to help them to become

better teachers, for their own sake as well as for the sake of the system of which they were a part. The greater number of competent teachers that can be produced in any system, the more valuable becomes the system as an educational agency. And helping to secure this is a very important part of the work of a supervisor. He may exercise his power in such a way as to discourage his teachers and lead them to hate him; or he can exercise it as steadily to increase their efficiency, as well as their regard for his. This Dr. Waring well understood. The standard which he held up before his teachers was always high, and there was no disposition on his part to lower that standard. Every teacher under him understood perfectly well that any consideration which he might show them was not intended to, or to be interpreted to mean a disposition on his part to be content with shoddy work on their part. The teacher who was deficient, but who recognizing her deficiency, showed a disposition to improve herself, received every possible encouragement from him; but if the reverse was true, if she showed no disposition to profit by his kindly criticism, but kept on in her old way of doing things, then it was that he had no patience with her; then it was that he showed that he owed a duty to the children in these schools who ought not to be committed to the charge of incompetent teachers; they are entitled to the best, and those in authority ought to see that they have the best. Teachers who will not improve themselves; who will not profit by kindly and intelligent criticism, ought to be eliminated. Every teacher ought to be made to feel, and every supervising principal ought to make every teacher under him feel, not in a blunt, brutal way, as I understand, it is sometimes done, but in a kindly, but positive way, that she must improve herself, she must keep efficient, or else expect to be eliminated from the teaching force. Doctor Waring not only knew what was required of him as supervisor; but he endeavored faithfully to meet his obligations to the pupils, to the teachers under him, and to the system of which he was a part.

Dr. Waring's connection with the Public Schools as classroom teacher and principal of the Garnet School began in the early history of education here. As instructor and head, he made and maintained an enviable record. As classroom teacher his work was highly satisfactory, and he stood forth among the superior members of the corps. Thoroughness in learning was markedly characteristic of all his work, and hundreds of boys and girls, although

deeming his discipline and requirements severe, as men and women honor him in clean, useful lives.

Dr. Waring as head of Garnet School controlled a large body of teachers, whose value and efficiency greatly increased under his leadership and supervision. Loyalty, respect and love for him were conspicuous among those who with him broke the bread of knowledge for hundreds of children.

The growth of the educational system made it necessary to create an additional supervisor, and Dr. Waring stood forth as fittest. In this higher and wider field, he manifested the same efficiency, and stimulated his teachers to render better service. As supervisor for many years Dr. Waring gave to the cause of learning in the District of Columbia his exceptionally fine abilities until he was elected to the principalship of the Baltimore High School. In this position he accomplished a splendid work which the pupils, parents, and citizens will not let die.

It is evident from these statements, that the impression which he made here, in connection with his work as an educator, was in every way most complimentary to him, as to his ability, efficiency, and faithfulness.

After due consideration, on September 10, 1902, he sent in his resignation, and accepted the principalship of the high school in Baltimore. The man who recommended him for the position and succeeded in getting him to consent to leave Washington and go to Baltimore, was Prof. Hugh M. Browne, over whom it was my sad duty only a little while ago to do for him in this very place, what I am here doing for Dr. Waring. Prof. Browne, at that time, was head of the school in Baltimore, but had been called to undertake the work in Pennsylvania. As he looked the field over, in search of a successor, the one man that he thought of was Dr. Waring. And he thought of him not because of any special friendship for him, though they were good friends, but because of his knowledge of him as an educator of approved ability and efficiency. Prof. Browne had had many opportunities of testing the mental calibre and educational qualifications of Dr. Waring. As I said, in my address over Prof. Browne, the fact that he, Prof. Browne, was the one man that Booker Washington thought of when requested to name a man for the work of reorganizing the Institute for Colored Youth in Philadelphia, showed what Mr. Washington thought of him as an educa-

tor. And the fact that Prof. Browne, in vacating the position in Baltimore, thought of Dr. Waring and named him for the place, showed what he thought of him as an educator. And the work, the splendid work which Dr. Waring did in Baltimore, clearly vindicated the high estimate which Prof. Browne had placed upon him.

At the head of the public school in Baltimore at that time was one of the ablest educators in the whole country, Dr. Van Syckel. Such was his confidence in Dr. Waring and in his high educational qualifications that he virtually put under him all the colored schools of the city. He knew or, at least, felt that Dr. Waring was just as well qualified to look after them as he was himself. I know something personally of the work that he did there. I had the opportunity of going with him through the schools, and seeing not only the work but the kindly relation existing between him and the teachers. At the high school it was more like a happy family than anything I had ever seen among teachers grouped in one building.

After leaving Baltimore he returned to Washington and took up the practice of medicine which he continued to do until the breaking out of the great world war. There was a great demand for workers, at that time, especially in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. And in answer to that call he became one of the secretaries of the Association and rendered very important service in one of the camps in Massachusetts. At the close of the war he settled in Hopkinton, Mass. In the neighborhood he purchased a farm and began farming, a thing, he said, that he wanted to do all his life. It was while operating this farm, that the last call, of an educational nature, came to him. At Downingtown, Pennsylvania, there was located an industrial school, organized and managed by the Rev. Mr. Credit until his death. The trustees found themselves without a principal, and in looking around for a man, were, by some one, directed to Dr. Waring. He finally consented to undertake the work. It was a task that hardly any other man that I know of would have ventured upon. The school was as near nothing as anything could be, if it ever amounted to anything, and at that time it was terribly run down. Everything about it reflected most sadly upon those who had been conducting it. I had heard reports about conditions in and about the school; but never realized how bad they really were until I saw with my own eyes. A party of us motored out from Philadelphia one summer: it was shortly after Doctor Waring took charge of it. As we were returning to the

city, we all felt a deep sense of pity for the doctor, but could not help admiring the courage of a man who would undertake to rehabilitate a work that seemed almost beyond the power of resuscitation.

When I first heard that Dr. Waring was going to Downingtown, I pitied him; but at the same time I said, "The trustees are to be congratulated in securing his services." I felt that if there was a man anywhere who could resurrect a practically dead school, Doctor Waring was the man. And so I have watched with the deepest interest the course of events at the school since his incumbency. And while the growth has been slow, it could not be otherwise, it has been a steady and upward growth. Things have improved. The premises, the buildings, all have taken on a new aspect. If the doctor had been spared only a few years longer he would have made a model school of it, a school that would have been a credit to the State of Pennsylvania. The little time that he was permitted to work, he has left, however, his mark, his indelible mark upon it. I feel sure that the trustees and all who are interested in that school will feel that his death is a calamity to it. Let us hope that some good man will be found, and found soon, to take up the work which he has so suddenly laid down. It was a work that was near his heart, that greatly absorbed him to the end.

Dr. Waring, as I said in the beginning of my remarks, was a graduate of the Preparatory Department of Howard University, and also of its Medical Department. Very naturally, therefore, he always had a deep interest in the university. His father, Rev. William Waring, had been an honored trustee of it for a number of years, and that also tended to increase his interest. The doctor had so commended himself to the authorities of the University, that on the resignation of Gen. Chas. Bird of Wilmington, Del., he was elected to fill the vacancy, May 28, 1907, and served in that capacity up to the time of his death, a period of twenty years and seven months.

At the last annual meeting he was reelected for another term of three years. While he resided in the city, he was always at the service of the University, ready to respond to any call it might make upon him. He was on the Executive Committee, and a very active earnest member of it, and continued to be until he was forced to resign when he was called away during the war as a Christian Association secretary. He was also on the Finance Committee,

which meets every week to transact the business of the University: in fact, I am told, that it was at his suggestion, and on his motion, that the Finance Committee was created. No one who knew him could doubt for a moment his deep and abiding interest in the University and in all matters looking to its betterment. You may not always have agreed with him in the positions he took, but that he was always seeking to express what he conceived to be for the best interest of the University, no one who knew him could doubt for a moment. He was as loyal to the University and its interests, as he conceived it, I believe, as any member of the Board. I always believed in his sincerity, in his perfect honesty, in what he said and did affecting University matters. Even after he had left the city, he was very rarely absent from a trustee meeting, and at a time when trustees were required to pay their own traveling expenses. In 1897 the University conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, a recognition which he well deserved, for he was a man of unquestioned ability, a clear thinker, and a fluent and forceful speaker.

Doctor Waring was also a good citizen: he was interested in the moral uplift of the community, in the things which tended to its betterment; and was an uncompromising enemy of the forces of evil in the community. He was a strong temperance man and fought the liquor traffic and the corner saloon, with all his power; he entered into the struggle with all his heart, soul, mind and strength. One of the things for which he became particularly conspicuous while in Baltimore was the war which he made on the saloon; and one of the greatest services which he rendered while there was the stand which he took on the liquor traffic. It meant a great deal to have it known throughout the city that the principal of the colored high school was a temperance man and an active enemy of the saloon. And it meant a great deal to the children of those schools to have such an example constantly before them.

Another thing I want to mention to his credit. He did not keep himself aloof from the Christian church; he was always in some way identified with it. He saw that, as an institution, it meant much to the community, that it was an important agency of sound moral principles. And, as such, he felt that it ought to be sustained, by attendance upon its services and by contributing to its support. In this respect he was very unlike many of our public men; the church seems to count for but little with some of them;

they very rarely attend its services, or contribute anything toward keeping up these centers of moral and spiritual influences. Dr. Waring was a church man; he believed in the value of churches; he attended them; he helped to support them. He became a member of this church Nov. 5, 1895, some 28 years ago. That was not the beginning, however, of his Christian life. It began some years before, but it was at that time that he connected himself here. He felt at home here; it had been the church of his wife, and still is, and of his children.

He was also a good friend, one upon whom you could always rely. I never knew him to desert a friend or prove false to a friend. I know of instances of his fidelity reaching over years. And he was no half-hearted friend; he responded always with the best that he had. He was also a great family man; he loved his home, and loved his wife and children, and sought in every possible way to serve them. He was a good husband, and a good father.

On April 4, 1922, in the city of Baltimore at the residence of their daughter, Mrs. Booker, he and his good wife celebrated their 39th marriage anniversary and, as I had tied the marriage knot for them when they were married, I was invited to join the party, which I did. It was a most delightful occasion. How happy everybody was. The marriage bells seemed to be ringing anew. In connection with it, I made a little address, and I am going to read it here because it bears directly upon the aspect of the subject which I am now discussing under the general head of the relation which he sustained to his family and they to him. I said: "I am glad to be here on this auspicious occasion, and to extend my heartiest congratulations to my friends of long standing, Dr. and Mrs. Waring, on this their wedding anniversary. Thirty-nine years ago today in the city of Washington, in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, it fell to my lot, and to me it was a happy one, to say the words that united them in the holy bonds of matrimony, bonds that have not weakened with the years, but which have strengthened with time, binding them closer and closer together. Some marriages, we are told, are made in heaven; and, I believe that this is one of the heaven-made marriages. During all these thirty-nine years, I have known these friends; have been in and out of their home; have partaken of their hospitality; have seen them with their children; have seen them in their joys and in their sorrows, when things were bright and when things were dark, and never did I have reason to doubt

for a moment that love's golden chain was the bond that bound them together. From the very beginning it was no problematic union, like many of the unions that are formed today, because it rested upon the rock foundation of love, true love. Such unions alone are enduring; such unions alone are heaven-made. I read some time ago in the Washington *Evening Star* a statement that greatly impressed me: it was made by Col. Henry Watterson before his death, and occurred in a communication which he sent to the United Confederate Veterans that were holding a meeting at Chattanooga, Tenn., expressing his regrets at his inability to be present. 'Chattanooga,' he said, 'possesses many claims upon my affections. It was there that I found my dear wife, who, after fifty-nine years of devotion, still abides, and between whom and myself the relation then established remains unbroken and unchanged.' His was one of the heaven-made marriages.

"I came across also this little bit of poetry in one of our magazines which arrested my attention and deeply impressed me:

"What matters where the road may lie
 So we have walked together;
 What matters though the road were rough,
 The lessons bitter? This was joy enough,
 That we have walked together.'

"That also describes a heaven-made marriage. And it is a pleasure and a ground for congratulation that we are here tonight to take part, after thirty-nine years, in celebrating the anniversary of one such marriage. Congratulations are certainly in order, and most gladly do I extend mine, and rejoice in the fact that I had a hand in bringing about the union. God grant that whenever the marriage bells ring, that it may be in connection with such marriages only, marriages founded upon love, true love. It is the only foundation upon which it is likely to endure, and out of which can come lasting domestic peace and happiness. I believe, have always believed in that kind of union for life: And have, therefore, carried in my mind for years those beautiful lines of Charles Swain, which I have often repeated to those who were about to make the great venture.

"LOVE? I will tell thee what it is to love:
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
 There Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
 Where time seems young, and life a thing divine—

Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet.'

“Such is the treasure, the priceless treasure upon which all true heaven-made marriages rest. And, as I said before, on this the 39th Anniversary of such a marriage, we are here this evening to extend our congratulations.

“It is my earnest prayer and wish, and I am sure it is the prayer and wish of all of us here, that many, many more years of usefulness and of happy married life may be granted to Dr. and Mrs. Waring. And, at last, at the sunset hour, when the time comes for crossing the bar, that each in turn may go forth in the calm, sweet assurance of meeting face to face the Great Pilot whom they have been serving during all these years; and so be forever with him and with each other.”

A little while after they had returned to Downingtown from Baltimore, I received a letter from the Doctor saying that he and Mrs. Waring would be glad if I would send them a copy of my remarks as they would like to file it away among the archives of the family. I, of course, sent it on. I am mentioning this because it shows that what I said in my remarks about that marriage, they both recognized to be true. It was a marriage founded on love; and it endured the strain of those 39 years with the same unfaltering faith and trust in each other.

The last letter which I received from the Doctor was only a little over a month ago. It was in acknowledgment of a copy of a sermon which I had preached, entitled “A Look Backward over a Pastorate of More than Forty-two Years over the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church.” It was a most kindly letter—a letter that I will never cease to value and preserve among my most precious possessions. I wrote him thanking him for it, and wishing him and his good wife many more years of usefulness in the noble but strenuous work in which they were engaged, little dreaming that the end of his earthly pilgrimage was so near; that never again in life would I be permitted to look into his strong, manly, kindly face, and feel the warm pressure of his hand. But so it has turned out. The thought of death, in connection with him, never occurred to me. He always seemed so strong, though, of course, I knew that he had

serious heart trouble; and other ailments; but still as I saw him, death seemed far away.

I have known Dr. Waring for more than forty years, and, as I now look back and think of him, the impression which he has made upon me is that of a strong man. James H. N. Waring was no weakling; he was never a nonentity anywhere; he was always a positive and aggressive force wherever he was found or happened to be.

He was a man mentally well equipped for the battle of life, a man of brains, of intellectual vigor. And he was a man also of independent thought—a man who did his own thinking, a man who called no man master, in the sense of accepting other men's thoughts and conclusions without first subjecting them to the judgment of his own mind. He reflected always his own judgment and not the judgment of others. He was also a man of indomitable will, of inflexible determination. When he took a position it was difficult to move him; he was like adamant. I remember his father once, in speaking of him, said, "James is a good fellow, but don't run up against him; it is like running up against a stone wall. It is almost impossible to turn him." Well, that is a good quality to possess: it is possible, of course, to have too much of it; but most of us have too little of it. Lack of will power is the curse of too many people; they are weak, wishy-washy, unable to take a stand on anything and hold it. He was also an industrious, hard-working man, never afraid to tax himself to the utmost. Whatever he had to do, whatever he was interested in, he gave himself unstintingly to it. He knew that nothing else could make up for attention and hard work in the business of life, in bringing about results.

There was in him also a good deal of the milk of human kindness; he had a big, generous, tender, loving heart, a kind, sympathetic nature. He was blessed also with a bright, cheerful disposition. He was not a man to go through life, with his head hung down, with a sad, dejected countenance, however dark the outlook might be. He was not easily discouraged. His look always was towards the bright side of things. That trait of his character carried him over many a hard place in the course of his life.

He was also a very resourceful man. Whatever the difficulties might be, he was always able to find a way out. If one thing failed, another was always found. In other words, throw him anywhere he always landed on his feet.

Another thing about him that always impressed me, was that he never seemed to grow any older, he was always young in spirit. And this I attributed, in part, to his great love of children and young people. He was always at home with children, always at home with young people. The result was he was always young, always ready to join in their sports and have a good time with them. We all need more of this perpetually youthful spirit than we have. There is no reason why any of us should allow the spirit of youth to die out of us. We owe it to ourselves, as well as to others, to keep young, and fresh and buoyant.

James H. N. Waring was also a thoroughly religious man. His faith in God was always strong; and he believed in prayer, in the power of prayer. He was a man of prayer; he believed in talking to God, and it was his custom to consult him about everything, to take everything to him in prayer. That was one of the things that kept him from sinking down in the midst of all of his arduous labors and the perplexities that often crowded in upon him. He always knew where to go, and never went in vain. The promise is, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." And, somehow, he had learned the knack of staying himself upon God, otherwise he never could have held up as long as he did.

In closing, I need not assure the members of the family of my deepest sympathy. It is no easy thing to part with a dear companion, a loving father and brother. It is what, however painful as it is, that sooner or later will come to us all. We are only pilgrims and strangers here. Earth is not our home. Our home, our real, lasting home is beyond, in a brighter and fairer world. And we must accustom ourselves to think of it in that light, so that when death comes and takes away a loved one, it won't seem so hard and strange to us. It only means one more has gone on, and will be waiting to greet us when our turn comes. Death brings separation, it is true, but it is only at best, for a little while. It won't be long before we shall all be joining those on the other side, to part no more. Let us therefore cheer up; let us look on the bright side.

While we are waiting our turn there is much for us to do; life is full of opportunities for helping others, and in the very help that we render to others, joy will fill our hearts, and so, though loved ones have gone, the way will not seem so lonely. We have also the great promises of God to build upon. He is an ever present help in every time of need. He says : "Call upon me, and I will answer

thee." The exhortation is, "Be careful for nothing, or in nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ. Some sweet day, in a better land, the happy meeting time will come.

Just as when some great ship, with sail spread free
Fades o'er the distant limits of the sea
I know that from my sight she's but gone on
To harbors waiting with rare gifts anon,
So do I know in hours dark with grief,
For some gone friend whose loss finds scant relief,
That somewhere out beyond are ports where we
Once more shall meet who travel on the sea.

18

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ

A Brief Statement from his Brother, Francis J. Grimké

Archibald H. Grimké was a strong man,—strong mentally, strong morally. He had a first-class mind, and, in his private and public life lived always on the highest moral plane. There was never the slightest suspicion as to the purity of his character and life. He was one of our race leaders who had nothing to fear, nothing to cover up in his private or public record. He was a gentleman in the truest and best sense of the term,—a man whose example can be safely commended to our young people for their imitation. Of the bad habits that curse so many of our young men, and older ones too, he had none.

He was a man also of splendid courage. He was utterly fearless. In his defense of the rights of the race, he feared none, from the least to the greatest. The fear of man had no place in his make up.

His unselfish devotion to the race was also of the highest quality. He asked nothing, expected nothing, accepted nothing for the many and great services which he rendered it. He was not of the class of leaders, too common in our day, who serve the race only for what they can get out of it, and not from any real interest in it or in what concerns its welfare.

He was also a level-headed man, a man of large common sense. He knew how to deal with all classes of people and all grades

of intelligence so as to arouse in them the least possible friction. He never hesitated, however, where a principle was involved to say or do the unpopular thing. I once heard Bishop Hurst, in speaking of him, use the term, wise. He said, "Mr. Grimké is a wise man." And he was, he possessed a considerable amount of that rare commodity, wisdom, common sense.

He was also a man of positive character. No one ever had any difficulty in finding out where he stood on any matter. He was never on the fence, waiting to see which was the popular or profitable side before taking a stand. He took his stand promptly, regardless of personal consequences. He had a wholesome contempt for that kind of indecision, vacillation, cowardice. He was never a negative quantity anywhere, and at any time.

He had also the knack or ability of attaching people to himself and of holding them in perfect loyalty. There were about him, those upon whom he could always depend when their services were needed in furthering any measure which he had on hand.

He was a man also of strong convictions. He did his own thinking. He called no man master. Whatever he did, or whatever line he followed, was because it accorded with his own sense of what was right and proper.

He was a man also of great self-respect. He lived ever in the consciousness of what was befitting his dignity as a man created in the image of God. And, while entirely free from that foolish, senseless pride which arrogates to itself superiority to others based upon mere outward circumstances or conditions, there were things that he felt himself above—things base and mean. His self-respect kept him moving ever on the high level of honorable deportment.

He was a man also of large executive ability. He knew how to direct, how to organize, how to set things going and keep them going.

He was a man also of a very tender heart. No one could be more sympathetic, more ready to share the burdens and sorrows of others, than himself. Some men of strong character, as he was, are deficient just here, but he was not. He had a heart, and a big heart, full of the milk of human kindness.

He possessed also remarkable physical stamina. Until within the last few years his strength seemed entirely unimpaired. He used to take long walks, as far as the Capitol and back, without seeming to weary or exhaust himself in the least. He felt all the

better for the exercise. He inherited from his father and mother a healthy body, and from his earliest manhood took the very best care of himself, avoiding tobacco, strong drink, and other things which tend to undermine the constitution and to implant the seeds of decay. And it stood him well.

During the last ten days of his illness, when it did not seem possible for him to survive another moment, again and again he pulled up to the surprise of all, even to the doctor and nurses. His grip upon life was extraordinarily great. Young men, who think they can sow their wild oats and yet escape the consequences had better take notice and begin early to lay up those physical reserves which they will need in the struggle of life, when the crises come, as they will be sure to, sooner or later.

In politics he was what was called a Mugwump or Independent. He had very little faith in the average Negro politician, and none in either of the great political parties. He believed that the Negro should look out for himself, and to affiliate with any party that will protect him in his rights and further his interest civil and political. He knew that neither party cared anything for him, except so far as it could use him. And the Negro, he felt, should have sense enough in turn to use political parties just as they use him, to further his own interest.

He was a man who did not talk much about his religion. Not because he was not religious, for he was. He had little or no faith in the brand of Christianity in dealing with the race question, that is in circulation in most of our white churches. He believed firmly, however, in God and in Jesus Christ. The religion of Jesus is what he accepted, believed in, tried to live.

Years ago, while a student at Lincoln University, he made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ and so exemplary were his religious character and conduct, that though he was a very young man, he was elected to the high and responsible position as ruling elder in the Ashmun Church of the university, and continued to serve as such, until his graduation.

In nothing was the strong character of the man shown more than during the months that he lay helpless upon his sick bed. During all that time no word of complaint escaped his lips. He bore with singular fortitude those months of enforced inactivity. Most of the time he was cheerful. I used to look at him often and wonder how he was able to bear up under the strain, as he did.

When he was first taken sick, after we had gotten him in bed, he said to me: "Frank, I guess the crisis has come," meaning that he thought he was about to die. In this he was mistaken; the crisis did not then come, but it has since. After nearly twenty months of patient waiting, the release came; the spirit long fettered, was set free.

And here I am reminded of Lowell's noble lines on Dr. William Ellery Channing:

"No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
 Thereby a law of nature it became,
 And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
 When he who called it forth is but a name.
 Therefore I cannot think of thee wholly gone
 The better part of thee is with us still;
 Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
 And only freer wrestles with the ill."

We may be sure, that he is now, on the other side of the "great divide," just what he was here, a simple, straightforward, earnest, conscientious man, seeking for himself what is highest and best in point of character, and desiring only to be of service to others.

The race has not produced many leaders of the stamp of Archibald H. Grimké—high-minded, fearless, steadfast, uncompromising, asking no quarter and giving none in defense of the rights of the race, always ready and willing to serve, and with no thought of compensation.

The great prayer of Theodore Parker, "The Higher Good," as he entitled it, was:

"Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
 Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense;
 I shudder not to bear, a hated name,
 Wanting all wealth—myself my sole defence.
 But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
 A seeing sense that knows eternal right,
 A heart with pity filled, and gentle ruth,
 A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
 Give me the power to labor for mankind;
 Make me the mouth of those who cannot speak;
 Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
 A conscience to the base; and to the weak
 Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish mind."

The principles embodied in that prayer Archibald H. Grimké believed in, and in the spirit of them he lived and wrought. It is that kind of leadership that the race needs and must have if it is to go forward in the great struggle in which it is engaged in this country. The wishy-washy, namby-pamby type, wishing only to be cared for, must be replaced by men who respect themselves and who are willing to suffer rather than compromise with evil—rather than have the race suffer through any connivance or complicity of theirs.

A word also, in this connection, should be said about his daughter, Angelina W. Grimké, whose devotion to her father was singularly beautiful. No man ever had a more devoted daughter. I can conceive of nothing finer than the completeness with which she gave herself to the care of him, from the first day that he was taken down to the moment of his death. She left nothing undone. She watched over him with the tenderest solicitude by day and night. Her one thought was ever to him. In a very real and true sense, she lived for him.

The long months of most exacting service while he waited in the hope of regaining his strength did not diminish in the least her zeal and earnestness, her steady and unremitting attention. She watched over him with an intelligent and loving interest which detected the slightest thing that would contribute in any way to his comfort and happiness, and saw that it was at once provided. She could not have done any more than she did, however hard she might have tried.

And no one appreciated her devotion, her loving and untiring service more than did her father. It was one of the things—it was the thing more than any other, that helped to cheer him as he lay helpless on his sick bed.

In her devotion to him she has set a splendid example to all daughters—to all children, as to the consideration, the tender, loving consideration which they owe to their parents. It is a lesson that cannot be too strongly emphasized. May there be more daughters like her, not only here, but all over the world. Fortunate is the man who, when the end is coming, finds himself in the hands of such a daughter.

Just a word more. The relation that existed between my brother and myself was always very close, and remained so to the end. Nothing was ever able to impair in the least that relation-

ship. For the first fifteen or sixteen years of life we grew up together in our home in Charleston, South Carolina, under the fostering care of a loving mother. After that we both started North together in search of an education.

For a little while we were separated, but soon found ourselves together again at Lincoln University where we roomed together, studied together, ate and played together year after year until our graduation in 1870. After that we were separated again: He went to Boston to enter the Harvard Law School, and I, ultimately, to enter the Princeton Theological Seminary.

After graduation he settled in Boston and began the practice of his profession, and I, after mine, settled in this city. Though hundreds of miles apart we still kept in close touch with each other through correspondence and occasional visits. About twenty-five years ago, after his daughter became connected with the schools of Washington as teacher, he gave up his residence in Boston and came here and made his home with me, which he continued to do.

We always got along pleasantly together. There were no jarring notes between us, no misunderstandings, no bickerings. Nothing was ever able to disturb the peaceful, happy relations existing between us. The tie which bound us together never weakened, but, with advancing years, grew steadily stronger. He was always to me a brother beloved, and I to him.

Again another separation has come, the last great earthly one. It will not be long, however, before I will be going out to join him and the other loved ones who went on before, in a delightful and never-ending fellowship, in the beautiful Beyond.

“We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.”

APPENDIX

As he lay in his casket his face was calm and sweet. Everything indicated that he was at rest. The battle was over, and a sense of having fought a good fight seemed to be reflected in his countenance.

He had a strong, pure, highly intellectual face. He was a distinguished looking man. He bore all the marks of a man of note. No one who met him only casually would have taken him for an

ordinary or commonplace individual. He was a very capable man, a man of outstanding ability.

When he was in battle array, when his sword was drawn for action, woe to the antagonist who encountered him. He could hit hard, and his blows were always telling blows. And yet he was a man of peace. He fought not because he loved fighting, but only where and when it was necessary, where a principle was involved, where right was imperiled, where justice demanded it.¹

19

MRS. ROSETTA LAWSON : REMARKS OF THE REV. FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ BEFORE THE ADULT BIBLE CLASS OF THE FIFTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., OF WHICH HE WAS TEACHER, IN CONNECTION WITH A TEMPERANCE LESSON MAY 24, 1936.

Published by the Adult Bible Class

In the death of Mrs. Rosetta Lawson the community has lost the presence of one whose influence for good has been felt for years, and, especially, in the great cause of temperance. She early realized the evil of strong drink, and threw her influence steadily and aggressively against it. And, never more than today, with the restored liquor traffic again in full force with all its demoralizing and de-

¹ The *Afro-American*, of Baltimore, contained the following at the time of his death:

Grimké, Ex-Consul to San Domingo, Dies—Elder Grimké Brother Was 1919 Spingarn Medallist

Archibald Henry Grimké, 80, ex-consul to Santo Domingo, the noted race advocate and champion, died early Tuesday night, February 25, 1930, at the home of his brother, the Rev. Francis J. Grimké, 1415 Corcoran Street, N. W., after a long illness. Mr. Grimké was born in Charleston, South Carolina, August 17, 1849.

He was for ten years one of the ablest and most persistent officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, retiring from the presidency of the Washington Branch about ten years ago.

He was educated at Lincoln University and Harvard, graduating in law from the latter institution in 1874. In April, 1879, he married Miss Sarah E. Stanley and leaves one daughter, Miss Angelina W. Grimké, at one time a teacher in the public schools of Washington.

From 1883 to 1885 he edited the *Hub*, a weekly paper in Boston, Massachusetts, and later was a special writer on the *Boston Herald* and *Boston Traveller*. He was United States Consul to Santo Domingo from 1894 to 1898. He was president of the American Negro Academy from 1903 to 1916.

During his most active years he was a member of the Authors Club of London, England; American Social Science Association; president of the Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association; treasurer of the Committee of Twelve for the Advancement of the Interests of the Colored Race; and in 1891 wrote the Life of William Lloyd Garrison; and in 1892 the Life of Charles Sumner.

He was awarded the Spingarn medal for special achievement in 1919.

grading influence everywhere to be seen, are women of the stamp of Mrs. Lawson needed.

Most of our women seem to have no adequate sense of the enormity of this evil; and hence the comparatively little interest that they take in the efforts that are being made to arrest it. They stand off, and do nothing, stand off and feel that it is none of their business. Here was a woman, however, who early in her life came to see the evil as it really is, in its influence upon individual character, upon the home life, and upon the future of the race with which she was identified, in its struggle upward out of the depths of ignorance and poverty and immorality to which slavery had reduced it.

She felt, and properly felt, that it was her duty as a young educated woman of the race to do what she could to save the individual, the home, and the race from the blighting influence of this destructive force. In the prime of her young womanhood she enlisted in the warfare against strong drink and kept at it to the very end of her life. She never faltered. Her interest in the cause never diminished. To the measure of her strength she continued to give the enemy no quarter. Her soul was wrapped up in it. She felt, as the apostle Paul felt, "Necessity is laid upon me. Yea, woe is me," if I hold my peace, if I fail to cry aloud against this monstrous evil that is doing more than anything else to curse the world.

The church of which I am pastor, and have been for more than fifty years—the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church—from its organization has always taken an interest in the cause of temperance. It has not found it, however, an easy task to keep the interest up. A faithful few, however, have continued unflinchingly to work for temperance, and in their efforts to keep alive the temperance sentiment in the church they were always able to call upon Mrs. Lawson for help in connection with our monthly temperance meetings. Many, many times she has been present at these meetings and her voice was heard in eloquent terms urging us to be steadfast and unmovable, and not to become discouraged because the meetings were often but slimly attended. I heard her often on the subject of temperance, and always with pleasure and profit.

Now that she has gone to her reward is a good time to call for recruits, to try to awaken anew an interest in the cause that she so dearly loved, and for which she labored so earnestly and faithfully. It will be a lasting disgrace to the race, now that she has dropped out, if among our young women fresh from the schools, in the prime

of their young womanhood, some of them do not come forward to take her place. In her name, therefore, I am calling for recruits for the temperance army in carrying on the fight against the whole liquor business. She entered the army in her young womanhood and threw her whole soul into the conflict. Are there not some of our young women in all of our churches who will come forward and take up the fight and carry it on? There must be.

Come forward; show your colors; take a stand against this monster alcoholic liquors as a beverage. And don't delay. Do it now while the memory of her is still fresh with us. Nothing, I am sure, would please her more; nor could there be a finer tribute to her than such a group of young women coming forward to take her place. It would be a tribute far more impressive, far more worthy of her than covering her casket with expensive floral pieces. Flowers, however beautiful or expensive, soon fade; but loving service in a great cause in memory of her will go on and on for years to come.

William Lloyd Garrison, in his fight against slavery, said: "I am in earnest; I will not excuse; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." And our departed sister and co-worker, if she could speak, I am sure she would say the same thing to us, would breathe into us the same indomitable spirit of opposition to the rum power.

Our duty is to carry on the fight, to continue to be in earnest, to be steadfast and unmovable in the great cause of temperance. And, as in her case, we too must enlist in it for life. There must be no retreat and no surrender.

20

THOMAS WALKER¹

I have known Mr. Walker for a number of years, and have always had for him the highest respect. His good wife was a faithful and valued member of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church of which I am pastor and have been for more than fifty years. I had the opportunity, therefore, of knowing Mr. Walker from the inside of the home as well as outside of it.

His character and conduct have been such as to commend him to the favorable consideration of all who knew him or who had

¹ A short address delivered at the funeral of Thomas Walker, May 31, 1935, and published by his niece, Mrs. F. Walker Penn.

any dealings with him. He stood always for the best things in the life of the community. His influence was always thrown in the interest of what is true, just, pure, lovely and of good report. In every movement that meant progress, development, higher and better things he could always be counted on. We all knew what to expect from him. In high character, in business or professional integrity he stood as a shining example to our young people.

There are so many crooks along all lines, cheats and swindlers, that it is refreshing to be able to point to a man like Mr. Walker who could always be trusted to do the square, the honest thing under all circumstances. During all the years that I have known him I have the first time yet to hear anyone speak disparagingly of him, or question for a moment the integrity of his character, or the purity of his motives.

He was a man well to do; he knew the value of material things and was not indifferent to them. He so managed his affairs that he was enabled to live in comfort, to provide adequately for all his physical necessities. But there were other things that he valued far higher than material things—the things of the spirit, the things that beautify and ennoble the soul, the enduring treasure that neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Those were the things that he valued most, and that he never lost sight of or allowed to sink to a subordinate place in his scheme of life. First things with him were always kept first, spiritual things always above material things.

As a race, as a community, we can ill afford to lose the presence and influence of such men. The future of the race depends more upon high character, upon moral and spiritual worth, than upon anything else. We may have brains, we may have education, we may have wealth, but without high character, without moral and spiritual excellence we are doomed, and ought to be doomed. Nothing will be able to save us.

I saw Mr. Walker about a week before he died. I called by request. He wanted to have a word with me before the end came, which he saw was approaching. We talked for some time together. I think I succeeded in quieting his mind on the matter about which we talked. Before leaving I had a word of prayer with him, and tried to make him understand, as far as I could, what his life had meant to this community, and what it would mean to it in the years to come. I wanted him to know that he had not lived in vain;

that in the hearts of old and young he had made a place for himself, and that it was an honorable place.

Now that he is gone, let us keep his shining example before us. We need more men like Thomas Walker, and must have them if we are to go forward.

To the men of the race, and to the women also, let me say: It pays to live nobly, to keep in the straight and narrow way of righteousness, to fear God and keep His commandments; it pays as nothing else does.

When life ends here, as it will some day, it will be a great source of comfort to be able to go out feeling that we have, at least, tried to make a creditable record for ourselves, leaving behind us a worthy example for others to follow. Such a record is of more value than any amount of material gain.

Someone has said, "Better not live at all than not be noble; better that we were blotted out of existence than that we should come short in the great and essential elements of a true manhood and womanhood." And such were the sentiments of Mr. Walker. And this is why I am glad to stand here today and say what I am saying about him. We don't have to make excuses or apologies for him. We have his record. We know what kind of a man he was. And we are proud of him.

It is for us all to so live that when we are gone those who survive us will also be proud of us. What right have any of us to live, if, after we are gone, there is nothing to show that we have been of any real value; that our living has been any different from that of dumb driven cattle? We are rational, immortal, responsible beings created in the image of God, and should face life with that great thought before us.

In the life of Thomas Walker a note is struck that should be sounded loud and clear, far and near, the note of the supremacy of the higher things of the spirit over the lower things of the flesh, which we are all so apt to forget in the mad scramble for the perishable things of time and sense. A gross materialism is playing havoc with the world, and is everywhere destroying or lowering all higher standards of living.

In order to arrest this downward tendency, to counteract these debasing influences, we need more men of the type of this good man in whose honor we are met here today; and we must help to supply the need by the high quality of our own living.

II ADDRESSES CHIEFLY RACIAL

THE AFRO-AMERICAN PULPIT IN RELATION TO RACE ELEVATION¹

What we need most of all is character. I do not undervalue the importance of wealth—there are many things dependent upon it—many things that we cannot have without it, and therefore it is right and proper that we should think of it, and seek by all honorable means to possess it. I do not undervalue education. One of the crowning glories of our humanity is that man is a thinking being, that he has a mind endowed with various faculties and capabilities; that he is capable of knowing things material and spiritual—things natural and supernatural. One of the strongest evidences of his superiority to the brute creation is to be found in the civilization with which he has surrounded himself, in the vast strides which he has made in almost every department of knowledge, through this marvelous thing we call intellect. The intellect therefore should be cultivated; schools, colleges, universities ought to be encouraged, and everything done that can be done to lead our people to avail themselves of all possible opportunities in this direction. But if we are to stand, if our rise is to be permanent, if we are not to pass away like the morning mist, or wither like the grass, beneath the material and intellectual there must be a moral basis. The house built upon the rock is the house that will stand when the rains descend and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it. That rock is character, Christian character. That is more important to the Negro today than anything else. To make our people strong in morals is to render them invincible in the battle of life. In the Sermon on the Mount the promise is, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” What things? Jesus had just been saying to them, “Be not anxious for your life, saying what shall ye eat, and what shall ye drink, and wherewithal shall ye be clothed,—your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.” The thought is, character is the supreme thing. Put that first; make righteousness the basis of life; enter into the kingdom of God; conform to its rules and regulations, and the lesser problems will take care of themselves.

¹ Delivered in 1892 before the Ministers' Union in Washington, D. C.

The future of the Negro, his ability to hold his own as a permanent factor in the world's civilization, and against the aggressions of his enemies, in this country, depends more upon character than upon anything else, and therefore upon that the chief emphasis should be laid. Every Negro, in every part of the country, by some means should be made to feel, and to feel at once, the transcendent importance of character. But how is this to be done? How are these eight millions of our people to be reached, scattered as they are in every state and territory of the Union? It is a stupendous work. If one hundred men and women thoroughly consecrated to the work, should begin today, working each twelve hours a day, and speaking to some soul every ten minutes, it would take more than four years to cover the field. But what would a ten-minute talk, once in four years, amount to as a factor in the development of character? It would amount to simply nothing; and therefore if we are ever to be aroused to a proper appreciation of this subject, it must be through some agency or instrumentality that has the ear of the people, and that is closely and intimately associated with them. That agency or instrumentality I believe to be the Christian ministry. The minister is a teacher. This is the idea of the Old Testament prophet. This is the idea of the New Testament ministry. The direction given to the apostles was to lay hands suddenly on no man; to ordain to the ministry only such as were apt to teach. This was largely the mission of Christ. Much of His time was given to instruction. In the Sermon on the Mount the record is—"He opened His mouth and taught them;" and again and again this is the representation made of Him.

The minister is a mortal teacher. His duty is to rebuke wrong, and to keep steadily before his hearers the right. His work, mainly, is character-building; to give the right direction to the budding and expanding life about him—in a word, to develop and strengthen Christian character. In sending his disciples forth, Jesus directed them to go and disciple all nations—to teach them to observe all things that he had commanded them. And the same thought is expressed in Ephesians 4:11, in which the aim and scope of the ministry is clearly and distinctly set forth,—“He gave some apostles, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect

man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." He gave them that they might set into operation the forces that were to lift the individual and the race to the lofty plane of Christian manhood and womanhood. Hence, a reference to the record will show that it was towards this end that the prophets and apostles labored almost exclusively. Read the Old Testament prophets, as well as the historical books, in which the prophets mainly figure, such as First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, etc., and you will see that the emphasis throughout is laid upon character, upon right living. It is a call, from beginning to end, to turn from sin to righteousness. Everything is done to convince men of sin, to lead them to repentance, to show them a better way. Isaiah opens his prophecy with the cry—"Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well," and that cry never ceases from beginning to end. It runs all through the prophetic books. The very last chapter of Malachi is a solemn call to righteousness—"For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Son of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

"And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts.

"Remember ye the law of Moses my servant which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments.

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

"And he shall turn the heart of his fathers to the children, and the heart of his children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

So when we come to the New Testament, even the most casual perusal of the Epistles reveals the same condition of things. While their authors never lose sight of the great facts in the life of Christ,—his incarnation, his death upon the cross, his resurrection, the great doctrine of justification by faith, the glorious plan of

salvation as wrought out by him,—so that God can not be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly,—the offer of salvation to all, freely, without money and without price, on condition of repentance and faith,—the utmost pains is always taken to set forth the transcendent importance of character. They never lost sight of this. They never allow an opportunity to pass without speaking of it. They bring it up again and again, in every conceivable way, and on every possible occasion. Their earnestness in the matter is seen in the care which they take to go into every particular. They speak not only of sin in general, but of particular sins. In such Epistles as the Ephesians and the Corinthians sin after sin is singled out, and held up,—lying, dishonesty, licentiousness, drunkenness, envy, jealousy, and the like.

And, so, on the other hand, the virtues are also clearly presented in their teachings. They kept before the minds of their hearers the things which make for righteousness;—the virtues and the graces which adorn and beautify and ennoble life. “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things,” is what they said to the people as they met them day after day, and week after week, and month after month: It was line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little, all looking towards the one great end, the development of Christian character. Even in writing to Timothy and Titus, men who held high positions in the church, and in whom the Apostle had every confidence, see how careful he is to put in the forefront this idea of character, “This is a true saying, If a man desires the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.

“A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach.

“Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous;

“One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection, with all gravity;

“(For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)

“Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.

“Moreover, he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil.

“Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre;

“Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.

“And let these also first be proved; then let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless.

“Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.

“Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well.” Character first, last, always, was the key-note struck by every apostle, and prophet, and teacher mentioned in the inspired volume. It was the key-note struck by the Master himself in the very beginning of his ministry. He opened his Sermon on the Mount with the words, “Blessed are the pure in spirit; Blessed are the meek; Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; Blessed are the pure in heart; Blessed are the merciful.” And that is the key-note which must be struck, and struck more frequently than any other, by every minister, if he is to fulfill his high mission as God’s representative and is to make himself felt as a moral force in properly directing the budding and expanding life about him.

With this conception of the minister’s vocation, and these possibilities of ministerial usefulness before us, I desire now for a moment to take up the question as to whether this ideal is realized by the Afro-American pulpit of today. Is this the kind of preaching that is done in our pulpits? Is the emphasis put where it ought to be put? Are the men occupying these pulpits themselves impressed with the transcendent importance of character, and does it appear in their pulpit ministrations, in their private life, and social relations? The subject is a most important one, and is well worthy of the most serious consideration of all who are interested in this question of race elevation in this country. It is a question which cannot be overlooked or passed by in a discussion like this, in which we are considering the elements which stand today as impediments in the way of our progress. By reference to the record, it appears that we have about fifteen thousand men in the ministry, in the various denominations. Some of these men are well educated, are graduates of some of our higher educational institutions, and others, though not blessed with a knowledge of the

classics, and the higher mathematics, are well trained in English, are men of intelligence, and are able to understand and properly expound the Word of God. Some of them are highly gifted as speakers and thinkers. Some of the finest orators to be found in our country today are on our list of Afro-American ministers. They know how to speak, how to touch the heart and move the will. The Massillons and Bourdaloues and Whitfields are not all dead yet. Nor are they confined to the ranks of their descendants.

Some of them are pure in character; men of integrity; of honor; who enjoy the confidence and respect of all who know them. Some of them are men of real piety; men who fear God, and hate iniquity, and whose aim and desire is to glorify Him.

Many of them are public-spirited men; men who love the race; who see what is needed; see just where we are weak; and are laboring unselfishly and earnestly to remedy these defects. Some of them are men of great executive ability, and of remarkable energy, and push; men of affairs, who know how to put into motion the forces that are necessary to produce great results. With such a ministry all things would be possible to us in this country; with such a ministry the outlook would, indeed, be promising; but unfortunately this is only one side of the picture. There is another side, which painful as it may be, it is our duty also to present. Our ministers are not all of this stamp.

Many of them are ignorant men; men who can scarcely do more than read and write. Some of them can hardly do that. Many of them are ungodly men; men who are in the pulpit purely from selfish considerations; for what they can get out of it; and they are ready at all times to fall in with anything that will advance their personal and selfish interests, regardless of how it may affect the welfare of the people. Many of them are bad men; men of no character; men who have no moral standing. The statement made by Professor Washington, some time ago, as to the intellectual and moral unfitness of a large proportion of our ministers, created a great sensation, and brought down upon his head a perfect avalanche of criticism and abuse, but the simple fact is, his statement has never been refuted. The testimony of the men who have had the best opportunities of knowing, who have travelled most extensively, and who are in a position to speak with authority, all goes to confirm, in a measure, at least, the truth of the statement. They all, without exception, admit that, while the picture may be

a little overdrawn, while the figures may be a little too high, very much of what he says is true.

No attempt has been made, even on the part of those who assailed the professor most furiously, to wholly deny the charge of moral unfitness. In the great African Methodist General Conference, which met in Philadelphia, one of the oldest and most experienced of her bishops did not hesitate, in a prayer of remarkable power, on the eve of the election of bishops, to say, in that great assembly, in the hearing of the whole world: "God, you know there are bad men here, unprincipled men—God, defeat them!" And there were bad men there, and there are bad men everywhere in the church. If anyone has any doubt on this matter, and will take the pains to look into it, he will not have to go very far in order to be convinced. I have seen enough myself to say nothing of what I have gathered from a large number of competent witnesses, to convince me that the professor is not very far out of the way, that the number of bad men that have crept into our ministry is disgracefully and alarmingly large. So much for the personnel of our ministry.

If we turn now and examine carefully the character of the pulpit ministrations of the Afro-American pulpit, its three leading characteristics will be found to be emotionalism, levity or frivolity, and a greed for money. First, It is emotional. The aim seems to be to get up an excitement, to arouse the feelings, to create an audible outburst of emotion, or, in the popular phraseology, to get up a shout to make people "happy." In many churches where this result is not realized, where the minister is unable by sheer force of lung power, and strength of imagination, to produce this state of commotion, he is looked upon as a failure. Even where there is an attempt to instruct, in the great majority of cases this idea is almost sure to assert itself, and become the dominant controlling one.

Now, where emotionalism prevails, three things will be found to be true: First, There will be little or no instruction from the pulpit. The minister whose sole or chief aim is to get up a shout, to excite the animal spirits, will not give much time to the study of God's word, or to the instruction of the people in the practical duties of religion; and for two reasons: First—Study is not necessary to that kind of preaching. All that is necessary is lung power, fluency of speech, and the ability to strike attitudes and

make gestures. Second—The end of such preaching would be defeated by such a course. Most of the shouting that is done is when the pulpit is dealing in glittering generalities, in meaningless utterances, or is conjuring up pictures which appeal purely to the imagination. It is when the minister is speaking of golden streets, and pearly gates, and white robes, and a land flowing with milk and honey, that the noise is greatest. Everything is quiet enough when the theme is practical Christianity, when some Elijah stands forth, and in the name of God puts the line to the plummet, and says, this is wrong, and that is wrong; turn ye from the evil of your ways; when the theme is honesty in business, truthfulness, purity, temperance, the duty of husbands and wives to their families and to each other; the duty of parents to properly train their children; when the theme is brotherhood, and sympathy, and righteousness, the duty of honoring God by upright, consistent, godly lives, there is not much danger of being disturbed by a great amount of noise. People do not shout and get happy over the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. That kind of preaching and emotionalism do not go together. It is only when the minister gets away from the earth, and from the practical, everyday duties of life, from applied Christianity, into the air, somewhere near the pearly gates, that the noise begins. That in itself shows the utter hollowness of the whole thing. If emotionalism came to the surface when there was work to be done, when there were responsibilities to be assumed, and sacrifices to be made, a ministry which encouraged it would be indeed a blessing; but under the present circumstances, it is an evil, and is to be greatly deplored.

Second: Where emotionalism prevails there will be a low state of spirituality among the people, and necessarily so. Christian character is not built up in that way. It is a growth, and comes from the knowledge and practice of Christian principles. If the body is to grow, it must be fed, and fed on wholesome and nutritious food. And the same is true of the soul; and that food is God's Word, line upon line, and precept upon precept. There is no other way of getting up out of the bogs and malarious atmosphere of selfishness and pride, and ill-will and hatred, and the many things which degrade and brutalize into the higher regions of love and purity and obedience and felicity, except by the assimilation of Christian principles, except by holy and loving obedience to the will

of God. We cannot get up there on the wings of emotion; we cannot shout ourselves up to a high Christian manhood and womanhood any more than we can shout ourselves into Heaven. We must grow up to it. And until this fact is distinctly understood, and fully appreciated, and allowed to have its weight in our pulpit ministrations, the plane of spirituality upon which the masses of our people move will continue low. Shouting is not religion. The ability to make a noise is no test of Christian character. The noisiest Christians are not the most saintly; those who shout the most vigorously are not always the most exemplary in character and conduct.

Third: Where emotionalism prevails the underlying conception of religion will be found to be false, pernicious, and degrading. The conception which James gives us of religion is this: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The conception which Paul gives is,— "Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet show I you a more excellent way." "Charity suffereth long and is kind," etc. The conception which Micah gives is: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." The conception which the blessed Lord himself gives is: "When I was an hungered, ye gave me meat; thirsty, ye gave me drink; sick and in prison, and ye visited me," etc. Running through all these statements of principles, the dominant, controlling idea is character. In emotionalism, however, this element is entirely overlooked, or sinks almost entirely out of sight. The measure of one's piety is made to depend upon the strength and the amount of his emotions. Thus the true ideal is shut out from view, the standard set up is a false one, and the result is not only stagnation but degradation. The ideal of religion which is held up in our pulpits, and which is cherished by the people, must be in harmony with the facts as revealed in the Word of God, if it is to have an elevating and ennobling effect upon their everyday life.

The second characteristic of the Afro-American pulpit is levity, frivolity, a lack of seriousness. There is entirely too much place given to making fun, to joking, to exciting laughter. The minister too often becomes a jester, a buffoon, a clown. Thus all solemnity is destroyed, and the House of God in many cases becomes a mere playhouse for the entertainment or amusement of the people. This has become so prevalent in many of our churches, that the people

have come to expect it with the same regularity as they expect to hear preaching. If the minister after he has preached, before closing does not make a fool of himself, and set the people grinning, a sense of disappointment and incompleteness is felt. Again and again I have sat in churches and have been saddened and disgusted by what I have seen in this direction. And the most serious part of it all is that this levity comes at the very time when it is most baneful. If it came before preaching, it would not be quite so bad; though even then it would be a thing to be regretted; but coming, as it does, after the sermon, the effect is to entirely obliterate whatever good impression has been made, and thus to defeat the very purpose for which the church has been organized. Sometimes I have said, What is the use of preaching; why not introduce the buffoon, the clown, at once, and when he is through bring the service to a close?

The third characteristic of the Afro-American pulpit is a greed for money. Everything seems to be arranged with reference to the collection. The great objective point seems to be to reach the pocketbooks of the people. Here is where the greatest amount of interest is manifested, here is where there is the greatest concentration of energy. However tame the services may be up to this point, here everybody seems to wake up, and new life seems to be infused into everything, as if to say, "now is the time when the real business for which we have met is to begin." There is no harm, of course, in raising money. The church cannot get along without it. It needs the lower life to stand upon. Its just debts must be paid. Its obligations must be met. The complaint is not against money raising, but against the abuse of it, against the undue prominence that is given to it in the Afro-American pulpit. It overshadows every other interest. The ability to raise money is more highly esteemed than the ability to preach the word effectively. The greatest financier, the most successful money-gatherer, receives the best places, and is most highly esteemed by those in authority. The result is the church is rapidly becoming a mere institution for raising money; preaching, singing, praying, being only incidental, and the ministry is rapidly degenerating into a mere agency for begging. The problem is not how to elevate the people, how to bring them into the kingdom of Christ, how to save them from their sins, and sanctify them, but how to get their money.

A ministry whose chief characteristics are emotionalism, frivolity, and greed for money, is not a ministry to inspire hope, and is not a source of strength, but of weakness. And this is the charge I make against the Afro-American pulpit today. It is not living up to its opportunities; it is not doing the work that it ought to do. It is not putting the emphasis where it ought to be put. It is frittering away its energies upon things of minor importance, to the neglect of those things which are fundamental, and without which we cannot hope for any permanent prosperity. And this is why as a people we have made so little progress morally. The fault is due very largely to the character of our pulpit ministrations. If there had been less effort made at emotional effects, and less jesting, and less prominence given to finances, and more time and attention given to the great fundamental principles of religion and morality,—the bedrock upon which character is built,—to the patient painstaking instruction of the people in the practical duties of life, the outlook would be very much brighter than it is today. The moral plane upon which the masses of our people move is confessedly not very high, and in view of their past antecedents could not be expected to be high. But if they had had the proper kind of instruction from the pulpit, there is every reason to believe that they would stand very much higher today than they do. The thing most to be deplored in our condition today is, not our poverty, nor our ignorance, but our moral deficiencies, and for these deficiencies the Afro-American pulpit is in a very large measure responsible. The very fact that our people have had a long schooling in slavery, the tendency of which has been to blunt the moral sensibilities, and to degrade the whole moral nature, makes it all the more important that special attention should be given to their development in this direction, and renders the character of much of our pulpit ministration all the more reprehensible.

In palliation of this it has been said, I know, that the people prefer the noise and excitement which come from ranting and bluster. There may be some truth in this, but the mission of the pulpit is not to cater to the vitiated tastes of the people, is not to give them what they want, but what they ought to have; to lift up a standard for them, to set before them right and wrong, whether it accords with their tastes or not. The plea that the people prefer a certain thing can never be an excuse, or justification for giving them that thing unless it is good in itself, unless it would be

beneficial to them. The problem which the Afro-American pulpit has to solve is, not what will be most congenial to the people, but what will be most helpful to them; not what kind of preaching they like best, but what kind of preaching will be the most effective in developing in them a true manhood and womanhood, in making of them good fathers and mothers, good husbands and wives, good citizens and neighbors; what kind of preaching will yield the largest returns in purity, in honesty, in sobriety, in sweetness, in gentleness. And the pulpit that has the wisdom to answer this question intelligently, and the courage to act out its convictions, is the pulpit that we need, and that we must have if "on stepping-stones of our dead selves" we are "to rise to higher things."

I

DISCOURAGEMENTS: HOSTILITY OF THE PRESS SILENCE AND COWARDICE OF THE PULPIT.¹

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart"—PSALM 27:14.

Despondency is a state of mind in which all hope seems to be lost—a feeling of discouragement, the disposition to give up, to cease to struggle. Such a state as Elijah fell into towards the close of his remarkable and stormy life. There is no more pathetically sad picture in the whole Word of God than that in which the prophet is seen in the wilderness sitting under a juniper tree—the very picture of despair. For years he had labored hard for the reformation of his countrymen. He saw the people rushing headlong into idolatry and every form of wickedness, and under the direction and inspiration of the Almighty, he threw himself with all the energy and impetuosity of his nature into the work of reforming them. Like all reformers, however, he met with opposition and indifference. But he kept pegging away, until at last success seemed about to crown his efforts. A great meeting was arranged to be held at Mount Carmel, in which the point at issue was to be decided, and which resulted in favor of Elijah. The fire which fell from heaven, and which consumed the burnt offering and the wood and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench, attested the divine approval of Elijah's course, and

¹ Delivered, November 20, 1900.

the power and superiority of Elijah's God. It was so interpreted by the people. The cry which it elicited from them was "The Lord, He is the God, the Lord, He is the God." The prophets of Baal, some four hundred, were slain without opposition from the people: and even the king seemed to have acquiesced in the victory at Carmel. Just as the prophet was congratulating himself, however, over the triumph of the right, his hopes were all blasted, and he was forced to flee for his life. The record is, "And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow by this time. And when he saw that, he arose and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there. But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree; and said, It is enough; O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better than my fathers."

This wail of despair is again heard at the Mount of God, "And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb, the Mount of God. And he came thither into a cave, and lodged there. And, behold, the word of the Lord came unto him, and said unto him, what doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away." Elijah felt that if the three years and a half of famine, and the extraordinary and overpowering scenes which had been so recently witnessed at Carmel did not soften the hearts of the people and the rulers, and lead them to repent of their sins and do better, nothing would: and therefore, that it was vain to continue the struggle longer. "It is enough, O Lord, It is enough." That is, there is no use of trying

any longer. The picture presented here becomes still more striking when we remember the sturdy character of the man of whom we are speaking. He was no reed shaken by the wind, no weakling; but a man of great strength of character, and of remarkable courage. He was not afraid to confront Ahab, though he knew he had been in search of him everywhere, with the murderous intent of putting him to death. Nor was he afraid when he met him to speak plainly and in terms to rebuke, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baal." And yet, it is this grand old warrior, this man of a hundred battles, this man who was a host in himself, and whose presence is symbolized by chariots and horses of fire, in the scene where he is translated, who sinks into despair, who is overwhelmed by the seemingly insurmountable obstacles with which he is confronted.

Moses also came very near sinking into a similar state, if indeed he did not actually fall into it, under the crushing weight of solemn responsibilities which rested upon him as the divinely appointed leader of the people in their exodus from Egypt. It was a tremendous responsibility to lead two millions of people out of bondage, especially in the condition in which the Israelites were—ignorant, besotted, with little appreciation of the blessings of freedom, who cared more for the fleshpots of Egypt than they did for liberty, for independence. The result was, before they had gone very far trouble began: they began to murmur, to find fault, to regret that they were ever disturbed in their Egyptian homes, where they had plenty to eat and drink, and which seemed a paradise to them compared to the experiences through which they were then passing. The record is, "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a-lusting: and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who will give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away—there is nothing at all besides this manna, before our eyes. Then Moses heard the people weep throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent: And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? And wherefore have I not found favor in thy sight, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? Have I conceived all this people? have I begotten them, that thou shouldst say unto me,

Carry them in thy bosom as a nursing father beareth the suckling child, unto the land which thou swearest unto their fathers? Whence should I have flesh to give unto all this people? for they weep unto me, saying, Give us flesh that we may eat. I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me. And if thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favor in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness." Here is also the wail of a soul on the verge of despair. Like Elijah his cry also is, It is enough, take away my life. David also knew what it was to be depressed. In the forty-second psalm, and fifth verse, we read, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" And again, "O my God my soul is cast down within me." And, into this frame of mind, we are all liable to fall at times; doubtless some of us already know from sad experience what it is to be dejected, cast down, despondent.

I have touched upon this subject this morning because as a people, I am afraid, there is danger, in view of the terrible ordeal through which we are now passing, and have been passing for some time, of losing heart; of coming to feel as Elijah did, It is enough: there is no use of continuing the struggle.

The way is certainly very dark. There are many things to discourage us; but there is a brighter side to the picture, and it is of this side that I desire especially to speak. Before doing so, however, it may be well for us to notice in passing some of the things which seem to indicate the approach of a still deeper darkness.

And first, lawlessness is increasing in the South. After thirty-three years of freedom, our civil and political rights are still denied us; the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution are still a dead letter. The spirit of opposition, of oppression, of injustice is not diminishing but increasing. The determination to keep us in a state of civil and political inferiority and to surround us with such conditions as will tend to crush out of us a manly and self-respecting spirit is stronger now than it was at the close of the war. The fixed purpose and determination of the Southern whites is to negative these great amendments, to eliminate entirely the Negro as a political factor. And this purpose is intensifying, is growing stronger and stronger each year. The sentiment everywhere is: This is a white man's government. And that means,

not only that the whites shall rule, but that the Negro shall have nothing whatever to do with governmental affairs. If he dares to think otherwise, or aspires to cast a ballot, or to become anything more than a servant, he is regarded as an impudent and dangerous Negro; and according to the most recent declaration of that old slave-holding and lawless spirit, all such Negroes are to be driven out of the South, or compelled by force, by what is known as the shot-gun policy, to renounce their rights as men and as American citizens.

This is certainly a very discouraging condition of things, but the saddest aspect of it all is, that there are members of our own race—and not the ignorant, unthinking masses, who have had no advantages, and who might be excused for any seeming insensibility to their rights, but the intelligent, the educated—who are found condoning such offenses, justifying or excusing such a condition of things, on the ground—that in view of the great disparity in the condition of the two races, anything different from that could not reasonably be expected. Any Negro who takes that position is a traitor to his race, and shows that he is deficient in manhood, in true self-respect. If the time ever comes when the Negro himself acquiesces in that condition of things then his fate is sealed, and ought to be sealed. Such a race is not fit to be free. But thank God the cowardly, ignoble sentiment to which I have just alluded, while it may find lodgment in the breast of a few weak-kneed, time serving Negroes, is not the sentiment of this black race. No, and never will be. During all these terrible years of suffering and oppression, these years of blood and tears, the Negro has been shot at, his property destroyed, his family scattered, his home broken up; he has been forced to fly like the fugitive for his life before the hungry bloodhounds of Southern democracy; everything has been done to terrorize him, to keep him from the polls. In some cases he has stayed away; in others he has gone straightforward in the face of the bullets of the enemy and has been shot down. Hundreds of the men of our race have laid their lives down on Southern soil in vindication of their rights as American citizens. And shall we be told, and by black men, too, that the sacred cause for which they poured out their life's blood is to be relinquished, that the white ruffians who shot them down were justified, that in view of all the circumstances it was just what was to have been expected, and therefore that virtually we have no reasonable

ground of complaint? Away with such treasonable utterances—treason to God, treason to man, treason to free institutions, treason to the spirit of an enlightened and Christian sentiment. The Negro is an American citizen, and he never will be eliminated as a political factor with his consent. He has been terrorized and kept from the polls by bloody ruffians; but he has never felt that it was right; has never acquiesced in it, and never will. As long as he lives, as long as there is one manly, self-respecting Negro in this country, the agitation will go on, will never cease until right is triumphant. It is one thing to compel the Negro by force to stay away from the polls; it is a very different thing for the Negro, himself freely, of his own accord, to relinquish his political rights. The one he may be constrained to do: the other he will not do.

Another discouraging circumstance is to be found in the fact, that the white people of the North, to a very large extent, are either indifferent to these wrongs or are in sympathy with them. Many of those who were once our best friends, who stood by us during the great struggle for freedom, before and immediately after the war, are now on the other side. The Negro-hating spirit of the South has diffused itself all over the North. Even the children of the old abolitionists have been won over to a large extent, and are now found among our detractors, and the apologists for Southern outrages. Everywhere under this baleful Southern influence, there is a growing contempt for the Negro, and a growing disposition to regard him as an alien, to make him feel that he is not wanted. Even in our institutions of learning, the children of white professors, who earn their living by teaching colored pupils, are sometimes found avoiding them and looking contemptuously upon them.

Another discouraging circumstance is to be found in the fact that the press of the country is against us, with a few honorable exceptions. And when we remember what the power of the press is, we can see just what that means, how much more difficult it becomes for us to make any headway, or to create a favorable impression. The good that the Negro does as a general thing is passed over in silence, or is but slightly noticed, or when noticed is pushed off in some obscure corner where it will not be likely to attract attention, while the evil that he does, or is supposed to do—the evil that is laid to his charge, often without any foundation in fact, often resting upon a bare suspicion—is given the most prom-

inent place, and set forth in glaring headlines, the whole purpose being to create a sentiment against him, to render him contemptible in the eyes of the country. Its attitude towards the Negro is that of the Pharisee to the publican, in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. It is all the time saying, See how superior we white people are, and how mean and despicable these Negroes are. And it does it, I say, for the purpose of discrediting the Negro. There is no disposition on the part of the press to give the Negro a hearing, or to mete out justice to him. Even when he comes forward in his own defense, it is with difficulty that he can get a hearing. The simple fact is, the Negro is unpopular, and as the press lives by pandering to popular taste, it seeks to dress the Negro up in a way that will meet this demand, or that will harmonize with this sentiment. So that as long as public sentiment is what it is, we may expect to be misrepresented and villified in the public journals. It is a popular thing to be down on the Negro, and the press is bound to be on the popular side—the religious press as well as the secular press: for the Negro fares as badly at the hands of the one as the other.

Another discouraging circumstance is to be found in the fact that the pulpits of the land are silent on these great wrongs. There are nearly a hundred thousand white ministers in this country. According to their own profession, they are God's representatives: and the function of the ministry, as set forth in God's Word, is to cry aloud and spare not, is to lift up a standard for the people. And yet, as a matter of fact, it is the rarest thing in the world to hear a word from these pulpits against the terrible crimes which are being perpetrated in this land against the Negro. Whether this is the result of cowardice—the fear of offending those to whom they minister, and upon whom they are dependent for their bread and butter—or whether it is because they see nothing to condemn, think the Negro is receiving just what he deserves; or whether it is the result of indifference, I do not know. I simply note the fact. This much may be said, however, they are not silent on other matters. We hear a great deal from these same pulpits about the Liquor Traffic, about gambling, about Sabbath desecration, about the suffering Armenians. When the question of suppressing polygamy in Utah was up, they had a great deal to say. When the question was up about suppressing the Louisiana Lottery they also had a great deal to say, and many of them rang out

in eloquent appeals in favor of wiping out that great gambling scheme, which had done so much to debauch the people. And when the question was raised about opening the Columbian Exposition on the Sabbath, what a tremendous furor it created in these pulpits; the whole land echoed and reechoed with the sound of clerical voices, with the thunders which proceeded from these lofty watch-towers on the walls of Zion. But when it comes to Southern brutality, to the killing of Negroes, and the despoiling them of their civil and political rights, they are—to borrow an expression from the prophet Isaiah—“dumb dogs that cannot bark.” And they are dumb not because they are ignorant of the actual condition of things. Ministers are men of intelligence. They take the papers. They read the news—they are more careful to do that, often, than they are to read their Bible. They are, as a class, well informed; they know what is going on about them. And yet, as a general thing, not a word is ever uttered by them, either in their sermons or in their prayers, that would lead any one not acquainted with the facts, to suppose that there was anything wrong in the treatment which we are receiving in this country. Read the sermons that are published in the daily and weekly papers, and in the homiletical magazines, by the great lights of the pulpit, and very rarely will you find any reference to the subject, or anything said that would tend to create a sentiment inimical to such outrages. Some years ago, the M. E. Church at its General Conference passed a series of resolutions condemning these outrages: and the Presbyterian General Assembly did the same—some of the churches haven't done even as much as that; but we have heard nothing of these resolutions since. There is no evidence that the men who advocated them and voted for them ever did anything from their pulpits, or in their respective spheres of influence, to arouse the public conscience in reference to these wrongs, with a view of righting them. The fact that these terrible outrages continue in the South, that lawlessness is increasing instead of diminishing, that the spirit of bitterness against the Negro is more pronounced and violent now than ever before,—notwithstanding there are hundreds and thousands of ministers in that land of blood preaching Sabbath after Sabbath to these very people, who are either directly guilty of these crimes, or by their silent acquiescence encourage them, is proof positive that the Southern pulpit, at least, has been recreant to duty, false to the God whom

it professes to represent. And the fact that the North looks on in silence, sees these wrongs without vigorously protesting against them, is proof positive that the Northern pulpit is equally recreant to duty, equally false to the high trust which has been committed to it as the mouth-piece of God. The power for good of a hundred thousand men of the intelligence and social standing and influence of these ministers, representing as they do a constituency of fully twenty millions of professing Christians, and an equally large constituency of non-professing and congregational members, cannot be overestimated when properly exercised. This I feel has not been done. If these hundred thousand men had done their part, had taken the pains to set clearly before the people their duty in this matter, as defined in God's Word, and as required by the principle of right, of justice, which makes it obligatory upon us to render to every man his due, to do by others as we would be done by, and to love our neighbor as ourselves, the prospect before both races would be very much brighter than it is today. The Southern savages who have been sinking lower and lower during these years in barbarism, would by this time have become somewhat civilized, and the poor Negro, instead of being hunted down like a wild beast, terrorized by a pack of brutes, would be living amicably by the side of his white fellow-citizens, if not in the full enjoyment of all of his rights, with at least a fair prospect of having them all recognized. The white pulpits of the land are largely responsible for the continuance of this unfortunate condition of affairs. Their silence as the representatives of religion, as the highest exponents of morality, and as a class of men, especially set apart for the defense of the faith, and for all that that faith implies and requires in the way of righteousness and truth, of justice and humanity, is a tacit admission on their part that these outbreaks of lawlessness, these insults and indignities that are heaped upon the Negro, and because he is a Negro, are right—that they see nothing in them to condemn, nothing inconsistent with the religion which they profess: or else, that though they see these things to be wrong, they are afraid to lift up their voices against them. In either case, whether their silence is the result of cowardice, or of blunted moral sensibility, it has operated equally against us. This is the charge I make against the Anglo-American pulpit today. Its silence has been interpreted as an approval of these horrible outrages. Bad men have been encour-

aged to continue in their acts of lawlessness and brutality. As long as the pulpits are silent on these wrongs, it is in vain to expect the people to do any better than they are doing. It would be a good thing if we could have a day of special prayer for the pulpits of our land, North as well as South; that God would put into them a little more backbone and strength of character and conscientiousness; that he would fill them with men who love; that he would fill them with men who love righteousness and hate iniquity; men who are not afraid to do their duty, or to suffer, if need be, in the cause of truth and justice. A cowardly ministry is a curse to any nation, and always makes it harder, more difficult, for the oppressed to overcome oppression. If, therefore, as a people we have any power with God, there ought to be a special effort made to bring that power to bear upon the weakness and cowardice of the American pulpit. You remember how it was with Peter. He was afraid even to acknowledge that he knew Jesus—afraid lest some evil should befall him, lest he should be persecuted, thrown in prison, or put to death. But after the day of Pentecost, when the spirit like a rushing mighty wind came upon him, all fear vanished. He was not afraid to face the chief priests and the elders, the scribes and the Pharisees, and all the allied forces of the enemy. He stood before them undaunted, and met their threats of violence with the declaration, "We ought to obey God rather than man, We will obey him, come what will." And this is the spirit we need today in the American pulpit. We need a living ministry—a ministry endued with power from on high, baptized with the Holy Ghost—a ministry that knows no fear, but the fear of God. With such a ministry, with such men filling the pulpits of our land, in a decade there would be a revolution in public sentiment. This terrible floodtide of iniquity, this deluge of crime, of violence, of lawlessness against the Negro would be arrested. The trouble is, even in the churches over which these ministers preside, which should be holy ground, where no man should be known by the color of his skin, prejudice is often the strongest. And for this, the ministry is in a large measure responsible. It is due, or at least, its continuance is due, in nine cases out of ten, to ministerial unfaithfulness. Let us pray earnestly therefore, that this source of power—for the ministry is a source of power, and of great power—may be purified and quickened, and be made to do the work which God intended it to do,

in leading, directing, and moulding public sentiment in the interest of truth, justice and humanity.

Joseph Parker, the great London preacher, in his People's Bible, which is designed to be a popular exposition of God's Word, speaks with great clearness of the true function of the ministry in regard to wrongs of every description, and denounces in the strongest terms the cowardly, time-serving preacher. "Moses," he says, "saw that the conditions of life had a moral basis; in every quarrel, as between right and wrong, he had a share, because every honorable-minded man is a trustee of social justice and common fair play. We have nothing to do with the petty quarrels which fret society, but we certainly have to do with every controversy, social, imperial, or international, which violates human right, and impairs the claim of Divine honor. We must all fight for the right: we feel safer by so much as we know that there are amongst us men who will not be silent in the presence of wrong, and will lift up a testimony in the name of righteousness, though there be none to cheer them with one word of encouragement." Again he says, "The trumpets were to be sounded by the priests. The priests are not likely to sound many trumpets today. Ministers have been snubbed and silenced into an awful acquiescence with the stronger party. The pulpit should be a tower of strength to every weak cause. Women should hasten to the church, saying—Our cause will be upheld there. Homeless little children should speed to the sanctuary, saying, We will be welcomed there. Slaves running way should open the church door with certainty of hospitality, saying, The man who stands up in that tower will forbid the tyrant to reclaim me, or the oppressor to smite me with one blow. It was God's ordination that the trumpet should be sounded by the priests—interpreting that name properly, by the teachers of religion, by the men of prayer, by the teachers of great and solemn doctrines; they are to sound the trumpet, whether it be a call to festival or to battle. We dare not do so now, because now we have house-rent to pay, and firing to find, and children to educate, and customs to obey. Were we clothed in sackcloth, or with camel's hair, and could we find food enough in the wilderness, were the locust and the honey sufficient for our natural appetites, we might beard many a tyrant, and decline many an invitation, and repel many an impertinent censor: but we must consider our ways, and balance our sentences, and remember that we are speaking in the

ears of various representatives of public opinion and individual conviction. The pulpit has gone down. It has kept its form and lost its power; its voice is a mumbling tone, not a great trumpet blast that creates a space for itself, and is heard above the hurtling storm and the rush of hasteful and selfish merchandise. Were ministers to become the trumpeters of society again, what an awakening there would be in the nation. Were every Sabbath day to be devoted to the tearing down of some monster evil—were the sanctuary dedicated to the denunciation,—not of the vulgar crimes which everybody condemns, but the subtle and unnamed crimes which everybody practices,—the blast of the trumpet would tear the temple walls in twain. We live in milder times—we are milder people: we wish for restfulness. The priests wish to have it so also—like priests, like people. The man who comes with a trumpet of festival will be welcomed; the man who sounds an alarm will be run away from by dyspeptic hearers, by bilious supporters, and by men who wish to be let alone.”

And still again, he says, “The man who sells his principles, who keeps quiet in critical times, lest he should bring himself into difficulty, or subject his business to loss—it shall be more tolerable for the heathen man in the day of judgment than for that Christian traitor. Every day we are selling Christ, every day we are crucifying the Son of God afresh, and putting him to open shame; and yet at a missionary meeting how some men gather themselves together and chuckle with pious hypocrisy over the poor deluded idolator who parted with his stone god for gold. Men do not think of these things. When you smothered your convictions, you sold your God. When, instead of standing square up, and saying, I will not, that you might save your situation, or your family from starvation, you bartered your God for gold. I cannot sit quietly and hear the heathen laughed at because they take off their little rosaries and sell them for money. They know no better. That very parting with the rosary may be a step in the upward direction, when the whole solution is before us. But as for us, to be dumb in the presence of evil, to turn away lest we should bring ourselves into scrapes and difficulties because of standing up for the oppressed,—for us to smooth down the accusation of Christianity by saying that the church we go to is the most respectable in the neighborhood,—that is a lying which the blood of Christ itself may hardly be able to expunge.” And this is the gospel,—the

gospel of uncompromising fidelity to the right,—regardless of consequences, that is most needed in the American pulpit today.

But this is not the saddest and most discouraging aspect of the problem, viewed in the light of the attitude of the pulpit toward it. Its silence is bad enough, but when it is found, as it is at times, breaking that silence, only to apologize for and to condone these outrages, it makes the burden which this poor race has to bear all the harder, and increases the difficulties in the way of a rightful solution of this problem. Some years ago, you will remember, no less a man than Bishop Fitzgerald of the Southern Methodist Church, came forward as an apologist for Southern barbarism. And now in the face of the awful, the unspeakable crimes that were committed at Wilmington, N. C., where Negroes were terrorized, driven from their homes, shot down, murdered, their property destroyed; where the government was forcibly wrested from the hands of the lawfully constituted authority by a band of lawless murderers and ruffians, it is a representative of the pulpit, in the person of the Rev. Dr. Peyton H. Hoge, who comes forward as the apologist. The Sunday after these bloody murders were committed, after this carnival of death, after these white fiends had been turned loose upon the community, and had trampled under their feet, the ballot, free speech, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—every interest that was sacred to man—when we had a right to expect every pulpit, not only in that city but throughout the land, to thunder and lighten against the hideous wrong, this man stood up in the sacred desk, on the Lord's day, and commended the white people for "their gallant conduct in redeeming the city for civilization, law, order, decency and respectability;" and congratulated them upon the fact that "their homes remained in peace, and their wives and daughters were free from insult." He also justified the destruction of the Negro Daily Record Office, "as a stern necessity to teach the Negro a lesson for the good name of the wives and daughters of white men."

It is just such whited sepulchres, such hypocrites in the pulpit, that have always stood in the way of progress, and that have brought the religion of Christ into contempt. It was just such hypocrites which Jesus had in mind when he uttered those awful words of denunciation in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew:—"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves,

neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law,—judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Fill ye up the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generations of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "The damnation of hell," are the words of Jesus himself; and if this damnation is reserved for any one, or any class of men, it certainly is for men of this stripe,—men who dare to stand up in the pulpit, and in the sacred name of the holy religion of Jesus, commend such brutality, such inhuman conduct, such utter lawlessness.

But here I must stop. I shall hope on next Sabbath to finish what I have to say. This is the time for every pulpit to speak out, and to speak in no uncertain tone; the time when as a people we should get closer together, and understand each other, and prepare for the future. It is no time for cowards, and sycophants, and time-savers, but for men who know what their rights are, and who are willing, if need be, to die in their defence.

2

SOURCES FROM WHICH NO HELP MAY BE EXPECTED,—THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, POLITICAL PARTIES.¹

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."—PSALM 27:14.

The history of our people in this country has been a sad one. For nearly two hundred and fifty years, from 1619 to 1863, from the landing of the first cargo of slaves at Jamestown to the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation and the surrender at Appomattox, we were subject to a most cruel and oppressive bondage. The history of those days can never be fully written. We get a little glimpse into them through such works as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," "A Thousand and One Witnesses," by Theodore D. Weld; and through

¹ Delivered November 27, 1900.

the files of such papers as the *Liberator*, the *Anti-slavery Standard*, *The North Star*, and from the sad stories which many of us have heard from the lips of those who were the victims of the slave power. But after every syllable has been read of all that has been written in books and papers and magazines, on the sorrows and sufferings of that period, the impression we get falls far short of the reality. God only knows it in its entirety, and is alone able to fully appreciate and take in all the heartaches and sorrows and sufferings, and sad experiences that entered into the history of those two hundred and fifty years.

With the close of the war, ended this first sad chapter in our history. For the time being the past was forgotten in the rejoicings of freedom. Never before in the history of this country were there such widespread expressions of joy as came with the death of slavery and the liberation of the slaves. No people ever before in the history of the world showed a keener appreciation of the gift of freedom. The whole land was vocal with music. The day of jubilee had come, not only for the black man, but for all lovers of freedom the land over. Who can ever forget those days, and the scenes of rejoicing which took place all over the North and South? The sighs and tears and groans of the slave were no longer heard. All was joy, all was gladness. It seemed, indeed, as if our troubles were all over.

Thus began the second chapter in our history in this country. First came freedom, and then, citizenship; and last of all the ballot. Then began the period of reconstruction, when for the first time in the history of the country the Negro was felt as a political factor. In nearly all of the old slave states, under Northern white leaders, his power was felt. He was found in state legislatures, and in other high and responsible positions, and even in the Senate of the United States and in the House of Representatives. Everything seemed propitious,—the Negro was on the crest of the wave, a new era of prosperity seemed really to have set in. But during the Hayes Administration the scene rapidly changed. The Republican party in the South, with the Negro as its main support, was deserted by the national government,—the troops were withdrawn. And with their removal began a reign of terror, which has been one of the foulest blots upon our civilization. The old slave-holding element reasserted itself, and by Ku-Klux Klans, and other murderous organizations, the Negro was hurled from political power,

where he has remained ever since, and where so far as I can see, he is likely to remain for a long time to come.

With the end of Republicanism in the South, began the third chapter in our history,—a chapter which has been fraught with evils as great, and sufferings as intense as the first, if not greater. The elective franchise, with which we were clothed as a means of protecting ourselves, and which seemed at the time, one of the greatest of boons, has, as a matter of fact, entailed upon us an inheritance of suffering before which we stand appalled, especially in view of the recent bloody acts of lawlessness in North and South Carolina. When the Negro was caught by slave-hunters and torn from his home in Africa, and transported to this land to become a mere beast of burden, a thing to be bought and sold, to be kicked and cuffed about at the will of another, it was easy enough to see what the outcome would be. The record of those dreadful years of enforced ignorance and suffering was just what was to be expected. But when the Fifteenth Amendment was passed, conferring upon him the right to vote, who would have thought, that in virtue of that power, there was yet before him such a period of suffering as that through which he has been passing for the last two decades, and through which he is still passing? Who would have thought, that in virtue of that power, which lay at the very foundation of republican institutions, that hundreds and thousands would be shot down, and others driven from their homes, their property destroyed, and their most sacred rights as men and citizens, outraged? And yet, such has been the fact. During the short period of freedom since the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, it has been estimated that more Negroes have been murdered, shot down like dogs, than during the whole two hundred and fifty years of slavery. Read the awful records of the Ku-Klux investigations: read the heart-sickening reports that come to us almost every day from the South of the brutal lynchings and other atrocities that are constantly occurring, if you would understand what these sufferings are. And they are the result, or very largely the result, of political hatred. It is because the Negro dares to exercise his right as an American citizen, because he is unwilling to become a political nonentity, or a mere tool in the hands of the Southern whites. The feeling is,—either he must be controlled, must be willing to do what he is directed to do by his self-appointed white masters, or else he must not be permitted to vote at all. Any

exhibition of manhood, of independence, on his part is resented, is looked upon as an impertinence. As he grows in intelligence, in wealth, in self-respect,—as he becomes more self-assertive,—as the consciousness of what belongs to him, and the disposition to claim his right, develops, the greater is the disposition to crush him. This feeling is especially strong in the South, but it is also beginning to manifest itself all over the country. The aspiring Negro, the Negro who comes forward and says, I want an equal chance in the race of life, who says, I am a man, and you must treat me as a man, is the unpopular Negro, the Negro that nine white men out of every ten want to see put down. With this fact staring us in the face, and with the facts, referred to in my sermon on last Sabbath,—the increasing spirit of lawlessness in the South, the growing unfriendliness in the South, the growing unfriendliness of Northern whites, the hostile attitude of the press, and the silence and cowardice of the pulpit,—the way certainly looks pretty dark, and forces upon every thoughtful Negro the question, What is to be the outcome of all this? What is to be the end? Are things to go on from bad to worse, or is there to be a turn in the tide? I, for one, believe there is to be a change for the better. In the midst of the gathering darkness, I see indications which point to a brighter future. Every cloud has a silver lining. The darkest hour is just before the day. There is a silver lining to this heavy black cloud that hangs over us today. This night of murder, of lawlessness, of outraged decency, of inhumanity, will not always last. The silence of the pulpit, the hostility of the press, the unfriendliness of Northern whites cannot continue; conscience will one day get the victory, the Right will prevail, will rise up in its might and smite down the oppressor.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter.

Some of these days all the burdens be lighter.

Hearts will be happier, souls will be whiter,

Some of these days.

Some of these days, in the deserts uprising,

Fountains shall flash while the joybells are ringing,

And the world, with its sweetest of birds, shall go singing,

Some of these days.

Some of these days: Let us bear with our sorrow,

Faith in the future,—its light we may borrow,

There will be joy in the golden tomorrow,—

Some of these days.

That is my faith; I am no pessimist on this Negro problem. Terrible as the facts are, cruel and bitter as is this race prejudice, and insurmountable, almost, as are the obstacles which it sets up in our pathway, I see a light ahead, I am hopeful, I look forward to better times. And I want to tell you this morning what the ground of this hope is.

Before doing so, however, I may be permitted to say in passing, I do not think there is much ground for hope through national interposition. Whether the general government has power or not, the simple fact is, it lacks the disposition. I refer to no particular administration, but to the general government as such. It doesn't seem to make any difference who is at the head of affairs, the same indisposition is found, the same timidity is manifested, the same let-alone policy is pursued. I do not at this point raise the question as to whether that is a right or wrong policy. I am simply noting the fact, and saying, that through that source, there is little or no ground of hope, so far as I can see. And yet, I have sometimes felt that if we could have had in the presidential chair a succession of men like Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania,—that stern old commoner, that man of iron will, and of deep heartfelt sympathy for the oppressed, the spirit of lawlessness in the South would long since have been stamped out. He would have found a way, just as President Cleveland found a way to suppress the labor riots in Chicago. Where there is a will, there is a way. The old pro-slavery power never found any difficulty in finding in the constitution and laws of the land a warrant for whatever it wanted to do: why should we find any difficulty in finding a warrant in the constitution and laws of the land for suppressing mob violence and revolution, for rooting out the band of murderers and traitors that infest the Southern section of our country? If the enemies of freedom found a way to do what they wanted, why should we find any difficulty in protecting innocent and loyal black citizens of the Republic, who have been true to the nation in every crisis of its history, and who today are as true and as patriotic as any other class of citizens? Why, I ask, should there be any difficulty?

Nor do I see any hope through the action of either of the great political parties. We have nothing to hope from the Democratic Party, neither have we anything to hope for from the Republican Party. Neither party is going to concern itself about the rights of the Negro, except so far as it can use him. Neither party feels

any interest in him: both would be glad to get rid of him. In the South, the Democratic party would eliminate him entirely, and in the North, it is only where he holds the balance of power, that any attention is ever paid to him. I am not speaking for or against either party; I am simply stating a fact, which you know, and which I know, and which every man, white or black, knows to be true. The Democratic party has always stood in the way of the Negro's advancement: that is its record. And the Republican party,—the time was when it stood squarely on the platform of human rights, when its great strong arm was stretched out in protection of the Negro, when it felt as Lowell has so nobly expressed it,—

We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more,
 To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core;
 Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
 Before Man made us citizens, great
 Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
 Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

That is where the Republican party once stood, when it was dominated by the influence of such men as Sumner and Wilson, Chase and Giddings, Morton and Stevens, and a host of other champions of freedom; but it is not so now. It is so absorbed with matters of the tariff and the currency, that it doesn't seem to hear any longer the cries of the oppressed millions of Negroes, for protection against lawlessness and brutality. I do not say this, with a view of inducing a single representative of our race to abandon the grand old party: we owe it much, all that we have,—freedom, citizenship, the ballot, came to us through it. We never can forget it: we never will forget it. No. And it is because of the love I bear it, and of what it has been, that it grieves me to find it so lukewarm and indifferent now to the interests which once stirred it so profoundly.

Nor is there, so far as I can see, much ground of hope from an appeal to force. The odds are against us. Even in the South, the whites out-number us, are superior to us in intelligence, and in resources. It is also morally certain, that if there should be an uprising of the blacks, there would not only be a united South, but

also a united North, to crush it out; and the general government, which has never been able to find a warrant in the Constitution and laws, and a sufficient pretext for interfering to put down the uprising of the whites against the blacks, would very soon be enroute to the scene of action. The whole army and navy, if it were necessary, would be employed to crush out a Negro uprising.

And yet, while this may be true, I am also reminded of the fact, that in the dreadful condition of things which existed in France for centuries, where the lower and middle classes were oppressed, ground down under the heel of the nobility, it was not until that awful tragedy, called the French Revolution, burst upon the world, that a change for the better began. You remember what Lowell says in his immortal "Ode to France:"

"They trampled Peace beneath their savage feet,
And by her golden tresses drew
Mercy along the pavement of the street.
O Freedom: Freedom: is thy morning dew
So gory red? Alas, thy light had ne'er
Shone in upon the chaos of their lair.
They reared to thee such symbols as they knew,
And worshipped it with flame and blood,
A vengeance, axe in hand, that stood
Holding a tyrant's head up by the clotted hair."

That great movement, the greatest, perhaps, aside from the birth of Christ, in the annals of the world, began in blood.

I am also reminded of the fact, that during the great anti-slavery agitation in this country, it was not until John Brown, that apostle of force, struck his blow at Harpers Ferry, that the nation was aroused to a true sense of the nature of the cancer that was gnawing at its vitals. It was the blow at Harpers Ferry that stirred the nation from its sleep as nothing else had done. Brown was hanged, it is true, but the glorious cause for which he struck went marching on. Von Holst, in the seventh volume of his History of the United States, in speaking of the Harpers Ferry episode, says, "By means of that scaffold,—the first erected in the United States for a traitor, and, indeed, for a political criminal,—the words, 'He that is not for me is against me, and he that is not against me, is for me,' grew to the fullness of truth. Precisely because it was conceded, almost without contradiction, that the local existence of slavery had made Brown's execution a necessity, people could not help having universally a certain feeling of re-

sponsibility for it, since not the South alone, but the entire people, bore before God and man the responsibility for the legal existence of slavery. Hence, if not loudly, at least irrepressibly, the voice of conscience, in numberless breasts, demanded an answer to the question, whether that scaffold was a tree of malediction and ignominy for the man who had to breathe his life out upon it, or rather for the people who were compelled by their institutions to erect it. Brown's conduct, from the moment of his arrest until his latest breath, irresistibly forced new multitudes, every day, to ask themselves this question, with the honesty and earnestness which its dreadful importance demanded; and the number of those from whom it wrested the right answer, and who had the courage publicly to confess it, swelled to even greater proportions."

Continuing, he says,—“The attack he and his twenty men made on slavery, with powder and lead, was a sublime piece of folly.” Considered in its physical aspects, it was a sublime piece of folly; but was it in vain? That it was not, is evident from Von Holst's own words, for he goes on to say, “The fear with which his lawless violence had inspired the South was groundless, but the slavocracy had no arms, offensive, or defensive, against John Brown, overpowered, mortally wounded, and hanged. Even in his boldest dreams he had never ventured to hope that he would be able to deal slavery a blow of such destructive force as he had now dealt it, by his suffering and his death.” And so, before this question is settled, it may be necessary to startle the nation again by some terrible tragedy from its sleep of indifference to the increasing disregard of the rights of the Negro, by the same power that held him down before, and against which John Brown leveled his blow. Do not misunderstand me. I am not counseling violence: I am not saying that it is a wise thing for the Negro to resort to violence; but I am saying that sometimes violence is the means which God uses to arouse the sleeping conscience, and pierce the rhinoceros hide of indifference. I trust that it may not be necessary, but if it must come, then, I for one say, let it come, and the sooner it comes the better. The Negro will not be responsible for it. What Lowell says of the oppressed millions of France will be equally true of him,

“They did as they were taught; not theirs the blame,
If men who scattered firebrands reaped the flame.”

There is in this same wonderful poem a lesson which it would be well for these white Southern bullies and Negro haters, whose highest ambition is to put their heels on the neck of the Negro, to note and carefully consider. It is contained in the first stanza:—

“As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
 Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,
 Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches,
 And the blind havoc leaps unwarned below,—
 So grew and gathered through the silent years
 The madness of a people, wrong by wrong.
 There seemed no strength in the dumb toilers’ tears,
 No strength in suffering, but the past was strong:
 The brute despair of trampled centuries
 Leaped up with one hoarse yell and snapped its bands,
 Groped for its rights with horny, callous hands,
 And stared around for God with bloodshot eyes.
 What wonder if those palms were all too hard
 For nice distinctions, if that maddened throng,—
 They whose thick atmosphere no bard
 Had shivered with the lightning of his song,
 Brutes, with the memories and desires of men,
 Whose chronicles were writ with iron pen,
 In the crooked shoulder and the forehead low,—
 Set wrong to balance wrong,
 And physicked woe with woe?”

Things cannot go on in the way in which they are going on in the South, without producing in the Negro a feeling of bitterness, of hatred, under a sense of wrong, which is bound, sooner or later, to have its harvest of blood. That is the teaching of experience; that is the way these things work themselves out. This was the thought, evidently, in the mind of Longfellow when he wrote “The Warning.”

“Beware. The Israelite of old, who tore
 The lion in his path, when, poor and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
 Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
 In prison, and at last led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry,—
 Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hand, and in its overthrow
 Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
 The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall.

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
 Till the vast temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.''

This Negro question must be settled, and it must be settled right: and until it is settled right, there will be no peace. That is God's law. It is vain to cry, peace, peace, as long as iniquity abounds. The white people in the South, and the white people in the North, as well, who sympathize with the Southern estimate of the Negro, had just as well understand, once for all, that the Negro is a man and an American citizen, and that he will never be satisfied until he is treated as a man, and as a full-fledged citizen. Until his manhood is recognized, and all his rights, civil and political, are accorded to him, he will never hold his peace, will never cease to cry aloud, to agitate, to make trouble. He would be a fool if he didn't. This is what the Southern whites, and the Northern sympathizers, might just as well understand, I say. And it would be well also for the representative of our race, who thinks that the best policy for us to pursue is self-effacement, to understand it. Self-effacement! Show me a Negro who believes in self-effacement, and I will show you a Negro, who will himself sooner or later become effaced.

There is not the slightest danger of this race, which can boast of a Douglass,—that noble type of heroic manhood,—ever consenting to self-effacement. Why the very thought of it is enough to bring back from the grave that old, battle-scarred hero. I almost seem to see him now, in view of this pernicious doctrine which has been projecting itself upon our attention for the past week or ten days, coming up from his resting place in yonder cemetery with disheveled locks, and outstretched arms, and troubled countenance, and saying by the expression upon his face:—What does all this mean? Are you losing your senses, my people? Yes, there he stands,—great Douglass,—sad of countenance, and with an affrighted, terrified look in his eyes. Be not disturbed, O friend of many years, O great champion, who didst carry this race in thy bosom as a father his nursing child, during all thine earthly pilgrimage:—go back to thy resting place. Have no fear. We, who have looked into thy face; we, who have heard thy voice; we, who

have caught thy spirit; we, who know something of the mighty manhood which burned in thy breast, will never consent to, or in any way countenance, the pernicious doctrine of race-effacement. We pledge ourselves today, as we think of thee, and of thy great compeers,—Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Whittier, Lundy, Lovejoy, Purvis,—and of our brothers in the South, lying in their untimely graves, sent there by the bullets of lawless and bloody ruffians; and of their loved ones, left to mourn their loss in their lonely wanderings in solitary places, afraid to return to their homes,—as we think of thee, and of all these, we pledge ourselves never to be satisfied with anything less than the treatment that belongs to a man, and to a full-fledged American citizen. We pledge ourselves, not only to maintain that attitude ourselves, but to teach our children, and our children's children to do the same. Fathers and mothers, you who are here, you, who have little children coming up, you who will soon pass from the stage of action, remember what I am saying; see to it that your children catch the spirit of which I am speaking, and which was so magnificently exemplified in the character of our great leader and champion. Teach your sons and daughters, begin when they are little, as soon as they are able to understand, that though they may have a dark skin, they are just as much the children of God, are just as dear to him, and are entitled to the same rights and privileges, under the Constitution, as the whitest child. Teach them that they have rights, and equal rights, with the whites, and to stand up for their rights. Teach them to respect themselves, and not to despise themselves because they happen to have a dark skin. Don't let them get into their heads the notion that because they are colored, therefore, they must efface themselves, must be satisfied with less than is accorded to white children. Let them take in these ideas with the first breath they breathe, with the milk that they suck from the breast of motherhood, and let them strengthen with their age. The place in which to kill this pernicious doctrine of self-effacement, and to beget a spirit of manliness that will take care of itself, in the battle which we are waging with the enemies of our rights, is the home. If you, fathers and mothers, will do your duty, in a short while there will not be found in this broad land a single Negro advocating this doctrine of self-effacement. Everywhere there will be found a sturdy manhood, that will command respect, and that no cowardly ruffians will be found trampling upon with impunity.

As I think of our great, departed leader, Douglass, and remember that there is a school building in this city named after him, and that his portrait hangs upon its wall, and that there has been inaugurated here what is called a Douglass Day, in the schools, I feel that I have a message also for the teachers,—you who meet these children five days out of the week; you who are not only training their intellects, but also helping to mould their characters,—I lay upon you the same solemn charge as was laid upon the fathers and mothers. See to it that you enforce the teachings of the home in this respect; that you do your part in giving to your pupils just conceptions of what their rights are, and the spirit in which they should stand up for them. Catch the spirit yourselves, and see to it that you put it into them. Whatever else you fail in doing, whatever else you may slight, or slur over, see to it that you put conscience into this,—for the destiny of a race is involved in it. The real issue is, whether the Negro shall be accorded the rights and privileges of a man and a citizen in this country; and the way to meet this issue, is to develop manhood in the Negro. A race that permits itself to be trampled upon will be trampled upon. A race that goes around with hat in hand, in a cringing attitude, in the presence of the dominant race, as if it were afraid to claim anything, lest it might give offense, or entail suffering upon itself, is sure to be an object of contempt. Let us here, today, one and all of us, before God,—in this sacred place, pledge ourselves to eternal hostility to any teaching that would put the Negro in such an attitude. Be assured that nothing is to be gained by compromising with evil. The divine injunction is, “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you; and if as a race, we do not resist these encroachments upon our rights, we will be trampled upon more and more. Why, the very thought of race-effacement stirs me to the very centre of my being. The more I think of it, the madder I get, the more is my indignation aroused, the more am I impressed with the importance of stamping it with the indelible stigma of abhorrence. What was the whole history of slavery in this country, but an attempt on the part of the Southern whites to efface from the Negro every element that went to make a man, and to degrade him to a mere beast of burden? And now, after more than thirty years of freedom, shall the Negro be asked to take up this work, which was begun by the slave oligarchy, and carry it on by effacing himself? Why, it is abhorrent. “Is thy

servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Such a suggestion coming from white men would be bad enough, but when it comes from black men,—well, I will not characterize it.

Be assured, the more we yield, the more we will be called upon to yield. If we practice self-effacement in one respect, in obedience to the demands of our enemies, we will be called upon to do it in others. The folly of such a course is to be seen in the very spirit out of which the demand comes. It is the spirit which denies the equality of the Negro, which assumes that he belongs to an inferior race,—an inferiority due not to circumstances, but inherent, inborn, God-ordained; and therefore, because he is a Negro, he has no right to expect, or to receive the same treatment as a white man. Such a spirit is not to be overcome by concession, by self-renunciation, but by self-assertion, by manly resistance. That was the gospel that was preached by the sage of Anacostia, by Garnet, by Ward, by the champions of freedom in every age of the world. What if the American people had adopted the principle of self-effacement, in the presence of the unjust demands of the British Crown? Where would we be today? The immortal Declaration of Independence never would have been written, and the Revolutionary War, out of which came this great Republic, never would have been fought. What, if the English people themselves had quietly submitted to the tyranny of King John, where would have been the Magna Charta? When Mr. Garrison began the Anti-slavery agitation in this country, how did he meet the slave power? As Lundy had done, by preaching the gospel of gradual emancipation? No: but by the demand for immediate, unconditional emancipation. And it was that doctrine that won. In what spirit did he meet the whole nation, North as well as South, when the press and the pulpit, and the army and navy, stood behind the institution of slavery? In an apologetic, and compromising tone? No. He said, "I am in earnest; I will not excuse; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." And he was heard. That is the spirit that always conquers. You can't kill that spirit, the individuals breathing it may die, but its influence will remain. As Byron has expressed it,

"The block may soak their gore; their heads
Be strung to city gates or castle walls,
But still their spirit walks abroad."

In the struggle with oppression in this country, through which we are now passing, the same spirit that came upon Garrison must come upon us. We must be in earnest; we must not equivocate; we must not excuse; we must not retreat a single inch in the demand which we make for complete recognition of all of our rights: and we must be heard. That is the gospel that I believe in; that is the gospel that I have been preaching, and shall go on preaching as long as God gives me breath. Standing in this sacred desk and place, and in your presence, I raise my right hand to heaven, and say, Let it be paralyzed, if I am ever found preaching any other gospel.

But I have not yet told you what my reasons are for being hopeful of the future: and as it is now too late to do so, I shall be obliged to ask your indulgence for yet another Sabbath. I am glad to see so many here. It shows that we are interested in race issues. God grant that this interest may go on broadening and deepening.

3

SIGNS OF A BRIGHTER FUTURE¹

“Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.”—PSALM 27:14.

For the past two Sabbaths, I have been speaking of some of the discouraging circumstances in the struggle which we are making, for our rights in this country,—the growing unfriendliness of the North, the hostility of the press, the silence and cowardice of the Pulpit, the growing spirit of lawlessness in the South, the apathy and indifference of the general government and of both political parties. In spite of all these discouragements, however, I believe as I said on last Sabbath, that there is a brighter future for us in this country. And I ground this belief (1), upon the fact that the Negro is thinking about his rights today, with a seriousness and earnestness such as he has never displayed before. Not only the more intelligent and thoughtful Negro, but all classes, from the highest to the lowest, from the most intelligent to the most illiterate. The recent outrage that was perpetrated at Wilmington by a band of law breakers and murderers has stirred our people as nothing else has ever done. I have seen them aroused before, but never as

¹ Delivered December 4, 1900.

at present. Everywhere the feeling is the same. For the moment, this bold, brazen, murderous assault upon our rights, and the consequences to which it must inevitably lead, if the spirit out of which it has come is allowed to go unchecked, has crowded out every other thought. This is the way it has affected me, and this is the way it has affected all with whom I have come in contact. A something is touching the heart of the Negro as I have never seen it touched before. What is it? What does it all mean? Is it the instinct of self-preservation? It means that the Negro is waking up to a realization of the true meaning of these outrages, that in them he sees a studied, persistent, carefully thought out plan to despoil him of his rights. It means also, the growing purpose and determination on his part to resist these aggressions. And this to my mind is one of the most hopeful signs of a brighter day. If the Negro could himself submit to these outrages, these assaults upon his rights, without a protest; if there was any disposition on his part to quietly acquiesce in them; did they not fill him with righteous indignation; were he not moved to growl and grumble and resist, then would there be indeed, ground for despondency. But the fact that he does not quietly submit, that he feels outraged by them, is to my mind one of the saving qualities in his character, and one of the most hopeful signs of his ability to take care of himself and to carve out for himself a great and honorable future. Thank God for these myriad voices that I hear everywhere protesting; for this discontent with present conditions which I see everywhere manifesting itself. The very thing which so many of our enemies are finding fault with, are using against us,—namely, that the Negro is becoming more and more insolent, more and more obtrusive, more and more self-assertive,—is the very thing which gives me hope. It shows that he is becoming more and more conscious of what belongs to him, and more and more determined to stand up for his rights. That, of course, is a very bad sign to those who think that the Negro has no rights which white men are bound to respect. Every demand which he makes, every attempt to stand in his place as a man is regarded as an impertinence, as a piece of insolence. If he does not lift his hat in the presence of a white face, and take the outside of the sidewalk, as the old time antebellum Negro used to do, he is adjudged, no good, and is looked upon as a Negro who has been spoiled by freedom. No, my white friends, it is not that he has been spoiled by freedom, but that under freedom he has

been developing; it means, that under freedom he is becoming more of a man, more and more conscious of his rights; it means that the scales are falling from his eyes, and the glorious light of freedom is streaming in upon his vision. It is Lowell who says:

“When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth’s
aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where’er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood.”

And that is what these exhibitions of so-called insolence mean: they mean that the Negro, who was once a slave in this land, under the bracing air of freedom, is beginning to “climb to the awful verge of manhood.” This consciousness which is beginning to awake in him, and which is beginning to show signs of increasing vitality,—the consciousness that he is a man, and that he is entitled to be treated as a man,—is not going to be crushed out under the iron heel of oppression, or awed into silence by armed mobs of bloody ruffians in the South, or by the acquiescence and sympathetic support of Northern Negro haters. No: it will go on gathering strength. The Negro is bound to get his rights, or else there will be trouble: there will be trouble anyhow, but it won’t last. It will cease just as soon as the whites come to see that the Negro himself is in earnest, that he means to claim his rights, and to have them. There is nothing which this Anglo-Saxon race honors more than manhood. It will resent it at first in other races, especially in so-called inferior races, but when it has once been demonstrated, it will respect it. And the fact that the Negro is developing manhood is a hopeful sign that his rights will one day be fully recognized.

In this connection, one of the things which has encouraged me greatly of late has been the action of the colored miners who were imported from Alabama to work in the mines of Illinois, because of a strike on the part of the white laborers. These black men needed work: they had the offer of work; they accepted the offer, as they had a right to do, and proceeded to the place designated by their employers, but were met by armed men who declared that they should not carry out their contract. What did these Negro laborers do? Run away? No, they prepared to defend themselves, and did defend themselves, as every man has a right to do. It took a good deal of courage for these men, under the circumstances, even to go to Illinois, but they went all the same. Of

course, under the self-effacement theory, they did wrong, they had no right to go. They knew that they were not wanted, that if they went trouble would ensue, and, therefore, they ought to have stayed away. Peace is the thing, according to this doctrine, that we must always keep in view, and for which we must be willing to make any and every sacrifice: and that means, not peace in our own souls, but peace in the soul of the white man,—the peace that the lion feels when the lamb is on the inside of him,—peace in the sense of making the white man peaceably inclined towards us. In other words, the giving up on our part of everything in us which the white man doesn't like, which may be displeasing to him. If ever there was a doctrine that was conceived by the evil one, it is certainly this doctrine of race effacement, in deference to the Negro-hating spirit of the South.

The black miners, who went from Alabama into Illinois, took no stock in this doctrine. The fact that white laborers did not want them to work did not influence them in the least: they went straight forward, and when their rights were assailed, they defended themselves. These men are still in Illinois, and they are likely to remain there, and to pursue their work unmolested. It is in the growth of this spirit, the spirit of manly resistance to unjust assaults upon our rights, which I see everywhere manifesting itself, that the dawning of a better day for us in this land is to be found.

(2.) I am hopeful, because of the progress which the Negro is making in intelligence and in wealth. Think of what our condition was at the close of the war, and of what it is today, in these respects. That we are progressing, there can be no doubt: indeed, in view of all the circumstances, our progress has been marvelous.

Take the matter of wealth. Since freedom, hundreds and thousands of our people have become property owners in the South. Many of them are prosperous and successful farmers; thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres of land have come into their possession, hundreds and thousands of them in the cities own their own homes, and are engaged in small but lucrative business enterprises of one kind or another. They are now paying taxes on some three hundred million dollars' worth of property. That is not a very large sum, I admit, considered as the aggregate wealth of a whole race, numbering some seven or eight millions; but whether much or little, it indicates progress, and very considerable progress, and that is the point to which I am directing

attention. The acquisitive faculty in the Negro is being developed; his eyes are being opened more and more to the importance of getting wealth: and slowly, but surely, he is getting it.

Educationally, the same is true. Thirty years ago there were but few educational institutions among us, but few professional men,—doctors, lawyers, ministers,—ministers of intelligence,—teachers; but few men and women of education. Now, there are thousands of well-equipped men and women in all the professions, and thousands upon thousands of men and women of education in every part of the country. Not only are there institutions founded especially for our benefit, crowded with students, but all the great institutions of the land are now open to us, and in all of them, with scarcely an exception, are to be found representatives of our race: and the number in such institutions is steadily increasing. The last report of the Commissioner of Education shows that in the common schools of the sixteen former slave States and the District of Columbia, there are enrolled 1,429,713 pupils, and that in these schools, some twenty-five thousand teachers are employed. It also shows that there are 178 schools for secondary and higher education, with an enrollment of over forty thousand pupils. There are, of course, thousands of our people who are still very ignorant, but that there is vastly more intelligence in the race now, than at the close of the war, no one will pretend to deny. The colleges and universities, the high and normal schools, are turning out hundreds of graduates every year. The educational outlook for the race is certainly very encouraging.

In view of these two factors,—the growing desire on the part of the Negro for material possessions, the fact that he is actually acquiring property, and his growing intelligence,—I see signs of a brighter future for him. These are elements of power that will make themselves felt. You may deprive a poor and ignorant people of their rights, and succeed in keeping them deprived of them, but you can't hope to do that when these conditions are changed: and the point to which I am directing attention here, is that this change is taking place. All that has been done, and is being done to stimulate in the Negro this principle of acquisitiveness, and to increase his thirst for knowledge, is a harbinger of a better day. Every dollar saved, or properly invested; every atom of brain power that is developed, is a John the Baptist in the wilderness,

crying, Make straight the pathway of the Negro. In proportion as the race rises in intelligence and wealth, the valleys will be filled and the mountains will be leveled, that now stand in the way of his progress, in the way of the complete recognition of all of his rights. Ignatius Donnelly, in that remarkable book of his, "Doctor Huguet," which some of you, doubtless, have read, would seem to teach the opposite of this. He attempts to show that never mind what the intellectual attainments of the Negro may be,—he may be a Doctor Huguet, learned with all the learning of the schools, and cultured with all the culture of the ages,—still there is no chance for him, there is no hope of his being recognized. The story as told by him is, at first, quite staggering and terribly depressing. But when we remember that, according to the story, there was but one Dr. Huguet with a black skin, and that he was poor, and that all the rest of his race were poor and ignorant, light breaks in upon the darkness, the awful pall which it casts upon us, is at once lifted. How will it be when instead of one Dr. Huguet, there are hundreds and thousands of them, scholarly men and women, cultivated men and women, men and women of wealth, of large resources? It will be very different. If the Negro was indifferent to education; if he was actually getting poorer, then we might lose heart; but, thank God, the very opposite is true. His face is in the right direction. He may not be pressing on as rapidly as he might towards the goal, as rapidly as some of us might wish to see him, but it is a matter for congratulation, that he is not retrograding, nor even standing still, but is moving on. Poor? Yes, but he isn't always going to be poor. Ignorant? Yes, but he isn't always going to be ignorant. The progress that he has already made in these directions shows clearly what the future is to be. Knowledge is power; wealth is power, and that power the Negro is getting. He is not always going to be a mere hewer of wood and a drawer of water; he is not always going to be crude, ignorant. American prejudice is strong, I know; it is full of infernal hate, I know, but in the long run it will be found to be no match for the power which comes from wealth and intelligence.

(3.) I am hopeful because I have faith in the ultimate triumph of right. You remember what Lowell says in his "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing:"

“Truth needs no champions: in the infinite deep
 Of everlasting soul her strength abides,
 From Nature’s heart her mighty pulses leap,
 Through Nature’s veins her strength, undying tides.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
 And read forever in the storied page
 One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
 One onward step of Truth from age to age,

The poor are crushed, the tyrants link their chain;
 The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates;
 Man’s hope lies quenched;—and, lo, with steadfast gain
 Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack, and cross
 Make up the groaning records of the past;
 But Evil’s triumphs are her endless loss,
 And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.”

“From off the starry mountain-peak of song,
 The spirit shows me, in the coming time,
 An earth unwithered by the foot of wrong,
 A race revering its own soul sublime.”

And in the “Ode to France,” from which I quoted on last Sabbath, the same glorious thought is expressed:—

“And surely never did thine altars glance
 With purer fires than now in France;
 While, in their bright white flashes,
 Wrong’s shadow, backward cast,
 Waves cowering o’er the ashes
 Of the dead, blaspheming past,
 O’er the shapes of fallen giants,
 His own unburied brood,
 Whose dead hands clench defiance
 At the overpowering good:
 And down the happy future runs a flood
 Of prophesying light;
 It shows an Earth no longer stained with blood,
 Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
 Of Brotherhood and Right.”

That is my faith. The wrong may triumph for the moment, but in its very triumph is its death-knell; it cannot always prevail. God has so constituted the moral universe, has so planted in the human heart the sense of right, that ultimately justice is sure to be done. “Ever the Right comes uppermost,” is no mere poetic

fancy, but one of God's great laws. In the light of that law, I am hopeful. I know that things cannot go on as they are going on now, that the outrageous manner in which we are at present treated cannot always continue. It is bound to end sooner or later.

(4.) I am hopeful, because I have faith in the power of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ to conquer all prejudices, to break down all walls of separation, and to weld together men of all races in one great brotherhood. It is a religion that teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, a religion in which there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free. And this religion is in this land. There are, according to the statistics of the churches for 1898, excluding Christian Scientists, Jews and Latter Day Saints, 135,667 ministers in the United States, 187,075 churches, and 26,100,884 communicants in these churches. This would seem to be a guarantee that every right belonging to the Negro would be secured to him: that in the struggle which he is making in this country for simple justice and fair play, for manhood recognition, for such treatment as his humanity and citizenship entitle him, back of him would be found these 135,667 ministers, 187,075 churches and 26,100,884 church members. But, alas, such is not the case. These professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ who came to seek and to save the lost, who was the friend of publicans and sinners, whose gospel was a gospel of love, and who was all the time reaching down and seeking to befriend the lowly, those who were despised and who were being trampled upon by others;—the Christ of whom it is written, “And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth”; and who in speaking of himself said, “The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to comfort all that mourn; to give them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness:”—these professed followers of this wonderfully glorious Christ, instead of standing back of the poor Negro in the earnest, desperate struggle which he is making against this damnable race-prejudice, which curses him because he is down, branding him with vile

epithets, calling him low, degraded, ignorant, besotted: and yet putting its heel upon his neck so as to prevent him from rising: despising him because he is down, and hating him when he manifests any disposition to throw off his ignorance and degradation and show himself a man;—in this struggle, I say, against this damnable race-prejudice, these professing Christians are often his worst enemies, his most malignant haters and traducers. In the bloody riot at Wilmington, when law and order and decency were trampled under foot, there were not only church members among the lawless ruffians who subverted the government and destroyed life and property, but even ministers of the gospel, we are told, were out with muskets on their shoulders, ready to shoot down black American citizens, for no crime, unless it be a crime for a Negro to exercise his constitutional right.

If I could bring myself to believe by any process of reasoning, that these people were really Christians, it would drive me into infidelity: I would utterly repudiate such a religion. But I know that they are not Christians: I know that the religion—I was about to say, which they profess, but rather which they possess,—is not Christianity. It is a miserable lie to say that it is. And you know that it is a lie: and I know that it is a lie: and these very people who profess to be Christians know that they are lying; and God, before whose judgment seat they shall one day stand to answer for their cowardly and brutal treatment of a weak and struggling race, or their quiet acquiescence in it, knows that they are lying.

In saying that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is in this land, I do not, therefore, base my assertion upon the fact that there are 135,667 ministers in it, and 187,075 churches, and 26,100,884 professing Christians. No. The American Church as such is only an apology for a church. It is an apostate church, utterly unworthy of the name which it bears. Its spirit is a mean, and cowardly, and despicable spirit. "One shall chase a thousand," we are told in the good Book—"and two shall put ten thousand to flight." And yet, with 135,667 preachers and more than 26,000,000 church members in this land, this awful, black record of murder and lawlessness against a weak and defenseless race still goes on. In the presence of this appalling fact, I can well understand the spirit which moved Theodore Parker—that pulpit Jupiter of his day—when, in his great sermon on "The True Idea of a Christian

Church," he said, "In the midst of all these wrongs and sins—the crimes of men, society and the State—amid popular ignorance, pauperism, crime and war, and slavery, too—is the Church to say nothing, do nothing: nothing for the good of such as feel the wrong, nothing to save them who do the wrong? Men tell us so, in word and deed; that way alone is safe! If I thought so, I would never enter the church but once again, and then to bow my shoulders to their manliest work, to heave down its strong pillars, arch and dome, and roof, and wall, steeple and tower, though like Sampson I buried myself under the ruins of that temple which profaned the worship of the God most high, of God most loved. I would do this in the name of man; in the name of Christ I would do it; yes, in the dear and blessed name of God." And I would do it, too.

In spite of the shallowness and emptiness and glaring hypocrisy of this thing which calls itself the church, this thing which is so timid, so cowardly that it dares not touch any sin that is unpopular, I still believe that Christianity is in this land. Today it is like a little grain of mustard seed, but it has entered the soil, has germinated, and is springing up. It is like the little lump of leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal: but it has begun to work, and will go on working, diffusing itself, until the whole is leavened. God has promised to give to his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession: and in that promise this land is included. Christianity shall one day have sway even in Negro-hating America; the spirit which it inculcates, and which it is capable of producing, is sure, sooner or later, to prevail. I have, myself, here and there, seen its mighty transforming power. I have seen white men and women under its regenerating influence lose entirely the caste feeling, to whom the brother in black was as truly a brother as the brother in white. If Christianity were a mere world influence, I should have no such hope; but it is something more than a mere world influence; it is from above; back of it is the mighty power of God. The record is, "To as many as received him to them gave he power to become children of God, even to them that believed on his name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." It can do what no mere human power can do. Jesus Christ is yet to reign in this land. I will not

see it, you will not see it, but it is coming all the same. In the growth of Christianity, true, real, genuine Christianity in this land, I see the promise of better things for us as a race.

(5.) I have faith in a brighter future for us in this country, because both in the North and in the South there are some white men, and some white women, too, who do not approve of the present treatment which is accorded to us, or share in the sentiment which regards us as naturally inferior to the whites, as designed by Nature for a lower plane. There are some white people in this country who believe that the Negro is a man, and that he is entitled to be treated as a man; that he is a citizen, and that he ought to have all the rights that belong to a citizen, both civil and political. There are not a great many, I admit; but there are some. A part of these are timid; they see the wrong; they feel the wrong; they deeply deplore the conduct of their own race, but they are afraid to speak out, to give public expression to their sentiments. They are like Nicodemus of old, who could say to Jesus, "Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the miracles that thou dost except God be with him," and yet who came to him by night, for fear of offending public sentiment. There are in the Southland today men who feel towards the brother in black just as Nicodemus felt towards Christ—who feel kindly towards him, who have faith in him, who believe that he is entitled to better treatment, but who are kept from speaking for fear of social ostracism and personal violence. Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, some years ago, wrote an article entitled "The Silent South," if I remember correctly, the design of which was to show that in the South itself there were those who did not approve of the brutal treatment that was accorded to the Negro. And this sentiment, though at present suppressed, is not always going to be silent. It is bound to grow, to get stronger and stronger as the years go by. I have hope of these Nicodemuses in the South; the time is coming, I believe, when they will stand out boldly for the right. I am encouraged in this by the reflection that the man who timidly came to Jesus by night afterwards openly spoke up for him before the Sanhedrin, and after his crucifixion brought large quantities of myrrh and aloes for embalming his body. The time came when he was not ashamed or afraid to have it known that he believed in Jesus as the Christ. These timid ones in the South will not always be timid.

But in addition to these silent sympathizers with us in our struggle against caste prejudice, there are those who are not silent, who speak out their sentiments; who have been crying out and are still crying out against these wrongs; who have been working and are still working to help us in the struggle. Among these may be mentioned Dr. W. Hayes Ward of *The Independent*, a big-brained and big-hearted man, whose noble editorials for years have been a source of strength and inspiration to us. I know of no man who appreciates more fully the nature of the fight that we are making, or who more deeply sympathizes with us than he does. A few years ago he delivered a sermon before the American Missionary Association, which was one of the most manly, courageous, and magnificent utterances ever made on the Negro problem in this country. It dealt especially with the persistent effort on the part of the Southern whites to humiliate us, to keep us down, and declared in the strongest terms possible undying hostility to all such efforts. It was worthy of the anointed lips of Garrison himself in his best days. It had all the fire, and fervor, and majesty, and tone of command of one of the old prophets sent by God to speak to the sleeping conscience of the nation. You, who have been reading *The Independent* within the past few weeks, know how fearlessly it has spoken out against the outrages in North and South Carolina. And as long as W. Hayes Ward is at the helm it will continue to speak out in behalf of the down-trodden, the oppressed. God has put this man in this citadel of power, at the head of the greatest religious weekly in the land, and his guns have always been leveled at the enemies of human right, at oppression and mob violence; he has always wielded his vast powers in the interest of law and order and good government; in the interest of the poor, struggling, much-abused and ill-treated Negro. That paper is making public sentiment, is helping to prepare the way for better things. The seed which it is sowing will be gathered after many days.

Mention should also be made of Albion W. Tourgee, who has made great sacrifices for us and whose voice and pen have been used unsparingly in our behalf. Also of George W. Cable, who has found time in the midst of his busy literary labors to utter a word of protest against the barbarism of the South and in the interest of the oppressed—a man who, rather than stifle his convictions, rather than

hold his peace, left the land of his birth, and came where he would be free to express the sentiments of his heart.

Mention should also be made of such men as the Tolberts of South Carolina. You have read their history, you know what kind of men they are. Braver, truer men are not to be found anywhere. In an article published in the issue of *The Independent*, November 25th, by R. R. Tolbert, who is Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and at the recent election was the Republican candidate for Congress in the District which includes Greenwood County and the town of Phoenix, the following statement will be found: "Twenty-five years ago the State of South Carolina achieved an unenviable prominence for its race riots; the white man being, as usual, the aggressor, and the black man the aggrieved. The only whites who then shared the sufferings of the Negroes belonged to the carpet-bag class—men who had come into the State as temporary sojourners, worked their way into politics and organized, or tried to organize, the Negro vote against the Bourbon Democracy. Within three weeks that reign of terror has been revived, with my kinsmen and myself as its most conspicuous victims, although my father was an officer in the Confederate Army, and my grandfather and great-grandfather have lived on the same soil where I have expected to rear my children. Our crime consists not in entering the State as strangers and usurping its political control, but in venturing to have partisan ties of our own, and to uphold the right of all citizens, white or black, under the Constitution, to cast a free vote and to have it counted."

In describing the bloody affair at Phoenix, during which his brother Tom was shot and mortally wounded, he says, "In the heat of the fight, Etheridge was killed, and the Negroes who had been helping my brother were disabled by wounds, and Tom himself fell with one charge of buckshot in his neck, another in his left side, and a third in his left arm. In spite of his sufferings, he struggled to his feet and turned upon the crowd, saying: 'I have not a friend left at my back. You have shot me nearly to death, but you have not changed my politics one iota.' What a magnificent exhibition of courage, of manhood was that. Talk about the three hundred who fell at Thermopylae—there isn't anything finer than that in all history. In the very face of death, shrieking in the ears of his murderers his undying allegiance in what he felt

to be right—"I have not a friend left at my back. You have shot me nearly to death, but you haven't changed my politics one iota." And what was his politics? The assertion of the right of all citizens, white or black, under the Constitution, to cast a free vote, and to have it counted. Was that a mere empty sentiment with him? Do men expose themselves to danger, to hardships, yea, to death itself, for a mere empty sentiment?"

I am encouraged, I say; I see the promise of better things in store for us in the fact that, in this great Northland, there are men like W. Hayes Ward, Albion W. Tourgee, George W. Cable; and in the Southland men like the Tolberts of South Carolina. These men will pass from the stage of action; they are already passing; the course of some of them is already nearly run, but others will come up to take their places. This type of men will never be wanting. We are not going to be left to fight our battles alone. The press may remain hostile; a cowardly pulpit may continue to be silent; a hundred thousand ministers of the gospel may continue to put padlocks upon their cowardly lips in obedience to the demand of a Negro-hating public sentiment, but God will raise up friends for us all the same. In the great struggle against physical bondage years ago, how he touched the heart and conscience of one and another, here and there; and how they came up from quarters where we least expected. Garrison heard a voice, and Phillips heard a voice, and Sumner heard a voice, and Whittier heard a voice, and Gerrit Smith, and Parker Pillsbury, and Theodore D. Weld, and Lydia Maria Child, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a host of others, heard a voice, and were not disobedient to the heavenly call. And in this struggle hearts will also be touched, and a voice will also be heard, and will not be heard in vain.

I have been speaking now about forty minutes, and do not think I ought to detain you longer. I have not as yet, however, said all that is in my heart. There are a few things more that I would like to say, and which I will take the opportunity of saying on next Sabbath. The subject is a large one, and cannot be disposed of in one or two discourses. The very interest which you have been manifesting in what I have been endeavoring to say on these successive Sabbaths has been to me one of the most promising signs of a brighter future, for I am sure it is not the speaker who has drawn you, but your interest in the matter under discussion.

4

GOD AND PRAYER AS FACTORS IN THE STRUGGLE.¹

“Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.”—PSALM 27:14.

In my discourse of last Sabbath I pointed out five reasons why I was hopeful of a brighter future for us in this land; namely, the growth of manhood in the Negro, the growing sense in him of what he is entitled to, and his determination to stand up for his rights; the fact that he is making progress in wealth and education; the certainty that right is ultimately to triumph; the presence of the religion of Jesus Christ in this land, and its power to conquer all prejudices, to break down all walls of separation, and to weld together into one great brotherhood men of all races; and the fact that both in the North and in the South there are white men and women who do not believe in the treatment which is accorded to us, and who are in sympathy with us in the fight which we are making.

There are two other grounds of hope to which I desire to direct attention this morning in closing, and they are the ones pointed out in the words of our text—“Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.” In the revised version it reads, “Wait on the Lord: be strong, and let thine heart take courage; yea, wait thou on the Lord.”

The (1) ground of hope to which our attention is here directed is in the fact that God is. The being of God is asserted. There is a God, the Psalmist says. He calls him Jehovah, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; the God to whom Moses referred when he said to the children of Israel, with the Red Sea before them and the advancing hosts of the Egyptians behind them, “Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.” Yes, God is. This universe is not the result of blind, unconscious forces; back of all that we see is a great intelligence. That intelligence we call God; that is the great Being to whom the Psalmist here refers, to whom he directs attention. God! How important is the thought. Let us get hold of it: let the idea sink deep into our hearts. It will help us to weather the storms that are before us and nerve us for the conflicts that await us in our efforts to rise and in our struggles

¹ Delivered December 11, —

for recognition against a bitter, Negro-hating spirit of caste. It was this thought—the thought of God—that brought hope back to the almost despairing soul of Frederick Douglass, many years ago, during one of the darkest periods of the anti-slavery struggle. You remember the story. It was a great meeting: Mr. Douglass was speaking in the most despairing tone. Everything was against us, apparently: there was hardly a ray of light to illumine the darkness as he looked out into the future. He was going on in this dismal strain when he was interrupted by Sojourner Truth, who said, “Is God dead, Frederick?” That shot a ray of light into his soul, and revived his drooping spirits. God! It is impossible to project that great thought into the mind of man, in any emergency or crisis in his life, without bracing him up, without giving him something to lean upon. It was the prop that Sojourner Truth laid hold upon, and that sustained her during all that long and painful and discouraging struggle through which she passed in the death-grapple with slavery. And it will sustain us, if we will lay hold of it, in the equally momentous struggle through which we are passing.

Higher than man, than all mundane influences, than principalities, and powers, and might, and dominion than even the mightiest names of earth is a great Being, without beginning of days or end of years, who knows all things, who has all power and who is infinite in justice. This great Being is on the throne of the universe; he holds the scepter of universal empire. Because God reigns, there is hope for the oppressed, for the down-trodden, for all upon whose necks the iron heel of oppression rests. There need be no fear as to the ultimate result, as to the final issue. Hence the language of the Psalmist, “The Lord reigneth.” The very thought thrills him, and he calls upon the whole earth to rejoice. “The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad. Clouds and darkness are around about him: righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.” In that fact he sees ultimately the righting of all wrongs, the breaking of all yokes, and the oppressed going free. If the Devil was on the throne of the universe, there would be no such ground of rejoicing; no such hope could possibly exist. But he is not on the throne. It is true he is called the “God of this world,” and at times would seem to be all-powerful in it, but it is only apparent. There is but one supreme power in the universe; and to that power one day every knee is to bow, and every tongue confess. There has been no abdi-

cation on the part of God. Because wrong goes on, it doesn't mean that everything has been turned over to the evil one; that wrongs are never to be righted. No, there is a Just One, who never slumbers nor sleeps, and who is not indifferent to what is going on. He will one day "make requisition for blood." Isaiah tells us that "righteousness is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins."

The thought in the mind of the Psalmist, as expressed in the words of the text, is—Keep that great Being in mind; don't lose sight of him—of the fact that he is, and what he is. And the promise is, "He shall strengthen thine heart," he will hold you up, will keep you from becoming utterly cast down; will put new life and energy and hope in you; will bring you out more than conqueror. Isaiah expresses the same thought in the fortieth chapter of his prophecy. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Take away this idea of God; banish the thought of such a being, and the outlook would indeed be dismal. But it cannot be done: everywhere it meets us. In external nature we see traces of his footsteps. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," and in the inner world, in the deeper recesses of our own natures, we see in the still small voice of conscience a witness to his existence. Yes, God is, and because he is, there is hope for the oppressed Negro in this land. The Lord of all the earth will see that right is done.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

(2). The ground of hope,—understanding by the expression, "Wait on the Lord," the formal presentation of our case to him

with a view to his interposition,—is to be found in the efficacy of prayer. Prayer is a power. It is a mighty power. It is one of the mightiest forces in the universe. It is Tennyson who says,—

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.”

And a greater than Tennyson has said, “In nothing be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Jesus Christ.” The Bible is full of illustrations of the power of prayer. When God appeared unto Moses in the burning bush, he said to him, “I have surely seen the afflictions of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters.” What was that cry? It was the cry to high heaven that went up from his suffering people. And God says, “I have heard their cry, and am come down to deliver them.” In the time of Hezekiah, Sennacherib, king of Assyria, we are told, sent Rabshakeh with a great army to Jerusalem, to besiege it. The record is, “Then Rabshakeh stood, and cried with a loud voice in the Jews’ language and spake, saying, Hear ye the word of the great king of Assyria. Thus saith the king, Let not Hezekiah deceive you; for he shall not be able to deliver you out of his hand; neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the Lord, saying, The Lord will surely deliver us, and this city shall not be given into the hand of the king of Assyria. Hearken not unto Hezekiah: for thus saith the king of Assyria, Make your peace with me, and come out to me; and eat ye every one of his vine, and every one of his fig tree, and drink ye every one the waters of his own cistern; until I come and take you away to a land like your own land, a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of oil olive, and of honey, that ye may live, and not die: and hearken not unto Hezekiah, when he persuadeth you, saying, The Lord will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations ever delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath, and of Arpad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim, of Hena, and Ivah? have they delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among all the gods of the countries, that have delivered their country out of my hand, that the Lord should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?”

But we are told that Hezekiah went into the house of the Lord and prayed: and what a prayer it was, "O Lord, the God of Israel, that sitteth upon the cherubim, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth. Incline thine ear, O Lord, and hear; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see; and hear the words of Sennacherib, wherewith he hath sent him to reproach the living God. Of a truth, O Lord, the kings of Assyria have laid waste the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone; therefore they have destroyed them. Now, therefore, O Lord, our God, save thou us, I beseech thee, out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou are the Lord God, even thou only." And you remember what the result was: the prophet Isaiah was instructed to say to the king that his request would be granted:—"This saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Whereas thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib, king of Assyria, I have heard thee." So when the angel of the Lord appeared to Zacharias, the declaration was, "Fear not, Zacharias: because thy supplication is heard, and thy wife, Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son." And did not Jesus himself say, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you?" And in James 5: 17, 18, is it not recorded:—"Elias was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months. And he prayed again; and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

There is nothing clearer in the Word of God than the fact that there is power in prayer, that, through it, effects may be produced, that definite results may be accomplished. This power may be made to play an important part in the great struggle through which we are passing in this country. It played a most important part, I believe, in the struggle out of bondage into freedom. We speak of the labors of Garrison and Sumner and Phillips, and the whole host of anti-slavery agitators; we speak of the Emancipation Proclamation, and of the clash of arms, as agents in bringing about the final result: and they were most important agents,—too much cannot be said in praise of all that was done, of the magnificent fight that was made by our soldiers in the face of rebel bullets, and by the reformers on the bloodless fields of thought and sentiment,—of the moral heroism and physical courage that were dis-

played. But the poor slave himself, I believe, had a part in that struggle second to none; it was the part which he played on his knees. In the rude cabins of the South, in lonely places, in the seclusion of the forest, in the darkness of the night the voice of the slave was heard in piteous appeals to heaven. When they were hoeing in the cotton field, when the crack of the overseer's whip was sounding in their ears, when their backs were smarting under the lash of the hard taskmaster, when they stood upon the auction block, when families were broken up,—the father going in one direction, the mother in another, and the children in still another,—there went up from their bleeding hearts the cry to heaven, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Every day, every night, almost every hour in the day, the cry of their bleeding hearts was poured into the ear of heaven. And I believe, as mighty as were the other influences, there was none more potential than this. Prayer was their only weapon at that time, and how mightily did they wield it. And we know with what result. The answer came at last, and they went out from under the yoke of bondage, free men and free women; went out, after wrestling earnestly in prayer with God for deliverance. The God, who said to Moses, "I have seen the affliction of My people in Egypt, and have heard their cry, and am come down to deliver them," came down in answer to the prayers that went up from the rude cabins of the South, from the cane-brakes and the rice fields, and the cotton patches, and brought deliverance. And this same power is available today. Lawless ruffians may keep the Negro away from the polls by shotguns; and by unrighteous laws and intimidation may shut him out of first-class cars, but there is no power by which all the combined forces of evil in the South can keep him from approaching the throne of grace. Here is one thing, thank God, that this Negro-hating spirit cannot do,—it cannot prevent him from praying. What is prayer?

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

Thank God, I say, this lawless, murderous, Negro-hating spirit that is running riot in the South, that unblushingly flaunts its shame in the face of the civilized world, while it may murder Negroes and despoil them of their civil and political rights, cannot prevent them from lifting their eyes to heaven, or breathing a prayer; nor can it shut the ears of heaven to their cries. It may shut the ears of a cowardly pulpit, and a prejudiced church, but there its power stops. It cannot block the way of approach to the Holy of Holies. God has opened the way, and no man can shut it: all the powers of darkness cannot do it. Into that august presence the Negro may come, black though he may be, ignorant though he may be, poor though he may be, with the same assurance of acceptance as the whitest; the most cultivated, the most wealthy.

What use shall we make of this power? Shall we allow it to remain dormant, unused? Shall we not avail ourselves of this privilege? Shall we not begin, in earnest, to ask God to take a hand in this struggle in which we are engaged? It is a suggestion that is well worthy of our most serious consideration. In addition to what we are already doing, we should add this power of prayer; should make our troubles more a subject of prayer than we do. Some seven years ago this thought was brought to our attention, as some of you will remember. The idea originated, I believe, with Peter H. Clark, and after consultation, an address was issued "To the Colored People of the United States and Their Friends," calling upon them to set apart a day for special prayer. After setting forth the sad condition of our people, the unjust discriminations against us, the brutal manner in which we are treated in the South, and the seeming inability or indisposition of those in authority to protect us, it closes in these words: "To whom, then, can we turn, save to the Lord God; to him who has the power to enlighten and soften men's hearts; to him, who brought Israel out of bondage with many signs and wonders; to him, who recently in the history of our country caused the wrath of man to praise him, and forced from the unwilling hand of Abraham Lincoln the Emancipation Proclamation. Let us turn to him:—

"We therefore request you to set aside the thirty-first day of May next as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. Let the more devout fast faithfully. Let all pray. Let the farmer leave his plough, the mechanic his bench, the business man his shop, let the

schoolmaster secure for himself and pupils a vacation, let those employed as household servants get leave of absence.

“Let us meet in our places of worship, and there, led by our ministers, devoutly pray to Almighty God: First, That if it is our fault that the hearts of our fellow countrymen are so cruelly turned against us, He will show us the evil, and give us the wisdom to remove it. Second: That our white fellow citizens may be made to see that the only security for the continuance of Republican institutions is found in the observance of law by all, however powerful, and by the extension of its protection to all, however weak; that he will make them see that in permitting these lynchings they are sowing a wind which will grow a whirlwind in the time of their children.

“Finally, that they will remember our lately enslaved condition, that they will not forget our centuries of toil without requital upon the fields of their fathers, and that instead of visiting us with proscriptio and murder, they will be patient with our short-comings and encourage us to rise to that level of intelligence and virtue which marks the character of a good citizen.”

This address was signed by Peter H. Clark, Frederick Douglass, Bishops Daniel A. Payne, Benjamin T. Tanner, and A. W. Wayman, Booker T. Washington, J. C. Price, Albion W. Tourgee, T. Thomas Fortune, W. S. Scarborough, Frances E. Harper, George T. Downing, John M. Langston, and many other representative men and women. It was printed, I believe, in all of the colored newspapers throughout the country, and was very generally observed. Hundreds and thousands of our people met in their respective places of worship, and gave themselves up to prayer. It attracted very wide attention: it was noticed in many of the leading journals of the country. In an editorial in the *New York Evangelist*, of June 2nd, the editor, in commenting upon it, said, “The fact that the colored people of the United States spent Tuesday of this week as a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that he would deliver their race from persecution and injustice, and grant them the free enjoyment of life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and full protection in their persons, homes, and in the exercise of all legal rights and privileges in every part of the American Union, is one that may well give Christians pause. It is a solemn thing when seven millions of souls, however poor and humble they may be, carry their appeal from man’s injustice to

the bar of the Almighty. It is a serious matter for a nation when any body of people, however, few, betake themselves not to revolt, but to prayer."

This is a line of attack upon our enemies that we cannot afford to lose sight of. I do most earnestly wish, therefore, that the suggestion which was made in the address which was issued nearly seven years ago might be revived. And, that in addition to the setting apart a day annually for prayer in our churches, all believers might be urged to bring the matter to the attention of God, also in their private devotions. Praying only once a year won't do; praying in public and by the ministers only won't do; there must be constant prayer, every day, and by all of God's people. In the church, in our Endeavor meetings, in our Sabbath school gatherings, at the family altar, and in the secret chamber, on week days and Sabbath days, by clergy and laity,—the whole religious strength of the race ought to be brought to bear upon the subject, the cry that goes up to heaven ought to be the cry of a united people, of all who believe in God and in the power of prayer.

What are we to pray for? For self-effacement, political or otherwise? No. For a cowardly and unmanly spirit of submission to outrage, without entering a protest? No. For quiet acquiescence in the desire to keep us poor and ignorant, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, to make of us a mere servile race? No, emphatically no! What are we to pray for, then? (1). That God would help us by His grace to be true men and women; that He would put deep down into our souls a divine unrest, a holy ambition to be something, and to make something of ourselves; that He would kindle in our heart of hearts a desire for the things that are true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report; that he would help us all to come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. What we need is development along every line that makes for righteousness, for a better, purer, nobler manhood and womanhood. It is our duty to pray to God to help us, to put his great, strong arm under us while we struggle up the steep and difficult ascent

"on stepping stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

We have faults, of course, and very serious ones; this no one has ever denied. It would be strange if we had not, after two

hundred and fifty years of slavery, an institution which attached no importance whatever to virtue, and which ignored entirely the family idea. The very purpose of slavery was to make the Negro a mere beast of burden, to degrade him to the level of the brute. That anything was left in him, upon which to rear the superstructure of a self-respecting manhood and womanhood, is the marvel. The white race itself is not free from faults. It has had more than a thousand years of culture and civilization behind it, and yet it has faults and very serious ones. If I were disposed to draw an indictment against it, I think I could draw a very strong one, one that would not be very flattering to its pride. I think the faults of the Negro, measured by the divine standard, are not a whit worse than those of the whites. In many respects their sins are the same. The Negro is said to be licentious; well, so are the whites. Are all white men paragons of virtue? Where did all the mulattoes in the South come from? Were the old masters forced by their black slaves to part with their virtue, or was the reverse true? Were the slaves the aggressors, or the masters? And today, the South, that holds up its hands in holy horror at the thought of miscegenation, thinks nothing of the illicit intercourse between white men and colored women. In the last Constitutional Convention of South Carolina, Section 34 of the new Constitution reads as follows: "The marriage of a white person with a Negro or with a mulatto, or person who shall have one-eighth or more of Negro blood, shall be unlawful and void." To this section, the Hon. Robert Smalls proposed an amendment, adding after the word "void," in the second line, the words, "and any white person who lives and cohabits with a Negro, mulatto, or person who shall have one-eighth or more of Negro blood, shall be disqualified from holding any office of emolument or trust in this State, and the offspring of any such living or cohabiting shall bear the name of the father, and shall be entitled to inherit and acquire property the same as if they were legitimate."

In support of this amendment, Mr. Smalls said, among other things: "This entire matter, sir, has no right in the Constitution of the State. If your women are as pure as you stated, and I have reason to believe that they are, they can be trusted; then why the necessity of this being placed in the Constitution? Can you not trust yourselves? Is it because these wrongs that have been perpetrated here since the formation of the government, make you feel

that you cannot be trusted? When I say you, I mean the white men of the entire State. I fear not; hence I trust the amendment will be adopted. These wrongs have been done, and are still being done. They are not done by colored men; they are done by white men. If a Negro should improperly approach a white woman, his body would be hanging on the nearest tree, filled with airholes, before daylight next morning, and perhaps, properly so. If the same rule applied on the other side, and white men who insulted or debauched Negro women were treated likewise, this convention would have to be adjourned sine die for lack of a quorum." At this point he was called to order by some member on the floor, to which he made this reply: "The gentleman called me to order, stating that I had reflected on the convention. I do not wish to reflect on the convention, but do say, that if he has clean hands, he will keep his seat, because I do mean to reflect on any man who objects to the intermarriage of a Negro or a mulatto woman with a white man, and is not willing to prohibit the cohabitation, which is the root and branch of the evil. Stop this evil, and there will be no occasion for your intermarriage law." And yet, in the face of this pointed speech, incredible as it may seem, the amendment was defeated: every white man voting against it. That proves conclusively of course, that licentiousness is a sin peculiar to the Negro, that white men are never guilty of violating the Seventh Commandment.

Another charge made against the Negro is that he will steal: that is also a sin peculiar to the race. White men never steal, of course. Who are all these absconding bank cashiers and other trusted officials that I read of from time to time in the newspapers? Are they white men or colored men? Who are the men who adulterate our food products, who run up prices by forming iniquitous combinations of various kinds, and in this way, by overcharging, rob the consumers of millions of dollars? Are they white men or colored men? The only difference that I can see between the two races is, that the one steals on a small scale, the other on a large scale,—the one takes a few dollars, or a few dollars' worth, the other takes hundreds and thousands of dollars. The one kind of stealing is regarded, I know, as more respectable than the other, but it is stealing all the same. It is safe to conclude that stealing is as much a peculiarity of one race as the other.

One of the things that I have never been able to understand, is the lofty, self-complacent air with which the white man deals with the faults and imperfections of the Negro. It is always on the assumption that he is all right, and that the Negro is all wrong. It never seems to occur to him that he has any faults at all; if he happens to be guilty of the same offense, it becomes very much less heinous in him. A violation of the Seventh Commandment makes the Negro a low brute; the white man, especially if it happens to be with a woman not of his own race, still remains a gentleman, is guilty only of a little indiscretion. Who ever heard, in all the Southland, with its boasted civilization, and its hypocritical cant about the fear of contamination with an inferior race, of a white man being ostracized, shut out from respectable society, because of his known intimacy with a woman of another color? That kind of thing, according to the moral standard in vogue there, is either not regarded as a sin, or is winked at.

The white man seems to be surprised that the Negro is not perfect, that he is not a paragon of all the virtues; he is constantly abusing him, applying all kinds of vile epithets to him, because he is no better than he is. Of course, he isn't perfect. It is unreasonable to expect him to be perfect. You can't perfect a race in a single generation: and nobody knows that better than the white man himself; and he of all men ought to be the last one to upbraid him. Yes, the Negro has faults, but that is no reason why he should be shot down like a dog, why his rights, civil and political, should be trampled in the dust, why he should be treated in the brutal and inhuman manner in which he has been treated in the South. You can't make a better man by that kind of treatment. If you think he needs reforming, if you want to improve his condition, you have got to use other methods, you have got to come to him in a different spirit. You can't play the part of the bully, the ruffian, and hope to have any influence with him for good; you can't put your foot on his neck, deny his manhood, treat him as an inferior, as fit only to be a servant, and hope to have him profit by anything that you may say to him. He may be helped, he needs help, but you have got to clear out of his way the bloody murders that throw themselves athwart his pathway, you have got to set him a better example. If the white man wants to help the Negro to be a better man, he must begin to be a better man himself, to stop all of his meanness. After that bloody, murderous,

treasonable assault at Wilmington upon law and order and the most sacred rights of man, it was one of the paragons of the pulpit in that city, even our great Doctor Hoge, who said: "Now having cast out Negro leaders, let us prove to the Negroes that we are really their true friends. We must look more closely after their industrial life, and by precept and example must teach them the gospel of Christ as a religion, not of emotion, but of life and conduct." Is there any wonder that the Negro is no better than he is with such examples before him, with such beautiful exponents of Christianity for his guide? Men holding themselves up as examples, who the day before had dyed their hands in their brothers' blood.

But to return from this digression,—in laying hold of this mighty instrument of prayer in relation to ourselves, let us not forget that we have shortcomings, that we are not by any means all that we ought to be, and that God can help us to overcome the evil that is in us, to break the fetters of sin that bind us, and make us freemen indeed. The individual who lays hold of God in the struggle upward against his lower nature, is sure to succeed. And so with a race; when it begins reaching out after God in earnest prayer for strength to overcome its besetting sins, it is sure to prevail. Pray! Yes, let us pray, pray without ceasing, that God would not only help us to build ourselves up in the great and positive elements that go to make up a true manhood and womanhood, but also that he would help us with his own great might to resist with all the energy of our natures the things which stand in the way of our progress, which tend to drag us down. Prayer can help us in this struggle,—let us lay hold of it. Let us make the most of it. But (2) in praying we must not stop with self, we must not forget to pray also for those who are oppressing us, who have their heels upon our necks, and whose cry is "this is a white man's government." Jesus himself says, "Pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you." An elder in the Mormon church was once reminded that it was his duty to pray for his enemies: he said, "I do pray for them, I pray that God would damn them and send them down to hell." That is what we would naturally be inclined to do; that is what doubtless many of us have often done; but that is not the kind of prayer that I am talking about: It never can be right for us to pray such a prayer. We are to pray that God would have mercy upon them; that he would open their blind eyes, that he would show them the error of their

ways, that he would quicken their dead consciences, and soften their hard hearts, and lead them to conform to principles of right, of justice and humanity. Prayer can do wonders in this respect. You remember how Esau felt towards Jacob: he hated him with perfect hatred, he had murder in his heart: he would have killed him had he met him at the time. And even after the lapse of twenty years, the old feeling was still there. When he heard of his return, he started to meet him with a strong band of armed men. Poor Jacob was terrified, and fell upon his knees in earnest prayer to God for deliverance. "And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which said unto me, Return into thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee, I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed to thy servant, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. Deliver me I pray thee from the hand of my brother Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." And with what result we all know. The record is, "And Jacob lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold Esau came, and with him four hundred men." And what? There was a conflict, and Jacob and his whole family were annihilated? Not at all. "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and they wept." All the old grudge, the old bitterness and hatred, were taken out of him, and love,—beautiful, tender, sympathetic love,—took its place. A mighty transformation was wrought in answer to prayer. The two brothers, long estranged, were again brought together on terms of friendship: we see them in each other's arms, weeping on each other's necks. And in this there is a hint for us as a people in our relations with the Southern whites. We can do in our imperiled condition among them, just what Jacob did in the dire emergency which confronted him,—betake ourselves to prayer: and the same God who interposed to soften the heart of Esau will also interpose in our behalf.

How are we to pray? In what spirit are we to pray? We are to pray,—whether for ourselves or for the Southern whites,—if we are to succeed, in the same humble, earnest, persistent, and loving spirit that Jacob did. He came to God in the attitude of an humble suppliant, in the consciousness of his own weakness and imperfections. "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies," is the

opening sentence of his appeal. It was not in the spirit of self-righteousness, but of humble penitence that he came: so must we.

He came to God in a spirit of deep earnestness. His whole soul cried unto God for deliverance from his brother Esau. It came up from great depths of his nature, and expressed a need that was most keenly felt by him: so it must be with us.

He came to God in the spirit of resolute determination to get what he wanted. All night he wrestled with God in prayer. And as the day began to dawn, the angel said, "Let me go, Jacob;" but his reply was, "I will not let thee go till thou bless me." And he did not let him go until he had the assurance that he had prevailed; so must we. If we are not in earnest, dead in earnest, are not animated by a spirit that will not take nay as an answer, we cannot, will not succeed.

He came to God in the spirit of love: there is no evidence of any bitterness or hatred on his part towards his brother. This was the spirit exhibited by the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross when He prayed, "Father, forgive them,"—his murderers, the men who had nailed Him to the cross, and who were looking on with fiendish delight as his life was ebbing away; and the spirit that was exhibited by Stephen, while he was being stoned to death, when he said: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And this is the spirit in which we must come to God. It is not an easy thing to do, I admit. When we think of all that we have suffered and are still suffering in the South,—of the hundreds and thousands of our people who have been shot down, murdered in cold blood, and of all the other villainous acts that have been perpetrated upon us, with a view of humiliating us, of crushing the manhood out of us, it is very difficult not to feel some bitterness, not to be full of hate. But if we are to have any influence with God, in this matter, we have got to get rid of that feeling. God will not answer our prayers, if we come in any such spirit. And, therefore, I am especially anxious that this element of prayer should enter into the great problem which we are seeking to solve in this country, for our own sakes, as well as for the sake of the whites. It will do them good to have us pray for them, and it will do us good to pray for them, since it will have the effect, if we enter into it with the purpose and determination of succeeding, of rooting out of our hearts that bitterness, which these awful outrages which are constantly occurring in the South tend to engender. It will be a

good thing for us as a race, if we can get into an attitude of prayer, and keep in that attitude. It will put us in touch with God, and keep us in touch with Him. And then, the gates of hell will not be able to prevail against us.

I believe in the reality of prayer. I believe in the power of prayer. I believe that our cause can be helped by prayer. This doesn't mean that we are to do nothing but pray, that we are to fold our arms and expect God to fight our battles for us: nor does it mean that we are not to stand up for our rights, that we are not to agitate, and protest against wrong,—the agitation must go on; the demand which we are making for equal recognition of our rights, civil and political, under the Constitution, must never be relinquished,—what it means is, that in the midst of the conflict, while we are doing all we can, while we are seeking to make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities, we are at the same time to lay fast hold of the Almighty, to keep ourselves and our wants ever before Him, and to look to him for help in every time of need. "Wait on the Lord," is the exhortation; look to Him for strength, for courage, for wisdom to guide, to direct: in a word, don't attempt to lift this great weight that is pressing upon you, and holding you down, in this country, in your own strength; don't attempt to fight your battles alone, with human instruments alone; link yourself with God, take Him into your confidence; look to Him, rely upon Him.

With this wonderful thought before us,—the thought that in this struggle through which we are passing in this country, it is possible to have the Almighty associated with us,—together with the encouraging signs to which our attention was directed on last Sabbath, if I am asked, What of the night, for the Negro race in this country? I say, unhesitatingly, Well. There is a future here for us; in this land there are better things in store for us.

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling light;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels whose tread we heard
 Through long hours, when we could not see,
 Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,—
 The unchanging watchword, Liberty.
 Look backward, how much has been won!
 Look round, how much is yet to win!
 The watchers of the night are done;
 The watchers of the day begin.
 O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
 The night and day alike in view,
 Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
 O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

I have had a three-fold object in preaching these sermons: (1). To let the white people know that we are conscious of what our rights are, and that we mean to have them. (2). The hope of helping to awaken the sleeping conscience of the American people to the wrongs that we are suffering. And (3) to inspire those of our own people, who may be disposed to become despondent, with hope and with renewed determination to keep up the struggle.

I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me during these weeks: and trust that all of us realize, as we have never done before, the seriousness of the task that is before us. The uplifting of a race, with all the tremendous odds against us in this land, is no child's play. It requires work, hard work; true and brave hearts:—

Men of faith, and not of faction,
 Men of lofty aim in action,
 Strong and stalwart ones;
 Men whom highest hope inspires,
 Men whom purest honor fires,
 Men who trample self beneath them,
 Men who never fail their brothers,
 True, however false are others.

May God make us such men and women: and to this work may we, one and all, dedicate ourselves today. Whatever we can do, as individuals, as families, as churches, to lift ourselves, and this race with which we are identified, to higher levels, let us do it, and do it with our might.

“O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
 Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain.”

And these we must have,—“the faithful heart, and the weariless brain,” if we are to “build the future fair, and conquer wrong.”

III LYNCHING

ITS CAUSES—A LOW STATE OF CIVILIZATION AND RACE HATRED¹

I

“Then they cried with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him.”—ACTS 7:57

At the April meeting of the Afro-American National Council held in this city, a day of prayer and fasting was determined upon to be observed by our people throughout the country. Since that time an address has been issued setting apart Friday, June 2nd, as the day. After directing attention to the sad condition of things in this country as respects our people, the address closes in these words: “Owing to these and many other calamitous conditions, of which time forbids a recital, unhistoric, unprecedented, and dreadfully abnormal, we are impelled by a sense of duty and the instincts of our moral natures, to appeal to the Afro-Americans in the United States to put forth some endeavor, by ceasing to be longer silent, and to appeal to some judicatory for help and relief. If earth affords none for our helpless and defenseless race, we must appeal to the bar of Infinite Power and Justice, whose Judge holds the destinies of nations in his hands.

“Therefore, we, the National Afro-American Council of the United States, in keeping with the custom in all ages, and among all nations in times of mourning, sorrow, affliction, persecution and great calamity, call upon, and pathetically implore every member of our race, man, woman, and child, to observe Friday, the second day of June, as a day of fasting and prayer, and thus invoke the aid and help of that God who rules in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

“We also invoke the ministers and churches of all denominations to crowd their churches, in sunrise devotion on the following Sabbath, June 4th, for special song, prayer, and remarks, in keeping with the occasion, either exhortations, or relating experiences, from

¹ Delivered, June 4, 1899.

such as desire to sing, pray and speak: and at one of the hours of regular preaching, that the pastors of the respective churches shall deliver a sermon upon the duties, holy lives, and suppression of all sinful habits, conduct and words, that God the Father of mercies may take our deplorable case in his own hands, and that if vengeance is to be meted out let God himself repay."

It was at first suggested, in connection with this Fast Day, that on the following Sabbath, all ministers of all denominations, and of all colors be asked to speak particularly on the subject of lynching; not for the purpose of stirring up bad blood, not for the purpose of denunciation, but in the hope that a calm, dispassionate discussion of the subject would help to create a healthy public sentiment that will render such outbreaks of lawlessness impossible in the future. I thought then that it was a good suggestion, and think so still. And it is to this subject, therefore, that I desire to direct your attention this morning.

In the subject of lynching, the Negro has a general interest, and he has a special interest. A general interest in that he is an American citizen, interested in all that affects the present and future welfare of this country. He hasn't had very much to encourage his patriotism. He has been oppressed, down-trodden, brutally treated; he has been told again and again, This is a white man's government, and everything has been done to make him feel like an alien. He is still patriotic, however. Whenever the call has come to him for any duty, he has always cheerfully responded. And today, there is no class of citizens that would sacrifice more for the honor and defense of this nation than the Negro; there is no class of citizens that has given stronger or better proof of its patriotism. The white man has been willing to die for it, and good reason has he had; it has been and still is to him, a veritable paradise; the Negro has been willing to die for it, and has died for it, though for most of the time it has been to him a veritable hell. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend, but God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were sinners, Christ died for us." The willingness on the part of the Negro to make sacrifices for this country, to freely lay down his life for it, in spite of the shameful manner in which he has been treated in it, has always been a marvel to me. I can understand men dying for a country that appreciated them, that protected them in their rights, that showed some interest in them; but men dying for a

country that permits them to be despoiled of their rights, to be discriminated against, to be shot down and driven from their homes, and every indignity heaped upon them, without stretching forth so much as a finger in their defense, is incomprehensible to me. And yet, that is true of the Negro. If the American people needed any proof of the value of the black race to this country, that ought to be sufficient. Such love, such devotion, no government can afford to despise and but few can command. To say that the Negro is patriotic, that he loves this country, that he has given over and over again the most substantial proofs of his patriotism, is to pay him one of the greatest compliments, is to show him to be possessed of an unusual amount of magnanimity, of greatness of soul. And because he is all that I have said of him, because he is patriotic, the subject of lynching appeals to him, and ought to appeal to every true patriot. For the spirit of the mob cannot prevail in any section of the country without affecting the whole. It begets contempt for law, and encourages a spirit which is subversive of all government. And the prevalence of that spirit means ruin to the whole country.

But in addition to this general interest, the Negro has also a special interest in the subject of lynching, because it is against him mainly that this spirit of lawlessness manifests itself. The great majority of these lynchings are in the South and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the victims are Negroes. His own welfare and happiness, his own safety impels him therefore to take in this subject more than a passing interest.

With these preliminary remarks, let us now calmly address ourselves to the subject. What is lynching? It is the summary execution of an offender, or supposed offender, without due process of law, by a self-constituted and irresponsible body of men. A careful study of this definition will show that a mob implies five things. It implies (1) that there are laws which fully provide for the punishment of the alleged offender, if found guilty. (2). It implies that there are officers who have been entrusted with the execution or enforcement of the laws. (3). It implies all the machinery necessary to establish the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. (4). It implies power sufficient on the part of the properly constituted authority to enforce the penalty of the law. And (5) it implies an unwillingness of the mob to allow the law to have its course. The mob, mark you, is not doing something which the State is powerless

to do, but something which it is unwilling to have the State do, and in the way prescribed by law. Unwilling, I say. In dealing with the philosophy of this subject it is important that we note that fact.

Why are these lynchers unwilling to have the law take its course? It cannot be from any fear on their part that the prisoner may escape, through legal technicalities and tricks of the profession, or through any combination of circumstances favorable to him. The combination of circumstances is always against him. The whole machinery of justice in the South is in the hands of the whites; the judges, the sheriffs, the constables, even jurors, with rare exception, are all white. These officers are not only ready to execute the laws against him, but alas, are only too glad to do so. His guilt is assumed often, even before he has had a hearing. There isn't the ghost of a chance for a Negro escaping, if there is a scintilla of evidence against him; even when he is innocent, he can hardly make his escape. Instead of assuming that he is innocent until he is proven guilty, the presumption is always the other way, that he is guilty until he proves his innocence. And that is always a difficult thing to do, especially if the charge against him is made by a white man. The word of the Negro goes for nothing against the word of the white man. Before the war, bear in mind the fact, that a Negro was not allowed to testify at all in a court of law against a white man. And that is still the unwritten law in the South. It is well nigh impossible therefore, for a Negro to establish his innocence if a white man testifies against him, and his only rebutting witnesses are colored men. The presumption always is, that what the white man says against the Negro is true. There is not on record in all the Southland, a single case where a guilty Negro has been allowed to escape, through any bias in his favor on the part of judge or jury, or through any legal technicalities or tricks of the profession, where the alleged offence was charged by a white person; an accused Armenian might just as soon hope to escape from the clutches of the Turks. Negroes are not lynched in the South through any fear that they will be allowed to escape the just penalty of the law in case of conviction. There isn't an honest, truthful man anywhere who will set up such a plea.

What then is the explanation of this spirit of lawlessness in the South? Out of what does it come? What is the true philosophy of it? It is due partly to a low state of civilization, and partly to race hatred.

(1). It is due partly to a low state of civilization. Say what we will, and I refer to it not for the purpose of reflecting upon the South but simply because, in the discussion of this subject, what we want is the truth,—the plane of civilization there is very much lower than it is in the North. The elements that belong to a savage state, or at best, to a semi-civilized community, are more largely dominant in the South than in the North. The brutal instincts of our nature have acquired an extraordinary ascendancy in the South. The first impulse is to fight, to resort to brute force, to knock somebody in the head, or to fly at somebody's throat. That is true among all classes, rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated. Hence almost everybody goes armed. They seem to prefer to settle their differences with fisticuffs, or by an appeal to arms. I clipped from the *Post* of this city, the following item not long ago; "Okolona, Miss., May 9.—A terrific four-handed street battle occurred here today. The participants, Dr. J. Murfee and his son, Howard Murfee, on the one side, and C. D. and W. F. Clark on the other. Knives and pistols were used, and Dr. Murfee, and his son, and C. D. Clark were killed on the spot, and W. F. Clark was mortally wounded. He died this evening. The tragedy was enacted at noon in front of the residences of Dr. Murfee and Charles Clark, an attorney. Clark had called on Dr. Murfee over a disputed doctor's bill, and they quarrelled, going into the street to fight it out. Clark drew a knife and cut Dr. Murfee's throat, severing the jugular vein. At that moment Walter Clark, a brother of Charles, rushed from his yard and fired four shots into the prostrate body of Dr. Murfee, any one of them would have proven fatal. Then Dr. Murfee's son, Howard, appeared, firing first at Charles Clark, shooting him through the head. Then he fired three times at Walter Clark, one bullet entering the forehead. Walter Clark fired again, shooting Howard Murfee through the heart, Excepting Walter Clark, all died instantly. Dr. Murfee was sixty years of age, and leaves a widow and four children. His son was aged twenty-one. Charles Clark was forty, and unmarried. Walter Clark was thirty-three, and leaves a widow and one child." This painful story illustrates what I mean. Such occurrences are liable to take place at any time, and in all grades of society. The most trivial thing is liable to produce bloodshed. It is only a word and a blow. The whole social atmosphere seems to be in a highly inflammable condition, needing only a word to produce an ex-

plosion. As people rise in civilization, as they come under higher influences, these brutal instincts become more and more subdued.

Another evidence of the low state of civilization in the South is to be found in the actual horrors which are constantly occurring there. The scene that was inaugurated at Newnan, it is safe to say could not have occurred in any Northern settlement. Public sentiment has been so educated, that it simply would not have been possible. And yet, anyone who knows the South, knows that there is scarcely a settlement in it where it may not have occurred. This spirit of cruelty, of brutality, is limited to no one Southern state, it is found in them all, it is limited to no section of any one state, it is liable to break out at any point. Newnan was not an exceptionally bad settlement, indeed, it was above the average, it was in the immediate vicinity of Atlanta, acknowledged to be the most progressive city in the South. It was what would be called a good, respectable Southern community, and yet Sam Hose was tortured and burnt to death there, and the same thing might have occurred in any other Southern settlement. All the elements which conspired to make the Newnan tragedy possible, are present in every Southern community.

Still another evidence of the low state of civilization in the south is to be found in the kind of interest that is taken in such atrocities. The editor of the New York Sun in commenting upon the burning of Hose says, "The Journal," one of the leading dailies of Atlanta, "treated the occurrence in the spirit in which local reporters write of some great festive occasion. It told of the train loads of Sunday excursionists that went from Atlanta to witness the awful spectacle. It dwelt upon the humors of the day, described what it called "the rich and magnificent scenes enacted along the route of the Sunday excursion train from Atlanta, complimented the hundreds of ladies who stood on porches waving their handkerchiefs, and smiling approval, as far as they could see it, exhausting the resources of dialect writing to make the narrative racy, and wound up with a tribute of the character of Hon. Hoke Smith's town, and an expression of regret that all of them did not succeed in reaching the scene of the burning alive of Sam Hose in season to witness his agonies." The Journal in its description goes on further to say: "The West Point Railroad sold almost two thousand tickets yesterday. One of the most animated spectacles ever seen in Atlanta was the struggle for tickets at the Union

Depot. So great was the crowd that hundreds could not get there, and had to pay their way on the train, or stay behind. The agent stood in the depot and yelled: Get your tickets at the West Point office in the Kimball. There was a rush for the office, but when the crowd surged in they found the same kind of a fight going on as at the depot. It was the most exciting struggle for tickets ever witnessed in Atlanta. Hundreds of the best men in Atlanta took the trains. It was the best humored crowd that ever left the city, and the most orderly. There was not a drunken man aboard. The only thought, the only fear of the great crowds, which looked more like a jolly party bound for the races than a lynching, was that they might be too late to see the execution."

"The quiet dignity and perfect order of the hundreds from Atlanta at Newnan was notable. Indeed, it formed one of the most interesting features of the day."

"But for the fact that the programme was suddenly changed, and the lynching took place near Newnan, fully five thousand people would have seen the burning near the Cranford home, and of these nearly half were from Atlanta." "The change of programme prevented the Atlanta crowds from seeing the lynching. There was great disappointment, but the crowd was not to be out-done, for two thirds, on arriving at Newnan, went out to view the scene of the burning, scores on foot, hundreds in vehicles, and, though they failed to see the lynching, at least one man in fifty brought away some memento of the terrible punishment inflicted upon the monster barbarian when he expiated in the flames his most horrible crime."

Nothing, perhaps, could give us a better insight into Southern civilization, than that picture, so graphically drawn by an eye-witness. Think of hundreds of the best citizens of Atlanta struggling with each other for tickets to witness such a spectacle; think of delicate and refined Southern women standing on their porches and waving their handkerchiefs in approval of the burning to death of a human being; think of five thousand people going out on the Holy Sabbath day to witness such a scene, in "the same spirit as they would go out to witness the races, having but one thought, but one fear, that they might be too late to see the execution."

Still another evidence of the low grade of civilization in the South is to be found in its Prison Lease System, and the brutal manner in which it permits criminals to be treated under that sys-

tem. No one can become familiar with the facts, with what is actually taking place there, without being horrified, and without being deeply concerned for the future of a section of our country which quietly permits such a condition of things to exist in its midst. The simple fact is, it doesn't seem to touch the moral sense of the people at all. There seems to be no appreciation of its real character, except here and there. The masses think it is all right, and are perfectly willing to have it continue.

In a civilization such as is found in the South where brute force predominates, where the passions are in the ascendancy, where there is little or no self-control, and where the tendency is for the individual to promptly right his own wrongs, instead of waiting for the slower processes of law, such outbreaks of lawlessness as are seen in these repeated lynchings are not to be wondered at. They grow naturally out of such conditions, are incident to that stage of development, and show conclusively that the plane of Southern civilization is low.

The other cause contributing to these outbreaks of lawlessness in the South, is race hatred. By this, I mean that these horrible lynchings of Negroes in the South, are due, in part, to the hatred which the white man feels toward the Negro. I know we hear a great deal of the love of the Southern whites for the Negro, and, if we are to believe what some of our colored leaders say, the Southern white man is really the best friend that the Negro has. That the Southern white man is interested in the Negro, that he feels kindly towards him may be true, it is true in a sense, i. e. provided he keeps in his place. The Southern white man believes that the Negro has a place,—not a place which he may carve out for himself by dint of perseverance and hard work, by the development of intellectual, moral, and financial strength, just as in the case of any other race; but a place, in spite of whatever qualities he may develop, however praiseworthy, or whatever his achievements might be, in which he must be kept; and that is a position of inferiority. As long as the Negro is willing to occupy that position the Southern white man is ready to befriend him, and to go any length in showing his friendship for him; in other words, it is the old time Negro that the Southern white man loves, the Negro of ante-bellum days, the Negro that stands with hat in hand, and that knows his place. That is all the love of the Southern white man for the Negro means; it is as an inferior that he loves him. This

sentiment is prevalent throughout the South. There are some noble exceptions, I am glad to say, but the masses of the people, ninety-nine hundredths of them, feel just as I have stated. Nothing is more firmly planted in their minds than the idea, that the Negro, as such, whether educated, or uneducated, whether good or bad, has a place, and that in that place he must be kept.

The Southern white man not only believes this, but it is his fixed purpose and determination to organize Southern society, and as far as he is able, the whole country, on that basis. Hence, in every way possible, he is seeking to emphasize and to fix permanently the status of the Negro as an inferior. This purpose is written not only in the hearts of the Southern people, but is being written in the organic laws of the land. The legislative power of several states has been called into play to perpetuate these notions, so that the generations that are to follow will know what their fathers thought, and what their wishes were on this matter. The whole fabric of Southern society, as it existed before the war, and as it is now being attempted to be built, rests upon the assumption of the alleged inferiority of the Negro. Everything centers about that idea; that is the one thing that is never lost sight of. The races may not intermarry, because the Negro is inferior; the races may not ride in the same cars, because the Negro is inferior; the races may not sit in the same waiting room at the depot, because the Negro is inferior; the races may not, while travelling eat in the same dining room, because the Negro is inferior; the races may not even sit in the same pews, in the house of God, because the Negro is inferior; the Negro must be excluded from the ballot box for the same reason, because he is inferior. It isn't because he is ignorant, for there is no desire to get rid of the illiterate white voter. The disposition in the South to cut down appropriations for Negro schools, to curtail as far as possible his educational advantages, is for the same reason, because he is regarded as an inferior, as not needing what the white child needs. In this fact is to be found also the reason why industrial education for the Negro is so popular in the South; it is because by industrial education, they understand an education that will better fit the Negro to be a servant to fill the place which they have marked out for him. Even in the great International Sunday School Convention, which held its session recently at Atlanta, the same spirit cropped out. A colored gentleman, one of the delegates, on finding that he was separated from the delegation with which he

came, and with which he ought to have been placed in the hall, refused to submit, and insisted upon taking his seat with his delegation. This precipitated a discussion, in the course of which the Second Vice-President, a Mr. Green of Atlanta, said: "We live here among this people. We respect them. We treat them right. We treat them as nicely as we do our own color. But we draw the line when it comes to sitting together in the same pew." And that sentiment was applauded. Why applauded? Because it represented Southern sentiment. Why draw the line when it comes to sitting together in the same pew? Because the Negro is regarded as an inferior, and because, according to the program which is now being carried out in the South, nothing must be tolerated that will in the least tend to nullify that fact, or to lead the Negro to forget it, or the white man either. There is nothing that the Southern white man is more jealous of, or to which he clings with greater tenacity, than this idea of the inferiority of the Negro. It runs into everything; it shows itself in every way possible. What the law has not done to impress this fact upon the Negro, public sentiment is constantly seeking to do.

Having now before us the Southern white man's view of the Negro, the place which he thinks the Negro ought to occupy, if we are ever to reach a solution of this problem, it is also important for us to know what the Negro thinks of the Southern white man's estimate of him, of the place to which he has been assigned in the social scale by the Southern white man. If he accepts this estimate of himself, if he is willing to occupy this position, the relation between the races in the South is practically settled. But the simple fact is, and it is a fact creditable to the Negro, that he does not accept the Southern white man's estimate of him; he is not willing to be circumscribed by the Southern white man's idea of him. He believes that he is a man, in the broadest sense of that term; that he is entitled to be treated as a man, and that the place for him, as for any other man is to be determined by his capacity and character and by nothing else. That is the way this black race feels, and there has been in the last thirty years a steady growth of sentiment in this direction. During these years the Negro has been reaching out for wealth, and for education, and for social position, and for political preferment, and for everything else that any other man has been reaching out for, and that shows that he is a man, that he has the same desires and aspirations as other men, and that he isn't going

to be content with anything short of the largest opportunities, and the fullest enjoyment of all rights, civil and political, to which he is entitled. That is where the Negro stands today; that is where he will always stand. There isn't the slightest probability that he will ever shift his position, that he will ever take any lower ground than that. Any one who understands the spirit and temper of the Negro knows that this is so. And it is just here where the trouble is; and it is strange that there are some among us who can't see that. The real difficulty in the South today is due to what? To the very condition of things to which I am here directing attention,—to the fact on the one hand, that the white man has certain ideas of what the Negro ought be and do, and on the other hand, the indisposition on the part of the Negro to accept those ideas, to be bound by them. If he would fall in with the Southern white man's way of thinking, with the Southern white man's notions of what he ought to be and do, and what he ought not to be and do, there would be no trouble. The trouble comes from the fact that he has ideas of his own, that his plan of life takes in more than the white man thinks it ought to take in. And yet we are told, as I have already said—that the Southern white man is really the best friend that the Negro has—the Southern white man, who forces him to ride in Jim Crow cars, who seeks in every possible way to humiliate him, who is laboring systematically and persistently to keep him in a position of inferiority;—how such a man can be his best friend, and how a colored man can bring himself to believe that such a man is his best friend, is simply incomprehensible to me. The average Negro certainly doesn't think so, and it proves his sanity that he does not. In the breast of the Negro there are aspirations which are in conflict with Southern ideas, and there is where the trouble is.

Out of this condition of things, there has grown a most bitter race hatred. The white man, finding it impossible to bring the Negro to his way of thinking, now begins to hate him, to manifest the most malignant spirit towards him. Every step that the Negro takes, every move that he makes, which runs counter to the white man's ideas of things, tends only to inflame, to intensify this feeling. One effect of this race hatred is, to exaggerate, to magnify the faults of the Negro, and to minimize whatever virtues he may possess. Things that would scarcely be noticed in others, or that would excite little or no comment, call forth the severest criticism in him. A regiment of colored soldiers, passing through a Southern town on its

way home after the war with Spain, in a fit of exuberance shoots off a few volleys in the air; straight-way it is characterized as a set of brutes, shooting recklessly, and endangering the lives of the citizens of the place. A short while afterwards a white regiment does the same thing, and it is passed over as only a little exhibition of jollification, which the same papers which denounced the Negro soldiers, thought was "not unnatural under the circumstances."

Another effect of this race hatred is seen in the undue severity with which Negro criminals are punished by the courts. No mercy is ever shown them. They always get the extreme penalty of the law. The difference that is made between white and colored criminals in this respect is most glaring. A short while ago I clipped from the *Richmond Planet* the following: "Justice in this section plays peculiar pranks sometimes. Tom Smith (colored) charged with stealing a silver pitcher from the residence of Mrs. F. B. Robertson (white) of this city was tried in the Hustings Court of this city Tuesday, February 7th, and given five years in the penitentiary. As the pitcher in question, was silver-plated, and second-hand, it is safe to announce that its value did not exceed twenty dollars.

"McNamee, (white who murdered Atwell (white) was tried in this court several years ago and a jury gave him five years in the penitentiary, thus putting murder and pitcher stealing on the same plane. "A jury in Henrico County Court, which meets in this city, gave a white man, Ford, convicted of rape, for which the penalty is death, only three years in the penitentiary, and a colored man, Green, convicted of stealing a mule, the penalty of which was confinement in the state's prison, ten years in the penitentiary." These are but samples of what is constantly taking place all over the South, and they grow out of this feeling of bitterness towards the Negro.

Out of this same spirit of race hatred grow also, in part, these frequent lynchings of Negroes. The low level of civilization in the South, is in part responsible for them, as I have already said, but race hatred is also a contributing factor. Any one who has studied the subject of the lynching of Negroes in the South will see how true this is. The nature of the offences alleged is not sufficient to account for these frequent outbreaks of lawlessness. Even in the alleged cases of rape, which constitute a very small percentage of the whole number, there is reason to believe that but for this element of race hatred, the forms which these outbreaks take would be different. There is an element of cruelty, of brutality, of savagery, connected with

them that evinces the bitterest hatred. And the same is true in regard to the other causes, as revealed in the list of lynchings; were it not for race hatred it would be impossible to account for them. A colored man is suspected of stealing a hog worth two dollars, and is lynched; a colored man has some words with a white man, and what he says is regarded as impudence, and he is lynched; a colored man asks for a drink of soda water, at a counter where white people are served, and is lynched. Surely there is nothing in the mere fact of stealing a hog, in the mere fact of being impudent to a white man, in the mere fact of daring to ask for a drink of soda water at a counter where white people are served, that could possibly lay the basis for a murderous assault upon him, that could possibly, in and of itself, lead a body of men to seize him and string him up by the neck, or riddle him with bullets. The alleged offence on the very face of it is not the inspiring cause, but only furnishes the occasion for venting a bitter race feeling. No man whose breast is free from hatred would ever think of murdering another for such a cause. The Negro is lynched in the South, not to answer the ends of justice, not because his alleged offence is deemed worthy of death, according to the standards of civilized society, but largely in obedience to a bitter race hatred.

2

LYNCHING. ITS CAUSES:—THE CRIMES OF THE NEGRO¹

“Then they cried with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him.”—ACTS 7:57.

On last Sabbath I called attention to two contributing factors in accounting for the frequent outbreaks of lawlessness in the South against the Negro, namely, a low state of civilization, and race hatred. In addition to these, one other ought to be mentioned,—it is the one that we hear most about, and which, with most Southern people and with many persons in the North, justifies, or, at least, excuses, these outbreaks of lawlessness, and that is the conduct of the Negro himself. The way to stop these lynchings, we are told, is for the Negro to behave himself, to stop committing such terrible crimes.

¹ Delivered, June 18, 1899.

That the Negro race like every other race has its criminal class, no one will deny. The records of our courts put that beyond all cavil or doubt. That the percentage of Negro criminals is unusually large, may also be admitted. It is not surprising that it should be so, in view of all the circumstances. Any race similarly situated, would show the same results. It does not prove, as some enemies of the race would like to have people believe, that the Negro is by nature more criminally inclined than other races. The simple fact is, the character of the race as a whole, in view of its antecedents, its history in this country, as all unbiased and competent witnesses will attest, is remarkably good. The black race is not a race of criminals. The great majority of this race wants to do right, is struggling towards the light, towards a higher and better life. The great majority of this race has no sympathy whatever with crime in any shape or form, and has no desire to shield Negro criminals from the just penalty of the law. Whenever crimes are committed by Negroes, especially crimes of a glaring nature, a sense of shame, of regret, is felt by the better elements of the race; not only because of the crime itself, but also because of its tendency to discredit the race, and to increase the already unfavorable impression which so many have of it. One of the most hopeful signs within the race itself is the development of this feeling of race pride, this desire to see its members conduct themselves properly because of their connection with the race. This feeling is growing among us, I am glad to say; is becoming more and more pronounced. Again and again I have heard members of the race say, when crimes have been committed of an especially heinous nature, I am sorry he is a colored man, or I am glad he is not a colored man. That, I say, is a hopeful sign. It shows that within the race itself there is a growing desire to do right, and to have its members do right. In spite of the evils that are charged against us, and the evils of which we are actually guilty, the indications are that we are steadily rising in the scale, that we are coming more and more under the influence of the forces that make for righteousness. In spite of the dark prophecies concerning us by those who are unfriendly to us, the indications are that we are coming out all right. And for this I am profoundly thankful. There is no danger of the Negro relapsing into barbarism, into savagery, with the forces at work on him, with the influences that are touching him in various ways for his good.

With these statements, with the distinct understanding that we have only the greatest abhorrence of crime, whether committed by white men or black men, I desire to turn for a moment to the special consideration of the alleged crimes of Negroes in the South in relation to mob violence. The Negro is lynched, it is said, because he is a brute. In a recent number of the Independent, a Mrs. L. H. Harris, of Georgia, speaks of him thus: "The pioneer in colonial days protected his wife and child from the wild beast with his gun and knife; but today in the South every white woman lives next door to a savage brute who grows more intelligent and more insolent in his outrages every year, against whom the dilettante laws of Georgia and other Southern states offer no protection." What is it that makes the Negro a low brute in the eyes of the Southern white man and the Southern white woman? If you take up the catalogue of lynchings in the South, you will find out that a very large proportion of them are for such crimes as murder, house burning, attempted murder, barn burning, stealing,—offenses such as are constantly occurring in almost every community. The thing that makes the Negro a low brute, is not that he kills, and burns, and steals, and commits other depredations; there is but one offence in the catalogue of crimes that makes him a brute, and that is his raping of white women, or his attempt to do so. I know of nothing that is more sacred than the virtue of a woman, whether she be white or black. Every possible safeguard ought to be thrown around her. All that law can do to render her person sacred should be done. I know of no crime that is more heinous in the sight of God, and in the sight of man, or that should be visited with greater punishment than to forcibly wrest that priceless possession from her. It is a crime against God, it is a crime against man, it is a crime against home, it is a crime against society, it is a crime against progress and civilization. The charge of rape is therefore one of the gravest that can possibly be made against an individual, or a race. It is a charge not to be lightly entertained, or to be accepted without proof of the most positive character.

It is under a profound sense of the gravity of the charge that I approach the subject, and that I ask for a careful and impartial hearing. In entering upon this discussion, bear in mind (1) that during the great civil war, when the men were away from home, and when the women were largely at the mercy of the slaves, that not one act, that nothing that could be construed even by the most sensitive into

anything approaching an attempt at raping white women, occurred. That is the testimony of Southern white men themselves. Here is what Senator Vance of North Carolina said, in a lecture delivered in Boston before a post of the Grand Army of the Republic: "Permit me to call your attention to the conduct of the Southern slaves during the war. You had been taught by press, pulpit and hustings, to believe that they were an oppressed, abused and diabolically treated race; that their groans daily and hourly appealed to heaven, whilst their shackles and their scars testified in the face of all humanity against their treatment. How was this grave impeachment of a whole people sustained, when you went among them to emancipate them from the horrors of their serfdom? When the war began, naturally, you expected insurrection, incendiary burnings, murder and outrage, with all the terrible conditions of servile war. There were not wanting fanatical wretches who did their utmost to excite it. Did you find it so? Here is what you found. Within hearing of the guns that were roaring to set them free, with the land stripped of its male population, and none around them except the aged, the women and children, they not only failed to embrace their opportunity of vengeance, but for the most part they failed to avail themselves of the chance of freedom itself. They remained quietly on our plantations, cultivated our fields, and cared for our mothers, wives, and little ones, with a faithful love and loyal kindness which, in the nature of things, could only be born of sincere good will."

In an editorial in the News-Herald of Jacksonville, Fla., in 1887, occurs also the following: "The Negroes are not retrograding. They are advancing wonderfully. Shame on the Southern soldier who can ever forget with what almost miraculous fidelity they protected the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the Confederacy from insult, and their property from injury, while they were far away, confronting an enemy whose triumph was the liberation of the slaves."

By the side of this testimony of Southern men, I desire also to place the testimony of a distinguished Northern man, whose integrity of character no one will call in question, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In a recent public meeting held in Boston, the Colonel expressed himself thus: "It was my fortune to lead for two years a regiment of colored troops. As I never had occasion to distrust them then, although they were taken from the lowest and most ignorant portion of the cotton plantations of Carolina, I always shall

feel for the future that they are to be trusted by their fellow citizens; and if their fellow citizens do not trust them, it is the fault of the fellow citizens and not theirs. If they had those innate tendencies to a licentious self-indulgence which are constantly announced in some newspapers, it is absolutely impossible that I should not have found it out. That I should have been with them for those two years, and never have had even a charge brought against their integrity, their honor, and their chastity, is sufficient proof to my mind, that there is no occasion for these charges.''

Bear in mind (2) that since the war down to the present, there have been scattered throughout the South hundreds of Northern white women who have been engaged in the work of teaching the colored people, and that during all these years there has never been a single complaint of rape or attempted rape from one of these teachers. For some inscrutable reason, while Southern white women have been assailed, these Northern white women, who have made themselves at home among the blacks, and who have mingled freely with them, have been allowed to go unmolested. I have yet to hear the first complaint from these teachers and missionaries on this score. And today in the South, in the midst of all this alleged raping of Southern white women, of which we hear so much, not a whisper comes up to us from one of these Northern white teachers.

With these facts before us, with the testimony of Southern white men themselves as to the conduct of the slaves during the war, when the white women, their mothers and wives and sisters and daughters, were in their keeping, and at their mercy, and the testimony of such a man as Col. Higginson, who during his two years with his black regiment never had even so much as a charge brought against their chastity, and the testimony of the great army of Northern teachers that has gone up and down and in all parts of that land for the last thirty years, as to their immunity from insult, assault, or attempted assault from those among whom they have laboured, let us now turn to the alleged cases of rape that appear from time to time in our papers.

Concerning such cases I observe (1) that the impression as to the number is greatly exaggerated. Every time we hear of the lynching of a Negro in the South, the general impression is that it is for what is called, the usual crime. Even a man like the Rev. George D. Baker, pastor of the old historic First Presbyterian church

in Philadelphia, is laboring ignorantly under that impression, or purposely seeks to mislead his hearers. In a lecture delivered by him to his people, May 3, on *The Race Problem in the South*, among other things he said: "Between 1886 and 1895 there were 1655 lynchings, against 1040 legal executions. Most of these lynchings were in the South, about 80 percent., and undoubtedly this has been due to the peculiarly exasperating crimes against women, committed by Negroes in the South." "Most of the lynchings," he says, were in the South. And when he attempts to account for them, he expresses no doubt but positively asserts—his language is—"undoubtedly, this has been due to the peculiarly exasperating crimes against women, committed by Negroes." And this is the impression that people generally get who are not at the pains to inform themselves, and the impression which the enemies of the Negro are trying to make, as a justification or excuse for mob violence in the South. Such an impression is entirely false however, as the facts will show. The lynching of the Negroes in the South is not due wholly or mainly to their assaults upon white women. President Julius D. Dreher of Roanoke College, Virginia, a native of South Carolina, in a noble article published in the *New York Sun* of May 11, addresses himself directly to this aspect of the problem. He says—"In the *Sun* of the 6th inst. 'A Southerner' attempts to defend the Georgia mob for burning Hose and for hanging Strickland on the unsupported testimony of Hose. After saying that 'so long as Negroes outrage white women in the South, just so long will they be lynched for it,' your correspondent shows a state of amazing ignorance by the assertion that 'they do not lynch Negroes in the South for any other crime.' He writes from Charleston, and I take it for granted that he resides in Charleston, S. C. Does he not know that the men who lynched Baker, the colored Postmaster at Lake City, have just been tried in Charleston for that awful crime? Has he already forgotten Phoenix? Does he not remember that a few years ago at Broxton's Bridge in South Carolina, two Negroes, who were suspected of stealing a Bible from a church, met with a cruel death at the hands of white men? And how could he so soon forget the killing of five Negro prisoners at Palmetto, Ga., and the recent lynching of a dozen or more in Little River county, Ark., none of these being even accused of rape.

But let us take the record of lynchings for the last year, as kept by the *Chicago Tribune*, and published in detail early in January, with date, name of person, place and crime, so that, if errors are

made, there is every opportunity to correct them. According to the Tribune, which is generally recognized as good authority on this subject, 127 persons were lynched in the United States last year, 118 of these in the South and 9 in the North. Of the total number 105 were Negroes, 23 whites, and 2 Indians. Of the 127 only 16 were for rape, 7 for attempted rape, and 1 for complicity in rape; that is, only 24 of 127, less than one fifth, were for rape or for connection in any way with that crime. For murder, there were 61; suspected of murder, 13; theft, 6, and so on. Mistaken identity cost two unfortunate creatures their lives. These are the facts, and yet a 'Southerner' asserts that Negroes are lynched in the South only for rape. If this is the extent of his knowledge of plain facts, his defence of the mob is scarcely worthy of the name." This plain, simple statement of facts ought to set forever at rest the impression so widely prevalent that Negroes are constantly seeking to rape white women in the South, and that it is for that crime that they are being lynched.

I observe (2) that of the cases actually reported, of some of them at least, it is known, and well known, that relations of intimacy had previously existed between the parties, and that the cry of rape was raised only after they were discovered. That was true of the Negro who was burnt at Texarkana. A careful investigation disclosed the fact that he had been living with this woman for more than a year. In 1893, the following item appeared in an Alabama paper. "A white girl gave birth to a Negro baby. A certain Negro was suspected. The girl after some persuasion acknowledged that the suspected Negro was the father of her child. She then went on to say, that about a year before, he raped her; that on more than one occasion since she had been compelled to submit to him, as he threatened to poison the whole family if she told." That Negro was taken out and shot to death on the charge of having raped a white girl. Only last year I had a talk with a representative Southern white woman, one of the bluest of the blue blood, who has given special attention to the relation of the races, who frankly admitted that she knew, and that others knew that some of these alleged cases of rape were not rape,—the relation between the parties being well understood. That black men, in some instances, are living in criminal relations with white women in the South, is a fact. The intermarriage of the races is not only prohibited by law in the South, but the Southern white man, while willing himself to cohabit with colored women out of lawful wedlock, is determined that no Negro shall

sustain similar relations to white women, and this is the method which they take to break up those relations when they are discovered. The cry of rape is raised, and the Negro brute, as he is called, is riddled with bullets, or is strung up to a tree. That is the real history of some of these so-called cases of rape.

I observe (3) that the cry of rape is sometimes raised, when there is no intention or attempt at rape. The slightest movement on the part of a Negro towards a white woman, is construed into an attempt at rape. "Trifles, light as air," as Shakespeare has expressed it, "are confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." A Negro some time ago narrowly escaped lynching because a white woman, about dark, hearing footsteps rapidly approaching her, as she was walking along an obscure street, and turning around and seeing that it was a Negro, screamed; she assumed that his purpose was to assault her. It turned out to be a highly respected colored man, who was hurrying home from his work, with no thought or intention of offering violence to any one. Every Negro who now attempts to break into a house at night is assumed to have rape in view. In the *Washington Post* of May 20th, occurs the following: Mrs. James Wood, of Esom Hill District, Ga., sent a ball into a Negro's brain shortly after midnight last night, escaping the clutches of a Negro assailant who was seeking to enter her bed room. A few hours after the use of the pistol, Mrs. Wood's husband found the dead body of the Negro lying under the window through which he was trying to enter." It isn't even alleged that he had entered the window, he was only trying to enter, and yet he is characterized as a "would be assailant," and a bullet is sent through his brain. What proof is there that his purpose in seeking to enter that dwelling was criminal assault? Who knows what was in his heart? Is there any necessary connection between house-breaking and the crime with which this man is charged? When men are found breaking into houses at night, the presumption is that their design is robbery, not rape. Why should that presumption be changed when it comes to the Negro? Why should a white man who is found breaking into a house at night be dealt with as a would be thief, and the Negro who is found doing the same thing, be dealt with and characterized as "a would be assailant?" We have a right to assume that his purpose was theft; we have no right to assume that it was rape. And yet that statement was heralded all over the country by the press, and accepted as true by hundreds and thousands of people.

I observe (4) that the guilt of these alleged Negro rapists is a pure assumption; there is no proof of their guilt. The law assumes that every man is innocent until he is proven guilty; the fact that he is a Negro does not destroy this presumption. The law also provides how his guilt shall be established. It shall be upon the testimony of credible witnesses, before a jury of his peers, and the evidence must be so conclusive as to put his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. If there is a reasonable doubt, after hearing all the evidence, he is entitled to an acquittal. That is the law in every state in the Union, and it is a good law, based upon reason and common sense, and simple justice. Until the guilt of a prisoner is established according to the forms of law, we have no right to assume that he is guilty; it is unfair to do so; it is treating him, not as we are directed to do by the golden rule, as we would like to be treated ourselves. And yet this grave charge against the Negro is accepted in violation of every principle of right and justice and fair play, and by men and women, too, even in the North, who profess to be animated not only by the ordinary principles of justice, but by the higher principles of Christianity,—ministers of the gospel, elders and deacons and members of the church, although they know that the alleged Negro rapist is never granted a trial, is denied the sacred right guaranteed to him under the constitution and laws of the land, the right of a fair and impartial trial before a jury of his peers. The Negro is never tried according to the forms of law; is never given an opportunity of confronting his accusers and of rebutting their testimony by witnesses of his own; his guilt is assumed on a bare suspicion, or on the uncorroborated testimony of any white woman who chooses to make the charge. Do not misunderstand me; I am not here averring that these charges of rape, and of attempted rape, are all unfounded, that no Negro has ever attempted to rape a white woman; it is quite possible that some of them may be true; but what I do affirm is, that we have no right to assume that they are true; the Southern white people themselves cannot reasonably expect fair-minded men and women anywhere to believe that they are true, as long as they are not shown to be true according to the forms of law. So far as I am personally concerned, I do not believe, and never will believe these charges until the Negro is accorded a fair trial before the courts, and his guilt established as the law prescribes. That is the position which every fair-minded man ought to take; that is the position which the whole North ought to take; that is the position

which the church of Jesus Christ ought to take. The South ought to be made to understand that these reports will not be accepted as long as they rest upon the verdict of mobs. That is not the position, however, of the North; that is not the position of the church; these reports are believed. All over the North, you are constantly hearing of the Negro brute in the South, and of the perils which beset Southern white women from them. It is all accepted as true, and in so far as it is accepted, the North as well as the church is guilty of condemning the Negro upon charges which have never been substantiated according to the method of civilized society. The alleged Negro rapist is entitled to a fair trial, and until he has had that trial, to kill him is a flagrant injustice, a monstrous wrong. It makes it impossible for him to answer the charge; it makes it impossible for the state to prove the charge; and it ought to make it impossible for any reasonable, fair-minded, sensible man to believe the charge. It is a significant fact in dealing with this phase of our subject, that the only right way, the only legal way in which to establish the guilt of the suspected Negro rapist, the South persistently refuses to take. It looks as if they were either afraid of a judicial investigation, or as if, after all, it wasn't the truth that they were after so much as a desire to kill some Negro out of sheer race hatred. Talk not of the silence of Negro preachers on the rapists of their race, as long as the only evidence of their guilt is the verdict of mobs. When it is shown by judicial process that they are guilty, then it will be time to blame them if they do not speak out. But until this is done, let no Negro minister dare to lift up his voice in condemnation of these suspected members of his race. It would be wrong to do so; it would be a virtual admission that the charges were true. And this ought never to be done; never ought we to accept the verdict of a mob against any man, white or black.

The importance of subjecting all such cases to a rigid examination by the properly constituted authority, as the law prescribes, was never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of Charles Busey, the Negro who was arrested in this District on the charge of committing a rape on a Mrs. Ada Hardy, Tuesday, May 23rd, near the Ridge road. This man, as you will remember, was carried before Mrs. Hardy, and was by her identified as the man who committed the assault upon her. Had this occurred in almost any of the Southern states, Busey would have been forthwith lynched by a mob on the bare, uncorroborated testimony of this woman. The fact that

she said, "This is the man," would have been sufficient. Subsequent investigation, however, under the forms of law, showed that at the very time that he was charged with assaulting this woman he was miles away. So convincing was the proof of the alibi which was set up by him, that at the close of the hearing, a motion for his discharge was made, and was forthwith granted by the presiding judge. Even the editor of the Post, who doesn't strongly object to lynching where the guilt of the prisoner is assured, was constrained to say: "We cannot escape the thought that in Georgia or Mississippi or Arkansas this exculpation might have come too late. There is a dreadful suggestion in this Busey case, a suggestion which we earnestly commend to our Southern friends. There seems no doubt that a mistake has been made, and we are bound to believe that such a mistake made south of Washington, would have resulted in a blunder and an assassination." This case the editor of the Post commends to the Southern people: I would also earnestly commend it to the people of the North as well, who are always so ready to believe the damaging statements that are made against the Negro without any proof whatever, statements that would not be accepted against any man in a civilized community, not blinded by a bitter prejudice.

I know it is often alleged that the Negro brute, as he is called, confessed his guilt before he was executed. In regard to all such alleged confessions, I have this to say: (1). They are always to be received with the greatest amount of allowance. I have very little faith myself in them. Criminals do not as a general thing confess their guilt. Even where the charge is true, the plea almost invariably is, not guilty. Occasionally, we find a criminal turning state's evidence where others are implicated beside himself, but even then, it is because pardon is promised, because he sees in his confession the hope of escaping the punishment of his crime. No such motive as this, however, can have any influence with a Negro charged with rape or attempted rape of white women in the South; for he knows that death is inevitable whether he confesses or not. Is it not strange that the Negro rapist, unlike all other criminals, should always confess his guilt? Besides, the motive for the publication of these alleged confessions of guilt is apparent to any one who takes the time to think. They are put forth purposely by the lynchers, in order to furnish a kind of excuse or justification for the lynching. The people who take part in such acts of lawlessness and violence are not such fools but that they realize the necessity of providing themselves with

some ground of justification in the eyes of those who are looking on from without. And so, the temptation always is to say, he confessed. Of course, if he confessed, that puts his guilt beyond all doubt, and his execution, though in an unlawful way, doesn't seem quite so bad as lynching an innocent man, or one about whose guilt there is some doubt. The temptation to do this is so strong, that when I read of a lynching I now look almost invariably for the statement, "He confessed his guilt."

From what I know of criminals and the history of crime, and from my knowledge of human nature, the presumption is always against these alleged confessions. Criminals do not as a general thing, as I have already said, confess their crimes; and when I am asked to believe that these alleged Negro rapists almost invariably confess their guilt, I have a right to demand that that fact be substantiated upon evidence other than the testimony of their murderers.

Looking back now over the ground that I have covered, in the attempt which I am making to come to a correct understanding of the condition of things in the South, where all these lynchings are occurring, I called attention to five elements that must be taken into consideration in any attempt that may be made to solve the problem in which we are all so deeply interested, namely, (1). A low state of civilization. (2). Race hatred. (3). The debased moral condition of the Negro. (4). The belief deeply rooted in the mind of the Southern white man that the Negro has a place, and the determination on his part to keep him in his place. And (5), the unwillingness on the part of the Negro to be thus bound by the white man's idea as to the place which he shall occupy in the social scale. It is out of this condition of things that all the troubles in the South have come, the conflicts, the race antagonisms, the bloody murders, the unjust discrimination, and all the other unspeakable infamies that have disgraced that section of our country for the last twenty-five years; and as long as these conditions continue there will be trouble. And these troubles will increase rather than diminish. These conflicts will grow fiercer and more frequent as the years go by. All the hellish passions now at work will become more and more inflamed, and the retrogression towards savagery, which has already set in, will become more and more pronounced with each passing decade. It is impossible to think of the awful possibilities that lie

wrapped up in the present condition of things in the South without a shudder. That there is danger ahead, danger such as has never perhaps before confronted any nation in the history of the world, no one can doubt who has given any serious consideration to the subject, or who knows anything about human nature. The present race conflict in the South cannot go on without imperilling the interests of both races, and without threatening to turn back the hand of progress on the dial of civilization on this Western continent. It is of the utmost importance that this fact be recognized now, before it is too late, by all who are interested in the future of this Republic, in the triumph of sentiments of justice and humanity, and in the progress of the kingdom of righteousness in the earth. God, in every possible way is saying, and has been saying during the last twenty-five or thirty years to this nation, in the repeated acts of lawlessness that have disgraced the South, in the bloody murders that have occurred there from time to time, in the horrible burnings and torturings of helpless and defenceless victims without a hearing, in all the infamous laws that have been enacted with a view of nullifying the great Amendments to the Constitution, and in the wail that has continually gone up from the oppressed millions of Negroes in this land,—in all these ways, God has been saying to this nation, and is still saying, beware; take warning; there is danger ahead. And there is danger ahead; danger, not only from the Negro, but also from the savage instincts within the breast of the white man himself. These dangers may be averted. There is yet time to avert them. It is our duty, one and all, to seek in every possible and righteous way to avert them.

With this end in view, two questions suggest themselves, questions that should command the most serious and prayerful consideration of all, white and black alike. (1). Is there any remedy for this condition of things? And (2), if so, what is the remedy? The discussion of these questions I shall have to reserve for another discourse, as the time is already far spent. This may be said, however: no more important questions can possibly engage our attention, or the attention of the American people, or of the Christian church. Upon the answer that is given to them will depend the future of this Republic, and the character of the civilization that is to prevail here. If Christianity has sufficient hold upon the conscience of the nation to mould public sentiment in the interest of right, and jus-

tice, and humanity, the Republic will stand; otherwise it will go down, and ought to go down. In the settlement of this question, the very foundation principles of Christianity are involved, principles that no nation can disregard, and hope to have the favor of Almighty God resting upon it. For it is written, "The nation that will not serve the Lord," that will not shape its course according to his Word, according to the great and immutable principles of his moral government, "shall perish." It is not simply, therefore, the future of the Negro that is involved, that would be a small matter with some; but of the nation, as well. The seriousness of the whole matter lies in the fact that the issue underlying it is a moral one. In the last analysis, it is a question of right; and the nation or people that will not do right, is doomed. I thank God that the Negro, brought here against his will, is now so wrapped up with the very life of the nation, that his rights cannot be permanently denied him, and the nation go on in peace and prosperity. Continued, persistent injustice to him means the moral decline of the nation, and therefore its ultimate extinction. Talk about this Negro question as we will, seek to minify it as we will, to thrust it in the background as we will, in it nevertheless are the issues of life or death for the Republic. It is bound to make it, or to break it. It will develop and strengthen what is best in it, or vice versa, it will develop and strengthen what is worst in it. It is bound to affect it for weal or woe. Out of the struggle through which we are now passing, it will come forth invigorated, and fully imbued with the spirit of liberty, of equality, of fraternity for all of its citizens, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition; or it will emerge from it shriveled and shrunken under the blighting influence of a spirit of oppression, of injustice, of inhumanity.

The tissues of the life to be,
 We weave in colors all our own:
 And in the field of destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

That is true of nations as of individuals. This nation must do right, or else it must suffer the consequences. The moment it sets up any other standard, that moment its decline begins. The test of its fitness to endure will be found in the manner in which it settles this Negro question. Upon this issue, it will sink or swim, survive or perish.

3

THE REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT STRAINED RELATIONS

BETWEEN THE RACES IN THE SOUTH¹

“Then they cried with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him.”—Acts 7:57.

In my last discourse, after calling attention to the awful possibilities that lie wrapped up in a continuance of the present condition of things in the South, and of the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of our common country, and of the progress of the kingdom of righteousness in the earth, to do whatever they can to avert the impending danger, two questions were asked—(1). Is there any remedy for the present condition of things? And (2), if so, What is the remedy? And these are the questions which I desire to take up and discuss this morning.

I. Is there any remedy? I believe there is. The present strained condition between the races in the South is not, I believe, an incurable one. There is nothing in the nature of the Southern white man as such, or in the nature of the Negro as such, which renders it impossible for them to live together in harmony, and in mutual respect for each other. These two races have lived together harmoniously in the past, and they may in the future. There is every reason to believe they will under proper influences, and after sufficient time has elapsed for the passions to subside, and for reason and conscience to assert themselves. Already, as a matter of fact, there are Southern white men,—men who were cradled in the lap of slavery, and who fought for the Lost Cause, who have come, in the process of development, to where they find no difficulty in thus mingling with their black fellow citizens and neighbors. I remember some years ago reading a very interesting letter from a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church who was labouring in Brazil. He spoke particularly of the fact that he was raised in the South, where he had been taught to look down upon colored people as inferiors, and to treat them as such, but that since his stay in Brazil a great change had come over him in this respect, so much so that he hardly knew himself. “The questions that perplex us in the South,” he said, “never rise to trouble us here.”

¹ Delivered June 25, 1899.

And, if I may be permitted to speak from personal experience, I can truthfully say, that one of the few white men that I have had close personal contact with during my life, and who was as free from colorphobia as any white man I ever saw, was a Southern man. And the same may also be said of some of the most refined and cultivated Southern white women, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting. These, and other examples that might be adduced, show what the possibilities are, what may take place under favorable conditions.

II. What is the remedy? How is this change to be brought about? How are the present discordant elements to be harmonized? Out of this chaos of conflicting passions and interests, how are we to get order, beauty, harmony?

From a careful study of the situation, it is evident that certain things must occur, if there is to be a change for the better. (1). The grade of civilization in the South must be raised. (2). The white man must modify his views of the Negro, or the Negro must modify his views of himself, i. e., must be willing to give up his ideas and accept the white man's ideas as to what he shall be and do, or as to what his social, civil, and political status shall be. (3). This element of hate in the white man must be eliminated. And (4), the Negro must be elevated, the general plane upon which he lives must be raised.

Let us look at these several elements for a moment:—(1). As to raising the plane of civilization in the South. That there is room, and very great room for improvement in this respect will hardly be called in question by any one acquainted with the facts. In every direction, the evidences of a low grade of civilization are apparent, and these are multiplying rather than diminishing. Neither will it be doubted that an improvement in this respect will be helpful in dealing with the race problem. As the grade of civilization goes up, the brutal instincts of our nature will become more and more subdued—the tendency, so widely prevalent in the South, to resort to brute force in the settlement of wrongs or supposed wrongs, will assert itself less and less, and there will grow up a greater respect for law and order.

(2) As to the Southern white man's modifying his view of the Negro. Before asking any man to change or modify his views on any matter, we ought first to satisfy ourselves as to the character of his views:—Are they right views, or are they wrong views? If they

are right, if they have reason and common sense and justice on their side, we have no right to ask him to change them; if they are not right however, we may ask him to change or modify them, yea, it is our duty to do so. To the character of the Southern white man's view of the Negro I desire therefore in this connection to direct attention.

The Southern white man thinks that the Negro belongs to an inferior race, an inferiority not based upon circumstances, but inherent, inborn; in other words, that God created him inferior, and that in virtue of that inferiority, it is his duty to treat him as an inferior. The meaning of this if I understand it correctly, is, that the rules which obtain between one white man and another white man in their relations and dealings with each other, are not the rules which ought to obtain when the white man comes to deal with the colored man. A difference ought to be made, and that difference is due to the fact that the one is superior, and the other is inferior. That the underlying conception of the relation which the white race sustains to the black race, as here expressed, is untenable, is without foundation in fact, is evident from the Word of God. As we are living in a land where there are 135,000 ministers, 187,000 churches, and over 26,000,000 communicants in these churches; a land where there are 1,305,000 Sabbath school teachers, and 10,000,000 Sabbath school scholars; where there are more than 50,000 societies of Christian Endeavor and upwards of 3,500,000 members of such societies, we may assume that the Bible will have some weight in determining this question. (1). According to this book, which we receive as the inspired word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice, God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," or as it is rendered in the Revised Version, "and made of one every nation of men." And this agrees with the statement in Genesis as to the origin of the race. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

The man thus created was Adam; and "for him God made an help-meet. He caused a deep sleep to fall upon him; and took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from the man he made a woman and brought

her unto the man. And the man said, this is now bone of my bones, flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of the man." In the third chapter and twentieth verse, we have also this record: "And the man called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living."

Whatever views may be entertained as to the existence of a Pre-Adamite race, the record in Genesis, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth makes it perfectly plain that no such race at present exists upon the earth. For in Genesis 7:23 it is recorded: "And every living thing was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and creeping things, and fowls of heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only left and they that were with him in the ark." The sixth verse of the same chapter tells us who were with him: "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark." According to the first statement, all who existed on the earth prior to the flood descended from Adam and Eve, all were created in the image of God. There isn't a hint or suggestion, or anything that could in any way be twisted into even so much as the semblance of an argument in support of the belief that some races were created superior to others, in the sense in which that term is used by the Southern whites in dealing with the race question. According to the second statement, all races now upon the earth have descended from the family of Noah; and since the Negro exists he must therefore have also come from that family. If the Bible is to be accepted as authority, the equality of the Negro race in the great human family, with all other races, is thus put beyond all cavil or doubt. From the same parent stock as all the other races he has come. When the flood subsided and Noah and his three sons and their families came out of the ark, we have a miniature picture of the whole human race—you were there and I was there, the white man was there—the Southern white man and the Northern white man; we were all there, white and black alike; and we were there not as superiors and inferiors, but on terms of perfect equality, as members of the same family, having the same common rights and privileges.

(2) According to this Book which we receive as the inspired word of God, the moral standard which it reveals as the rule of life is the same for all races of men. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the great principles enunciated in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians are binding alike upon all races. The

moral standard isn't one thing for the white race and another thing for the black race; it is the same for both. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet. Honor thy father and thy mother—all are binding upon all men of all races. So far as the moral law is concerned, in its application, as revealed in the word of God, there isn't a single thing which favors in any way this idea of one race being created inferior to another. If such a thing existed we would naturally expect to find the difference recognized in the standard of life prescribed for each, but no such difference is found. Since both are required to conform to the same standard, it is unphilosophical to assume such a difference. The Southern white man cannot consistently hold the Negro to the same moral standard as he does himself, and at the same time affirm his natural inferiority.

(3) In the plan of salvation which this Book reveals, and which we receive as the inspired Word of God, no such difference is recognized. All men of all races stand upon precisely the same footing. All are invited. All are equally welcomed. The conditions imposed are the same for all. The same gospel is to be preached to all. All nations, the apostles were directed to go and disciple. And in the kingdom which the Lord Jesus Christ has set up in this world we are distinctly told, "There is neither Greek, nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free." "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are all called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

The Southern white man thinks that the rules which obtain in the relations of white men with white men are not the rules which ought to obtain in the relations of white men with black men. This Book, which is God's Book, however, recognizes no such distinction. It says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." And to the question, "And who is my neighbour?" The Lord Jesus answered by relating the parable of the Good Samaritan, which was intended particularly to show the spirit that should bind all men together, of whatever race or nationality. The neighbour that we are to love as ourselves is not the member of our own family, or nation, or race only; but any and everybody,

of whatever race or nation—whether white, or black, or red, or brown, makes no difference. And the same is required by the rule laid down by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” It doesn’t say white men are to treat white men as they would like to be treated, or that black men are to treat black men as they would like to be treated, but man as man in his relations with his fellow-men is to be governed by this rule.

The Southern white man thinks the Negro ought not to enjoy the same civil and political rights as white men enjoy. The result is, in traveling on railroads, he is not only put off to himself, but is forced to accept for the same fare much inferior accommodations to those which are accorded to white passengers. And, in hotel accommodations and restaurant service along the route of travel no provision whatever is made for him. He must carry something to eat with him, or else he must endure the pangs of hunger until he reaches his journey’s end. Hence also, the bull-doing and other methods of intimidation that have been resorted to to keep him from the polls, and the various constitutional amendments that have been enacted to deprive him of the suffrage. Such a view is obviously, however, inconsistent with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, is in direct violation of the provisions of the Constitution, and is contrary to the genius of republican or democratic institutions. In the Declaration of Independence it is asserted: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.” Article XIV of the Constitution declares: “All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.” Article XV declares: “The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.” There are no rights guaranteed to white men under the Constitution that are not equally guaranteed to the colored man. All citizens, whether white or black, stand upon the same footing, are entitled to equal consideration. Distinction among citizens in rights, in privileges is the very thing which the democratic idea of

government, which has had such a wonderful growth within the century, is intended to combat. From these and other considerations that might be adduced, it is evident that the Southern white man's view of the Negro is wrong. It is contrary to the Word of God; and it is contrary to the expressed provisions and declarations of the Constitution. The Negro is not by nature inferior, as he thinks; nor is he unworthy of being treated as other men are treated. He has a good heart and, if he is encouraged, will measure up to his responsibilities and opportunities just as other men.

(3) As to the Negro modifying his views of himself. What are his views of himself? (1) He believes that he is a man; that the same God who created the white man created him; that in Genesis when it is said, "in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them," he was included in that statement; and that whatever of dignity, therefore, there is that attaches to man as man, as a being created in the image of God, attaches to him.

(2) He believes that he is entitled to be treated as a man—humanely, civilly, with the ordinary consideration which one human being owes to another.

(3) He believes that he has the same right to live here as the white man has; that this is just as much his home as it is the white man's home. This is the only home that he has ever known. He has been here as long as the white man has been here. He has laboured as hard for it as the white man has laboured.

(4) He believes that he is an American citizen, and that as such he is entitled to enjoy the same rights and privileges as other citizens of the Republic.

(5) He believes that to the measure of his character and capacity the same opportunities ought to be afforded him of making an honest living and of improving himself as are afforded to other men.

Is he right or wrong in these assumptions? Are these things true of him, or are they not? Is he a man? Is he entitled to be treated as a man? Is this his home as much as it is the home of the white man? Is he an American citizen, and is he entitled to all the rights and privileges that are enjoyed by other citizens? Ought he to be free as other men are free, to make a place for himself in the struggle of life, conditioned only by his character and capacity? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, as they must be by every candid, right-thinking person, then it is not only unreasonable to

expect the Negro to modify his views of himself, or to recede from his present position; it would be wrong to ask him to do so. He could not take any other position than the one he has taken and maintain his own self-respect or the respect of others.

(4) As to eliminating this element of hate from the breast of the white man for the Negro. Race hatred, whether by white men for black men or black men for white men, is wrong. It is an evil, an unqualified and unmitigated evil, that ought to be eradicated as soon as possible. It is bound to work injury to both races. No good can possibly come from it. Unless it can be removed, very little progress can be made toward the amicable settlement of this grave question, toward a better understanding between the races. That a change here is desirable will be readily admitted.

(5) As to the moral elevation of the Negro. That there is need, and very great need, in this direction, the Negro himself frankly admits. He not only realizes that there is great room for improvement, but, to his credit, let it be said he has not been indifferent to the opportunities that have been afforded him for self-improvement. The moral elevation of the Negro is important not only for the Negro, but also for the white man. If these two races are to live side by side, neither can be indifferent to the moral status of the other. It is to the interest of the white man to have this black race elevated. Character is what the black man needs, and character is what the white man needs; and when you have developed the right kind of character in each, one great step will have been taken toward the solution of this race problem.

Reverting now to the question with which we began, namely, What is the remedy for the present condition of things in the South? How is a change for the better to be brought about? I answer, it is to be largely through education—social, political, moral, religious. There is need for light, for knowledge, for careful instruction, line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. It is by the plain, simple, earnest, faithful presentation of the truth that we can hope to permanently dislodge error and so make it possible for the right to triumph. The prayer of the psalmist was: "O send out thy light and thy truth." And that is what is needed today—light, truth—if these two races are ever to be lifted to where they can look each other in the face and feel toward each other as one human being should feel toward another human being,

as one brother man should feel toward another brother man. A campaign of education, wisely, intelligently, fearlessly conducted, is what is needed.

Concerning this education, I observe (1) That it is to be partly destructive and partly constructive. In the soil of the South certain ideas were planted more than two centuries ago, and they have been growing during all these years. These ideas grew out of the institution of slavery. Under such a system, very naturally, the Negro came to be regarded in a certain light, and to be treated in a certain way. He was scarcely looked upon as a human being. He was regarded as a mere beast of burden, a chattel, a piece of property, a thing to be bought and sold, with no rights which white men were bound to respect. That condition of things lasted for nearly two hundred and fifty years. During all that time the Negro had no voice in anything; he was not even permitted to say what disposition should be made of himself. In 1865, however, slavery was abolished, and the Negro became a free man, and later an American citizen, clothed with the sacred right of the ballot. In view of this change, it is evident that the old ideas which the masters had of the Negro as a slave are entirely out of place in the new order of things. These old ideas, therefore, must be uprooted and ideas in harmony with the new order of things must be implanted. The Negro, *e. g.*, is not a mere beast of burden; he is a man, a human being, belonging to the same category as the white man. The Southern white man needs to be educated into a recognition of this fact, into the habit of thinking of the Negro as a human being, and not as some lower form of existence that puts him beyond the ordinary civilities of life. During the anti-slavery agitation in this country one of the things upon which special emphasis was laid in the beginning of that struggle was the fact that the Negro was a man. As the abolitionists went from place to place they kept saying to the people: The Negro is a man. The Negro is a man. The Negro is a man. And as that fact sank into their hearts, as they came to realize that the Negro was a human being just as they were, they came to see the iniquity of the slave system, and threw their influence against it. And so, in this work of education in the South, the same thing must be done. The humanity of the Negro must be held up and emphasized. Over and over again that thought must be presented. Everywhere that gospel must be proclaimed. You remember Whittier's noble lines in "The Branded Hand:"

In the lone and long night-watches, sky
 above and wave below,
 Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than
 the babbling schoolmen know ;
 God's stars and silence taught thee, as
 His angels only can.
 That the one, sole, sacred thing beneath
 the scope of heaven is Man.
 That he who treads profanely on the
 scrolls of law and creed,
 In the depth of God's great goodness
 may find mercy in his need ;
 But woe to him who crushes the Soul
 with chain and rod,
 And herds with lower natures the awful
 form of God.

And that is just what the Southern white man has been doing to the Negro, and the lesson which he needs to learn is, that the Negro is not to be herded "with lower natures," that he is a man, and must be recognized as such.

Again, the Negro is no longer a slave: he is a free man, and an American citizen. As a free man and an American citizen there are certain rights that belong to him that the Southern white man must be educated to recognize and respect. He may not want to do it: he may find it difficult to bring himself to do it,—he will find it difficult to do, but since it is the right thing to do it ought to be done. And the sooner the effort is made to mould public sentiment in accordance with what is right, the better it will be. The whole trend of education in the South should be towards bringing that section to conform its notions to the new order of things which has been brought about by freedom and which is required by the genius of our institutions.

Again, we are living under a republican form of government,—a government "of the people, by the people, for the people." The Southern white man needs to be educated to understand that the term "people," means not the white people only, but the black people as well, that all are included, without distinction of race or color. This is a white man's government, is the shibboleth, of Southern Democracy. That sentiment is widely prevalent in the South. And its meaning is that the same condition of things which existed during slavery shall be perpetuated under freedom. The aim is to make the Negro a political nonentity, to eliminate him entirely from poli-

tics. But the Negro can not be justly eliminated from politics under a republican form of government. To do so would be unrepugnant. And therefore that sentiment cannot be allowed to stand: it must be changed. The Southern white man must be so educated that he will come to recognize the justness of the Negro's claim to equal recognition under the constitution. The Negro is here, and he is here to stay: and to stay not as the civil and political inferior of the white man, but as his equal under the laws. And sooner or later that fact must be accepted, not in one section of the country,—in the North and not in the South,—but in every section of it. The right of the Negro as an American citizen must be recognized; and we must begin everywhere, but especially in the South, to educate public sentiment with that end in view. The education of which I am speaking you will perceive, is not education in the ordinary sense of the term, in the knowledge of books, as carried on in the schools,—in the common schools, in the academies, colleges and universities, but education in the knowledge of the rights of man and respect for those rights; in the knowledge of the great principles underlying democratic institutions, as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution, and in respect for those principles.

What are some of these rights and principles? The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; freedom of speech; freedom of the press; the right of petition; the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury; the right not to be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; the right to the equal protection of the law; the right not to be discriminated against in the franchise, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. These are principles that ought to be dear to every true American, and they are principles that lie at the very foundation of democratic institutions. They are principles, however, that are but slightly regarded in the Southern section of our country. There is no freedom of speech there, no freedom of the press. Even white men, Northern white men or Southern white men, are not allowed to express sentiments not in keeping with Southern pro-slavery ideas. The man who does it does it at his peril. The reason why R. R. Tolbert of South Carolina is today an exile from his home, is because he dared to differ with his neighbors. The intolerance of the South is one of its most characteristic features. There is no equal protection of the law, there is no impartial trial by jury. There may be for white men, but so far as the Negro is concerned, it is never

thought of. There is scarcely a single principle that goes to make up a government of the people, by the people, for the people, that is not ruthlessly trampled underfoot in the South. There is great and pressing need therefore for the most earnest and aggressive educational work in that section along the lines that I have indicated. And the importance of the work lies, not only in its effects upon the South, but upon the whole country. You can not trample upon democratic principles in one section of the country, without feeling its injurious effects in every other part of it. The whole nation, therefore, is interested in this work of educating the South in respect for the rights of man, and for the great principles of democracy.

I observe (2) that this work of education is to be mainly carried on by ministers of the gospel, by editors and teachers. They can do more than any other class of people to create a healthy public sentiment in favor of justice and humanity. To the ministers, especially, we have a right to look. They are God's representatives, called and commissioned to be the teachers of mankind, in all matters affecting character and life. The book which they are to expound is the Bible, the word of God, which the apostle tells us is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The men who fill the pulpits in the South, know as well as they know that they exist, that the manner in which the Negro is treated there is not in harmony with the letter or spirit of that Word. It is their duty, therefore, to bring the teaching of that Word to bear upon present conditions, however unpopular it may be to do so. The gospel that teaches the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the spirit of sympathy, of love, of the strong bearing the infirmities of the weak, of the more fortunate coming to the help of the less fortunate, cannot be faithfully preached in the South without being blessed of God. It may not be popular at first, but it is bound sooner or later to triumph, if persisted in. God has promised that his word shall not return unto him void. I have the greatest faith in the efficacy of God's truth to win its way and bear down all opposition, if it is faithfully presented.

The press can also do much in this campaign of education. If the men who are at the head of the daily and weekly journals will use the opportunity which they have of inculcating right principles, of keeping before the people the great ideas underlying democratic

institutions, of insisting upon law and order, and respect for the rights of others,—for the humblest as well as the greatest, a new order of things will very soon set in.

The teacher can also aid very materially in this work, the teachers in the common schools as well as the higher schools of learning. In the higher schools of learning, where the leaders are being trained, what a splendid opportunity is afforded to a wise teacher who is anxious to correct false impressions, and to set things in their true light, as they ought to exist under our form of government, and under our Christian civilization, to make his influence felt. And in the common schools the teacher can also be of very great service in helping to remove this bitter race feeling. If they have come to see and feel rightly themselves, they will have an influence over the children committed to their care. In the New England states, very much has been done through the schools to inculcate in the children sentiments of kindness to dumb animals. There has been a wonderful change in these states in this respect. And in the South, if the teachers would set themselves to work, a similar change could be wrought in the sentiments of the white child for the colored child. If the teachers themselves spoke respectfully of colored people, if the tendency on the part of white children to apply opprobrious epithets to colored children and to colored people in general, was rebuked by the teacher it would have its effect, and would hasten the coming of better times. The union of these forces,—the working together of preacher, and teacher, and editor towards a reconstructed South founded upon sentiments of justice and humanity for all,—white and black alike, is what is needed, and what must come sooner or later, if our present troubles are ever to end, if peace and harmony are to prevail.

I observe (3), that the place for this work to begin, is in the church, i. e., among the professed followers of Christ. If there is any class of persons anywhere that we have a right to expect to act upon Christian principles, to treat a fellow being as he ought to be treated, to accord to him all his rights, it is those who make up the Christian Church. Christ's own words are, "Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father

which is in heaven." The church, therefore, is the place to begin this work.

Let the ministers, and elders, and deacons, and members, those who have come out from the world, and have taken upon themselves the name of Jesus, first get right themselves on this subject; let them accord to the Negro his rights as a citizen; let them treat him as he ought to be treated, as a man and brother, as is required by God's most holy law, which they profess to believe and to follow, and it will not be difficult to get those on the outside to fall into line. The church is in a position to wield a tremendous influence in this matter, if it will only arouse itself to a sense of its responsibilities, and will have the courage to do what it knows to be right. It ought to lead in this matter. Its members ought to set the example to those who make no profession. The time has come, when Christian men and women in the South should cease to consult their prejudices, to be influenced by the sentiments about them, and should look to God's Word, to the example of Jesus Christ, and the great principles which he enunciated and for which his kingdom stands, for light, for guidance in dealing with this race problem, If Christianity is worth anything it ought to be able to adjust these differences; it is able to adjust them if the principles underlying it are followed. Here is the church's opportunity of demonstrating the power of Christianity to deal with the most difficult social problem. It was Bishop Haygood, I believe, who once said, "In the light of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, this race problem may be solved." And it may be, but in order to do this the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount, must have back of them a living church—a church made up of men and women who are willing to take them up, and put them into their hearts, and live them out, regardless of whether they accord with the sentiments about them or not. The question, for the church, is not as to whether it is a popular thing to treat the Negro as a man, as a human being, as a brother; as to whether it accords with tradition, with custom, with public sentiment, but is it right? Is it as he ought to be treated? Is it as Jesus Christ would treat him if he were acting in our stead? "Back to Christ," is the cry of certain theologians to-day,—and that is where the church needs to get in dealing with this race problem,—back to the spirit of Christ, back to the great principles which he enunciated for the government of man,—back to

the fatherhood of God, to the brotherhood of man; back to loving our neighbor as ourselves, to doing by others as we would have them do by us. These are the great principles upon which the church ought to stand, and the spirit in which it ought to address itself to every problem, whether it be the Negro problem, or any other problem. In that spirit, it is bound to conquer. There are no difficulties that it may not overcome. If things do not get better in the South, the church will be largely responsible for it. It will be because it fails to do its duty,—to lift up a standard for the people, to let its light shine.

Along with this should also be coupled strenuous efforts to improve the system of public education, both as to the quality of the teaching force, and the length of the school term for both races; and also to multiply and encourage all agencies, such as temperance societies, associations for the promotion of good citizenship, etc., that will tend to strengthen what is good, and to counteract what is evil in the community.

A campaign of education, wisely, intelligently, lovingly conducted along the lines indicated, and by the forces enumerated will do much towards bringing about a better condition of things in the South, toward adjusting race differences.

Wonders can be accomplished if we will only make up our minds to go steadily forward as God gives us the light, and with but one thought before us,—the thought of pleasing him, of doing what is right. Those who are to work among the whites, and those who are to work among the colored should each come to the task with a due sense of the importance, the transcendent importance of the work, and with an earnest desire to succeed. These strifes and dissensions must cease; these race feuds must die out;—but not by the sacrifice of a single principle, not by trampling upon the rights of any one; but by each race doing what is right, by the triumph of law and order, and Christian principles,—the principles of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. I have faith in those great principles, and faith in their ultimate triumph. The task is not an easy one, however; nor can it be accomplished in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, or a decade of years; nor will it be accomplished without hardships, sufferings, discouragements. Bryant evidently foresaw all this when he penned his noble poem entitled “The Battle-Field.”

“Once this soft turf, this rivulet’s sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armed hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by,
 The black mouthed gun and staggering wain :
 Men start not at the battle-cry,
 Oh, be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare, lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year.
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot.
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear,
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet’s mouth is pealed
 The blast of triumph o’er thy grave.”

It is well for us, it is well for all who enter upon the work of uprooting old ideas and replacing them by new ones, to remember this, and to carry with us into this work of education upon which we have entered the magnificent thought, the inspiring hope here expressed. It will be all right by and by. Only let us be faithful; let the good work go on; let us keep the ideal before us and work steadily towards it; and though we may not live to see the realization of our hopes, those who follow us will.

“Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet
Turn never backward; hers no bloody glare;
Her light is calm, and innocent, and sweet,
And where it enters there is no despair.”

I do not despair. This Negro problem will be solved; and when it is ultimately solved, the Negro will have all of his rights. There will be none to molest him or make him afraid; there will be no disposition to molest or make him afraid. The stars and stripes will mean equal protection to all citizens, in the enjoyment of every right, whether at home or abroad. The principles of the Declaration of Independence will be no longer glittering generalities, mere empty sentiments, but realities, living, vitalizing forces in the life of the nation; America will be no longer, in name only, as we lyingly and hypocritically sing today, “The land of the free, and the home of the brave,” but in reality. It will then, be the land of the free. Its citizens, white and black alike, will be free, in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in every section of it. It will then be the home of the brave. Its prejudices will have been conquered, and right will have been enthroned in the hearts of the people.

IV MISCELLANEOUS SERMONS

I

THE ROOSEVELT-WASHINGTON EPISODE, OR RACE PREJUDICE¹

And when Peter was come up unto Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised and didst eat with them.—ACTS xi, 2-3.

Of the three great representative races of antiquity, the most exclusive, the most arrogant, the most inflated with pride, were the Jews. They looked down upon all other races; held them in the greatest contempt. They felt that they were the special favorites of heaven. And this was due partly to their education. When God appeared unto Abraham, and said unto him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house into a land that I will show thee," it was with the purpose of separating unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works and thus to prepare the way for the coming of the seed of the woman, which was to bruise the serpent's head.

After the fall wickedness grew very rapidly in the earth. The statement is, "The whole earth became corrupted." Then came the flood, and a new beginning was made in the family of Noah; but it was not very long before evil had again over-spread everything. Then it was that God took this man Abraham from his home and led him down into the land of Canaan, and began the work of building up a nation in which the knowledge of the true God would be preserved, and among whom the Messiah might appear and set up his kingdom.

In order to do this certain things were necessary. (1) That they be separate from all other races and peoples. And (2), that they be specially trained. To this end, God entered into a covenant with Abraham, and after his death the covenant was renewed with his son Isaac, and after Isaac's death with Jacob. Then came the period of expansion, of growth, of development. In the providence of God, the family of Jacob goes down into Egypt, and while there multiplies so rapidly that the Egyptians become alarmed and be-

¹ Delivered October 27, 1901.

gin to oppress them. Then Moses comes upon the scene, and through him, under the divine direction, after working many signs and wonders, they are led out of Egypt across the Red Sea to Horeb, the mount of God, and there, amid mighty thunderings and lightnings, the law is given unto them,—the moral law and the ceremonial law,—and the process of education and of separation begins. For forty years they wandered in the wilderness, during which time God fed them. Then he brought them to the promised land and settled them in that land.

It is impossible to read their laws without realizing that one object was to keep them to themselves, separate and apart from others. Thus, they were forbidden to enter into a covenant with other nations, to marry among them, or to follow their practices, or to worship their gods. And according to the statements in John and the Acts, they were to have no intercourse whatever with strangers, no social contact in any way with them. The reason for this was because the surrounding nations were very corrupt; and one purpose which God had in view in training them was to make them strong in character, pure, upright in heart and life.

So it is impossible to read their history without realizing that they were wonderfully blessed. They were exalted to heaven in point of privilege. As Moses expresses it, "For what great nation is there that hath a god so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is whensoever we call upon him. And what great nation is there, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day?" And in the 105th psalm we have this record, "They went about from nation to nation, from one kingdom to another people. He suffered no man to do them wrong; yea, he reproved kings for their sakes; saying, touch not mine anointed ones and do my prophets no harm." All these great blessings that came to them were intended to bring them nearer to God; to purify their hearts, and to fit them to do the work which he had mapped out for them, namely, to become his chosen instruments, in the fullness of time, when Shiloh should come, to carry the blessings of the true religion unto the ends of the earth. The promise made to Abraham was: "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." And again we have the statement, "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Hence the great commission given by Christ to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the

gospel unto every creature." That was the purpose which God had in view in the training of the Jewish nation, to use them for the dissemination of the gospel among all peoples. Instead of this, however, it had the very opposite effect upon them. The fact that they were so highly favored, that they had enjoyed so many privileges, filled them with pride, puffed them up, gave them an overweening sense of their own importance; led them to despise others, to hold themselves aloof from them; to feel that these blessings were for them only. This feeling was general among the Jews. They shrank away from contact with others as they would from a thing unclean. Peter himself was not free from it. When God wanted to use him and send him on a mission to a certain Gentile he had actually to work a miracle in order to prepare him for it. You remember the record in the tenth chapter of the Acts: "About noon Peter went on the housetop to pray, and became hungry and had a vision. He saw the heavens open and beheld a certain vessel descending, as it were a great sheet, let down by the four corners upon the earth; wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth and fowls of heaven. And there came a voice to him, Rise Peter; kill and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common and unclean. And a voice came unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, make not thou common. And this was done thrice, and straightway the vessel was received up into heaven."

"Now while Peter was much perplexed in himself what the vision might mean," the narrative goes on to say, "behold the men that were sent by Cornelius, having made inquiry for Simon's house, stood before the gate, and called and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodging there. And while Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee. But arise, and get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting; for I have sent them."

It was under such pressure as this; it was only because of this message direct from heaven that Peter was induced to go down to Caesarea. And even then he had to explain to Cornelius that he was doing an unusual thing. "Ye yourselves know," he said to him and his friends who were present, "how that it is an unlawful thing for a man who is a Jew to join himself or come unto one of another nation." He justifies himself, however, by the statement "And yet unto me hath God showed that I should not call any man common or unclean."

In order still further to strengthen Peter in what he had done, in the position which he had taken, to make assurance doubly sure that he had the approval of God in what he had done, the Holy Spirit was poured out upon Cornelius and his friends, just as he had been poured out upon the apostles and those who were with them in the upper chamber on the day of Pentecost. The same manifestation of the Spirit's presence was visible; they spoke with other tongues, the same as they had done.

Cornelius, grateful for what had been done, for the wonderful blessings which had come to him and his household, through Peter, very naturally was desirous of showing him some attention, of expressing in some way his gratitude, and so pressed him very earnestly to spend a while with them, and he accepted, so we are led to infer from the narrative. He became his guest.

Peter doubtless felt very happy over what had occurred. He had had a wonderful experience and had seen what he had never expected to see. And in this frame of mind he returned to Jerusalem, full of the subject and anxious to break the good tidings to the brethren. But he found that the news had preceded him, and that the most important part of the transaction had been entirely overlooked, the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Gentiles, and that the only thing that was remembered and commented upon was the fact that he had gone in unto men who were uncircumcised and had eaten with them. For this he was bitterly denounced. We can imagine how they must have frowned upon him, and how they must have sought to make him feel that he had belittled himself and had brought dishonor upon the whole Jewish race by his unseemly conduct.

It is interesting to see who this man was with whom Peter ate, on whose account such a tremendous hubbub was raised. It was Cornelius. And who was Cornelius?

(1) He was a Roman citizen, a member of the Latin race, then the dominant race of the world, a race that had produced a Julius Caesar, a Cicero, a Seneca, a Virgil, and other illustrious names.

(2) He was a man who held an honorable position. He was an officer in the Roman army.

(3) He was a man of wealth, he had an abundance of this world's goods. He was able therefore to surround himself with all the comforts of this life.

(4) He was a man of high social standing. This is clear from his position and from his possessions.

(5) He was a man of high character. He stood well in the community, was respected by all who knew him.

(6) He was a religious man, a man who feared God, who believed in prayer, and who sought to regulate his household according to the teachings of religion. There are two descriptions given of him in this tenth chapter. The first is in the second verse, "A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." The second is in the twenty-second verse, where he is said to be, "A righteous man and one that feareth God, and well reported of by all the nation of the Jews."

From the account which we have of him, it is evident that he was an exceptionally fine man, a man of high ideals and noble aspirations, a man who would have been a credit to any community, and whose friendship any one might feel honored in possessing, but unfortunately, he happened to belong to another race, to the Gentiles, to the uncircumcised, and that fact rendered all of his splendid and noble qualities of no avail. He must be discriminated against; no Jew must enter his house; no Jew must eat with him. Peter is denounced for dining with such a man as Cornelius. The Lord Jesus Christ was censured, severely criticised for eating with publicans and sinners; but in the case of Peter it is for enjoying a social repast with one of the very finest gentlemen presented to us in the New Testament, a man very different in character from publicans and sinners. The ground of objection against him was not his character, but his race.

It is interesting also to note who these people were who attempted to frown Peter down and to criticise him.

(1) They were members of the church; they were professed Christians; but they were in the dark; they failed to catch the spirit of Christ, and to enter into the great purpose for which he had come, which was to break down the middle wall of separation between Jew and Gentile, and to make all one; they failed utterly to understand that in Christ Jesus there was to be neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, but that all were to stand on precisely the same level.

(2) They were men who were socially inferior to Cornelius. The members of the early church were gathered, not from the upper and

aristocratic classes among the Jews, but from the common people, from what are called among us the laboring classes. The fact that they were Jews however led them to feel that they were superior to any Gentile, whatever might be his attainments or position. It shows the nature of prejudice, how blind and stupid it is, how unreasonable, how utterly devoid of common sense. Sometimes it is impossible to avoid feeling contempt for it, and yet, I suppose, it deserves our pity rather than our contempt.

But I must hasten on. Poor Peter is not the only one who has been criticised for eating with a member of a supposed inferior race. Our good President is just now passing through a similar experience for inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him. What a howl has gone up all over the South, and why? Because the President has seen fit to entertain at his table a colored gentleman, the head of a great institution, a man of national reputation, and a man, by the way, who has been more lauded by the South than any Negro who has ever lived in this country. Booker T. Washington has always been the ideal Negro in the eyes of the Southern whites; and it is the entertainment of this man that has provoked all this criticism, that has brought down the wrath of the Southern people upon the head of our worthy and honored President. These people who are criticising the President, do not deny that Booker T. Washington is a gentleman, that he is a man of high character, of unblemished reputation. They do not deny that he is a man of some attainments, that he is a thinker, and that he knows how to express himself; they themselves rank him with the foremost orators of the country. They do not deny that he has done a great work in building up Tuskegee, one of the greatest industrial schools in the country. They do not deny that his influence has been far reaching. According to their own estimate of him he knows more about this Negro problem, the greatest problem today before the American people, and has done more than anyone else to bring about a proper understanding between the races. If the eulogies pronounced upon this man by the Southern press and by Southern men were gathered together they would fill a volume. Everywhere his praise has been sounded throughout the Southland; everywhere he has been held up and lauded to the skies.

Why then all this howl about his dining with the President? What is the trouble? A physician in this city told me once of an experience which he had, which will perhaps, throw a little light

on the subject. He was making a call on one of his patients, and while he was sitting by her bedside a member of the Salvation Army came in. Her first words to him, after looking him over, were: "Do you know the Lord Jesus?" His reply was, "Yes, I know him very well." "What do you know about him?" she asked. His reply was, "I know him to be a very nice colored gentleman." At which she threw her hands up in holy horror and cried out: "Blasphemy, blasphemy." "What do you mean?" said he, "do you mean to say he is not a gentleman?" "No, I don't mean that," she answered. "You said he was a colored gentleman!" It was blasphemy in the estimation of this member of the Salvation Army even to think of Jesus Christ as a colored gentleman. And that is the secret of all this hue and cry that has been going up all over the South, in regard to the Washington episode; it is because Prof. Washington happens to be identified with the despised Negro race in this country. If he had belonged to any other race under the sun it would have made no difference. He has worked his way up from chattel slavery; from the log cabin to the position which he today occupies in the public estimation, which in a Grant or a Lincoln would have made him an honored guest in any home, even the proudest in the land, but because of his race affiliation, in spite of his remarkable career, he is, in the estimation of the Southern whites, an outcast, unfit to receive any social recognition from them. It is because of his color that these fools are uttering their impotent rage. "He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh. He will have them in derision."

I for one am glad that this thing has occurred; that Booker Washington has had the opportunity of dining as a guest at the White House. I am glad, for several reasons: (1) because it shows that we have at last in the White House one who is every inch a man; one who has convictions, and convictions in the right direction, and who has the courage of his convictions. It is a great thing to be a man, to have the fear of God so implanted in the soul, and to have the love of right so strongly developed in us, that we will not be turned away from the path of duty though confronted by all the powers of darkness. You see that kind of manhood in Garrison; you get a glimpse into his soul and see what kind of moral fiber he was made of, in those magnificent words of his, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." And in those burning eloquent words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," there was the purpose to stand for the right, though death ensued.

There are some men who are so only in name. They are mere apologies for men. They are weaklings; they have no stamina, no backbone. They are putty men, easily moulded, mere tools in the hands of others. They are moral cowards; they are afraid of their own shadow. They never dare to act without finding out first which way the wind is blowing. They are afraid of doing the unpopular thing. For such men we can't help feeling contempt. Manhood is the thing that commends itself to us always, whether we agree with it or not. Give me a manly man, a man who dares to do right, who dares to follow his convictions, who dares to do the unpopular thing because it commands itself to his conscience. Such a man I believe is the present occupant of the White House, Theodore Roosevelt. Everything indicates it. A short while ago I read in the Times of this city the following: "I am going," he is quoted as saying, "to select the very best men for public positions. Men appointed to high public places must be high in morals and in every other respect. If the American people care to show their approval of my course as President during the three years and a half that I have to serve, by placing me at the head of the Republican ticket in 1904, I should feel deeply grateful. It would be an honor that it would be difficult for any man to decline. But if I have to pander to any cliques, combinations or movements, for their approval, I would not give a snap of my fingers for it or a nomination under such circumstances."

It has been a long time since we have heard any such manly utterance from any high official in this country.

Again, in the appointment of ex-Governor Jones, of Alabama, he said distinctly: "One reason why I have appointed him is because of his attitude on the subject of lynching." There is no dodging the question, no beating about the bush. He defines his position on the subject, and in a way not to be misunderstood. In his official capacity, in the exercise of his appointing power, he puts the seal of his disapprobation upon that phase of Southern barbarism.

And still again, in his invitation to Professor Washington to dine with him, the moral fiber of the man is also clearly seen, for he was not ignorant of Southern public sentiment in regard to the step which he was about to take. He knew that all Negroes in the South are regarded as social pariahs; but he was not deterred thereby. He wanted the professor to dine with him, and he had him, and will have him again when he wants to, Southern sentiment to the contrary, notwithstanding. Theodore Roosevelt is no reed shaken by the

wind. He is not a man to be deterred from the course which he has mapped out for himself by the clamor of the multitude, by adverse criticism, or by the prating of fools.

For the first time in the history of the country a colored American citizen has dined at the White House as the guest of the President of the United States. It is a shame that it has not occurred before. For twenty-five years there lived in this city the most eminent representative that this race has yet produced, the immortal Douglass, a man of whom Theodore Tilton has said :

“In the paths of men
There never walked a grander man than he!
He was a peer of princes—yea a king!
Crowned in the shambles and the prison-pen,
The noblest slave that ever God set free!”

He was Marshal of the District, he was Recorder of Deeds, he was the American Minister to Port auPrince, he was, as the papers said at the time of his death, the most famous citizen of Washington.

The *Philadelphia Record* said at the time: “No other Washingtonian, white or black, has the world-wide reputation that he had. Indeed, when we think of it, it would be difficult to name any other man, white or black, in the whole country who would be as well known in every corner of the globe as is Frederick Douglass. Lincoln and Grant were such men, but I cannot think of any one now except President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison, who are, ex-officio, so to speak, our world-wide celebrities. Dr. Holmes was the last of our men of letters who had this world-wide fame, and no other class of men or women seems to have produced an international character in our time. Our great lawyers are perhaps known by lawyers the world over; our great physicians by physicians; clergymen by clergymen; journalists by journalists; business men by business men, but where is the man or woman who is known in all countries by people of all classes.” And yet, during his entire sojourn in this capital city of the nation, there wasn't a man in the White House big enough and broad enough and brave enough and sufficiently free from his prejudices and from the fear of offending public sentiment to invite him to dine with him. It is, to say the least, highly improbable that a man of his eminence and of his wide acquaintance with public men in high official positions of any other race could have lived here as long as he did without being honored with such an invitation, but he was not; and it was simply because of his color, be-

cause of his race affiliation. That fact, I say, is a disgrace to the country, and it reflects seriously upon the men who have occupied the Executive Mansion. Why shouldn't a colored man dine there, if he is sufficiently eminent and is of the right stamp? Is he not an American citizen? Is he not a part of this great Republic? Why should he alone be shut out and all others admitted?

Thank God there has come at last into power a man who by this act has said, Whatever others may have done, so far as I am concerned, I shall know no man by the color of his skin. What I accord to white men I will accord to black men, I shall treat all citizens alike. That is the kind of President to have; that is the only kind of a man that ought ever to be entrusted with power in a democratic republic.

(2) I am glad that this episode has occurred, because it has brought out in clearer light than anything which has ever happened before the real feeling of the South toward the Negro. It doesn't make any difference what he becomes, what his achievements are, however pure his character, however cultivated his mind, he is always to be treated as an inferior, to be kept in his place. Every Negro in the South may become a Booker Washington, and yet the brand of inferiority is to be stamped upon him. He is still to be forced to live apart by himself, to ride in Jim Crow cars, to sit in dirty, filthy waiting rooms, to be denied all the common courtesies and civilities of life. That is what this incident teaches, and it makes it so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err. The Negro can never be anything but an inferior, that is what the South believes; that is what it has been teaching; that is what this howl that has been going up about the entertainment of Professor Washington means. And I am glad that this fact has at last come out in the way it has. Let us hope that it will have the effect of undeceiving hundreds and thousands of professed friends of the Negro, who have become converts to the pernicious doctrine which has been steadily growing in favor in the North, that the South knows best how to deal with the Negro. That is true, assuming that the Negro is hopelessly inferior, but if he is a man, and ought to have a man's chance in the race of life, is it true that the South knows best how to deal with him? Is it safe to leave him in the hands of the South, entertaining the low view of him that it does? Is that according to reason? Is it according to common sense? There is but one ground upon which the North can or ought to accede to any such proposition, and that is that in its

judgment the Southern white man is more kindly disposed toward the Negro; the Southern white man has a larger sense of justice in dealing with the Negro; and that the Negro left to the South will have a better chance of growing up into the full measure of the stature of a man and of a citizen. There isn't a man in the North who has given the subject any serious thought, or who has kept himself posted as to what is actually going on in the South, who believes anything of the kind. The whole past record is against any such assumption.

It is not true that the Southern white man is more kindly disposed towards the Negro. He is toward a certain kind of Negro, the Negro who knows his place, who is content to be an underling, and who believes in political self-effacement. But the manly Negro, the Negro who respects himself, who knows what his rights are, and who stands up for them, he hates, he wants nothing to do with him, he would be glad to see every one of that description driven out of the South.

It is not true that the Southern white man has a larger sense of justice in dealing with the Negro. The very reverse of that is true. What rights has a Negro that a Southern white man feels bound to respect? What is it that he hasn't done to despoil the Negro of his rights? His attitude towards him has been one of constant aggression. The Southern white man has never accepted the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. He has ignored the Negro's citizenship, has robbed him of his vote at the polls, and has given him scarcely the ghost of a chance in the courts of law.

It is not true that the prospects of the Negro's growing up into the full measure of a man and of a citizen are more favorable, if he is left entirely in the hands of the South. It needs no argument to prove this. It is patent on the very face of it. What hope is there for the Negro, left to be dealt with by men who object to Booker T. Washington dining with the President of the United States, and who denounce the President's conduct in inviting him as an "outrage"?

Now these facts are well known all over the North. The North hasn't been asleep all these years. It has had its eyes and ears wide open; it knows perfectly well what is going on. It knows just how the Negro has been treated and how he is still being treated. And yet it has been largely won over to the let-alone policy, partly because it doesn't want to offend the South. It wants to bridge over

the bloody chasm. It wants to bring about a spirit of fraternity between the Southern white man and the Northern white man, which is all very well; far be it for me to say a word against it; but is it right to sacrifice the Negro in so doing? When the Southern white men took up arms to destroy the Union, it was the Negro who bared his bosom to the bullets of the enemy in order to preserve it. It is well for the North to remember that. And it has also taken this position partly because of indolence, because it has become weary in well-doing, because it has grown tired of the struggle. It wants peace, but it seems to forget that permanent peace can never be won by yielding to evil. This so-called Negro question will not down, it will come up and continue to come up until it is settled, and settled right. The men of this generation in the North may adopt the let-alone policy and permit things to go on as the South dictates, but they are simply laying up trouble for their children and their children's children. As the poet has expressed it:

“They enslave their children's children
Who make compromise with sin.”

(3) I am glad of this episode because it will also have the effect of opening the eyes of Professor Washington himself, who has taken a rather rose-colored view of things in the South and of the Southern people. Now the scales will fall from his eyes and he will see things as they really are; he will see just what the Southern white men think of him in spite of all the praise which they have lavished upon him, and of the race with which he is identified. They value him simply because they believe that he accepts their view of the race problem, because they believe that he is laboring simply to make the Negro a laborer, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. After his address before the great missionary conference held at New Orleans, a Texas editor, in speaking of him, said: “He is most assuredly a man raised up of God to do a great work among the Negroes of the South. And as long as he holds to his present theory and practice of industrial education, he is certainly entitled to the support and cooperation of the Southern people. He is doing a work second to no man of this century. And such is his consecration to his purpose and aim that, so far as we are able to judge, the money and attention bestowed upon him and his work by the people and press of the North have in no wise lifted him into the airs of conceit or unbecoming egotism. With all the prominence given to him and with his rare gifts of oratory, he is a man of commendable humility and stupen-

dous common sense. Therefore the people of the South, regardless of race distinction, can well afford to extend all needed encouragement to Booker T. Washington in his laudable efforts to bring his people into higher attainments in the knowledge and practice of the mechanical arts and useful industry." That is to be the limit of the Negro's aspiration, "the practice of the mechanical arts and useful industry." And as long as they believe that Professor Washington believes in thus limiting the aspirations and the activities of the race, and in political self-effacement, he will be tolerated. This man distinctly says so, "As long as he holds to his present theory and practice of industrial education, he is entitled to the support and co-operation of the South." If he dares to entertain any other theory or ventures to step out in any other direction, the South must withdraw all sympathy from him and relegate him to the class of undesirable Negroes, Negroes who think themselves as good as white men. Whatever may have been Mr. Washington's views in the past, he cannot fail now to see that the possibilities of the Negro in the South, unless there is a very decided change in public sentiment, are not such as a free American citizen ought to be satisfied with.

In the (4) and last place I am glad of this episode because it has brought to view the fact that we still have some friends left. The North had become so apathetic, so indifferent to the Negro, that we began to feel that our friends were becoming fewer and fewer. Men who were once identified with the cause of freedom we found fellowship with the man who a few days ago, in referring to the incident at the White House, said: "The action of President Roosevelt in entertaining that nigger will necessitate our killing a thousand niggers in the South before they will learn their place again." But the splendid showing of the Northern press has come like a gleam of sunshine in the darkness. They have spoken out in a way to cheer our hearts. All honor to them. May they continue to speak in the same lofty strain. What we need in the editor's chair as well as in the pulpit are men, God-fearing men—men who love righteousness and hate iniquity. And just in proportion as such men come to the front will public sentiment be moulded in the interest of justice and humanity.

Let us not be discouraged. God reigns and the right will ultimately triumph. The noble words of Norman Macleod may well close these remarks:

"Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though the path is dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble;
 Trust in God and do the right.
 Let the road be long and dreary,
 And its ending out of sight,
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
 Trust in God and do the right.
 Perish policy and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light,
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 Trust in God and do the right.
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from men, and look above thee,
 Trust in God and do the right."

2

A RESEMBLANCE AND A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE AMERICAN NEGRO AND THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, IN EGYPT, OR THE DUTY OF THE NEGRO TO CONTEND EARNESTLY FOR HIS RIGHTS GUARANTEED UNDER THE CONSTITUTION¹

"And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: Come, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land." EXODUS 1:9,10.

In this record, there is a contrast suggested between our people in this country, and the children of Israel in Egypt, and also a resemblance to which I desire, for the moments that I shall occupy, to call attention.

(1) The children of Israel went down into Egypt of their own accord. Ten of the sons of Jacob, first went down to buy corn, owing to a very severe famine that was raging in their own country, and in all the surrounding countries. This journey was again repeated some time afterwards, at which time, they were joined by Benjamin,—the man in charge of affairs having made that a condition of their seeing his face. It was during this second visit, that Joseph was made known to his brethren, through whom an earnest invitation was sent to his father, Jacob, and all the members of the

¹ Delivered October 12, 1902, in Connection with the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Washington, D. C.

family to come and stay in the land, with the promise that all of their wants would be supplied. It was in response to this invitation that the family packed up everything which they had and went down into Egypt. They went down from choice: it was a voluntary thing on their part. They were not forced against their will.

The opposite of this was true in the case of the coming of our forefathers to this country. It was not a voluntary act on their part. They were seized by slave hunters and against their will forced from the land of their birth. Left to themselves they never would have sought these shores.

(2) The children of Israel were few in number when they went down into Egypt. There were only about seventy-odd souls in all. During their sojourn, however, they greatly multiplied: so much so that at the time of the Exodus, 1491, B. C., according to the census that was taken under the divine direction, there were 603,550 men over twenty years of age who were able to go to war. No mention is made of the male members of the population under twenty, nor of the old men who were unfit for active military service; nor of the women and female children. The whole number must have been between two and three millions. Assuming that Jacob went down in the year 1706, B. C., and that the Exodus was in 1491, this increase came about in a little over two centuries.

The same fact is noticeable in reference to our people in this country. The first installment came in 1619, and the importation of slaves was prohibited in 1808. According to the census for 1790, we numbered then 752,208. Fifty years afterwards, the number had increased to 2,873,648. In 1890, the number had gone up to 7,470,040, while the last census shows our present number to be 8,840,789. This is a very remarkable showing, when we remember the large mortality of the race, and the fact that the increase has been purely a natural one, without any accessions through immigration. It shows that we are a very prolific race, and that there is no danger of our dying out.

(3) The Egyptians were alarmed at the rapid increase of the children of Israel, and sought in one way or another to diminish their number, or to arrest their increase. The first method was to work them to death, to kill them off by hard labor, and by cruel treatment. This method failed, however; instead of decreasing they went on steadily increasing, becoming more and more numerous. Then another method was resorted to,—the midwives were directed to strangle the male children to death at birth. This also failed.

And a third and last method was devised : a decree was issued compelling parents to expose their own children to death. Under this decree, Moses, the great law-giver, would have perished had he not been providentially rescued by Pharaoh's daughter, from an untimely death.

The rapid increase of our people in this country has also been a source of disquiet, if not of positive alarm, to the white element of the population. In 1889, when the census showed an increase of over 22 per cent, you will remember, what an excitement it created, and what absurd predictions were made as to the possibility of the country being overrun by Negroes. In 1890, when the percentage was cut down owing to inaccuracies in the census of 1890, what a sense of relief was felt by the whites. The rapid increase of the colored population of this country is no more welcomed or relished by the white American than the rapid increase of the Jewish population was by the Egyptians. There has been no concerted action on the part of the whites to cut down our numbers, as was done in Egypt; the process of destruction, however, has gone on all the same. In the Southern section of our country, especially, the hand of violence has been laid upon our people, and hundreds and thousands of them have, in this way, been sent to untimely graves. The convict lease system has also had its influence in diminishing our numbers. Whether this was its intention originally or not, I am not prepared to say, but the fact is, it has had that effect. Through the Convict Camps, the exodus from this world to the next has been amazingly frequent. The avarice, the cupidity of the white man, as illustrated in the grinding conditions imposed upon the colored farmer, under the crop lease system, has also done much to increase the hardships of life for us and to shorten our days.

(4) The Egyptians were afraid that the children of Israel would get up and leave the land : and this, they didn't want them to do. They wanted them to remain, not because they loved them, or because of any special interest which they felt in them as such; but from purely selfish considerations. They were valuable as laborers. From the narrative we learn that they worked in the fields, made bricks and built treasure cities for Pharaoh. It was a great thing to have at their disposal, a population of this kind, who could be pressed into service whenever they were needed. In those oriental monarchies, when great public works, like the building of the Pyramids, were carried on by the State, and when it required

an enormous number of workmen, it was of the utmost importance to the State to have constantly at hand the means of supplying this want. And this they found in the rapidly increasing Jewish population, and accordingly, were not disposed to tolerate for a moment, the idea of their departure. How strongly they felt on this matter, is evident from the reply which Pharaoh made to the demand of Moses, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Let My people go that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness." And Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord, that I should hearken unto His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, and moreover I will not let Israel go." The same is also evident from the fact, that it was not until the land had been visited by ten great plagues, ending with the death of the first-born, that they were willing to let them go.

When the children of Israel first went down into Egypt it was with no intention of remaining there permanently. It was intended to be only a temporary sojourn, during the continuance of the famine, which drove them there. Nor was it in accordance with the divine plan that they should remain permanently, as is evident from the record, in forty-six of Genesis. "And God spake unto Israel in the vision of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob." And he said, "Here am I." And he said, "I am God, the God of thy fathers: fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation: I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will surely bring thee up again." And you will also remember what God said to Abraham, in response to the question, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it," that is, the land of Canaan. "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterwards they shall come out with great substance."

Now in both of these respects, things seem to be somewhat different with us in this country. If we may judge from the representations in the newspapers and magazines, which are made from time to time, it would appear that the white Americans would be very glad to have our people arise, and get out of the land. We hear a great deal about schemes for deporting the Negro, and in certain sections of the South, and even in certain parts of Illinois, the attempt has been made to forcibly drive him out. While I do not apprehend that there will ever be any general movement to get rid of us, to forcibly deport us from the country, nevertheless, I do

not believe that there would be any regrets or tears shed on the part of the whites, if such a thing should occur. I think the great majority would be glad to get rid of us. With the Negro out of the country, what a love feast there would be between the North and the South; how they would rush into each others arms, and fondly embrace each other, and rejoice over the fact that at last the great barrier which has stood between them for so many years had been removed. With the Negro out of the country, what a bright prospect there would be of building up a respectable White Republican Party in the South; so we are told by some Republican fools, who lose sight of the fact that the glory of the Republican Party does not depend upon its getting rid of the Negro, but on the contrary, whatever of glory there is attached to it has come from its connection with the Negro. Why is it called the grand old party? What is it that has given it its pre-eminence; that has rendered it immortal; that has covered it with imperishable glory? Is it not the noble stand which it took for human rights; the magnificent fight which it made against slavery and rebellion, out of which came the great amendments to the Constitution, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth? It was the enactment of these great amendments that has given it its chief claim to distinction, and that will ever constitute its crowning glory. Yes, even the Republican party, I believe, would be glad to see us go. In two Southern States already, two Republican conventions have declined to receive or admit colored delegates. If some Moses should rise up today, as of old, and say to this nation, as was said to Pharaoh, "Let my people go," it would not be necessary to send any plagues in order to have the demand enforced. I believe from every part of the land—North, South, East and West, there would be but one voice, and that would be, Let them go.

The children of Israel wanted to go, while the Egyptians didn't want them to go, the reverse of that, I believe, is true in our case in this land. The white Americans would be glad to have us go, but there is no desire or disposition on our part to go. So far as I have been able to ascertain the sentiments of our people, it is our purpose to remain here. We have never known any other home, and don't expect, as a people, ever to know any other. Here and there an individual may go, but the masses of our people will remain where we are. Things are not exactly as we would like to have them; no, they are very far from being so, or from what we hope some time they will be, but bad as they are, we are nevertheless disposed to

remain where we are. Besides, it would be cowardly to run away. Wherever we go we will have to struggle. Life is real, life is earnest everywhere. And since we are in the struggle here, we had just as well fight it out here as anywhere else. And that is what we are going to do. We are not going to retreat a single inch. We are not going to expatriate ourselves, out of deference to a Negro-hating public sentiment.

It was the divine plan that Israel's stay in Egypt should be only temporary; God's purpose was ultimately to lead them back to the land of Canaan, from which they had come. And it has been intimated, from certain quarters, that that is to be true of us; that God has providentially permitted us to be brought to his land, in order that we might be trained for future usefulness in the land of our forefathers. This is the view that has been taken by some white men, and also by some colored men. It may be so; but I confess, so far, I have not been able to discover any evidences of such a purpose. In the case of the Jews, the record showed what the purposes of God were in regard to that people; but we have no such revelation touching ourselves. God spoke to Abraham, and God spoke to Jacob, and showed them what was to be; but where are the Abrahams and Jacobs among us to whom he has spoken? There are those who are ready to speculate, but speculation amounts to nothing. What the divine purposes are touching this race no one knows. And therefore in the absence of any definite and positive information, we will assume, that this purpose is that we remain just where we are. Until we have very clear evidence to the contrary, we are not likely to take any steps to go elsewhere.

(5) The Egyptians were afraid that the children of Israel, in case of war with a foreign power, would join their enemies and fight against them. And well might they have feared. In the first place, the whole world at that time was in a state of war. It was might that made right. Wars of conquest were constantly going on. One nation or state felt perfectly justified in making war against another, if it was deemed to its interest to do so. As a matter of fact there was always liability of an invasion from some foreign power. This was a possibility, which Egypt, as well as every other country, had to take into consideration, and to provide against. At any moment the enemy might be seen approaching; at any moment their safety might be imperilled.

In the second place, with this possibility staring them in the face, their treatment of the Jews, in case of an invasion, would very

naturally have led them to feel that the sympathy of the Jews would be with the invaders instead of with them. The reason assigned in the narrative, however, for this fear is, lest through such an alliance with a foreign power, they succeed in getting out of the land. This shows conclusively that the Jews evidently wanted to get out of the land; and had possibly intimated that. The Egyptians didn't want them to go; and yet, strange to say, instead of setting themselves to work to make it so pleasant and agreeable for them that they would not want to go, the very opposite policy is pursued,—the policy of oppression, of injustice, of violence. Instead of seeking to win them by acts of kindness, they inaugurated a reign of terror; sought to intimidate them, to crush out of them every spark of manhood, to reduce them to the level of dumb, driven cattle. What a strange thing human nature is; how short-sighted, how blind, how utterly stupid men often are, and men from whom we might naturally, expect better things. If the Jews were to remain in Egypt, as the Egyptians desired to have them do, wasn't it a great deal better to have their love than their hatred, their friendship than their enmity? And even if they were going out, was it not better to have their good will than their ill will? For it was just possible, that some time in the future, they might need the help even of the descendants of Jacob, little and insignificant as they were at that time in their estimation. It was the day of small things with them; but there was no telling what the future might bring forth. As a matter of fact, we know that they did become a great and powerful nation.

It is just possible that the absurd and ruinous policy pursued by the Egyptians was due also to a sense of race superiority, and the assumption that if they were in any way civil, if they treated the Jews with the common courtesies that one human being owes to another, it might create within them a desire for social equality. It is possible that the fear of being overrun by an inferior race may also have fired their imagination, blinding their vision, and blunting their moral sensibilities. Whatever the reason may have been, the fact remains that the policy inaugurated by them was an utterly heartless and brutal one; and this policy they continued to pursue until it was reversed by the divine interposition, until God's righteous indignation was excited, and the angel of death was sent forth and smote the first-born throughout the land, and overthrew the tyrants in the Red Sea. It is only a matter of time when all

such oppressors the world over, will meet a similar fate. God is not dead,—nor is he an indifferent onlooker at what is going on in this world. One day He will make requisition for blood; He will call the oppressors to account. Justice may sleep, but it never dies. The individual, race, or nation which does wrong, which sets at defiance God's great law, especially God's great law of love, of brotherhood, will be sure, sooner or later, to pay the penalty. We reap as we sow. With what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.

The absurdity of pursuing such a policy is evident from the disastrous consequences which followed. The voice of lamentation that was heard throughout the land of Egypt, the pall of death that hung over every home, and the appalling catastrophe at the Red Sea, which was the culmination of a series of terrible judgments, all came out of it. It was a policy which brought upon them only wretchedness and misery from which they did not derive a single advantage, or reap a single benefit.

The policy pursued by them, not only did not benefit them, but did not in the least interfere with the divine purposes concerning the Jews. In spite of their policy of oppression, of injustice, bitter hatred, God let the children of Israel out all the same, and safely conducted them to the Promised Land. The race that puts its trust in God, and is willing to be led by God, is safe. The heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, but they will be powerless to stay its progress. They may worry and vex it for a while but they will not be able to do it any permanent injury, or seriously to interfere with its development, with its onward and upward march. The race that puts its trust in God has always, under all circumstances, more for it than against it. There is never therefore any reason for fear, or for becoming discouraged as long as it maintains its grip upon the Almighty, as long as its attitude is one of simple child-like trust and dependence.

This is not the point, however, that I had in view in referring to this aspect of the subject, which we are considering under this fifth general head. We were speaking under this head of the fear entertained by the Egyptians of the children of Israel joining their enemies, in case of an invasion, and fighting against them. And what I want to say, in this connection is, that there is no just ground for any such fear in regard to our people in this country. Whatever else may be said of the black man, the charge of disloyalty cannot be truthfully made against him. From the very beginning he has

been loyal to the flag, and has always been willing to lay down his life in its defense. In the War of the Revolution; in the War of 1812; in the Mexican War; in the great Civil War; and in the War with Spain, he stood side by side with other citizens of the Republic facing the enemy; and in all of our national cemeteries may be found evidences of his patriotism and valor. It is only necessary to mention Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Olustee, during the great Civil War, and San Juan Hill, during the Spanish War, as evidences of his valor and patriotism. Joseph T. Wilson, who was himself a gallant soldier in the 54th Massachusetts, has written a book, entitled, "The Black Phalanx," in which he traces the history of the Negro soldiers of the United States, from the earliest period through the great war of the Rebellion. It is a glorious record, and one that puts the patriotism of the Negro beyond all question. Whenever the call of danger has been sounded he has always been ready to respond, to bare his bosom to the bullets of the enemy.

This is all the more remarkable when we remember what his treatment has been in this country. Buffeted, spit upon, his most sacred rights trampled upon, without redress, discriminated against in hotels, restaurants, in common carriers, deprived of his political rights, shot down by lawless ruffians, every possible indignity heaped upon him, while the State and Nation look on, the one justifying the outrages, or at least doing nothing to prevent them, and the other protesting its inability to protect its own citizens from violence and injustice. Such treatment is not calculated to inspire one's patriotism, to kindle one's love for a government that permits such injustice and oppression to go on without, at least, the attempt to check them. And yet in spite of these monstrous wrongs that have gone on and are still going on, unrestrained by State or Federal authority, the record of the Negro for patriotism will compare with any other class of citizens. He has been just as constant, just as unswerving in his devotion to the Republic as the most favored class. Oppressed, down-trodden, discriminated against, denied even the common civilities of life, and yet, in the hour of danger, always ready to stretch forth his strong black arm in defense of the Nation. How to explain this, I do not know, nor is it necessary. It is with the fact alone that I am concerned. There it is, and it is true of no other element of the population. There is no other class of citizens, which, if treated as we have been and

are still being treated, would evince any such patriotism, would show any such willingness to lay down their lives at the nation's call, as we have. The fear of the Egyptians cannot therefore be the fear of the white citizens of this country. The Negro has never shown any disposition to fight against the Republic, or to ally himself with a foreign foe. His sympathies have always been with the stars and stripes.

In our city we are now having what is known as the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. This army is an organization made up of the surviving veterans of the great Civil War. It is called the Grand Army. Mr. Gladstone used to be called the Grand Old Man, because he summed up in himself many great qualities. He was a matchless orator, a profound thinker, a great scholar, a man of encyclopedic information. The Republican Party is sometimes called the Grand Old Party, and the name is not inappropriately applied to it. There are many things connected with its history that justify that title. It has done some grand things, and it has had associated with it some of the bravest, truest, noblest, and brainiest men that this country has produced,—men, who were not afraid to do right; who felt, as Lowell has expressed it:

Though we break our fathers' promise,
we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor
most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better
rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while
we are doubly false to God.

A party with such men, as it had in its years ago, may well be called, "The Grand Old Party." I take the term, grand, to apply to the old party—the party as it used to be, not to the party as it is today, with its petty little programme of a White Republican Party in the South; the elimination of Negro office-holders in the South, out of deference to white southern sentiment; white supremacy in the Philippines and Puerto Rico; and the undue prominence that is given to material things; while it is indifferent to the rights of its citizens of color—caring more for dollars and cents, for material prosperity, than for righteousness, for simple, even-handed justice, which alone exalts a nation. It used to be the Grand Old Party. It is no longer such. There isn't a single thing about it, either in

what it is at present doing, or in its purposes with reference to the future, to which the term "grand" can be truthfully applied. It has lost its fine sense of righteousness. It no longer gives evidence of those higher instincts, those nobler sentiments, that make nations and parties truly great. It grovels in the dust. Its aims and purposes are of the earth earthy. It is in the interest of commerce and trade and material development that it is bending its energies, and taxing its resources—forgetful of the fact, that it is true of a nation as of an individual, that its real true life does not consist in the abundance of the good things which it possesseth. Lowell, in his Ode on France, after describing the overthrow of the French tyrant during the great revolution, gives utterance to these significant words:

What though
 The yellow blood of trade meanwhile
 should pour
 Along its arteries a shrunken flow,
 And the idle canvas droop around the
 shore?
 These do not make a state,
 nor keep it great;
 I think God made
 The earth for man, not trade;
 And where each humblest human crea-
 ture
 Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid
 Erect and kingly in his right of nature,
 To heaven and earth knit with harmo-
 nious ties,—
 Where I behold the exaltation
 Of manhood glowing in those eyes
 That had been dark for ages,
 Or only lit with bestial loves and
 rages,
 There I behold a Nation;
 The France which lies
 Between the Pyrenees and the Rhine
 Is the least part of France;
 I see her rather in the *soul* whose shine
 Burns through the craftsman's grimy
 countenance,
 In the energy divine
 Of toil's enfranchised glance.

Unfortunately neither Republicans nor Democrats in this country seem to recognize the great fact enunciated in these lines, but it is

true nevertheless; and no party is entitled to the designation, "Grand," which does not accept it, and act in the light of it.

It is not of the Republican party that I started to speak, however, but of the Grand Army of the Republic. The term, "Grand," as applied to this army is a fitting tribute to the great services which it has rendered to the Republic. It was this army, the remnant of which is in our city today, that saved the life of the Republic; that put down rebellion; and that gave efficacy to Lincoln's great Proclamation of Emancipation. Had he not back of him this Army, his proclamation would have been unavailing. An army that has to its credit these great achievements may well be called Grand. It is the Grand Army of the Republic. There have been other armies of the Republic,—the army of the Revolution, the army of 1812, the army of the war with Mexico, and of the Spanish-American war, but the Army of the Republic, both as to numbers and as to the importance of its achievements, is the Army that put down the great Rebellion, and with it the accursed system of slavery, which was like a millstone about the neck of both races. All honor to these brave men. Too much cannot be said in praise of their valor and patriotism. As the years go by, as their numbers decrease, as one by one they go to join their comrades on the other side, the more and more should we honor those who still remain among us. I am glad of this annual encampment; glad of the parade connected with it; glad to look into the faces, and to have others look into the faces of the brave men who stood by their guns, and stood watch over the nation, when Rebellion sought to dissolve the Union and to rivet more firmly the fetters upon four millions of bondmen. And, I am especially glad to know that in these parades of the veterans who saved the Nation, are to be found not only white men, but black men as well. I hope that these representatives of our race will always attend these annual gatherings, even though it may entail some sacrifice on their part to do so. It is a splendid object lesson to the whole nation; and it is a fitting rebuke to those recreant white Americans who say, "This is a white man's country." If it is a white man's country, what are these black heroes doing in these annual parades? If it is a white man's country, why is it that in all our national cemeteries are the graves of Negroes? Why is it that in every war since the beginning of the Republic, on sea and land, the blood of the Negro has spurted in its behalf? Why is it that on the pension roll of the nation today are widows and orphans and

battle-scarred heroes of this race? If this is a white man's country, why are Negroes ever called upon to take up arms in its defense? I am glad of these annual encampments, I say, and glad of the share which we have in them. Let every Negro veteran who can, always make it a point to be present at these gatherings, and always get into the ranks and march with the procession, in order that the multitudes who gather from all parts of the country may look on and take knowledge of the fact that the Negro is a man, and that he can do a man's part, and that he may be relied upon to do his part as a citizen of the Republic. It is a grand object lesson, I say, to the nation, to see these colored men in line under such circumstances. And so far, as we are concerned, we should never by our absence, permit that lesson to be lost.

In thinking of this Grand Army of the Republic I am painfully reminded of the fact, that though the War of the Rebellion is over, and has been over for more than thirty-five years; and though the great amendments to the Constitution have been enacted, making us freemen and citizens, and giving us the right of the ballot, we have not yet been put in possession of these rights. We are still discriminated against, and treated as if we had no rights which white men were bound to respect. And I have called attention to this condition of things, in this connection, to remind us of the fact, that, though the Civil War is over, the battle for our rights in this country is not yet over. The great amendments are a part of the law of the land, but the same treasonable and Negro-hating spirit that sought to perpetuate our bondage, and to keep us in a state of hopeless inferiority, is still endeavoring to accomplish its purpose by seeking to nullify them. There is a spirit abroad in this land, which is determined that we shall never be accorded the rights of American citizens. And that spirit you have got to meet, and I have got to meet, and we have all got to meet. And it is from these old battle-scarred survivors of the Civil War, that we may learn how to meet it—with courage, with invincible determination; with the earnest purpose never to surrender. Be assured that these wrongs, from which we are suffering, will never be righted if we sit idly by and take no interest in the matter. If we are indifferent even those who might be disposed to assist us will also become indifferent. We must show the proper appreciation, the proper interest ourselves. We must agitate, and agitate, and agitate, and go on agitating. By and by, our very importunity will make itself

felt. The people, in the midst of whom we are living, if not from a sense of justice, or right, of fair play, will on the principle of the unjust judge, who cared neither for God nor man, but who said, "I will right the widow's wrong, lest by her continual coming she weary me," be constrained to right our wrongs.

In the struggle which we are making in this country for the recognition of our rights as men and citizens, there is another thing which I want to say. There is little or nothing to be expected from those members of our race, whether in politics or out of it, who value their little petty personal interests above the interests of their race; whose first and last and only thought is, What is there in the struggle for me, what can I get out of it? And who, when they have gotten their little out of it, are perfectly willing to sacrifice the race, to turn it over to the tender mercies of its enemies; to stand by and see it despoiled of its rights without one word of protest. It is not from such men that anything is to be expected. It is rather from the men who are willing to make sacrifices, and to suffer, if need be, for principle; who cannot be satisfied, and cannot permit themselves to be silent in the presence of wrong, in order to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the dominant race, or that they might hold on to some petty office or position. If we are to succeed; if we are to make the proper kind of a fight in this country for our rights, we have got to develop a class of men who cannot be won over by a few offices, or by being patted on the shoulder; men, who, like John the Baptist, are willing to be clothed in camel's hair, and to subsist on locusts and wild honey,—to wear the coarsest clothing, and be content with the plainest food, in order that they might be free to follow the dictates of their own conscience that they might be unhampered in the fight which they are making for their rights, and for the rights of their race. The men whose policy is to look out for self first, and to concern themselves about the race only so far as professing interest in it may be a help to them in working out their selfish ends and purposes, are men that are unworthy of our confidence. The men that we should honor, and that we may safely follow, are those who are willing to lose themselves, to subordinate their selfish interests in order that the race may find itself, may come into the full enjoyment of all its rights. That was the spirit exhibited by Garrison, though he was battling for the rights, not of white men, but of black men.

In a small chamber, friendless and un-
 seen,
 Toiled o'er his types one poor, un-
 learned young man;
 The place was dark, unfurnished, and
 mean;
 Yet there the freedom of a race began.
 Help came but slowly; surely no man
 yet
 Put lever to the heavy world with less.

What a picture is that! We can see it all! The dingy little room, dark, unfurnished, and mean; and, we can understand how difficult it must have been for him to keep soul and body together; and yet he was willing to endure all, to suffer all, for the sake of the cause to which he had dedicated his life. That was a white man suffering for black men! What ought not black men to be willing to suffer, to endure, for themselves? If we are to succeed, I say, in the struggle through which we are passing, we have got to develop within the race itself more of the spirit which Garrison possessed,—the willingness to be found, if necessary, in a small chamber, dark, unfurnished and mean, and to be friendless, in the struggle which we are making for the new emancipation from the fetters of caste prejudice, and from the injustice and oppression to which we are at present subjected. We are still dragging the chain; and we will go on dragging it until the race itself wakes up and sets itself earnestly to work to break it. We are not sufficiently in earnest; we are too easily lulled to sleep; we are too easily satisfied; we are not sufficiently impressed with the gravity of the situation—with the true inwardness of the motive which is leading our enemies on, enemies within the race as well as without it, in the assaults which they are making upon our rights. Edwin Markham, in a little poem, entitled, "Thoughts for Independence Day," asks the question :

What need we, then, to guard and keep us
 whole?
 What do we need to prop the State?

And the answer which he makes among others is :

"We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
 The public honor or the public trust
 To be a thing as sacred and august
 As some white altar where the angels kneel.

And that is what we need, "The Cromwell fire," to make us feel that the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution, are

as sacred and august

As some white altar where the angels kneel.

If we felt that way, we would not lightly surrender these rights, as too many are disposed to do.

At this Grand Army Encampment, when the issues of the great Civil War are brought vividly before us, it is a good time to look into each other's faces; to give each other the pass-word; and to pledge ourselves anew to stand by our colors. Mr. Webster, in his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, represents John Adams as saying, on the question of independence, "Sink, or swim; live, or die; survive, or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote." And in the same spirit let us say today, "Sink, or swim; live, or die, survive, or perish," we pledge our hands and hearts to each other, never to give up the struggle. Stanley is represented, while in Africa, as saying, "Nothing except the Bible gave me such comfort and inspiration as these lines from Browning:

What on earth had I to do

With the slothful with the mawkish, the un-
manly?

Being—who?

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

And that is what we must do, "March breast forward;" that is the kind of men that we must be;—the kind of men that we must seek more and more to develop among us,—men of courage, of faith, of steady purpose, of uncompromising fidelity to principle. Douglass was a man of that type. A majestic figure! A leader, who never turned his back; and who never compromised his race; a leader, who was always true; and who, down to the very last, stood panoplied in its defense. It is the Douglass-type of leaders that we want—leaders who respect themselves, and to whom the interests of their race are above price. Long may the memory of this illustrious man linger with us, to stimulate our ambition; to arouse our slumbering energies; and to put within us the earnest purpose to continue the fight

for equal civil and political rights in this land which we have helped to develop and to save.

“At the battle of Copenhagen, 1801, Nelson was vice-admiral, and led the attack against the Danish fleet. By accident one-fourth of the fleet were unable to participate, and the battle was very destructive. Admiral Parker, a conservative and aged officer, seeing how little progress was made after three hours conflict, signalled the fleet to discontinue the engagement. That signal was No. 39. Nelson continued to walk the deck, without appearing to notice the signal. ‘Shall I repeat it?’ said the lieutenant. No; acknowledge it. He turned to the Captain: ‘You know, Forley, I have only one eye. I can’t see it,’ putting his glass to his blind eye. ‘Nail my signal for close action to the mast,’ cried Nelson.” That was his order to continue the fight. And the fight was continued, and the battle was won. And so, when signals come to us, as they have come and are coming, from within the race, as well as from without it, bidding us give up the struggle; telling us to cease to agitate, to protest, to stand up for our rights; telling us not to trouble ourselves; that it doesn’t do any good; that we had better let things go, which means, go the way our enemies want them to go; that all this agitation tends only to make things worse, to engender hard feelings;—to all such signals let us, like the intrepid Nelson, turn our blind eye towards them; let us not see them; and go right on fighting the battles of the race. If we are true to ourselves and to God the victory will be ours. It may be slow in coming, but come it will. Nothing is to be gained by withdrawing from the contest. Our duty is to remain firm; to plant ourselves squarely and uncompromisingly upon the rights guaranteed to us under the constitution, and to hold our ground. No backward step, should be our motto.

Today is the day of battle,
The brunt is hard to bear;
Stand back, all ye who falter,
Make room for those who dare.

Thank God there have always been among us men of this stamp; men who have realized the necessity of fighting, and who have been willing to go forward, regardless of personal consequences—brave men, true men, unselfish men.

Let us hope that the number of those who falter, who are disposed to stand back, to meekly surrender their rights, may be steadily on the decrease; and that the number of those who dare

who are resolved to go forward, to stand firmly for the right, may go on steadily increasing, until there shall not be left one lukewarm, indifferent, half-hearted, non-selfrespecting member of the race; until all shall be aroused, and shall be equally interested in a cause that ought to be dearer to us than life itself.

Let us be men; and let us stand up for our rights as men, and as American citizens.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, Fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

3

GOD AND THE RACE PROBLEM.¹

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.—PSALMS 46:1.

The following circular has been sent out, a copy of which reached me last week:

“Recommendation to the Negroes of America for a day of prayer and humiliation to God.”

God bless our enemies, and guard and guide our friends, and help us in the discharge of our several duties to His glory and the best interest of our fellow men.

In view of the fact that the American Negro is the bone of contention in the United States, and the American press does not give the Negro's side of the contention to the reading public, so that the Negro is placed in a very bad light before the civilized world, thus causing him to lose friends and multiply enemies.

Therefore, we, the Colored Ministers' Baptist Conference of Greater New York and vicinity, in conjunction with the Afro-American Cosmopolitan Non-Denominational Preachers' Meeting of Greater New York and vicinity, make the following recommendation in the name of God, and in behalf of our people:

To the faithful and prayerful God-fearing Negroes of the United States:

¹ Delivered May 3, 1903, on the day set apart as a day of fasting, prayer and humiliation for the colored people throughout the United States.

Brethren—We are confronting a crisis in our life as citizens unlike any other former trial through which we have passed—a crisis full of deadly menace to all that freemen hold dearest—our friends are dying, or becoming indifferent—our enemies, emboldened by our apparent helplessness, are seeking to deprive us of all the sacred guarantees of the Constitution of the United States, which are so dear to us, and mean so much to every American citizen—that we, therefore, herein designate the First Lord's Day in May, 1903, as a day of fasting and prayer; and that every Negro who can will read the fourth chapter of Esther, and that every Negro minister of all denominations throughout the United States preach a special sermon, calling the schools, colleges, organizations and the people's attention to our need of God's help and God's attention to our helplessness."

It is in compliance with this request that I shall attempt to say a few words this morning with reference to ourselves, as a people in this country. In the circular just read in our hearing we are reminded of several things:

(1) That there is a God. This is involved in the idea of a day of prayer. Prayer is the offering up of our desires to whom? To God. God is, therefore, and that fact we must not forget. It is of the utmost importance for us as a people to remember that God is. The consciousness of that great fact will be a help to us in many ways in our efforts to work out our salvation in this land.

(2) We are reminded of the fact we stand in need of guidance; that we are not sufficient of ourselves. We have not all the wisdom that we need, and it is important that we recognize that fact; it will have a stimulating effect upon us; it will keep us in a receptive attitude. We need light, information, knowledge—and the more of it the better.

(3) We are reminded of the fact that we have enemies. And so we have—many and bitter ones. The feeling of hostility against us seems to be steadily on the increase. David, in the Third Psalm, breaks out in these words: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me." And the same is true of us as a people in this country—the number of our enemies is steadily on the increase, or, at least, seems to be steadily increasing. In every direction the forces seem to be marshalling themselves against us. Not only in the South, but in the North as well there seems to be a growing disposition to limit the aspiration of the Negro, to keep him in an inferior position, to deny him the rights and the

privileges that are accorded to white men. The lines are more tightly drawn now than ever before. There are many things that are transpiring to indicate this growing hostility. Only last month the Board of Education in New York City voted to eliminate or to exclude "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the school libraries. The alleged ground for this action was that it had served its mission, as if a book like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that breathes the loftiest sentiments of Christianity, that inculcates sympathy for the weak, the down-trodden, the oppressed, and that rebukes injustice, tyranny, inhumanity to man, could ever have served its mission, in the sense of being no longer necessary. Slavery is gone, it is true, but the spirit of it still remains, the same purpose and determination to keep the Negro down still persists, and never was more active, more alive than it is today; and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stands in just as absolute antagonism to this surviving spirit of slavery as to the institution of slavery itself. If the teachings that pervade this book were carried out; if the great principles therein inculcated were recognized and acted upon, all the fetters that a narrow race prejudice is still seeking to rivet upon the Negro would be broken just as effectually as the manacles that bound him physically were broken. And this is the reason why it has been excluded; not because it has served its mission, but because it is still crying aloud, in terms as eloquent as it ever did, against the barbarism of slavery—against the barbarism of the surviving spirit of slavery, which still pursues the Negro, and is still determined that he shall not have a man's chance in the race of life. Back of the vote which said "this book shall no longer be allowed to circulate through our schools" is this feeling of hostility, of unfriendliness to the Negro. It was done in deference to Southern sentiment, which is a Negro-hating sentiment, and a sentiment that is rapidly pervading the whole country. It was done not in the interest of the Negro—not in order to make the way easier for him—but to retard his progress, to make it more and more difficult for him to go forward by removing out of the way this friendly influence. Think of the splendid service which this book has rendered to freedom in this land; and of what it is still doing to educate public sentiment in the right direction; and then think of a great Board of Education ruling it out on the ground that it had served its mission; that what it has to say is no longer of any importance. Of course, what it has to say is no longer of any importance. It never was of any importance to the enemies of the Negro. If they had

had their way it never would, at any time, have had any circulation. It must go not because it has fulfilled its mission, but because it takes the part of the Negro, because it is a plea for his better treatment, and because it exposes the inhumanity of the white man and the barbarism of a system that the South still holds to be divine. If it had been "The Leopard's Spots" or some other vile publication that seeks to hold the Negro up to ridicule and contempt, to belittle him in the eyes of others, to deepen and intensify the feeling against him, the probabilities are no movement would have been made in the Board of Education for its removal. That is the kind of books that the enemies of the race want to give the widest circulation. A few years ago, when Thomas's infamous book was published, which painted the Negro as a moral leper, as utterly given over to sensuality and vice, as little raised above the brute, everything was done to call attention to it. It was put into all the libraries; it was to be found on the shelves of all book-sellers; it was taken up and reviewed by all the papers and magazines. The whole country—North, South, East and West—became aware of the fact that such a book had been published. Recently another book has been published entitled "The Souls of Black Folk," by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, which, in my judgment, is one of the most remarkable contributions that has yet been made on the Negro question: It is written by a man of trained intellect, of the broadest culture; by a man who knows how to write, and who knows thoroughly the subject of which he is writing; by a man who believes in higher education for the Negro, who believes that the Negro is a man, that he has the same desires and aspirations as other men, and that he is entitled to the same rights and privileges and opportunities as other men. And it is in this spirit that he writes; it is for these things that he contends. I wonder if that book will be put at once in all of the libraries; whether it will be found on the shelves of all book-sellers; whether the papers and magazines of the country will contain extended reviews of it; whether any special effort will be made to call attention to it—to the fact that a book of commanding ability, asserting in a manly way the claims of the Negro as a man, has been published? It is almost impossible to conceive of such a thing, for the reverse has always been the case. The press and the country have never had much patience with the manly assertion of the Negro for equality of rights and privileges; have never had much patience with the higher aspirations of Negroes. The things that they have ever stood ready to magnify have been

those to his discredit, not to his credit. It is the Negro who does not want very much, who does not claim very much for his race; who thinks that an industrial education is quite sufficient; who thinks that the ballot is immaterial, that civil rights may be dispensed with—the Negro who is willing to accept less than the treatment that is due to a man, that it delights to notice and hold up. So much so that when the press begins to praise a Negro you may put it down, in nine cases out of ten, he is a traitor to his race; is playing into the hands of the men who believe that the Negro is an inferior being, and that as such he has a place and ought to be kept in his place; in nine cases out of ten he will be found to be an unmanly Negro, a Negro who is deficient in self-respect. I do not expect, therefore, to find any extended or laudatory notices of Dr. Dubois and his masterly presentation of our cause in his recent publication, in the daily or weekly press. Dr. DuBois will be classed hereafter among the bad or dangerous Negroes, and perhaps he may be asked to leave the South.

The action of the Board of Education in New York is only one of the many straws that indicate the direction in which public sentiment is moving. There are many others.

In the same city a little while ago a great meeting was held in the interest of one of our educational institutions. It was presided over by ex-President Cleveland, who made a speech which was greatly lauded by the newspapers. Mr. Cleveland has never been suspected, heretofore, so far as I know, of having any sympathy whatever with the South in its outrageous treatment of the Negro. He said as much as that in his speech in the interest of a similar educational work in Philadelphia a short while ago; but in the New York speech the tone is entirely changed. There he appears rather as an apologist for the South. "I do not know," he says, "how it may be with other northern friends of the Negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the Negro and his improvement and well-being. They do not believe in social equality of the race and make no false pretense in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the Negro is very plain. It seems to me there is abundant behavior among the southern whites toward the Negro, to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born out of something so much deeper and more imperious as to amount

to racial instinct. Whatever it is, let us remember that it has condoned the Negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the saturnalia of reconstruction days and has allowed a kindly feeling for the Negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by a perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent and blighting Negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even prejudice racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who, in the solution of the Negro problem, must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden." Even Mr. Cleveland has come to feel that the North should be considerate of the South, should be tolerant of the South; that the South, practically, should be left to deal with the Negro problem as it sees fit.

In the same city another event of similar import has also taken place within the last month. A committee of the Union League, one of the most powerful political organizations in the country, recommended to the league the importance of taking up the matter of cutting down southern representation, based upon the disfranchisement of nearly the entire Negro population of the South, and urging upon Congress the duty of carrying out the provisions of the Constitution which make such a reduction imperative. The proposition precipitated a lively discussion, and was finally defeated through the influence of Mr. Robert C. Ogden. Mr. Ogden is a northern man, the president of the board of trustees of Hampton Institute, and has always been regarded as a man who believed in equality of rights for all men in this country, black and white alike. But even Mr. Ogden, good man as he is, has now come to feel that it is better to allow the Negro to be despoiled of his political rights and the Constitution to be openly violated; better to permit the South to do a wrong and then to profit by its wrong-doing than to excite its displeasure. Even Mr. Ogden has come to feel that the South must be propitiated, even though it be at the expense of the Negro, even though it involves a wrong to the Negro. The feeling is, after all, these are only Negroes. What difference does it make whether they get their rights or not. It is more important for us white men of the North to stand in with our southern white brethren than to be troubling ourselves about the rights of black folk. If we let the South have its way, it will be a great deal pleasanter for us. When we go South we will be received with open arms; the southern papers will

speak well of us, will make much of us. And you know we have always felt our inferiority to the southern people, and to have them pat us on the shoulder, to say pleasant things to us and about us is too great a boon for us to forego simply because of these black people, who belong to another race anyhow. It is true, we profess to be Christians, and if Jesus were here He would doubtless feel very different in regard to these black people, who are also God's children, as well as we are; but He isn't here. And while, in his absence, it is our duty to represent Him, nevertheless it isn't expedient for us to do so. If we do, the southern people won't be pleased with us, and so, rather than lose their favor, we will do what they want us to do, rather than what Christ would have us do. And so, men like Mr. Ogden and scores of others are going over to the southern view of things, are content to allow the South to have its way.

One other incident I want to call attention to. It occurred in our own city, and recently. It was the marriage of a colored man and a white woman. The fact was announced through the papers, and the name of the minister who performed the ceremony given. No sooner did the fact become known than the minister became alarmed, and hastened through the press to say that he didn't know the man was colored; that he was such a nice, respectable-looking man that he supposed he was white, and that had he known that he was colored he would not have married them. Why would he not have married them? Is there anything in the laws of the District of Columbia against such a marriage? No. Is there anything in the Bible against intermarriage of the races? No. Is there anything in the religion of Jesus Christ which forbids such a union? No. Why then should a minister of Christ say, "I would have refused to marry them?" Why? Either because he is himself infected with the virus of race prejudice, or because he is a moral coward; because he is afraid of the Negro-hating sentiment that is prevalent in this community—afraid that it might lead people to leave his church, or give him the cold shoulder. And he is a northern man, and is the successor of Byron Sunderland—of Byron Sunderland, the man who years ago in this city, when the Negro had few friends, and when Frederick Douglass, our own great Douglass, found it difficult to get a place in which to speak, threw his church open and made the great orator welcome, though he knew that he would be severely criticized for it. Imagine Byron Sunderland saying, "Had I known that he was a colored man I would not have married them." Imagine Jesus Christ,

whom this man professes to represent, making such an ignoble speech, such an inglorious surrender of principle, through cowardice. It only shows the drift of sentiment; it is only another illustration of the truth that we have enemies, and that they are increasing. If this man were charged with being an enemy to the race, he would doubtless deny it. He thinks, perhaps, he is a friend, and may be able to persuade himself that he is, but he could never persuade me that he is. I regard no man as a friend, I care not what his profession may be, or how many good things he may say patronizingly of the Negro, or how much money he may give for Negro education, if, by word or act, he denies the essential equality of the Negro as a man, if he looks upon him and treats him as an inferior being, belonging to a lower order of creation; if he thinks that a Negro ought to be satisfied with less than a white man is satisfied with; that there are things that white men may aspire to that Negroes have no right to aspire to. I care not, I say what he may think of himself or what others may think of him, I class him among the enemies of the race, among those who are seeking, consciously or unconsciously, to break down in the Negro that which is most essential to his true manhood—his self-respect. Look upon a man as an inferior, treat him as an inferior, encourage others to treat him as an inferior, and it doesn't make any difference how much you may do for him under the guise of philanthropy, you can never repair the injury that you do him. If you want to help him; if you are really his friend, you will treat him in a way to stimulate his self-respect, to encourage every manly aspiration within him.

That is just the thing, however, which the great majority of even the so-called friends of the Negro do not want to stimulate within him. It isn't the manly Negro, it isn't the self-respecting Negro, it isn't the Negro who feels, and rightly feels, I am a man, and wants to be treated as a man, that the country is anxious to develop. Those are the Negroes that are labeled in the South "undesirable": the Negroes, they say, that think they are just as good as white men, and who put bad notions in the heads of other Negroes. Even our so-called friends are not over-anxious, I say, to develop a very large crop of that type of Negro. It is the Negro who accepts the doctrine of his supposed inferiority, and who is content to be treated as an inferior—the Negro humbly and gratefully accepts any recognition which the superior race may see fit to bestow upon him—never losing sight of the fact, however, that he has his place and that he must

keep in it. In other words, it's the Negro who believes in self-effacement, or who pretends to believe in it, that our enemies delight in and that even our friends prefer to have dealings with. That is the kind of Negro who never gives any trouble. He is never an agitator; he never has any complaints or grievances. You may kick him and cuff him about; you may take away his right to vote; you may prescribe Jim Crow cars for him—it's all the same—he is satisfied; he is not disposed to make any trouble. Our enemies, and even our friends, may rejoice in the production and in the multiplication of that type of a Negro, but the race, thank God, never has and never will. That is the kind of Negro that the race utterly despises. I don't care what kind of education may be prescribed for the Negro, whether by friend or foe, if it does not recognize the fact that he is a man, and not a man minus something, and doesn't deal with him as a man, it will fail. Education which sacrifices the manhood of a race, the self-respect of a race, is not the education which the Negro, or any race of men, wants. If it is to be helpful in the highest and best sense of the term, it must recognize the fact, and address itself to the fact, that the Negro is every whit a man, created in the image of God, just as truly as the white man, and endowed with the same faculties and capacities, the same desires and aspirations. I get utterly tired of hearing men classed as friends of the Negro, or who class themselves as his friends, who at heart regard him as an inferior being, and who show by their treatment of him and by the course which they may outline for him that that is their estimate of him. The first requisite to a true friendship for the Negro is the recognition of the fact that he is a man, and that he is entitled to be treated as other men are treated. The man who doesn't believe that, and who isn't willing to act on that assumption, cannot, in the nature of the case, be to him a friend in the true sense of the term, and it is sheer nonsense to speak of him as such. As long as white men feel and act on the theory that the Negro is not to be placed in the same category as themselves, is not to be accorded the same rights as themselves, they may want to help him, but they cannot, in that which is most essential—in strengthening, in developing his manhood. What the Negro expects and demands from his friends is treatment that will conserve and not destroy his self-respect.

Returning now to the circular, we are reminded in it, in the fourth place, that our friends are dying out. The reference here is to the men and women who stood by us in the dark days of slavery

and the period immediately succeeding the war. A nobler band of men and women the world has never seen. These old battle-scarred heroes are rapidly disappearing—only here and there one remains.

Our friends are not only dying out in the sense of passing from the stage of action, but also in the sense of losing interest. Many have waxed cold; many have gone entirely over to the enemy. They have come under the withering and benumbing touch of the subtle, pernicious and pervasive influence of the South.

(5) We are reminded also of the fact that "we are confronting a crisis in our life, as citizens, unlike any other former trial through which we have passed—a crisis full of deadly menace to all that free-men hold dearest." And this is also true. The enemy seems to be unusually active just now, and to be having very largely his own way. There never was a time when the peril to our rights as citizens seemed more real or more threatening than at present.

(6) We are reminded also of the fact that there is on our part need of humbling ourselves before God. This is to be to us a day of humiliation as well as a day of prayer—a day of confession of our shortcomings. The implication is that we are not all that we ought to be; that too often we do the things that we ought not to do and leave undone the things that we ought to do. This, I think, none of us will deny. And our attention is called to this fact in connection with this day, in the hope of stimulating us all to more strenuous efforts at self-improvement, in the hope of impressing us all more deeply than ever with the necessity of setting ourselves resolutely against all forms of evil and of seeking earnestly to appropriate and assimilate all that is good. It is well for us, as a race, to keep our eyes upon ourselves; to hold ourselves to a strict account. Only as we do this can we hope to profit by past mistakes and blunders; can we hope to keep ourselves in line with what is highest and best.

And now, in view of all that has been said,—in view of our present condition and environment in this country, it is evident that if we are to succeed, we must not only be alive, wide awake, ourselves, but we must have help, and help that is more than human. And in the text which we are considering, such a source of help is pointed out to us. The words are, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken in the heart of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof." If as a people, we would

only make that language ours; if that was really the sentiment of our hearts; if God was to us, what He is represented here as being, we would have no need to fear anything, nor anybody,—the gates of hell could not prevail against us. And this is the thought that I want to dwell on just for a moment, in closing. The text calls attention, first, to the fact that God is. It assumes the existence of God. It affirms His being and reality.

Second, it declares, that He is a refuge. What is a refuge? It is a strong tower, into which those who are being pursued, those who are in danger, may run and find safety. God is such a strong tower, for the oppressed, for the downtrodden, for the poor, the weak, the friendless.

Third, it declares that God is a source of strength. The Psalmist says, God is our strength, i. e., through him they were enabled to do what they could not do otherwise. They were strong, because their dependence was upon God, because they looked to him in every time of need; they were strong because they had linked themselves to Him.

Fourth, it declares that where God is thus accepted, where he becomes the refuge and strength of an individual or a race, there is never any need for alarm, never mind how unfavorable, how unpropitious the circumstances may appear. "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; though the waters therefore roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof."

What we need, therefore, as a people, is to stay ourselves on God, is to make Him our refuge and strength. And yet this, I am afraid, is just what we are not doing. In too many cases we are growing up ourselves, and we are allowing our children to grow up, with little or no thought of God. He isn't in our thoughts, and he isn't in their thoughts. The life which we are living, and the life which we are training them to live, is a life with God left out of it, or so nearly left out of it as to practically amount to the same thing. This is to be greatly deplored. And the plea which I want to make here this morning, not only to the fathers and mothers, but also to the young men and women, and even the children, is, that we centre our thoughts upon God, that we take him into our lives and give him the place of empire there, not only for our own sake, as individuals, but because as a race, it is the surest way to solve this difficult and perplexing problem with which we are grappling in this country. If we will be true to God: if we will do what he wants us to do: if we

will make His word a lamp to our feet and a light to our path he will discomfit our enemies and give us the victory. "Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever." That is what God said of the children of Israel. And what he was willing to do for them, He will do for us if we trust Him, if we delight ourselves in Him, if we will serve him with the whole heart.

On this day of humiliation and prayer, let us remember, therefore, that there is help for us in God if we will let Him help us, if we will put ourselves where he can help us. The heathen may rage, the people may imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth may set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against us, but if God is our strength and refuge, if it is His will that we are delighting to do, their counsel will come to naught, it will avail nothing. "Touch not mine anointed," is what God says. We are told that He rebuked kings for their sake. Let us see to it, then, that we are His anointed; that his mark is upon us. In this way, we, who are members of this race, can do more to help it than in any other way; in this way we can call to our aid a power that is invincible, that is more than a match for our enemies. And vice versa, if we want to injure this race, if we want to make it more and more difficult for it to succeed, all we have to do is to shut God out of our hearts, is to go the way that He doesn't want us to go, and to train our children to do the same.

I have been speaking of enemies of the race, on the other side of the line, but there are enemies also within the race itself. And who are these enemies? I am not referring now to those members of the race who play into the hands of the enemies on the outside, giving them aid and succor by their cowardly acquiescence, for personal ends, in the treatment that is accorded to their race, in the low estimate that is put upon it. It is not of such traitors that I am speaking. It is of an entirely different class of enemies, and who are they? They the the fathers and mothers, who live themselves and who train their children to live without God; they are the men and women, whether old or young, who are indifferent to religion, who think they can get along without God. Such men and women are among the very worst enemies that we have. What hope is there for us as a race, in this land, surrounded as we are by so many hostile and powerful forces, if we drift away from God? There is none whatever. This I believe with all my heart; and just in proportion,

as this fact roots and grounds itself in the consciousness of the race, will we be strong. With God on our side we have nothing to fear; but God is on the side of the man or the race only who is on His side. The important thing for us therefore is to get on God's side, and to stay on His side. And this is the thought, which this day is intended particularly to emphasize. It is a solemn call to the whole race to turn to God, and to turn to God with full purpose and determination to serve Him, and Him only. That is the path of safety; the path that leads to victory; the path that is sure to bring peace, prosperity, happiness.

If we fail in the struggle; if we are driven to the wall; if our enemies get the better of us, it will be our own fault. It will be because we haven't made God our refuge and strength, because we haven't been seeking first His kingdom. Joshua, in his farewell address to the people, you will remember, said, "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which Jehovah your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, not one thing hath failed thereof." God is a covenant keeping God. His words endure to a thousand generations. What He says may be relied upon with absolute assurance. And, therefore, although we are living in troublous times, although the waters are roaring about us, and the mountains are shaking in the heart of the sea; although everything seems to portend evil, we need have no fear, if we are anchored in God. He is a sure defense; He is an ever present help in trouble. In the psalm from which our text is taken, there runs all through it a note of triumph, and it is because underneath it is the consciousness of the abiding presence of God.

"There is a river, the streams
 whereof make glad the city
 of God,
 The holy place of the taber-
 nacles of the Most High.
 God is in the midst of her;
 she shall not be moved:
 God will help her, and that
 right early.
 The nations raged, the king-
 doms were moved:
 He uttered His voice, the earth
 melted.
 Jehovah of hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our
 refuge.
 Come, behold the works of
 Jehovah,
 What desolations he hath
 made in the earth.
 He maketh wars to cease unto
 the end of the earth;
 He breaketh the bow, and cut-
 teth the spear in sunder;
 He burneth the chariots in the
 fire.
 Be still, and know that I am God :
 I will be exalted among the
 nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
 Jehovah of hosts is with us ;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge. ' '

And this same God will be our God, if we will accept Him, if we will surrender ourselves to His guidance and direction; if we will make Him our pillar of cloud, by day, and our pillar of fire by night. "I will be exalted among the nations," is what God says here: and, if we will exalt Him in our hearts, in our lives, He will exalt us. He will break the bow, and cut the spear in sunder, and burn up the chariots of our enemies. The God of Jacob is a mighty God. His power is infinite. You remember Luther's grand old hymn:—

"A mighty fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing :
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.
 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing :
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.
 And though this world, with devils filled
 Should threaten to undo us;

We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.”

O, let us as a people never forget this. And whether our earthly friends be few or many, let us remember that the one friend without which we cannot succeed—the one friend that is more important for us to have than all the others, is God. If He is for us, it matters not who is against us, what weapons may be raised against us; it matters not if the South succeeds, for the time being, in winning the whole North over to its way of thinking, we will be taken care of all the same, we will get our rights all the same. The unholy alliance cannot, will not last. To God, therefore, let us turn our thoughts, and the thoughts of our children more and more. With Him as our refuge and strength we need have no fear.

4

THE THINGS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE IN THE
 DEVELOPEMENT OF THE NEGRO RACE¹

And he said unto them, Take heed, and keep yourselves from covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—LUKE 12:15.

The point to which attention is directed in this passage is not only of very great importance to the individual, but also to nations and races. What is here affirmed to be true of the life of man, considered as an individual, is also true of an aggregation of individuals called a nation or a race. And this is the aspect of the subject to which I desire to direct attention this morning, particularly as it respects ourselves, and our future in this country. We number now between nine and ten millions, and every recurring census shows a steady increase. We are not going to die out, and we are not going to be transported from this country to some other. We are here, and we are here to stay. It is in this land that we are to work out our salvation, that we are to demonstrate to the world of what material we are made. It is very important, therefore, at this stage of our development, that we should understand clearly, in what our life, as

¹ Delivered March 29, 1903.

a race, really consists. It is of the utmost importance that we make no mistakes here, for as the twig is bent the tree inclines. If our activities, in the beginning, crystalize about wrong ideas; if we get wrong notions into our heads, they will follow us all through life and will seriously interfere with our progress, with our real, true development. What we want to do is to start right, to get our faces turned in the right direction,—to have the emphasis put where it ought to be put; to hold the lesser things in due subordination to the higher things. The wise race leader is the man or woman who sees what these higher things are, and who is laboring to turn the thoughts of the race more and more towards them. It will be helpful to us, therefore, if we will pause and allow the great teacher to instruct us on this point. What has He to say about life, individual life, racial life? He says, It does not consist in things; it does not consist in the abundance of things that may be possessed. That is the great truth which Jesus here holds up, and which it is important for us, as a race, to remember and lay to heart. And it is important, just now particularly, because, unfortunately, the very opposite of that is the gospel which is being preached. What the Negro needs, we are told, is to amass wealth, to buy property, to get hold of the soil, to have a bank account, and everything will be all right. That is not what the Lord Jesus says, though that is what some of our race leaders are asserting.

I do not wish to be understood, in what I am saying, to mean that we are to be indifferent to material things, nor did the Lord Jesus mean to teach any such doctrine in what he here affirms. We must concern ourselves about such things; we must take thought about such questions as what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? If we do not we will be sure to lag behind in the race of life. One of the signs of promise for a brighter future is the financial record that we have made during the last thirty-five or forty years. That record is a creditable one. It shows that within these years, in spite of many discouragements, with the odds largely against us, we have grown in material possessions. We now own, according to the most reliable statistics obtainable, 130,000 homes; 600,000 acres of land; 130,000 farms; 4 banks; 1 silk mill, 1 cotton mill, amounting in all in value to about 900,000,000 dollars. That is not a bad record. We may congratulate ourselves upon it. It shows that the acquisitive faculty of the race is being quickened, stimulated; that we are not indifferent to

that aspect of the struggle through which we are passing. No one feels more strongly than I do the importance of a sound financial basis for the race; no one realizes more keenly than I do the value of money as a factor in race development; no one would urge more strongly than I would the wisdom of availing ourselves of every legitimate opportunity of improving our financial condition. It is right that we should be alive, wide awake, to such things, that we should do all we can to enlarge our business activities; but the thing to which I am objecting, to which I am calling attention is, the over emphasis or the undue emphasis that is being put upon such things. Everywhere the impression is being made that what the race most needs is money, money, money. Within the race itself there is a powerful propaganda, the purpose of which has been for years, it seems to me, to create just that impression. The whole tendency has been to exalt the material, to magnify the getting of things, to multiply worshipers for the shrine of Mammon. The tremendous emphasis that is being put upon industrial education, and what is being said about buying land and having bank accounts, is a part of this scheme for materializing the race, for constructing its life upon this low plane of the getting of things, the acquisition of property. That kind of teaching has been going on for years, and is still going on with ever-increasing emphasis. It may catch the popular ear and may receive the applause of the multitude, but the philosophy underlying it, is totally, absolutely false. Money is not the great need of the race; nor will money solve the race problem, either in the sense of breaking down the prejudices of the white man, or of elevating the Negro himself in character. There is no saving power in money. The acquisition of wealth is not necessarily a good. The fact that a man is rich is no evidence that his character is all right, that he is an upright and worthy man. Not unfrequently the very opposite is true. The race that begins, therefore, with the thought that the getting of money is the be-all and the end-all of life, is making a sad, sad mistake. That is not the foundation upon which the superstructure must be reared, if it is to endure. There are greater and more important things, in the evolution of a race, than material possessions; and those who are the leaders in this evolution should be careful lest the wrong bias is given, lest false ideals are set up, that will result only in evil, or that must sooner or later be given up. This over-emphasis that is being put upon material possession is an evil, which those of us who are interested in the higher development

of the race should not allow to continue longer without an earnest effort to counteract it. It is with this idea in mind that I desire to take up the subject this morning and look at it in the light of the great statement of the text.

In considering the problem of life, whether for an individual or a race, there is no book to which we can go with greater certainty of being properly directed, than the Word of God. The apostle says, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." In the 119th Psalm, we read, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word." In the same Psalm, David says, "Thy commandments make me wiser than mine enemies; for they are ever with me. I have more understanding than all my teachers; for Thy testimonies are my meditation. I understand more than the aged, because I keep Thy precepts." I want you to study with me for a moment this morning, therefore, what this book has to say about riches, about mere material possessions. Here are a few of its statements. "Weary not thyself to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings, like an eagle that flieth towards Heaven." Prov. 23:4, 5. "If riches increase, set not your heart thereon." Psalm, 62:10. "One thing thou lackest: go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions. And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God. And the disciples were amazed at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Mark 10:23-25. "And he that was sown among the thorns, this is he that heareth the word; and the care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful." Matt. 11:22. "But godliness with contentment is great gain: for we brought nothing into the world, for neither can we carry anything out: but having food and covering we shall be therewith content. But they that are minded to be rich fall into

a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." I Tim. 6:6-11.

From these and other passages that might be cited, it is evident, that according to the Bible conception of life, the piling up of material things, the laying up of earthly treasures, is not one of its great objects. It tells us not to set our hearts upon such things; it tells us that we cannot take such things with us; that the love of such things is a great source of evil; that such things do not satisfy; that such things are more apt to be hinderances than helps to spiritual development. No attempt is ever made to magnify them, to give them any special prominence. The tendency is always the other way, to hold them in a secondary and subordinate position. No special deference is ever paid to the rich; no special honors are ever reserved for the rich; neither are the poor ever discriminated against, ever slighted, ever treated as though they were less worthy of respect because of their poverty. We are distinctly told that God is no respecter of persons; and we find the apostle James sharply rebuking this tendency in the church to defer to riches, to bow down and worship mere material possessions. His words are, "My brethren, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come into your synagogue a man with a gold ring, in fine clothing, and there come in also a poor man, in vile clothing; and ye have regard to him that weareth the fine clothing, and say, Sit thou here in a good place; and ye say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool; are ye not divided in your own mind, and become judges with evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren; did not God choose them that are poor as to the world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he promised to them that love him? But ye have dishonored the poor man. Do not the rich oppress you, and themselves drag you before the judgment-seat? Do not they blaspheme the honorable name by which ye are called? Howbeit if ye fulfill the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well: but if ye have respect of persons, ye commit sin, being convicted by the law as transgressors." And that is the spirit that pervades both

Testaments. There is not only no disposition, no effort made in the Bible to magnify the getting of material things, the making a god of Mammon, but on the contrary, all through it, there is a constant warning against allowing such things to take too great a hold upon us, to absorb too much of our time and attention. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal," is the admonition. And the parable of the rich fool closes, as you will remember, with these words. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God." What Jesus asserts, in the passage which we are considering, is simply in line, therefore, with the whole trend of the teaching of God's word. Not in material things, not in the abundance of things possessed, does the life of an individual or a race consist. This is what the Bible asserts. And this great fact, this fundamentally important fact, we need to have impressed upon us,—line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, until its tremendous significance is fully realized, until it roots itself in our deepest consciousness.

There are many reasons why we should be on our guard just here, why we should be especially watchful and solicitous for the race at this point, and at this juncture in our history.

(1) At this stage of our development, we are more apt to be influenced by material things, are more inclined to turn our energies in the direction of things which minister to our bodily wants, which bring ease, and comforts, and luxuries, than towards higher things.

(2) We are living in the midst of an intensely materialistic civilization. As Bishop Potter has said, the cry now is, "Great is the god of railroads and syndicates." The whole trend is towards money-getting. Mammon is the god that now sits upon the throne, and at whose shrine white America is largely worshipping. It is an age of great combines, of the concentration of capital, not for the purpose of the general good, of the amelioration of the condition of the masses, but purely and simply for the piling up of dollars, for the amassing of great fortunes. It is the business interest of the country that is now made paramount to every other. The whole atmosphere is saturated, is filled with this idea of money-getting. Unless as a race we are extremely careful, therefore, unless something is done to offset this tendency, we are more than apt to catch the same spirit, to fall in with the same drift of sentiment.

(3) Within the race itself, as has been said, there is a movement already on foot, which has tended steadily to put the emphasis

on material things, which is having its effect, and which will render it more and more difficult to give the proper direction to race development.

(4) No race that makes the getting of money, the acquisition of material things its great object, its chief end, can ever hope to reach a high stage of development. It may be able to build palaces, and to dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, but it will be deficient in moral fiber, in spiritual power, in the real elements that go to make a race great. No people can become great, truly great, in whom the spirit of Mammon is uppermost. In proportion as that spirit gains the ascendancy the people or nation begins to decline. Already we are beginning to see the evidences of such a decline in our own country. So strong is the love of Mammon that Right no longer has a hearing, or gets it only with the greatest difficulty. One reason why the North has allowed the South to violate the Constitution, to despoil the Negro of his civil and political rights under that instrument, is because of its Mammon-loving spirit, because Northern capital is finding its way into the South, and because the North has always been willing to sacrifice everything to money-getting. And if that spirit continues to hold sway, it is not difficult to see what the outcome is bound, sooner or later, to be. The man who pulled down his barns and built greater ones, in which to bestow his goods, and who said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry," Jesus pronounced a fool. And the race that makes the pulling down of barns and building greater ones, the getting of land, the accumulation of property, the amassing of wealth, its great object,—the race that puts the chief emphasis upon such things, is a fool race. It is not acting wisely. It is not following a wise leadership. It is directing its time and attention and energies chiefly towards that in which its highest and best interest does not consist. Let us get all the wealth we can; let us do all we can to enlarge our business activities, to increase our material possessions, but do not let us make these the chief things: do not let us imagine for a moment that in getting them, we are getting the most important things, the most essential things; for we are not. We need the lower life to stand upon, but we must never lose sight of the higher life; nor must we allow the lower life to overshadow it. The higher things must always be kept in the ascendancy. That is the program that must be followed, if we are to have a normal, healthy development, if the

outcome of the struggle through which we are now passing is to rebound to our glory and honor.

Leaving now this aspect of the subject, we come in the second place to the main point in the discussion. Inasmuch as the life of the race does not consist in the abundance of the things which it possesseth, in what then does it consist? What are the things upon which the chief emphasis should be laid, and around which its activities should mainly center? What are the great things, in comparison with which, the getting of money is as nothing, or as the small dust of the balance?

(1) It is moral development; it is the building of character; it is the enthroning in the hearts of the people the love of right; it is rooting and grounding them in the great principles enunciated in the Ten Commandments:—

Honor thy father and mother.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

The inculcation of these great foundation principles upon which character must rest, if it is to be what it ought to be, and the bringing of the race to recognize them, and to conform its life to them, is what is meant by moral development. It is a development that aims to make us good citizens, good neighbors, good fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, parents and children; that aims to make us self-respecting, reliable, trustworthy, honest, straightforward, upright, clean, pure in heart and life. How to secure that kind of development, how to make the race strong in character, in the qualities that go to make up a true and noble manhood and womanhood, is a vastly more important matter than any question of dollars and cents. And we want to so teach and preach that the race will feel that, and feel it keenly, and govern itself accordingly. One moral idea firmly rooted in the consciousness of the race, firmly implanted in the heart of the race, is worth more than millions of dollars piled up in banks or invested in farms and farming implements. It is the race that is strong morally that is going to succeed, and that is going to make itself a place, and an honorable place. The more attention we give to

this kind of development the more certain is it we are not going to fail, the greater are the probabilities that we are going to succeed. The Bible says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." It does not say anything about money, about material possessions; it speaks of righteousness—that is the thing that exalts, that lifts a nation up, and that is the thing that will lift a race up, that will exalt it, and make it strong and honorable. It is sin that is a reproach to any people. That is where the emphasis is put, and that is where we want to put it. If we can only get the race to feel that, more than half the battle is won.

(2) We need also to give very close attention to religious development. "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish," is the emphatic declaration of God's Word. There is a warning here which it is important for us to heed, to lay to heart.

What do I mean by religion, and religious development? By religion I do not mean shouting, making a noise, getting happy, talking about spiritual things; I do not mean going to church, taking part in meetings, and going through any or all of the formalities of worship. I mean something entirely different. I mean the consciousness of the fact that God is the greatest Being upon whom we are dependent and to whom we are responsible, and the fear and love of Him. I use the word fear in the sense of reverence. The religious man is the man who has a living faith in God, and whose aim and purpose in life is to please him. And by religious training, I mean that training which has for its object the inculcation of this faith, this love, this reverence for God. The importance of this kind of development, this kind of training, is evident when we remember that the religion of which we are speaking is the Christian religion, that religion which has Jesus Christ as its center, and which aims to bring all men under His ennobling influence. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus clearly indicates to us what His kingdom stands for:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit.

"Blessed are they that mourn.

"Blessed are the meek.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.

"Blessed are the merciful.

"Blessed are the pure in heart.

"Blessed are the peace-makers.

"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

And elsewhere He says, "The first and great commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He also says, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done." We know what that example was; we know what kind of a life he lived. And to train this race to walk in his footsteps, to catch his spirit, to so enthrone him in their hearts as to make him a constant guide and inspiration to them is of the greatest moment. Christianity today is the mightiest power for good in all this wide world, and to bring this race under that power is of paramount importance. In loyalty to God; in obedience to Jesus Christ, is the pledge and guarantee of every other good. Jesus Himself says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal:" i. e., do not make that the great end of life—the piling up of earthly treasures; "but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The kingdom of God first, and the other things will follow. How to set up this kingdom in the heart of this race, and how to give it the place of pre-eminence there, is therefore the thing about which we should think most and for which we should labor most earnestly. A God-fearing race, a race that loves righteousness and hates iniquity is sure to succeed, is bound to forge to the front.

(3) In the interest of moral and spiritual development we need to give special attention to three great and important institutions—the home, the church, the school.

(1) The Home. I mention it first because it is first in importance. It is about the home that the family life centers. The family is the unit of civilization, and it is in the family that the first and deepest impressions are made upon the young. Much, very much

therefore, will depend upon the character of the influences at work within the home, and these influences will be largely what parents make them. The home life will be simply an expression of the traits and characteristics of the man and the woman who have pledged their troth to each other to live together after God's ordinance, in the sacred bonds of matrimony. Everything should be done therefore to impress upon parents the importance of making the most of themselves, of seeking for themselves the largest possible moral and spiritual development for the sake of their children, who will be sure to be influenced by their example, for better or for worse. It is only as the home is dominated by a God-fearing spirit, it is only as parents are themselves living examples of a pure and lofty morality, that we can hope to make the children what they ought to be. The future of this race will depend very largely upon the character of the boys and girls that come out of these homes. And yet, I am afraid, under the influence of this industrial craze that is sweeping the country, this tremendous emphasis that is being laid upon industrial education, the getting of money, the buying of land, this fact is being obscured or overlooked. Industrialism deals with the home, but it is the material habitation with which it is mainly concerned. When it enters a community and looks for the evidences of race progress, it searches out the man who has made money, who has built himself a home, has finely furnished it, and is able to entertain, to give fine dinners or suppers, who has his own private equipage, and who has built up a profitable business. He is the man that is held up and lauded to the skies, that is pointed to with race pride. It has little or nothing to say about the man who has been more concerned about character-building than about money-getting; more concerned about the proper rearing of his children than about accumulating something to leave them after he is gone; the man who has been engaged in the work of building for himself a true home in which to rear his family,—a home, though humble, in which the atmosphere is pure, and sweet, and wholesome, where all the influences are elevating and ennobling,—the man who has been thinking more about leaving behind him a godly seed, children that will rise up to call him blessed, than about pulling down barns and building greater ones.

This philosophy of race development which teaches that what we most need is money, money: this over-emphasis that is being put upon getting instead of being, is doing us a great deal of harm, in that it is diverting attention from the things without which money will be

only a curse to us. Under the influence of this teaching, there are hundreds and thousands of fathers and mothers of our race who are turning heaven and earth to make a dollar, and they are succeeding. They are growing in material possessions, in lands and houses; they have pleasant homes; they have a plenty to eat, and a plenty to drink, and a plenty of fine clothes to wear; but their children are being utterly neglected. They feed and clothe their bodies, but give little or no thought to their souls, to their moral and spiritual development; they are simply left to do as they please; to grow as the weeds grow, without direction or supervision. While the parents are engaged in money-getting the evil one is putting in the tares, which are sure some day to result in a harvest of tears. What will it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what will it profit us,—the fathers and mothers of this race, if we pile up lands and houses and lose our children,—if we allow them, through neglect, to go to the bad; if we allow the opportunities which God has put into our hands of shaping and moulding them aright, to slip away from us unimproved,—what will it profit us? One pure, sweet home,—in which the father and mother are alive, wide-awake, to their responsibilities and to their privileges as parents, in the training of their children, is worth more than millions of treasures to this race, in its effort to rise. And it is to the multiplication of such homes, that we need particularly to direct our attention.

(2) The Church is also an institution that has in it very great possibilities for good. It may be made a powerful factor in moral and spiritual development. It is where the people meet for worship, where the Bible is read and expounded. It gives a splendid opportunity for creating moral and spiritual impressions, for the inculcation of truths of the greatest importance, and for arousing and stimulating the individual and community to what is highest and best. All this will depend very largely, however, upon the character of the ministry, upon the kind of men who are the spiritual leaders of the people. An ignorant and corrupt ministry is a curse to any people; is one of the greatest sources of demoralization; and vice versa, an intelligent, pious, God-fearing, consecrated ministry is one of the greatest blessings to a race, a power for good whose influence cannot be overestimated. One of the things that we need particularly to be concerned about therefore is the training of such a ministry. The standard of ministerial qualification, intellectual, moral, spiritual,

should be kept high, and a sentiment created within the race, within all of our churches, that will make the presence of bad, designing, ungodly men in the ministry impossible, or that will reduce the number to a minimum. How to strengthen the Negro ministry; how to get at the head of all of our churches men of character, of piety, of brain power, courageous men, men who will cry aloud and spare not, who will lift up a standard for the people, is vastly more important to this race than mere money-getting.

(3) Very careful attention should be given to the school. It also may be made a most important factor in moral development. Five days in the week the children are brought in contact with the teacher. The teacher, therefore, has an opportunity, not only of training the head, but also the heart; not only of teaching the young idea how to shoot, but also of implanting in the soil of the heart precious seeds of truth, of purity, of honesty, of sobriety, of impressing them with the importance of living worthy lives. Into these schools, therefore, we want to get the right kind of men and women,—men and women who have the true missionary spirit, who see the opportunities which are thus afforded them, and who are glad to avail themselves of them. How to enlarge and improve the teaching force of the race, how to put into these teachers the right spirit; how to arouse them to a sense of the importance of their position, in this process of race evolution, is vastly more important than any question of mere dollars and cents.

What the great teacher says about life, is true not only of the individual, but also of the race,—it does not consist in the abundance of the things possessed; and it is of the greatest importance for us as a people to understand this, and to lay it to heart now, at this stage of our development. Not what we have, but what we are is to tell mightiest upon our future. The great thing is not money-getting, the amassing of wealth, the accumulation of property, the buying of farms and having them well stocked. The salvation of the race is not in the ownership of the soil; is not in bank deposits; is not in business activity. It is in character-building, in moral and spiritual development, in making of good, pure, sweet homes; in the proper rearing of children, in filling our pulpits and school houses with intelligent, God-fearing, consecrated men and women. These are the things of paramount importance,—the things upon which the chief emphasis should be laid. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." The principal thing is not dollars and cents, not material possessions, but wis-

dom, understanding,—the right attitude of soul towards God, and the forces that make for righteousness. And that is the thought that we need to hold aloft, and to do all we can to impress upon those who are coming after us, and who must take up the work and carry it on when we are gone. This cry that is filling the land for the treasure that perisheth must not be allowed to obscure our vision or divert attention from the greater things, or relegate them to a secondary or subordinate place.

5

THE NEGRO AND HIS CITIZENSHIP.¹

And when they had tied him up with the thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned? And when the centurion heard it, he went to the chief captain and told him, saying, What art thou about to do? for this man is a Roman. And the chief captain came and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? And he said, Yea. And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this citizenship. But Paul said, But I am a Roman born. They then that were about to examine him straightway departed from him: and the chief captain also was afraid when he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him.—ACTS 22:25-29.

In this passage attention is directed to four things: To the fact that Paul was a Roman citizen; to the fact that he was about to be treated in a way that was forbidden by his citizenship; to the fact that he stood up for his rights as a Roman citizen; and to the fact that those who were about to infringe upon his rights were restrained, were overawed.

I. Attention is directed to the fact that Paul was a Roman citizen. Citizenship was a possession that was very highly esteemed, and that was obtained in several ways,—by birth, by purchase, as a reward for distinguished military services, and as a favor. Paul's came to him by inheritance; his father before him had been a Roman citizen: how it came to the father we do not know. At one time the price paid for it was very great. The chief captain, in the narrative of which our text is a part, tells us that he obtained his with a great sum; and therefore he seemed surprised to think that a man in Paul's circumstances should have it. At first he seemed a little incredulous, but it was only for a moment. The penalty for falsely

¹ Delivered in 1905.

claiming to be a Roman citizen was death; this fact together with the whole bearing of the apostle finally left no doubt in his mind: he accepted his statement.

It was not only a great honor to be a Roman citizen, but it carried with it many rights and privileges that were not enjoyed by others. These rights were either private or public,—*Jus Quiritium*, and *Jus Civitatis*. Among Private Rights, was the Right of Liberty. This secured him against imprisonment without trial; exemption from all degrading punishments, such as scourging and crucifixion; the right of appeal to the emperor after sentence by an inferior magistrate or tribunal, in any part of the empire; and also the right to be sent to Rome for trial before the emperor, if charged with a capital offence.

Among the Public Rights belonging to Roman citizens the following may be mentioned: (1) The right of being enrolled in the censor's book, called, *Jus Census*. (2) The right of serving in the army, called, *Jus Militiæ*. At first only citizens of the empire were permitted to engage in military operations, to bear arms and fight in its behalf. (3) The right to vote in the different assemblies of the people, called, *Jus Suffragii*. This has always been and is today one of the most important functions of citizenship, and one that should be highly prized and sacredly guarded. (4) The right of bearing public offices in the state.

There were many other rights enjoyed by Roman citizens, but I will not take the time to enumerate them: these are sufficient to show us the value, the importance of Roman citizenship; and this citizenship the apostle Paul was invested with, with all the rights and privileges which were involved in it. On one occasion he said, "I am a citizen of no mean city," referring to Tarsus, which was one of the free cities of Asia Minor; but more than that, as he tells us here, he was a citizen of the empire.

II. Attention is called to the fact that Paul was about to be treated in a way that was forbidden by his citizenship; that was contrary to Roman law. He had gone up to Jerusalem to attend the feast of Pentecost. After meeting the brethren and rehearsing to them the wonderful things which God had wrought through his ministry among the Gentiles, they congratulated him upon his success, but said to him: "Thou seest, brother, how many thousands there are among the Jews of them that have believed; and they are all zealous for the law: and they have been informed concerning

thee, that thou teachest all the Jews who are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, telling them not to circumcise their children neither to walk after the customs. What is it therefore? they will certainly hear that thou art come. Do therefore this that we say to thee: We have four men that have a vow on them; these take, and purify thyself with them, and be at charges for them, that they may shave their heads: and all shall know that there is no truth in the things whereof they have been informed concerning thee but that thou thyself walkest orderly, keeping the law." It was in compliance with this request, that Paul went into the temple to do as he was asked to do: and while there was seen by certain Jews of Asia, i. e., the province of Asia, who at once stirred up the multitude and laid hands on him, crying out, "Men of Israel, help: This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place; and moreover he brought Greeks also into the temple and hath defiled this holy place." It was like touching a match to a powder magazine. The people were aroused. Instantly there was a response to the call; and dragging the apostle out of the temple they were in the act of beating him to death, when the chief captain, learning of the tumult, rushed down with a squad of soldiers and rescuing him, brought him into the castle. The next day with a view of ascertaining what the trouble was, the real ground of complaint against the apostle, the chief captain proposed to examine him by scourging, and issued orders to that effect. In obedience to this order the apostle was stripped and actually tied up. The process of examination proposed was very severe. The culprit was stripped and tied in a bending posture to a pillar, or stretched on a frame, and the punishment was inflicted with a scourge made of leathern thongs weighted with sharp pieces of bone or lead, the object being to extort from the sufferer a confession of his guilt or the information desired.

If the chief captain had understood the Hebrew language, and could have followed the address of the apostle which was delivered on the steps of the palace, he would have understood what the trouble was, without attempting to resort to this brutal method of finding out; but evidently he did not. Everything indicated, however, that it was something very serious, judging from their treatment of him, and from the intense excitement which his words produced upon them, and hence, he was all the more anxious to find out. If the apostle was guilty of any offence against the law, it was the

duty of the chief captain to take cognizance of it, and to punish him accordingly, but if he was innocent, if he had in no way transgressed the law, it was his duty to release him. The law also provided how the guilt or innocence of an accused person was to be ascertained; and it was the duty of the chief captain to have followed the course prescribed by the law; but it is clear from the narrative that he had determined upon another course: the prisoner is ordered to be scourged, instead of calling upon those who had assaulted him to make their charges, and to substantiate them, and then giving the apostle an opportunity of defending himself.

III. Attention is directed in the text to the fact, that the apostle stood up manfully for his rights. After they had tied him up, as if waiting to see just how far they would go, and just as the process of scourging was about to begin, he challenged their right to proceed: he said to the centurion, who was standing by, and who was there as the representative of the chief captain, to see that the scourging was properly done, and to make note of what he confessed,—he said to this man: “Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?” The law expressly forbade the scourging of Roman citizens; it was an indignity to which no Roman citizen was to be subjected. This was what was known as the Porcian law, and it took its name from Porcius, the Tribune through whose influence its adoption was secured. And this is the law to which the apostle here appeals, whose protection he invokes. Paul, as a Roman citizen, not only knew what his rights were, but he stood up for his rights. He insists here upon being treated, as he was entitled to be treated, as a citizen of the empire. They are about to scourge him, contrary to law, and he says to them, Stop; you have no right to treat me in this way, intimating and they evidently understood it, that if they did not desist, they would hear from him; he would bring the matter to the attention of the emperor.

This is not the only place where Paul falls back upon his rights as a Roman citizen. He did the same thing a little later on. He was removed from Jerusalem to Caesarea, as you will remember, where he remained a prisoner for two years. During that time he was frequently placed on trial before the following officials,—before Felix, before Festus, before Agrippa. It was during one of these hearings, that Festus the governor, in order to curry favor with the Jews, intimated that he might be sent back to Jerusalem to be tried; and doubtless this was his intention, having entered into a secret ar-

rangement with the enemies of the apostle, who had resolved to kill him at the first opportunity. This they felt that they would have a better chance of doing if they could only induce the governor to return him to Jerusalem. The apostle, of course, knew all this; he knew how intensely they hated him, and what their plans and purposes were, and he was determined not to be entrapped in this way. The record is: "Paul said in his defence, 'Neither against the law of the Jews, nor against the temple, nor against Caesar have I sinned at all.' But Festus, desiring to gain favor with the Jews, answered Paul and said, 'Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me?' But Paul said, 'I am standing before Caesars' judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou also very well knowest. If then I am a wrong doer, and have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if none of these things is true whereof these accuse me, no man can give me up to them. I appeal unto Caesar.' Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, 'Thou has appealed unto Caesar, unto Caesar thou shalt go.'"

One of the great privileges of a Roman citizen was the right of appeal; the right of being heard directly by the emperor, of taking his case out of the hands of all inferior judicatories, up to the highest: and this is the right which the apostle here avails himself of. It was the only thing that saved him from being turned over by a corrupt official into the hands of his enemies; and it forcibly illustrates the importance of citizenship. Had he not been a Roman citizen clothed with the sacred right of appeal he would have been basely sacrificed to the malice of his enemies; or, though he had been a Roman citizen, if he had cowardly surrendered his right, if he had failed to exercise it, he would have equally perished; but the apostle stood upon his right, and so succeeded in thwarting the purposes of his enemies.

IV. Attention is directed in the text to the fact, that those who were about to scourge this man, were restrained by the knowledge of the fact that he was a Roman citizen. The moment they became aware of this fact; at the mere mention of that sacred name, citizen, everything came to a stand still; the uplifted hand, ready to smite, is arrested, and we find the centurion running off, in great excitement in search of the chief captain, and saying to him, "What are you about? Do you know that this man is a Roman?" and we see

the chief captain coming in great haste and saying to the apostle, "What? can it be possible! Are you really a Roman?" "Yes," said the apostle, "I am; and my father before me was." The chief captain is astonished; yea, more, fear takes hold of him; he becomes suddenly alarmed.

There are two things in this incident that are worthy of note: first, this indignity that was offered to the apostle was through ignorance. It was not known that he was a Roman citizen. The law was violated, but it was not purposely done. It was not the intention of the chief captain to ignore the rights involved in citizenship; for he himself was a Roman citizen, and was interested in maintaining those rights. And, second, to trample upon the rights of a Roman citizen was a very grave offense, a very serious matter; and it became a serious matter because back of this citizenship was the whole power of the empire. These rights were carefully guarded, were rigidly enforced, so that the term, Roman citizen, was everywhere respected. No one could infringe those rights with impunity: hence you will notice what is said here, "The chief captain was afraid when he knew that he was a Roman because he had bound him." He recognized at once the gravity of the offense. That was old pagan Rome; but under its rule citizenship meant something; it was a sacred thing; back of it stood the strong arm of the Government to give efficacy, power to it. This man was afraid when he realized what he had done; and that is the feeling which outraged citizenship ought everywhere to inspire. It ought to mean something; and there ought to be power somewhere to enforce its meaning.

But it is not of Roman citizenship that I desire to speak at this time, but rather of American citizenship, and of that citizenship as it pertains to ourselves. In the providence of God we are citizens of this great Republic. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution declares: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." Under this provision of the Constitution we are all citizens; and we have earned the right to be citizens. We have lived here as long as any other class in the Republic; we have worked as hard as any other class to develop the country; and we have fought as bravely as any other class in the defense of the Republic. If length of residence, if unstinted toil, if great sacrifices of blood, if the laying of one's self on the country's altar in the hour of peril, give any claim to citizenship, then our claim is beyond dispute; for all these things are true of us.

We are citizens of this great Republic: and citizenship is a sacred thing: I hope we realize it. It is a thing to be prized; to be highly esteemed. It has come to us after 250 years of slavery, of unrequited toil; it has come to us after a sanguinary conflict, in which billions of treasure and rivers of blood were poured out; it has come to us as a boon from the nation at a time when it had reached its loftiest moral development; when its moral sense was quickened as it had never been before, and when it stood as it had never stood before upon the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, not as glittering generalities, but as great realities: it was at that sublime period in our history, when the national conscience was at work; when the men who were in charge of affairs were men who stood for righteousness; when the great issues before the country were moral issues, issues involving human rights,—that the nation saw fit to abolish slavery and to decree the citizenship of all men, black and white alike. When we think of what this citizenship has cost, in blood and treasure; of the noble men through whose influence it was brought about; and of the fact that it came to us from the Nation when it was at its best, when it was living up to its highest light, and to its noblest conceptions of right and duty, —we ought to prize it, to set a high value upon it.

And we ought to show our appreciation of it: (1). By being good citizens; by doing everything in our power to develop ourselves along right lines, intellectually, morally, spiritually, and also materially: and to do everything in our power to promote the general good; everything that will help to make for municipal, state, and national righteousness. We are to remember that we are part of a great whole, and that the whole will be affected by our conduct, either for good or bad. If we live right, if we fear God and keep his commandments, and train our children to do the same, we ennoble our citizenship; we become a part of the great conservative force of society, a positive blessing to the community, the state, the nation. It is especially important for us, in view of the strong prejudice against us, the disposition to view us with a critical eye, to hold up and magnify our short-comings, that we be particularly concerned to be constantly manifesting, evidencing our good citizenship by allying ourselves only with the things that are true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. We ought not to lose sight of the fact that the strongest fight that is being made against us today is by those who are doing most to discredit us, to

array public sentiment against us,—those who are parading our short-comings and imperfections, who are giving the greatest publicity, the widest circulation to them. There are persons in this country, who are determined, and who never lose an opportunity to blacken our good name. Dr. DuBois, in that splendid document of his, “Credo,” said among other things, “I believe in the Devil and his angels, who wantonly work to narrow the opportunity of struggling human beings, especially if they be black; who spit in the faces of the fallen, strike them that cannot strike again, believe the worst and work to prove it, hating the image which their Maker stamped on a brother’s soul.” And this is one of the conditions that confront us in this country, and that we must not lose sight of. The fact that there is this determination on the part of our enemies to prove that we are utterly unworthy of this great boon of citizenship, should have the effect of creating within us a counter determination to show that we are worthy,—to do our level best in every sphere of life. Now I do not mean by this to say that we are not proving ourselves to be good citizens; for we are: a great many of us are; but I have called attention to it because I feel that it ought to be emphasized; that we need to feel more keenly and more widely than is felt, the meaning of this great boon and the demand which it makes upon us. It is a challenge to every man to live a straightforward, upright, worthy life. And what is needed is, not only that we, who have had exceptional opportunities, should feel this way, but that the great mass of our people should be educated to feel the same, to be animated by the same spirit. And we are to be their educators; it is through us that this spirit is to descend upon them, and take possession of them. If this citizenship means anything, it means that we should be concerned about everything which makes for law, for order, for good government, for individual, municipal, state, and national purity and righteousness; it means that each one of us ought to be a living example of the best type of what a citizen ought to be.

But this is not all: if we value our citizenship we will not only seek to make the most of ourselves, to live on the highest plane but we will also stand up manfully for our rights under that citizenship. I have no patience with those who preach civil and political self-effacement. I never have believed in that pernicious doctrine, and never will. When you have effaced a man, civilly and politically, in a government like our own, what is he? What does he

amount to? Who cares for him? What rights has he which any other class is bound to respect? He is a mere nonentity, entitled to no consideration, and with no refuge to which he can fly in the hour of his need. To be civilly and politically effaced is to be civilly and politically dead; and to be civilly and politically dead is to be at the mercy of any and every political party or organization, and to be under the iron heel of the worst elements in the community without any means of redress.

We are citizens of this Republic: and I want to direct attention to this fact for a moment; and I am glad of the opportunity of doing it at this time, when we are in the midst of celebrating the inauguration of our President. I thank God for the man at the White House; for his courage; for his high sense of righteousness; for the many splendid things which he has said; and for the noble stand which he has taken on human rights; on equality of opportunity; on the open door for every man in the Republic irrespective of race or color. I rejoice in the fact that we have such a President. I commend him heartily for what he has done. I hope he will do more; I hope there are yet larger things in store for this race through him. But whether he does more or not; or whatever may be his future policy, or the future policy of the leaders of either of the great political parties, or the rank and file of those parties, it cannot, it will not affect in the least, our attitude in regard to our rights under the Constitution. We are citizens, clothed with citizenship rights; and, there is no thought or intention on our part of ever surrendering a single one of them. Whatever others may think of it, or desire in regard to it, we do not propose to retreat a single inch, to give up for one moment the struggle. I say, we and in this, I believe I speak for those who represent the sentiment that is taking more and more firmly hold of the heart of this race. I belong to what may be called the radical wing of the race, on the race question: I do not believe in compromises; in surrendering, or acquiescing, even temporarily, in the deprivation of a single right, out of deference to an unrighteous public sentiment. I believe with Lowell,

“They enslave their children’s children,
Who make compromise with sin.”

And this, I believe at heart, is the sentiment of the race; at least, it is the sentiment of some of us. There is where we have taken our stand and there is where we propose to stand to the end. What belongs to us as citizens we want; and we are not going to be satisfied

with anything less. We are in this country, and we are here to stay. There is no prospect of our ever leaving it. This is our home, as it has been the home of our ancestors for generations, and will be the home of our children, and our children's children, for all time. It is of the greatest importance to us, therefore, that our status in it, as it is permanently fixed, should be, not that of a proscribed class, but that of full citizenship with every right, civil and political, accorded to us that is accorded to other citizens of the Republic. This is the thing that we are to insist upon; this is the evil against which we are to guard.

What our enemies are seeking to effect is to make this a white man's government; to fix permanently our status in it, as one of civil and political inferiority. The issue is sharply drawn; and it is for us to say whether we will be thus reduced, whether such shall be our permanent status or not. One thing we may be assured of: such will surely be our fate unless we clearly comprehend the issue, and set ourselves earnestly to work to counteract the movement, by resisting in every legitimate way its consummation, and by using our influence to create a counter public sentiment.

What are some of these citizenship rights for which we should earnestly contend?

(1) The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In one section of this country, at least, and the area is growing, and is fast including others, the life of a Negro isn't worth as much as that of a dog. He may be shot down, murdered, strung up to a tree, burnt to death, by any white ruffian, or band of lawbreakers and murderers with impunity. The color of his skin gives any white man liberty to maltreat him, to trample upon him. He has no rights which white men are bound to respect. If he goes to law, there is no redress; his appeals avail nothing with judge and jury. That is a condition of things that we ought not to rest satisfied under. As long as the life of a black man is not just as sacred as that of a white man, in every section of the Republic; as long as wrongs perpetrated upon him are treated with greater leniency than wrongs perpetrated upon white men, his status is not the same as that of the white man; and as long as it is not the same an injustice is done him, which he ought to resist; against which he ought to protest, and continue to protest.

(2) Another citizenship right is that of receiving equal accommodations on all common carriers and in all hostleries; on railroads,

steamboats, in hotels, restaurants, and in all public places. When we travel, whatever we are able to pay for we are entitled to, just as other citizens are. Today this is largely denied us. The hotels are not open to us; the restaurants are not open to us, even the little ten cent lunch counters, in this the capital city of the nation, are not open to us; we are shut out from all such places, and shut out because of the color of our skin. If we attempt to travel, and turn our faces southward, we must ride in Jim Crow cars; we must be segregated, shut up in a little compartment by ourselves. The privilege which we once enjoyed without stint of taking a sleeper or Pullman car, even that now is being taken from us. One state has even gone so far as to make it unlawful to sell a ticket to a person of color on a sleeper. That is the state of Georgia; a State that has in it Atlanta University, and Clark University, and the Atlanta Baptist College, and Spelman Seminary, and the Gammon Theological Seminary, and Haines Institute, and many other schools of learning; a State that has within its borders some of the very best type of Negroes in this country. The meaning of all this, don't let us misunderstand: it is a part of the general policy, which is being vigorously pushed by our enemies, to fix our status as one of inferiority, by shutting us out from certain privileges. The whole thing is wrong. Such invidious distinctions ought not to be permitted in a republic. It is inconsistent with citizenship. Everything ought to be open to all citizens alike:—railroad cars, hotels, restaurants, steamboats, the schools and colleges of the land: our public schools ought to be open to all the children alike. There ought not be separate schools for the whites, and separate schools for blacks: all the children of the Republic ought to be educated together; and sooner or later it is bound to come to that. Some one has said, "It isn't so much the Jim Crow car, as it is the Jim Crow Negro in the car." The fallacy of this statement, and its attempted mitigation or justification of the Jim Crow car, lies in the fact that the Jim Crow car has nothing whatever to do with the Jim Crow Negro. It was not instituted for him, but for all Negroes, whether Jim Crow or not: in fact, it was designed, particularly, not for the Jim Crow Negro, but for the intelligent, progressive, self-respecting Negro. If there are Jim Crow Negroes among us we owe them a duty; we ought to seek to improve them, to lift them to higher levels; but while we are doing this, don't let us forget that there is a Jim Crow car, and what it stands for. It stands for a hostile public sentiment; it is a part of a concerted plan

which seeks to degrade us, to rob us of our rights, to deprive us of privileges enjoyed by other citizens, because of the color of our skin. If there were no Jim Crow Negroes, we would have the Jim Crow car all the same. We should fight the Jim Crow cars, therefore, not only because of the personal discomfort to which we are subjected in traveling, but also because of the general system of which it is a part,—a system which seeks to establish a double citizenship in the Republic, based upon race and color; the one superior to the other, and carrying with it privileges which are denied to the other.

(3) Another citizenship right is that of serving in the Army and Navy; the right to take up arms and to fight in behalf of the country. This is our right, and we have exercised it, and are still exercising it. We have fought in all the wars of the Republic; and are represented today in both Army and Navy. We have made a glorious record for ourselves in this respect. There is no better soldier in the Army of the Republic, than the black soldier. This right has not been denied us, but let us, nevertheless, keep our eyes on it. There are some things even here that need to be looked into. It has been many years since we have had a representative in the great Naval or Military school of the country; and there have been some rumors about limiting the aspirations of Negroes in the Army, of not permitting them to advance beyond a certain point. If there is such a thought or intention on the part of those in authority, it must be resisted. The Negro must be free—in the Army, in the Navy,—in every part of the Army and Navy,—as other citizens are free; to advance according to his merit. His color must not be allowed to operate against him.

(4) Another citizen right is that of suffrage, the right of the ballot; the right to have part in the government; to say who shall make the laws and who shall execute them; and what the laws shall be; the right to have an opinion, and to have that opinion counted in determining what shall be and what shall not be. This is one of the greatest of rights. In a republic citizenship means very little without it. It is this which marks the difference between a representative government, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and a despotism, an absolute monarchy. The glory of the age in which we live is the triumph of democracy by the right of the people to say who shall rule; and how is the will of the people expressed? Through the ballot; at the polls. The ballot therefore is the symbol of sovereignty of the people. If we are to be sovereign

citizens of the Republic therefore, this right to vote must be preserved. The old despotic idea of government was, that some people were born to rule, and that others were born to be ruled; and the idea that exists in the minds of some people in this country, in democratic America, in face of the affirmation of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal, is that in this country, there are some people who are born to rule, and others who are born to be ruled; and that the people who are born to rule are the whites, and those who are born to be ruled are the blacks: hence the effort that is being made to divest us of this symbol of sovereignty,—the ballot. Let us not be deceived; let us give no heed to any teaching, never mind from what source it may come, which seeks to minimize the importance of the ballot. What difference does it make whether we vote or not? I have heard some weak-kneed, time-serving representatives of our own race say; and the thought has been caught up by the men in the south who have been seeking to rob us of our rights, and by those in the North who have been playing into their hands, and they have said, Yes, What difference does it make? It makes all the difference in the world: the difference between a sovereign citizen of the Republic, and one who has been stripped of his sovereignty; between one who has a say in what is going on, and one who has not; between one who is ruled with his consent, and one who is ruled without it. If we are just as well off without the ballot how is it that the white man is not just as well off without it? And if he is unwilling to give it up, why should he ask us to give it up? Why should we give it up? If he needs it in order to protect himself, much more do we, for we are weaker than he is, and need all the more the power which comes from the ballot.

(5) Another citizenship right is, that of holding office, the right to be voted for, and of being appointed to positions of honor and trust by the executive power. This is also a right that belongs to us, and that we must contend for. It is one of our rights that is now being especially contested in the South. The Negro must not be appointed to any office, is the demand of Southern white sentiment. I am glad that the President has not yielded wholly to that sentiment. The fight which he made in the Crum case was a notable one, and clearly indicated that he was not willing to shut that door of opportunity to the Negro; that he was not willing to take the position that a man was to be debarred from public office simply because of the color of his skin. That was the right position for him to take,

and the only one that was consistent with his oath of office, and his position as President of all the people. I hope that he will continue to act upon that principle; and that he will do more than he has done. There is room for improvement in this direction. A few more appointments of colored men in the North, as well as in the South, would be a good thing. It ought to be done. The right of colored men to receive appointments ought to be clearly and distinctly emphasized by multiplying those appointments. There is nothing like an object lesson in impressing the truth. I hope that the President will give us many such object lessons during the next four years.

The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; the right to receive equal accommodation on railroads, steamboats, in hotels, restaurants, and in all public places of amusement; the right to be represented in the Army and Navy; the right to vote; the right to hold office: these are some of our citizenship rights, for which we should earnestly contend. Sometimes, we are told, that it would be better to say less about our rights, and more about our duties. No one feels more the importance of emphasizing our duties than I do,—I think I have done about as much of it as anybody,—but among the duties that I have always emphasized, and still emphasize, is the duty of standing up squarely and uncompromisingly for our rights. When we are contending for the truth; when we are resisting the encroachments of those who are seeking to despoil us of our birth-right as citizens; when we are keeping up the agitation for equal civil and political privileges in this country, are we not in the line of duty? If not, where is the line? Duties? Yes. Let us have our duties preached to us,—line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; but at the same time don't let us forget that we have also rights under the Constitution, and to see to it that we stand up for them; that we resist to the very last ditch those who would rob us of them. And in doing this, let us remember that we are called to it by the stern voice of Duty, which is the voice of God; and that we need not apologize for our action.

And now in conclusion but a word more and then I am done. The fight before us is a long one. You will not live, nor will I live to see the triumph of the principles for which we are contending; let us not become discouraged, however. Things look pretty dark at times, but it isn't all dark. Now and then there are gleams of light, which indicate the coming of a better day. There are forces work-

ing for us, as well as against us; and with what we can do for ourselves we need not despair.

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
 Lord;
 He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes
 of wrath are stored!
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
 swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.
 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
 call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
 judgment seat;
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
 my feet!
 While God is marching on.”

Let us take courage; let us gird up our loins; let us stand at our post; let us be true to duty; let us hold ourselves to the highest; let us have nothing to do with the unfruitful works of darkness; let us be temperate, industrious, thrifty; let us do with our might what our hands find to do; let us trust in God, and do the right: and then, whether the struggle be long or short, there can be no doubt as to the final issue. We shall come out victorious; we shall be accorded every right belonging to us under the Constitution, and every avenue of opportunity will be opened to us, as to other citizens of the Republic. The future is largely in our own hands. If we allow ourselves to be permanently despoiled of our rights; to be reduced to a position of civil and political inferiority, the fault will be, not “in our stars,” as Shakespeare has expressed it, “but in ourselves.” Others can help us; others will help us, as they have already done; but the final outcome will depend mainly upon what we do for ourselves, and with ourselves. If we are to grow in the elements that make for a strong, intelligent, virtuous manhood and womanhood, we have got to see to it, to be concerned about it; to be more deeply concerned about it than anybody else. And so, if the agitation for equality of rights and opportunities in this country is to be kept up, and it ought to be kept up, we are the ones to see to it. As long as there are wrongs to be redressed, from which we are suffering, we ought not to be silent, ought not for our sake as well as for the sake of the nation at large. Whatever can be done to develop ourselves; whatever can be done to create a healthy and righteous public sentiment in our behalf; whatever can be done to check the encroachments

of our enemies upon our rights, we must do it, whether others do or not. May God help us all to realize this, and to address ourselves earnestly to the work that lies before us.

“Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. ’Tis God’s gift.”

6

THE ATLANTA RIOT¹

“Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.”

2 CORINTHIANS, 11 : 24-26.

The apostle Paul, in these words, sets forth the condition in which he found himself almost constantly. The term which he uses to describe this condition is the word peril. He tells us that he was in constant peril; that he was beset by dangers on all sides. The sources of the danger of which he speaks, as set forth here, are four-fold:

1. From natural causes. He was in perils of rivers; he was in perils in the sea.
2. From the criminally inclined. He was in perils of robbers.
3. From his own countrymen; from the men of his own race, the men with whom he was identified by blood.
4. From the Gentiles, from those who were not Jews.

The apostle was a travelling missionary; and so was constantly on the go. Sometimes in these missionary tours he had to travel by water; and so was exposed to all the dangers of the sea—to storms and tempests. One of these terrible storms in which the ship was lost, his travelling companion, Luke, has left a description of for us in the Acts of the Apostles.

Sometimes in his travels he had to journey along lonely passes and over barren mountain wastes, infested by robbers and other desperate characters: and so was liable to be treated as the man on his way from Jericho was, who was waylaid, robbed, and beaten almost to death.

¹ Delivered October 7, 1906.

Sometimes in the discharge of his duties, as the ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, he ran up against the prejudices of his own countrymen. The course which he was pursuing, and which he felt that he must pursue in obedience to the dictates of his own conscience and the expressed command of Jesus Christ, whom he once persecuted, but in whose service he had now enlisted for life, excited in his countrymen the most violent opposition. They were ready to kill him at the first opportunity, as they tried to do when he last visited Jerusalem. You remember that turbulent scene, as Luke describes it in Acts, 21st chapter: "And all the city was moved, and the people ran together; and they laid hold on Paul, and dragged him out of the temple. And as they were seeking to kill him, tidings came to the chief captain of the band that all Jerusalem was in confusion." A little farther on in the description of what took place, we have also this record: "And they gave him audience unto this word; and they lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live."

Among the Gentiles he also found himself beset by dangers. At Philippi he and Silas were seized, cast into prison, and beaten with many stripes. At Ephesus, a riot was precipitated, during which the apostle had to conceal himself from the violence of the mob.

In view of the record which has come down to us, we can readily understand what the apostle means when he speaks of being in perils. He was in constant danger, bodily danger; liable at any time to be violently assaulted; to be maimed, or beaten to death. Whether he was on land or sea, in the city, or in the country; it was all the same. The same conditions surrounded him. Whichever way he went, whichever way he looked, the ghastly visage of danger stared him in the face. He was encompassed by perils.

And what was true of the apostle Paul is true today of our race in this country, especially in the southern section of it. We are in constant peril; no one is safe for a moment. We are liable at any time to be shot down, to be brutally murdered. Character, intelligence, wealth, count for nothing. The most intelligent, the most respectable, the most industrious, the most law-abiding are in just as great danger as the most ignorant, the most vicious, the most indolent, the most lawless. Sometimes the more progress that is made, the higher the type represented, the greater the peril. The feeling among certain elements of southern society, among the poor whites

—the lower classes—is more pronounced, is more virulent in its opposition to the well-to-do, the self-respecting, the aggressive elements of the colored race than against the shiftless, non-progressive, self-satisfied, who are content to remain just as they are, who are without hope, without aspiration, without ambition. They are more tolerant of the one type, than of the other; they will take more from the one than they will from the other; they are not so easily offended by the one as by the other. And the reason for this is two-fold:

1. It is the result of envy, born of hatred. It hurts this class of whites to see the Negro prospering. They don't want him to succeed; they don't want him to get along. Somehow, they seem to feel that it detracts from them: that if this higher class of Negroes were out of the way, it would be better for them. The unprogressive Negro, the Negro that is content with present conditions, they are not concerned about, they have nothing to fear from that class; but it is the rising Negro, the Negro that is forging to the front; who sees a future before him, and who is alive, wide-awake to the possibilities of the future—that he looks with especial disfavor upon; and the reason for this is because he sees in that type of Negro a rival, a competitor in the struggle of life. And, in regarding him as a competitor, he is not mistaken. He is the type of Negro that he will have to reckon with in the fierce battle of life. He is in the struggle and he is there to win. He is bound to get his share of the plums. The hatred, the opposition of this class of whites is not going to dampen his ardor or discourage him in the least. He has begun to forge ahead, and he is going to continue to forge ahead. You can't stop the progress of a people; you can't keep a people from rising by hating them, by exhibiting toward them an envious and malicious spirit, if they themselves are in earnest; if they themselves are determined to go forward; if their minds are firmly made up to succeed. And this I believe is true of our race,—if not of all,—of a sufficient number, at least, to guarantee the result. Onward! is our watchword: and more and more is that thought taking possession of the masses of our people; more and more are we waking up to the thought that we have got to work out our own destiny in this country. And out of that thought or conviction is coming, more and more activity from within the race. As long as we feel that we must depend upon others; as long as we feel that we must look to others and not to ourselves, there

will be more or less stagnation within the race. It is only as we come to feel, and to feel deep down in the bottom of our hearts that we "must sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish," through our own exertions, that the latent powers within the race itself will be awakened, and the forces necessary to lift it, to carry it forward, be generated. It is only as the race becomes self-reliant that it will grow strong; that it will become self-respecting; and that it will command respect from others. And because the race is becoming more and more self-reliant; because the evidences are multiplying every year of greater activity from within, we have nothing to fear from the envious and malicious spirit of the lower classes of whites in the South, in keeping us from rising, from taking an honorable place in the procession of those who are moving forward, in the onward march of progress.

2. Another reason why a certain class of whites in the South, why, I may say, a very large proportion of the southern whites, are less tolerant of the aggressive, progressive, intelligent, thrifty, well-to-do Negro, than of the other class, is because it is the intelligent, progressive Negro who gives the lie to their theory of the Negro's inferiority. God made the Negro inferior, they say, God made him to be a servant; to be a beast of burden; a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Some have gone so far as to deny his humanity, as to declare that he hasn't a soul. And while they are proclaiming his inferiority, while they are believing, or pretending to believe in his inferiority, right in their midst, all about them, the Negro is demonstrating his capacity, by proofs as strong as words of holy writ, to take his place along side of his detractors in all the avenues of life, where he has had the opportunity. This hopelessly inferior race, this lowest type of humanity, if he be really human, strange to say is found doing, and doing just as well, what the highest type is doing. In business, in scholarship, in all the higher activities he has been tried, not a great many, perhaps, but a sufficient number to determine the capacity of the race. He is succeeding in business; in the professions; he is measuring up to the requirements of all the great universities of the land; and in the field of athletics, where discipline and nerve, and the highest skill of a certain kind are necessary, he is not a whit behind his white competitor. I do not believe in prize fighting and yet I was gratified the other day to read what referee George Siler had to say about Gans, the colored champion. "It is

generally conceded," he said, "that Booker T. Washington has done much good and will do much for the colored race for its uplifting, its education, for making its members citizens in a true sense of the word; but with all that, in the entire course of his life work he never did one-tenth to place the black man in the front rank as a gentleman than has been done by Joe Gans. He has shown forbearance; he has shown courtesy; and in the ring on Monday he displayed chivalry which is not unworthy of being classed with the superlative notions of the gentlemen of the middle ages who wore spring suits of boiler plate and tilted at everything in sight for the defence of some fair lady. He failed to take advantage of technicalities; he aided his fallen foe and was assaulted even while his glove still maintained his friendly grasp on that of his adversary. He fought a good fight when crippled, and although fouled more than once, refrained from taking the advantage which the rules gave him."

In the *Boston Sunday Post* is also this statement: "The victory of Gans brings up an interesting question. Is not the Negro a greater fighter than the white man? There are certainly good grounds for coming to that conclusion when one recalls the name of Peter Jackson, the Australian heavy-weight, the only fighter whom John Sullivan ever feared; George Dixon, whose equal has not yet been found among the bantam and featherweights; Joe Walcott, who still stands pre-eminent as the welter weight champion; and now Joe Gans, the light-weight champion without a peer. There are four champions in four classes, and they were almost contemporaries. Add to that great quartette a few of the present near champions—Jack Johnson, the cleverest of all big men; Young Peter Jackson, Sam Langford and others, and then remember that all the white champions are steadfastly refusing to box with Negroes. It looks as if the black man had something on the white man in the ring."

Wherever the Negro has been fairly tested he has made an honorable record for himself; has demonstrated his capacity to do what other races have done. All over the southland are unmistakable evidences of his progress; unmistakable evidences of his capacity to do what other men have done. And yet, in spite of the record which he is making, the daily, hourly proof that he is offering of his ability to succeed, the old theory of his inferiority is still maintained, is still insisted upon; is still accepted as true. Instead of revising their theory in view of the facts, instead of re-

joining in the ever-growing evidence of the black man's progress and aiding in every possible way to hasten his development, the fact that he is forging to the front seems only to intensify the feeling against him. And one reason for this, as I have already said, is because it gives the lie to the white man's theory. It is worse than puerile to talk about the inferiority of the Negro in view of what he has done, is still doing, and of the promise which he gives of still larger things in the future. Every man who has given the matter any thought, who has taken the pains to inform himself, to get hold of the facts, knows that the Negro is going forward, that he is making progress, commendable progress, along many lines. And in no part of the country is there greater evidence of this fact than in the southern section of our country. And yet there isn't a member of this race in all that southland who isn't in daily peril, who may not at any moment be violently assaulted, who has any rights which white men are bound to respect. To have a dark face is to become a target for abuse, for insult; is to give every white man the right to maltreat you, to kick and cuff you, and spit upon you. And if you resent it, if you dare to protest, to intimate that you have some rights that you would like to have them respect, the mob spirit is instantly evoked, and your brains are knocked out, or you are shot to death or burned at the stake. That is the condition of things all over the South. There is no part of it, no section of it, however remote, of which this is not true. Everywhere the black man is beset by perils. He doesn't know what a day may bring forth; he doesn't know what day he may be shot down, or some member of his family, or some friend or acquaintance murdered. We have just had an exhibition, a most shocking exhibition of the constant peril in which this race is forced to live, in the unprovoked, brutal and dastardly assaults that were made upon members of it in Atlanta, Ga. Assaults not upon the guilty, not upon the criminal classes, but upon all Negroes indiscriminately. The country was horrified; the whole civilized world stood aghast; and yet what took place in Atlanta may take place in any southern city at any time; the spirit that pervaded Atlanta—the murderous, blood-thirsty, Negro-hating spirit—is the spirit that pervades the entire South; it needs only the occasion to call it forth. Paul was in peril of rivers, in peril of robbers, in peril of his own countrymen, in peril of the Gentiles—the Negro in the South is in peril of the white man. And it isn't an imaginary,

it is a real peril, as the actual daily experiences of this race all over the South will testify. This is one reason why so many are getting away from the South. We are inclined to blame them, at times, but dare we under the circumstances? If we were situated as they are, what would we do? What would any man do who felt that he could not surrender his manhood, and yet who was unwilling to sacrifice his life, to expose himself to the bullets of white assassins and murderers?

Now, I know what will be said, what is being said: The Negro has brought all this on himself; he has induced this condition of things; this peril that surrounds him is of his own making. It is a lie! The Negro race is not responsible for this condition of things. This is what John Temple Graves and others of his ilk have said in reference to the Atlanta massacre. Several assaults, it is alleged, were made on white women by Negroes, four or five in one week. Grant it. In what sense were the colored people of Atlanta responsible for those assaults? Were they parties to them? Did they know the assailants? Did they know that these assaults were to be made? Was it with their knowledge, with their approval? Did they connive at them? Did they give aid and succor to the assailants? No! Not even such whited sepulchres as John Temple Graves, Hoke Smith and Clark Howell, who did everything in their power to fan the flames of race hatred, believed anything of the kind. The Negroes of Atlanta, as a class, had no more responsibility for those assaults than the whites as a class had. The fact that the assailants were black, furnished no justification or excuse, for assailing the other members of the race who had nothing to do with them, and no knowledge of them. It is only a subterfuge, a lying device, behind which to hide their hatred of all Negroes. According to their own statement, the probabilities are that of all those who were brutally murdered, not one guilty person suffered. They were all innocent, so far as we know, and so far as those who murdered them knew. The guilt or innocence of the victims played no part in the bloody tragedy. It was race hatred pure and simple. One Negro answered as well as another the demand of the mob.

Now, I am not blaming white men; I am not blaming men of any race for being concerned about the protection of their women from assaults by brutes of any kind, be they white or black; I am not blaming white men for feeling indignant, wrought up, for being stirred to the very depths of their being, in view of such assaults.

They would be less than men if they did not feel strongly about the matter. Such assaults cannot be too severely condemned; they are unspeakably infamous; and ought to be put down with a strong hand. I am not blaming white men for rising up and saying, This thing must stop. But I am blaming them—

1. Because their concern is only for the protection of white women, while they care nothing about the protection of black women. It isn't the virtue of womanhood that they are anxious to protect, but of white womanhood. Black women might be assaulted every day in the year without giving them the slightest concern; without exciting in them the least indignation. The poor black woman's virtue counts for nothing with them.

2. I am blaming them for taking the law in their own hands. Criminal assault is an offense for which the State has provided an adequate penalty. And the State alone is charged with the enforcement of the law. Great criminals and small criminals alike are to be tried by the properly constituted authority, and if found guilty, punished. It is not the province of any man, or set of men, who feel aggrieved, to take the law in their own hands. In the case of assaults, as in the case of all other crimes, the law must be allowed to take its course. Those charged with enforcing it must be upheld. Everybody else must keep their hands off. Over against private revenge, against the individual attempting to right his own wrongs, stands this great idea of government.

3. I am blaming them for not discriminating between those who commit assaults upon white women and those who do not. Four or five assaults were made in and about Atlanta in one week, we are told, and therefore, Negroes indiscriminately must be shot down; Negroes indiscriminately were shot down. If the assailants themselves had been apprehended, the mob would have had no right to touch a hair of their heads—that was the function of the civil authorities—but when it attempts to deal with innocent men and women, to hunt them down like wild beasts with murderous intent, simply because of their race identity with the assailants, how much more to be condemned is such conduct.

I regret to say there is a disposition, and a growing disposition, on the part of a great many white people, North as well as South, to blame the Negro race because of its criminal class. I, as a member of that race, utterly repudiate any responsibility for Negro

criminals. What have I to do with the criminal Negro? What have you to do with him? What have hundreds and thousands and millions of our people all over the country to do with him except to extend him a helping hand in trying to reform him, to lift him up, to make him a better man? But the fact that he is a criminal, what right has that to affect my standing in this community as an upright, straightforward, honorable citizen? What right has it to affect your standing in this community? What right has it to affect the standing of the same class of colored citizens in other communities? Because there are criminals among us, is that a reason why we should be classed as criminals? Why we should be treated as criminals? As an individual I claim the right to be judged by what I am; not by what somebody else is. This is the right which every white man claims, the right which is accorded to white men, why not to black men? Why should one criminal Negro, or a dozen, or a hundred, or a thousand of them, make all Negroes criminal? Why is the Negro race to be judged by its criminal class, and the white race not? The standing of no white man, or set of white men, is affected in any community by the fact that there are white criminals in that community. It is only where people of color are concerned that that rule is applied. I for one protest against it. It is wrong; totally, absolutely wrong. It has no foundation in reason, common sense or justice. I am no criminal; and I do not belong to a criminal race; and I will never rest content under any such aspersion. I utterly repudiate the imputation: I repudiate it for myself; I repudiate it for you, who are here; I repudiate it for all the self-respecting people of color all over this country. So far as the criminal Negro is concerned, it is the duty of the State to deal with him as with other criminals of other races. So far as the Negro who is not a criminal is concerned—the Negro who is trying to make something of himself—it is the duty of the State, it is the duty of society, it is the duty of the community where he lives to recognize that fact, and to treat him accordingly. In no sense is he to be classed with his criminal brother in black. It is unjust to do so. It is to destroy in him every incentive to high endeavor.

And now let me come to the point that I have particularly in mind. What shall we say to our brethren in the South in view of their environments—in view of the perils that constantly beset them? There are three things, I think, we ought to say to them:

1. Don't be discouraged. Continue to do your utmost to develop yourselves along all lines—material, intellectual, moral, spiritual. Continue to buy farms; continue to go into business; continue to work at your trades; continue to send your children to is just and pure and lovely, and of good report, do with your might. Do your level best to make the most of yourselves, and of your children. Leave no stone unturned; be alive, wide awake; let no opportunity pass, unimproved. Work, work, hard persistent work, day in and day out, week in and week out, during all the months and years, is the course that must be pursued; is the course school; continue to sustain your churches, and to insist upon filling them with clean, pure men. Whatever your hands find to do, that that you have been pursuing. Continue to pursue it; continue to apply yourselves earnestly, faithfully in all the avenues of honorable endeavor, in which you are engaged. You have done well; and all the evidences indicate that each decade will find you still farther up the scale of progress. We rejoice with you, in all the efforts that you have made, and are still making to develop yourselves, to improve your condition. The struggle is a hard one, and it is going to be a long one; but success is bound to crown your efforts. You cannot fail as long as you are determined to succeed.

2. Be discreet; be cautious; be very careful of what you say and do. Jesus, in sending his disciples forth, said to them, you will remember: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." What He meant was, that they were to keep steadily in mind the fact that they were in the midst of wolves, among those who would be only too glad of the slightest pretext to ill-treat them, to violently assail them; and therefore they were to be wise, prudent, careful not to give unnecessary offence; not to expose themselves to unnecessary danger. This is the principle upon which the apostle Paul always acted in his contact with men of various races and conditions; and it is one which is important for us, as a race, to lay to heart. I do not mean by this that we are to surrender a single principle; that we are to efface ourselves; that we are to sacrifice our manhood—our self-respect—by no means. Our manhood, our self-respect must be maintained at all times, under all circumstances; but at the same time we must be cautious; we must not needlessly expose ourselves to danger. The wisdom of the serpent did not always save the apostles from violence, from brutal

assault; and it won't always save us; but it is the course, nevertheless, to be pursued. On the whole, it decreases friction; it lessens the evil. It gives a better opportunity for things to adjust themselves, a better opportunity for us to hold our own, while we are strengthening ourselves from within. The wisdom of the serpent is what our people need all over the southland, if they are to come out of the struggle in which they are engaged with the least harm to themselves; and are to work from the point of greatest advantage to themselves.

3. Be prepared to defend yourselves, if necessary. I know the meaning of these words. I have carefully weighed them; and, before God, I believe in the message which they contain. To every black man throughout the whole southland, I say, and say deliberately, Be prepared to defend yourself if necessary.

By this I do not mean that black men should go around with chips on their shoulders seeking a quarrel, seeking to foment strife and dissension. That is the last thing that they should think of doing, that they should permit themselves to engage in. If they are wise they will cultivate the spirit of peace, peace, peace. Their aim always should be to avoid strife. But if, through no fault of theirs, if, without any just provocation on their part, they are assaulted with murderous intent by individuals or by mobs, they should be prepared to defend themselves. The only defense which a black man in the South has against the mob is the defense which he throws around himself. He has no protection from the civil authorities. What did the civil authorities amount to in the bloody riot at Atlanta? Although the city was in the clutches of a set of fiends, hunting and shooting down Negroes indiscriminately, the Governor was asleep in his bed, and no one thought of waking him until the mob had spent its fury. And the Mayor, we are told, pleaded with the mob; and the mob took it only as a joke, knowing too well where the sympathy of the authorities usually is. Pleading with a mob! Who ever heard of pleading with a mob! There is only one effective way of dealing with a mob and that is to shoot it to death; to meet it in the same spirit of violence in which it comes. But there is no disposition on the part of the civil authorities in the South to meet it in that spirit when it is organized for the purpose of lynching Negroes. And therefore Negroes must be prepared to defend themselves. The men who usually compose mobs are nothing but a set of cowards; they are ready to join in

murderous assaults because they think that they can do it with impunity, without incurring any danger. The duty of the Negro, therefore, in seeking to protect himself from such violent outbreaks, is to make it as perilous as possible for the mob. When the mob understands, and understands from actual experience, that there are blows to take as well as blows to give, it will not be so quick to organize. The only thing which these cowards respect who organize mobs is force, brute force. The only thing which makes them think twice before acting, is the fear of being injured, of being hurt. If the civil authorities will not deal with mobs as they ought to be dealt with, then it is the duty of the Negro, in seeking to protect himself from these organized assaults upon his life, to do what he can to remedy the evil. There is but one way, as I have already said, to deal with a mob; and that is to shoot it to death; to riddle it with bullets or dynamite it. And the Negro will be doing himself and the whole South a service by being prepared to make it as perilous as possible for the mob.

Now, do not misunderstand me. Bear in mind the point which I am discussing. I am not urging colored men in the South to make war on white men. I am simply saying it is their duty to be prepared to defend themselves against such organized and murderous assaults as were made upon them in Atlanta.

These are the thoughts that have been running in my mind for the last ten days; these are the things that I have felt like saying to our brethren in the south. Don't be discouraged. Continue to do your utmost to develop yourselves along all lines, material, intellectual, moral, spiritual. Be discreet, be cautious, be very careful of what you say or do. Keep the peace: do all you can to preserve it: but at the same time be prepared to defend yourselves if necessary. This, I think, is good advice. It is the advice that ought to be given. I don't think any one can take any just exception to it. I believe it is sound, through and through; that it is in harmony with the dictates of nature, and of morality, and of religion. If the Negro is not prepared to defend himself, he will be without defense. He will die as the fool dieth.

Let us hope that this reign of terror in the South will not always last. That a change will come and come soon for the better. God hasten the time in this land when the spirit of fraternity, of brotherhood, shall prevail everywhere; when men of all races and colors shall mingle freely together, without bitterness or hatred

toward each other. May this land of ours, blessed as it is in so many ways, be an example to all the nations of the earth in justice, in humanity, in all the elements that go to make up a truly Christian civilization. The black man is here to stay; and the white man is here to stay; and there is no reason why they shouldn't live in peace and amity, if they will both do right; if they will both fear God, and keep his commandments; if they will both set up the golden rule, and settle all of their differences in the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and gave himself for others. Let us all pray that this spirit may descend upon us all, black and white alike. The prayer of old Governor Hampton, on his death-bed, was: "God bless all my people, black and white alike." And that is the spirit that is needed; that is the prayer that will bring peace, lasting peace.

"When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting: Peace! Peace! The sentinel on guard asked: 'Who says peace?' and the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked: 'Who says peace?' and all up and down the encampment of Russians went the question: 'Who says peace?' The messenger responded: 'The Czar says peace!' That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches."

And so, when the Czar in this country, when public sentiment—black public sentiment, and white public sentiment, public sentiment among the best of both races, shall say peace, there will be peace. Our duty, therefore, is to set ourselves earnestly to work to make such a sentiment. We can all lend a hand; we can all do something; we can make the effort, at least. And if the same thing is going on among the whites, soon there will be no more bloody massacres; there will be no more race conflicts.

7

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS FOR ALL CITIZENS, BLACK AND WHITE ALIKE.¹

It has been my custom for many years to speak during the inaugural week on some phase of the race question. I have done it because usually at such times there are representatives of our race here from all parts of the country, and an opportunity is thus af-

¹ Delivered March 27, 1909.

forded of reaching a larger number than would be possible at any other time. Such occasions, it seems to me, should be utilized in the interest of the race, in the discussion of matters pertaining to the race. The inauguration of a President is an event in which the whole nation is interested, and which emphasizes the fact of citizenship, as perhaps nothing else does, coming as it does after the election, and growing out of it. On such occasions it is well for us, therefore, especially at this juncture of our history, not to be unmindful of our own citizenship, of our own status in the body politic.

We have just been celebrating, all over the country, the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, our great war President, and this inauguration, coming so soon after, makes it especially a good time to talk about some of the questions which grew out of the war, and which were settled by it. And this is what I want to do this morning.

Over forty years ago the great struggle ended, the "irrepressible conflict" came to a close. It marked an epoch in the history of our country, and in the history of the black race in this country. Certain great questions, which had agitated the country for years, were settled, and settled for all time.

The first of these questions had to do with the nature of the relation existing between the States and the General Government. Was each State sovereign, in the sense that it could withdraw from the Union whenever it saw fit, whenever it thought it had sufficient reason for so doing; or were these States bound together in a union, "one and inseparable, now and forever," in the language of Webster? In other words, when the Constitution was adopted, what was the meaning of the preamble—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America"? By this did they mean to constitute themselves a nation or a mere confederation of sovereign and independent States? Mr. Calhoun and those who followed his lead took the latter view and strenuously maintained the doctrine of Nullification and Secession. This was the view held by all the political leaders in the South in 1860. The election of Abraham Lincoln, which was looked upon as dangerous to the interest of slavery, brought to a crisis the long and growing antagonism between the North and the South. The feeling generally in the South was that the time had

come for a separation; that it was no longer possible for the two sections to work together in harmony. Accordingly, acting upon what they felt to be their inherent right as sovereign and independent States, they resolved to dissolve the Union by withdrawing from it. The initial step in this movement was taken by South Carolina. In convention assembled, December 20, 1860, it passed an ordinance of secession. Within six weeks similar conventions were called and similar action taken by the States of Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas.

After Fort Sumter was fired upon, four other Southern States followed—North Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas and Tennessee. The Union, so far as the South was concerned, was now a thing of the past.

These eleven States, having withdrawn from the Union, proceeded to organize themselves into what was known as the Southern Confederacy, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as president, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as vice-president, and to make preparation to defend their rights, as sovereigns and independent States. The North, in the meantime, which took a different view of the matter, which did not believe that the Union could be dissolved at the pleasure of any State, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln began to take steps to suppress the rebellion, to bring back by persuasion, if possible, but if not, then by force, these rebellious States. Thus began our great Civil War, which ended in victory for the North. The forces of the Confederacy were beaten, and the cause of the Union triumphed.

It is now no longer a question as to whether we are a nation or a confederation of sovereign and independent States. That question is settled, and settled once for all by the issue of the war. It is not likely that any Southern State will ever again attempt to withdraw from the Union or to act on the assumption that it has the right to do so. Even if it is foolish enough to entertain such a view, it will be sure never again to act upon it. The issue of the war has removed forever from the field of serious discussion this question of the right of a State to secede. The ghost of secession will never again arise to disturb the peace of the Union. The Stars and Stripes, the old flag will float, as long as it floats, over all these States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. If the time ever comes when we shall go to pieces, it will not be from any desire or disposition on the part of the States to pull apart, but from inward

corruption, from the disregard of right principles, from the spirit of greed, from the narrowing lust of gold, from losing sight of the fact that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but that sin is a reproach to any people." It is here where our real danger lies—not in the secession of States from the Union, but in the secession of the Union itself from the great and immutable principles of right, of justice, of fair play for all, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The fact that the Union has been saved, that these rebellious States have been brought back into it, will amount to nothing unless it can be saved from this still greater peril that threatens it. The secession of the Southern States in 1860 was a small matter compared with the secession of the Union itself from the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, in the Golden Rule, in the Ten Commandments, in the Sermon on the Mount. Unless we hold, and hold firmly to these great fundamental principles of righteousness, of social, political and economic wisdom, our Union, as Mr. Garrison expressed it, will be "only a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." If it continues to exist it will be a curse, and not a blessing.

Our brave boys in blue, whose bodies lie mouldering in the grave, but whose souls are marching on, settled the question of the Union of the States. It is for the patriotic men who are living today, and those who are to follow in their footsteps, to deal with this larger and more important question. It isn't enough that these States are held together; they must be held together on right principles—principles of justice, of equity, of fair play, of equality before the law for all alike. Whether there is patriotism, political wisdom, moral insight and stamina enough to lead men to forget their differences on minor matters and to unite their forces for the attainment of this greater and more important end remains to be seen. There are so many who are controlled by their petty prejudices, whose views are so narrow and contracted, that they seem incapable of appreciating the things of prime importance, the things that are fundamental in the life of a nation, and upon which its future peace and prosperity depend. The fear of rebellion is forever gone. It is not so, however, with regard to the danger of which I am speaking—the danger of the nation divorcing itself from sound political and moral principles.

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Another question that was settled by the war was that of slavery. In 1619 the first cargo of slaves was landed at Jamestown, Va. In

1776, the date of our Declaration of Independence, the number had increased to over five hundred thousand. In 1865, at the close of the Civil War, there were between three and four millions in the country. It was the institution of slavery that really brought on the war. The South seceded in order to protect itself against the growing sentiment of the North in favor of freedom. It wanted to get to itself, where it could perpetuate indefinitely the institution of slavery without being annoyed or its rights called in question. It had no objection to remaining in the Union, providing the institution of slavery was not interfered with. It insisted upon its right not only to hold slaves, but the right to carry them in any part of the country, and to have their property right in their slaves respected in every part of the country. This was the meaning of the Fugitive Slave Bill. It conceded the right of the master to claim his slave in any part of the country, and made it the duty of the United States Government to protect him in that right.

In spite of the passage of this bill, it was clear, however, that such was the growing sentiment of the North in favor of freedom, that it became more and more difficult to enforce it. Every year it became more and more evident that the nation could not be half free and half slave. If slavery was to be maintained, therefore, and the South was more and more determined that it should be, there was nothing left for it to do but to get out of the Union. And this, it made up its mind to do.

When the war began, there was no thought on the part of the North of abolishing slavery. It was undertaken solely for the preservation of the Union, and this Mr. Lincoln made perfectly plain in his first inaugural address. He said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this and similar declarations, and have never recanted them. I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible—that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the new incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one as to the other."

The South did not believe in the sincerity of these declarations, however, and was determined, therefore, to persist in the course which it had marked out for itself. And hence the war, which began with no thought of interfering with the institution of slavery, had proceeded scarcely eighteen months before Mr. Lincoln issued, as a war measure, the Emancipation Proclamation. On April 9, 1865, the war ended, and by December 18 of the same year the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution has been ratified by twenty-seven States out of thirty-six and became a part of the fundamental law of the land. According to this amendment: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The great issue of slavery, which had agitated the country for years, was at last settled. The war, which was begun, on the part of the South with the idea of perpetuating slavery, and on the part of the North with no idea of interfering with it, ended with its abolition. The war, which began with the nation half free and half slave, ended with the nation all free. It will be impossible ever to think of the great change which has come over this country, as embodied in the Thirteenth Amendment, and not think of the men who took part in the great struggle which made it possible—the anti-slavery host, the boys in blue, the Sumners and Stevenses in the hall of legislation and the martyred Lincoln. The more we come to realize what this change means to the nation, the farther we get away from the blighting effects of slavery upon both races, and the more we come into the enjoyment of the blessings of freedom, the more will we honor the memory of these men who were wise enough to see the evil of slavery and brave enough and patriotic enough to risk their all in an effort to save the nation from the curse of it.

Another question that was forced upon the country by the successful issue of the war was as to the civil and political status of the emancipated millions. The fact that as a nation we were no longer to be half free and half slave having been settled, the further question as to whether there were to be citizens and citizens, some possessing rights which were denied to others, or whether all citizens were to be civilly and politically equal before the law, forced itself upon public attention. The answer that was given to this question at that time, we have in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The position which the nation took at that time

was in favor of the equality of all citizens before the law. That great principle has been definitely incorporated in the organic law of the land. We are not to be half free and half slaves, nor are half to be citizens and half not; all are to be citizens alike; all are to stand on the same plane of equality. This is what the nation said at the close of the war; this is the great principle which it wrote into the Constitution. It is the great principle upon which all true democracy rests, and it is the great principle upon which this Government must rest if it is to be loyal to democratic principles, and is to live and prosper. In these amendments the manhood of the Negro is recognized. His civil and political equality is recognized. He is not discriminated against. He is not known by the color of his skin or by his race identity; he is regarded just as other men are regarded. The New Republic, with slavery eliminated, started out with this broad principle upon which to build its new national life. On the other hand, the men who fought to destroy the Union, who fought to perpetuate slavery, founded their new government, the Southern Confederacy, on the very opposite principle. Alexander H. Stephens, in his Great Cornerstone Speech, as it is called, delivered at Savannah, Ga., March 22, 1861, said, among other things:

“The new Constitution has put to rest forever all agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution, African slavery, as it exists among us to the proper status of the Negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the ‘rock upon which the Union would split.’ He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands may be doubted. The prevailing idea entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution was that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally and politically.

“It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was that somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing one at the time.

“The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be

justly used against the constitutional guarantees thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of the government built upon it; when the storm came and the wind blew, it fell.

“Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition.

“This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like other truths in the various departments of science. It has been so even among us. Many who hear me, perhaps, can recollect well that this truth was not generally admitted even within their day. The errors of the past generation still cling to many as late as twenty years ago. Those of the North who still cling to these errors with a zeal above knowledge we justly denominate fanatics.”

In these words Alexander H. Stephens sets forth clearly the pro-slavery idea of citizenship in this country. In this scheme of citizenship the Negro has no part; and he has no part because he is looked upon as an inferior. “Subordination to the superior race is declared to be his natural and moral condition.” His inferiority is asserted to be a “great physical, philosophical and moral truth.”

And this is exactly the Southern view today; and is exactly the program to which it is committed. Its whole attitude today is in harmony with the great principle upon which the Southern Confederacy was founded—the non-recognition of the Negro as an equal in any respect—socially, civilly, politically. The South holds to this view just as tenaciously today as it did when Mr. Stephens made his Great Cornerstone Speech in 1861. The Ku Klux Klan, the White Caps, the Red Shirt Brigade, tissue ballots, the revised constitutions with their grandfather clauses, Jim Crow legislation, the persistent effort of the South to disfranchise the Negro—all these things have grown out of the idea that the rightful place of the Negro is that of subordination to the white man; that he has no rightful place in the body politic. Representative Driscoll, of New York, in his speech in the House of Representatives, February 22, 1908, on the subject of Jim Crow cars in the District of Columbia, points out

clearly what the Southern attitude is on the race issue. Among other things, he said :

“You make the same argument in defense of your constitutions, election laws and regulations and say that on their face they do not discriminate against the Negroes who are entitled to vote. But you know, and we know, and the whole country knows, that your constitutions and election laws, and your social code, and your Jim Crow cars are all designed and enforced for the purpose of discriminating against the blacks in order to make them feel at every turn that they are an inferior people and subject race, and that they must recognize this discrimination at every point where they meet with the white people in the ordinary relations of life.”

Continuing, he says :

“You assert that you are the Negro’s best friends. Then why do you wish to humiliate and degrade him? Why do you treat him in all political and social matters as an inferior and keep constantly before his mind that he is practically without the pale of the law?”

It is upon this moral and political heresy that the Southern Confederacy was built, and it is upon this moral and political heresy that the South is seeking to build its institutions today. And it is seeking to do this, notwithstanding the fact that the nation at the close of the war wrote into the Constitution itself the very opposite principle, as evidenced by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. These amendments know no man by the color of his skin; these amendments make no distinction among citizens; these amendments recognize the quality of all alike before the law. In them there is neither North nor South, East nor West, white nor black—all are recognized alike as citizens of one common country, and as equally interested in its welfare; and all are accorded alike the same rights and privileges upon the same condition. The successful termination of the war not only saved the Union, but made it possible to write into the Constitution itself these great amendments, abolishing slavery and defining citizenship and the rights of citizens under that instrument. For all of which we should be profoundly thankful—thankful to God, and thankful to the noble men and women who helped to make these results possible.

While we are rejoicing in the changes that have come, and changes for the better, let us not lose sight of the fact, however, that the great principles that were supposed to have been settled by the war, and

the amendments which grew out of it, are again imperiled, and by the same enemy. The Southern Confederacy, which rested upon Negro slavery and upon the doctrine of Negro inferiority, of Negro subordination, was overthrown by the victorious army of the North, but the spirit of the men who organized that Confederacy still lives and is just as determined as ever to make its influence felt, to have its will prevail. And its will is:

(1) To reduce the Negro, within its own territory, to a position of civil and political inferiority; to deprive him of the right to vote, and to exclude him from all Federal appointments; and

(2) To extend that condition of things to all the other States of the Union. In other words, to make not only the South, but the whole country, a white man's government. This is the program, and to this end it is steadily working.

A part of this program it has already carried out. It has, as a matter of fact, already deprived us of the right to vote within its territorial limits. And to the other half of the Southern part of this program, our elimination from all Federal offices in the South, it is now addressing itself most vigorously. And never before, during all the years since freedom, has it felt as hopeful as it does now of succeeding in this. It is one of the conditions which it has laid down and which it insists must be accepted by those in power in the North who are anxious to build up a Republican party in the South, to break down the old party lines that have separated the whites of the South from the whites of the North. Never, it says, will the chasm which separates the one section from the other be closed as long as Negroes are put in office by the General Government. This is the test now to which the North must be brought, the test by which the sincerity, the honesty of the Republican party in its expressed wish to have the South affiliate with it, is to be determined. Put in that way, the temptation to weak-kneed Republicans is very strong to yield, to lay the Negro as a peace offering upon the altar of conciliation between the whites of the North and the whites of the South. This concession to race prejudice the South has been demanding for years. It has insisted over and over again that these Federal offices shall be filled only by white men. And the only reason why there remains today any colored officeholders in the South is because it has been powerless to remove them or to prevent their appointment. That power has been with the General Government. And to the credit of the General Government, be it

said, it has always resisted this unrighteous demand. We have had in the White House Republican Presidents for many years, and some of them have been weak, woefully weak, on the rights of the Negro; but even the weakest of them have had character enough, manhood enough, enough of the spirit of right, of fair play, in them to say No! to the clamors of these men who would put their heels upon the neck of this struggling race and keep it forever down. Let us hope that the time will never come when a Republican President, the representative of the party that was led by Lincoln, that had in its ranks men like Sumner, and Chase, and Giddings, and Stevens, the old party of Freedom, will ever be found joining hands with the men who sought to rivet upon this black race the fetters of slavery, and who are trying now to reduce it to a condition that is even more galling than slavery.

The presence of representatives of our race in the Federal offices in the South is important. (1) It is important for the race. It is the only thing that remains to remind us of our citizenship and to encourage us to feel that we still have some political rights remaining to us. (2) It is important also to the white man. It is a reminder to him that the Government has not entirely abandoned us to his tender mercies; that it still recognizes us as citizens. The Federal Government owes it to the race, especially as it has connived at its disfranchisement, to see to it that this evidence of our citizenship, of our political rights, is never wanting in the South. I hope that President Taft will see the importance of this matter, and will not allow himself to be influenced by the ravings of Southern Negro-haters, in Congress or out of it, or by the seeming prospect, which is only a delusion, of the Southern whites flowing into the Republican party, as the price which they offer, to induce him to take away this last vestige of citizenship that remains to us in the South. And I hope that the representatives of our race who have the ear of the President will see to it that the matter is properly presented to him, and that they will use their influence to preserve to us this sole remaining evidence of political equality in the South.

In this connection let me say also another thing. I hope that the colored men in office in the South will not so far forget the nature of the issue at stake, the great principle involved, as to be willing to stand aside, provided they are taken care of outside of the South. The man who consents to such an arrangement, thinking only of himself, and not of those whom he represents, is a traitor to his

race, is playing in to the hands of the men who are seeking to rob the race of every right, civil and political. And the man who counsels such a course is also a traitor to his race, is also playing into the hands of the men who are seeking to rob us of every right, civil and political. If the time ever comes when black men are shut out of Federal offices in the South, in deference to a bitter Negro-hating sentiment, let it never be with their consent or approval, never mind how great the bribe may be. If they must go, let them go protesting as they go; let them go standing up like men, and not skulking away like selfish cowards. One of the most discouraging things about this race problem is that when a crisis is reached it is so difficult to get colored men themselves to stand up like men, to be true to principle. They are so bent on looking out for themselves, for the loaves and fishes, that the interest of the race counts for nothing with them. If they are taken care of, they are satisfied, and are ready to enter into any arrangement that will keep them still feeding at the public crib. This, alas, is the spirit that is met with everywhere among the so-called Negro leaders, and this is one of the things that is so discouraging, and that makes it so difficult to do anything. Until the manhood of the race is built up; until love of principle gets the mastery over selfishness, we can't hope to do very much, to present a very formidable front to the enemy. As long as our so-called leaders are in the struggle simply for what they personally can get out of it, the race will suffer through their leadership.

The other part of the programme on the race question which the South has formulated, and which it is seeking to carry out, has to do with all the territory lying outside of the South, with the rest of the States that make up the Union. Before the war the question around which Southern sentiment crystallized was that of slavery. They were not content with maintaining the institution within the limits of the Slave States, but were constantly reaching out for more territory. They were not content with having slavery sectional; they wanted to make it national. They were not content to hold their peculiar views themselves; they wanted to force them upon the whole nation. And this they attempted to do; this they insisted upon doing. But the North, although it listened deferentially, as it is too apt to do—although it allowed itself for a while to be brow-beaten, to be bullied by the South—finally gave it to understand that it did not approve of its views, and would not

accept them; that it had views of its own, and that it would stand by those views. And it did stand by them, when the time came, with its treasure and its best blood.

The South today is at the same old business. The issue now is not slavery, but the civil and political equality of the Negro within the body politic. It isn't possible any longer to hold him as a slave, but it is possible to deprive him of his rights, to take away from him his citizenship in fact, if not in name.

The South does not believe in the civil and political equality of the colored man; does not believe that he should vote, and doesn't believe that he should hold office. And, so far as Southern territory is concerned, it says, it shall not exist. Through one device or another we have already been stripped of our civil and political rights in the South. We are governed, but have no part in the Government—in the making of laws, in the levying of taxes, in legislation in any shape or form; we are tried and convicted, but always, or so nearly always as to make it the rule, by a white jury, by men who from the start are prejudiced against us; we are permitted to testify, but our testimony counts for nothing against the word of a white person. The presumption always is that the white man is innocent until he is proven guilty; the presumption, in case of a colored person, is always that he is guilty until he proves his innocence, which is well-nigh impossible, especially if his accuser happens to be a white person. The disposition always is to accept the statement of the white man against the black man, and never the statement of the black man against the white man. The disposition always is to incriminate the one and to clear the other where there is any conflict between the two.

And yet, notwithstanding this shameful condition of things, the South is not yet satisfied. It isn't enough that it has deprived us of our civil and political rights within its own territory; it isn't enough that within the South itself we have been reduced to a political nonentity, have been placed where the South thinks we belong, and where we ought to be kept; but it is now actively engaged in pressing these views upon the whole country. It is not content to have this condition of things exist in its own territory: it wants it to obtain all over the country. It is working just as zealously now to nationalize its views on the civil and political status of the Negro as it did to nationalize its views on the subject of slavery. Wherever Southern men are found, with here and there an exception, in

Northern pulpits, editorial chairs, professorships in colleges and universities, in places of business, they are always actively engaged in propagating this moral and political heresy in regard to the Negro's proper place in the nation, in urging their views upon others.

The South failed in its efforts to nationalize its views on Negro slavery. Will it fail in the present crusade upon which it has entered and which it has been steadily pursuing for many years? Is the civil and political status of the race in the South, under the dominating influence of Southern ideas, to become its status all over the country? Will the North, ultimately, come to accept the Southern view of the race question, or will it reject it and insist upon the maintenance of our rights even in the South itself? It is around this question, as around the slavery question before the war, that the battle in the Republic is to be waged for years to come. The South is just as arrogant today as it was then, and is just as confident of the correctness of its position and of the ultimate triumph of its views.

In an article recently published in the *Evening Ledger* of Birmingham, Alabama, after asserting, in a boastful manner, that the position taken by the South on a number of questions is correct, it closes with the statement :

“On the race question we are also right, and all the country is coming to our position, led by Booker Washington.”

Whether Mr. Washington is correctly represented here or not, it is not my business to inquire into. Mr. Washington is quite able to take care of that matter himself. It is to the tone of the article particularly to which I am directing attention—its confident assertion that the South is right on the race issue, and that ultimately its views are to prevail. And in this confidence it is strengthened by the belief, as is asserted in this article, that it has the sympathy, the co-operation of the most popular and widely recognized leader of the race itself. That it should believe that it has the approval, the sympathy of any self-respecting Negro, to say nothing of any of the leaders of the race, in its effort to degrade it, to deprive it of its civil and political rights, is most astounding. It shows not only its low estimate of the race as a whole, and the little respect it has for manhood even of the leaders of the race, but also discloses to us one of the grounds upon which its confidence in the ultimate triumph of its views rests. For, if it has won over the most conspicuous represen-

tative of the race itself now living, why may it not also win over the white people of the North and West, of the rest of the country?

I do not believe that Mr. Washington is in sympathy with this effort on the part of the South to degrade the race, but the fact that these people believe that he is in sympathy with them, that he accepts their view on the race question, encourages them in the course which they are pursuing. It is unfortunate, to say the least, for any colored man, and more particularly for one of prominence, to give aid and succor to the enemy by making it possible for his position on matters vital to the race's interest to be misunderstood, and so misunderstood as to be quoted in support of the other side—the side that is avowedly in favor of narrowing our opportunities, of curtailing our privileges, of setting us apart as an inferior race, and of dealing with us as such, in all the relations of life. I do not believe, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Washington has any more sympathy with the Southern view of the race question than I have, and I am sure I haven't a particle. My only regret is that Mr. Washington hasn't expressed himself a little more clearly, so as to render impossible these misapprehensions, these perversions of his views by the enemies of the race, to the detriment of the race.

Nor do I believe the Southern view of the race question is going to prevail. In the days of slavery, if the South had been content with slavery within its own territory, slavery might have continued to exist until today; but it was not content; and, in the very effort to force its views upon the whole country, met its defeat. And the same thing is going to repeat itself in this new crusade upon which it has entered, if I am not greatly mistaken. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution are a part of the organic law of the land; and, while for the present, so far as we are concerned, they are inoperative, and inoperative with the connivance and consent of the North, they are not always going to be inoperative; the man who presides at the White House, and the men who sit in Congress, are not always going to be recreant to their high trust, false to their sacred oath of office to obey the Constitution and to see that its provisions are enforced, and enforced in every part of the country, South as well as North. Nor will the conscience of the nation always slumber; public sentiment is not always going to

acquiesce in this trampling upon law and upon the sacred rights of one class of citizens by another.

Representative Driscoll, of New York, in his speech in the House of Representatives, already referred to, clearly indicates, it seems to me, what is likely to be the attitude of the North in the final adjustment of this question.

“I make no pretense,” he said, “as an expounder of the Federal Constitution, and yet I venture the opinion that this amendment is repugnant to that instrument. It provides that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, and what States cannot do certainly the National Government cannot do. Negroes are citizens of the United States, and this proposed law would abridge their privileges and immunities.”

What our rights are under the Constitution is thus seen to be clearly understood. The acquiescence of the North in the deprivation of those rights in the South is not because of ignorance, is not because it doesn't recognize the right of the Negro to what he is deprived of. Again, he says:

“Early in this session, when the revision of the penal statutes was under consideration, you tried to repeal or amend the sections which were enacted by Congress for the execution and enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, and you failed. Now you presume to cross the Potomac and introduce ‘Jim Crow’ cars into the Capital of the Nation. Should you succeed in this you would not stop. You would endeavor to establish the same rule and the same discrimination against the colored people with reference to all railroads doing interstate commerce throughout the country. You are making a grievous mistake. If we do not understand your viewpoint on the race question, you do not understand us or appreciate the sentiment and temper of the people throughout the North and West. You may be able to terrorize, intimidate and subdue the Negroes, but you cannot cajole or intimidate the overwhelming mass of the white people of our country. They are patient and long-suffering, and have much sympathy for you in your efforts to solve the race problem, but there are limitations to their patience.”

Note what he says: “The people of the North and West are patient and long-suffering, but there are limitations to their patience.” They are not always going to acquiesce in the present con-

dition of things; are not always going to allow the South to trample upon the Constitution.

Whether they are moved by considerations of justice to the Negro or not, the time is coming when their own self-interest will compel them to act, to insist upon an entirely different arrangement.

The ultimate triumph of our cause is assured:

(1) In the fact that the suppression of the Negro vote in the South gives that section an undue advantage in Congress and in the Electoral College—an advantage to which it is not entitled, and which is sure, sooner or later, to be challenged by the other sections of the country. To allow that condition of things to continue is not only a wrong to the Negro, but is a wrong to the white people of the other sections of the country as well. It is just as certain politically, therefore, as the truth of any proposition in Euclid that that arrangement is not going to last. It is bound to be annulled sooner or later. It isn't in human nature to allow it to exist always, and it is certainly not in accordance with sound political wisdom to do so.

(2) The triumph of our cause is assured in the fact of the growing intelligence and thrift of the race itself. Even Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has not been over friendly to the race, says: "Never in the history of man has a race made such educational and material progress in forty years as the American Negro." And if that be true, and that it is true there can be no doubt, how is it possible for us, in this great democratic Republic, to be permanently deprived of our civil and political rights? It cannot be done: In the fact, therefore, that we are not standing still, but are steadily pressing forward along all lines of improvement, is the assurance that the South is not going to succeed in its present unholy and unrighteous crusade in seeking to deprive us of our rights as American citizens. It failed in the slavery agitation, and it will fail in this. It met its Waterloo then, and it will meet its Waterloo again, sooner or later.

(3) Another encouraging sign in this matter is the attitude of our newly elected President, Mr. Taft, as set forth in his speech in New York City before the North Carolina Society; in his letter to Mr. Stone on the proposed disfranchising amendments to the Maryland State Constitution, and in his inaugural address. No Republican President within my recollection has met the issue of the so-called Negro problem as squarely as he has done. Most of them have beat about the bush, have sought in every possible way to evade it, either

from cowardice or for political reasons; but the issue in these three documents is met directly, and, as it seems to me, in an honest, straightforward way. In the speech before the North Carolina Society he says:

“I am not going to rehearse the painful history of reconstruction or what followed it. I come at once to the present condition of things, stated from a constitutional and political standpoint. And that is this: That in all Southern States it is possible, by election laws prescribing power qualifications for the suffrage which square with the Fifteenth Amendment and which shall be equally administered between the black and white races, to prevent entirely the possibility of a domination of Southern State, county or municipal governments by an ignorant electorate, white or black. It is further true that the sooner such laws when adopted are applied with exact equality and justice to the two races the better for the moral tone of the State and community concerned.

“Negroes should be given the opportunity, equally with whites by education and thrift, to meet the requirements of eligibility which the State legislatures in their wisdom shall lay down in order to secure the safe exercise of the electoral franchise. The Negro should ask nothing other than an equal chance to qualify himself for the franchise, and when that is granted by law and not denied by executive discrimination, he has nothing to complain of.

“The proposal to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment is utterly impracticable and should be relegated to the limbo of forgotten issues.”

On the Lily White movement he also says: “Nor can we sympathize with an effort to exclude from the support of Republicanism in the South or to read out of the party those colored voters who, by their education and thrift, have made themselves eligible to exercise the electoral franchise.”

On the subject of education he has also expressed himself with equal clearness: “Primary and industrial education for the masses, and higher education for the leaders of the race, for their professional men, their clergymen, their physicians, their lawyers and their teachers.”

In his letter to Mr. Stone in regard to the Maryland amendment he also says: “The whole law ought to be condemned. It is not drawn in the spirit of justice and equality, having regard for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and I sincerely hope that

no Republican and no Democrat who desires equality of treatment to the black and white races will vote for it."

In his inaugural address he says :

"Any recognition of their distinguished men, any appointment to office from among their number, is properly taken as an encouragement and an appreciation of their progress. And this just policy should be pursued."

In this connection he adds, however :

"But it may well admit of doubt whether in the case of any race an appointment of one of their number to a local office in a community in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local Government business can be done by the appointee is of sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the recurrence and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender. Therefore, the Executive, in recognizing the Negro race by appointments, must exercise a careful discretion not thereby to do it more harm than good."

He also adds :

"On the other hand, we must be careful not to encourage the mere pretense of race feeling manufactured in the interest of individual political ambition."

He does not say, mark you, that he will not appoint colored men to office in the South ; he simply raises the question as to the expediency of it, in certain localities, in view of all the circumstances.

He also adds :

"Personally, I have not the slightest race prejudice of feeling, and recognition of its existence only awakens in my heart a deeper sympathy for those who have to bear it or suffer from it."

Most of this is very encouraging, and it is our duty to believe that these utterances of our newly elected President are made in good faith ; that these are his honest convictions, and that it is his purpose to square his official life with them. If the laws in the South regulating the franchise are not in accordance with the Constitution, or are not administered impartially to both races alike, we shall expect him, and will have the right to expect him, based upon his utterances and upon his oath of office, by which he is bound "to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," to bring that fact to the attention of Congress and to recommend the

enforcement of the penalty prescribed by the Constitution—the reduction of the representation of such States. No President, consistent with his oath of office, can allow that condition of things to go on, can allow the condition of things as it exists in the Southern States today to go on, without at least calling attention to it officially in his message to Congress. And this we hope President Taft will do, and thus strengthen our faith in the honesty of his declarations in his New York speech and in his letter on the suffrage in Maryland. I cannot believe that the nation is always going to leave its loyal black citizens to be despoiled of their civil and political rights by the men who sought to destroy the Union. A better day is coming, and coming soon, I trust.

While we are waiting, however, for the nation to come to its senses—waiting for a revival of the spirit of justice and of true democracy in the land—it is important for us to remember that much, very much, will depend upon ourselves. In the passage of Scripture read in our hearing at the beginning of this discourse, three things we are exhorted to do, and must do, if we are ever to secure our rights in this land: We are exhorted to be watchful. “Watch ye,” is the exhortation. We are to be on our guard. “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” There are enemies ever about us and are ever plotting our ruin—enemies within the race and without it. We have got to live in the consciousness of this fact. If we assume that all is well, that there is nothing to fear, and so relax our vigilance, so cease to be watchful, we need not be surprised if our enemies get the better of us, if we are worsted in the conflict. (2) We are exhorted to stand fast in the faith. In the faith that, as American citizens, we are entitled to the same rights and privileges as other citizens of the Republic. In this faith we are to stand, and stand fast. We are not to give up; we are not to allow anyone, white or black, friend or foe, to induce us to retreat a single inch from this position. (3) We are exhorted to quit ourselves like men, to be strong. And by this, I understand, is meant that we are to stand up in a manly way for our rights; that we are to seek by every honorable means the full enjoyment of our rights. It is still true—

“Who would be free himself must strike the blow.”

And, if we are ever to be free from invidious distinctions in this country, based upon race, color, previous condition, we have got to

be alive, wide-awake to our own interest. If we are not, we have no right to expect others to be; we have no right to expect anything but failure, but defeat. And we deserve defeat if ours is the spirit of indifference, of unconcern. We are not going to secure our rights in this land without a struggle. We have got to contend, and contend earnestly, for what belongs to us. Victory isn't coming in any other way. No silent acquiescence on our part in the wrongs from which we are suffering, contrary to law; no giving of ourselves merely to the work of improving our condition, materially, intellectually, morally, spiritually, however zealously pursued, is going to bring relief. We have got, in addition to the effort we are making to improve ourselves, to keep up the agitation, and keep it up until right triumphs and wrong is put down. A program of silence on the part of the race is a fool's program. Reforms, changes in public sentiment, the righting of wrongs, is never effected in that way; and our wrongs will never be. A race that sits quietly down and rests in sweet content in the midst of the wrongs from which it is suffering is not worth contending for, is not worth saving. This is not true of this race, however. We are not sitting down in sweet content, let it be said to our credit. I thank God from the bottom of my heart for these mutterings of discontent that are heard in all parts of the land. The fact that we are dissatisfied with present conditions, and that we are becoming more and more so, shows that we are growing in manhood, in self-respect, in the qualities that will enable us to win out in the end. It is our duty to keep up the agitation for our rights, not only for our own sakes, but also for the sake of the nation at large. It would not only be against our own interest not to do so, but it would be unpatriotic for us to quietly acquiesce in the present condition of things, for it is a wrong condition of things. If justice sleeps in this land, let it not be because we have helped to lull it to sleep by our silence, our indifference; let it not be from lack of effort on our part to arouse it from its slumbers. Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, while they were crying to their god, "Peradventure he sleepeth." And it may be that he was asleep; but it was not their fault that he continued asleep, for they kept up a continual uproar about his altar. And so here, sleeping Justice in this land may go on slumbering, but let us see to it that it is due to no fault of ours. Even Baalam's ass cried out in protest when smitten by his brutal master, and God gave him the power to cry out, endowed him miraculously with speech in which to voice his pro-

test. It is not necessary for God to work a miracle to enable us to protest against our wrong; He has already given us the power. Let us see to it that we use it. If we are wise we will be able to take care of ourselves. If we are not wise, however, if we adopt the policy of silence, and if we continue to feel that it is our duty to follow blindly, slavishly, any one political party, we will receive only such treatment as is accorded to slaves, and will go on pleading for our rights in vain. The only wise course for us to pursue is to keep on agitating, and to cast our votes where they will tell most for the race. As to what party we affiliate with is a matter of no importance whatever: the important thing is our rights. And until we recognize that fact, and act upon it, we will be the football of all political parties. John Boyle O'Reilly, in speaking on the race question years ago said: "If I were a colored man I should use parties as I would a club—to break down prejudice against my people. I shouldn't talk about being true to any party, except as far as that party was true to me. Parties care nothing for you, only to use you. You should use parties; the highest party you have in this country is your own manhood. That is the thing in danger from all parties; that is the thing that every colored man is bound in duty to himself and his children to defend and protect." And that is good advice. It embodies the highest political wisdom for us as a people.

The exhortation of the text is, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." And this is the message that I bring to you, who are here this morning, and to the members of our race all over the country. We must be watchful; we must hold firmly to our faith in our citizenship, and in our rights as citizens; and we must act the part of men in the maintenance of those rights. In the end the victory is sure to be ours. The right is bound, sooner or later, to triumph.

"Before the monstrous wrong he sits him down—
 One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
 For centuries those walls have been a-building;
 Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
 The flying storm and wheeling sun.

"No chinks, no crevice, lets the thinnest arrow in.
 He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
 A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
 Let him lie down and die; what is the right
 And where is justice in a world like this.

“But by and by the earth shakes herself, impatient;
 And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
 Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
 When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
 Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.”

And so, in the end, will it be with this great evil of race prejudice against which we are contending in this country, if, like the lonely soldier, we show the same earnestness, the same patient determination, the same invincible courage. A better day is coming; but we have got to help to bring it about. It isn't coming independently of our efforts, and it isn't coming by quietly, timidly, cowardly acquiescing in our wrongs.

8

THANKS TO MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, ON BEHALF OF THE TRUSTEES OF
 HOWARD FOR THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING¹

Mr. Carnegie:

It becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of the trustees, to express to you our sincere thanks for your valuable gift to the University. You have placed us under a lasting debt of gratitude to you. We cannot fittingly convey to you, in words, our sense of appreciation of this generous act on your part.

We thank you, first, because it supplies a long-felt need of the University. We have for years needed just such a building, and have suffered in consequence of not having it. Hundreds of our books and pamphlets had to be kept packed away in boxes for lack of space in which to place them, thereby putting them beyond the reach of both teachers and students. Packed away in boxes they were of no use to anybody; but now all this is obviated: we have ample room, not only for the books, magazines and pamphlets that we now have, but that we are likely to have for years to come. And all this has been made possible through your generous gift.

You have not only given us a building ample for all our needs, but one that is ornamental as well as useful. It is a beautiful building,—beautiful on the inside, beautiful on the outside. It adds greatly to the attractiveness of our grounds. People who come here in the future will be more favorably impressed with our surround-

¹ Delivered April 25, 1910.

ings because of this building. Keats tells us "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And you have added to these grounds a thing of beauty, for which we are profoundly thankful.

We thank you also, because with this library building, with the improved facilities which it gives for the handling of books, for the ready access to them, and the whole atmosphere that will naturally surround it, is going to mean a great deal to the intellectual life of the institution; is going to be of immense value to the student body. The very sight of this building, upon these grounds, in which is gathered the treasured wisdom of the ages, or as Milton has expressed it, "The precious lifeblood of the master spirits, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond," will have a stimulating effect upon the reading habit, upon the investigating habit of the students. Carlyle says "The true University of today is a Collection of Books." In that sense, the library is the University; it is about it, in a large measure, that its life centres; and in it as a centre much can be done, and will be done to stimulate all of its intellectual activities. The erection of this building begins, I believe, a new era in the intellectual life of the university.

We thank you also, because of what this gift represents of sympathy with the great purpose of this institution,—the training of leaders for the uplift of a struggling race. This institution stands for the higher education of the colored people; and, as your magnificent gift of over a half million dollars to Tuskegee, shows that you are interested in the industrial education of the race: so this gift to Howard University shows that you are interested in the higher education of the race also. And we are the more thankful to you for this tangible evidence of your sympathy with the higher education of the race, because the drift of sentiment has been the other way, and still is to a very large extent. The higher educational institutions for colored people have had, and still have a hard struggle to keep alive; and are likely to have for years to come.

We are glad, as trustees of this institution for the higher education of the colored people, to be able to point to you, Sir,—to Andrew Carnegie, as our friend, and to be able to point to this beautiful library building as the evidence of that friendship.

I want to say also in closing, not, perhaps, as a trustee of this institution, but certainly as a representative of the race for which it was founded, that you, Sir, have a very warm place in our hearts. You have not only given liberally of your means to assist us along

educational and other lines, but best of all, for there are services that can be rendered to a struggling race that are of more value, at times, even than material aid,—you have taken the opportunity, from time to time, to say a good word for us, not only in this country, but also abroad. You never can know, Sir, how much your words have helped us, how much they have cheered us. It means a great deal to us, as a race, to feel that a man like you, occupying the commanding position that you do, is our friend, that you believe in us. It helps us to believe in ourselves, and stimulates us to more strenuous endeavor in our efforts to rise. It is the people who are down who need the sympathy, the encouragement of those who are up. And we are glad that, among the noble hearted men in this country who are saying to this struggling race, Come up, you are to be numbered.

Again, in behalf of the Trustees of this University, I thank you for this beautiful library building, and for the sympathy with and interest in the work in which we are engaged here, which it indicates.

May the richest blessings of Almighty God ever rest upon you, is our earnest prayer; and also, I am sure, the earnest prayer of the ten millions of colored people in this country in whose interest this institution was founded and is conducted.



CHRISTIANITY AND RACE PREJUDICE¹

How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a Samaritan woman? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.—JOHN 4:9.

Some years ago a very interesting volume was published by Dr. Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University, entitled "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." This morning I want to talk for a little while on the Subject—CHRISTIANITY AND RACE PREJUDICE. We have just had an exhibition of race prejudice in connection with the Sixth World's Sunday School Convention that met in our city last week. The present is a good time therefore to consider the subject upon which I desire to speak this morning. It isn't of race prejudice, in general, that I am to speak; but of Christianity and Race Prejudice.

¹ Delivered May 29, 1910.

1. **WHAT IS RACE PREJUDICE?** Prejudice, as defined in Webster, "is a bias or leaning towards one side or the other of a question from other considerations than those belonging to it; an unreasonable predilection or prepossession for or against anything; especially, an opinion or leaning adverse to anything, formed without proper grounds, or before suitable knowledge. Race prejudice is such a bias or leaning adverse to another because of his race identity or affiliation. It is a prejudice against another, not because of the possession of undesirable qualities, of unworthy traits and characteristics, but purely and simply because of race identity. That there is such a thing as race prejudice in the world, no one will deny. It exists today, and it has always existed. In the text, which we are considering, the question is asked, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?" And this is followed by the statement, "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans; the Jews were strongly prejudiced against the Samaritans; and prejudiced against them because they were Samaritans. And we who are living today, especially in this land—in America, in these United States of America, know, to our sorrow and regret, that there is such a thing as race prejudice. Everywhere it confronts us—North, South, East, West; go where we will it meets us; go where we will we see it, we feel it; if we would forget it, we can not.

What is the nature of this prejudice? When we attempt to analyze it, to get at the heart of it, what is its character? How does it manifest itself?

(1.) It is an adverse feeling; it is a feeling of antipathy, a feeling that inclines us unfavorably towards the individual that excites it. There is in it, to say the least, that which is akin to hostility, that which is not friendly.

(2.) Where it exists it leads to uncharitableness of judgment; the tendency is to judge with greater severity; to put the worst construction upon the acts of those against whom this feeling is excited; and to accept and welcome everything that tends to put them in the worst possible light, and to suppress or minify whatever may tend to make a favorable impression. We see this clearly, in the treatment that is accorded to our race in this country by the newspapers. Whatever tends to set the race in a bad light, to discredit it in the public estimation, to make it odious, is set forth in

great headlines, and given the most prominent place; while that which is creditable to it, which tends to put it in a favorable light, is either suppressed entirely, or is barely noticed, and even then shoved away in some obscure part of the paper where it is most likely to be overlooked. This tendency of race prejudice is one of its most despicable features. It reveals not only its wickedness, but its exceeding wickedness.

(3.) Where it exists, underlying it is the assumption of race superiority on the one side, and race inferiority on the other, and in connection with this assumption is the feeling that everything must be done to accentuate this difference. In other words, the supposed inferior race must be made to feel, by every possible device, its inferiority. And it is out of this feeling, this tendency, that all the discriminations that we see taking place about us—Jim-crow cars, Jim-crow schools, laws against intermarriage, disfranchisement, segregation in theatres and other places of amusement, grow. The whole aim and purpose is to impress upon this Negro race that it is inferior to the white race, and that there must be no mingling and intermingling on terms of equality. Hence everywhere these lines of demarcation must be set up, and kept up. In other words, race prejudice says to the colored man: You are down and you must stay down; so far as we are concerned, it is our purpose to keep you down. That, of course, is a very commendable spirit; nothing could be more magnanimous, more generous. How our respect for human nature goes up as we think of this noble spirit that is working through race prejudice to destroy the self respect of a race, to put into it the idea that it was made to go only so far and no farther. Isn't it strange that any one should ever have thought of finding fault with race prejudice with such a noble task before it? It is a great thing, it is a praiseworthy thing, is it not to fetter a race, to limit its aspirations, to say to it, Thus far and no farther! And that is what race prejudice is doing in America. What fools we be! Why don't we see that—the beauty, the nobility of race prejudice; the exalted nature of the spirit that is seen in the effort to trample a race down, and to keep it down!

(4.) Where it exists, it has no regard for the feelings of those against whom it is directed. It walks rough-shod over them; it denies them even the common courtesies of life. And in return exerts a reflex influence upon those who yield to it, blunting their finer sensibilities, the nobler instincts of their natures. I remember once

coming from Philadelphia to this city. Before the car left the depot, a child in the other end of it from where I was sitting began crying, and seemed to be in very great pain, almost in a kind of spasm. She was in charge of two young girls. As the crying went on, one of two white women, sitting just in front of me, seemed greatly concerned, and kept saying, What can be the matter with that child? Finally unable to endure it longer, she got up and started towards the child. When she reached the seat, greatly to her surprise, she found that it was a colored child. Without saying a word she wheeled around and came back and took her seat. The thing that prompted her to go and see if there was not something that she could do to relieve it, was her motherly instinct. But the fact that the child was colored was sufficient to dry up at once the fountain of her sympathy, and led her to withhold the help which she might have rendered, and which, had it been a white child, she would have gladly rendered.

(5.) Where it exists, any attempt on the part of the supposed inferior race to assert itself, to claim its rights, to stand up for what it is entitled to, to repudiate the assumption of its inferiority, is bitterly resented, intensifies the feeling of opposition to it. Race prejudice not only acts on the assumption of inferiority, but wants that inferiority perpetuated; it doesn't want the race discriminated against ever to stand on the same plane with it, or to enjoy the same advantages which it enjoys—the same privileges, the same opportunities.

(6.) Where it exists, there is the feeling that those against whom it is directed have no rights which it is bound to respect, that any treatment accorded to them is justifiable. You see this feature of it clearly illustrated all through the South, where a black man is absolutely at the mercy of any white ruffian who may choose to insult him, or to assault him. Race prejudice has no conscience, no sense of right or decency, either, it has no mercy, no bowels of compassion; it is devoid, utterly devoid, of all humanity. Its spirit is that of the lion, the tiger, the vulture, the venomous reptile. It growls, and hisses, and is always in a menacing attitude. At heart it is cruel and murderous; there isn't anything that is wicked, abominable that it is not capable of doing, as this poor race of ours has every reason to know from bitter experience.

(7.) Wherever it exists, it always engenders bitterness, hatred, ill-will in those against whom it is exercised. This is its natural, its

inevitable tendency, this is the way it almost invariably works, human nature being what it is. The people who are discriminated against, who are looked down upon, who are treated as inferiors, are not likely to feel kindly towards those who treat them in this way. I do not say it is right, that such should be the case, that people are justified in allowing the prejudice of others to engender bitterness in their hearts towards them. It is to the fact only, however, to which I am directing attention. People who are discriminated against do not feel kindly towards those who treat them in that way. The effect of race prejudice always is to arouse bitter and unkind feelings.

Race prejudice when viewed, in its nature, in all its bearings and ramifications, in its effects upon those who yield to it, and upon those who are its victims, is the worst of evils. I know of nothing that embodies so much of evil, that is being so effectively used by the evil one in undermining the kingdom of God, and in postponing the realization of the great hope of brotherhood throughout the world. It is Satan's supreme device for keeping men apart, for setting up walls of separation, for encouraging animosities, for engendering strife, bitterness, hatreds, for the encouragement of everything that is evil, in this evil heart of man already too much given over to evil.

This is only a partial analysis of race prejudice, only a partial insight into its character as an active, aggressive force in the great struggle of life, as we see it among men as they mingle and intermingle with each other in society, in business, in politics, in religion.

II. LET US NOW LOOK AT CHRISTIANITY. What is it? It is the religion of Jesus Christ; the religion that embodies the great principles for which he stands, and in accordance with which character and conduct are to be regulated and tested.

(1.) It is the religion of Jesus Christ. Who was Jesus Christ? You have the record of his life in the four gospels; read them, and you will find out who he was. He was the God-man. In him dwelt all the fullness of the God-head bodily; he was the brightness of the Father's glory and the expressed image of his person. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. It is impossible to read that record and not to be impressed with the singular beauty and nobility of his character. There was nothing small about him: he was big in every way—big of soul; he lived on the loftiest plain; he saw things as God saw them—from the high vantage ground of truth, of justice, righteousness. There was nothing

narrow, provincial about him; his sympathies were world wide; his great scheme of redemption was all-embracing. When he came to send out his disciples, after his plans were consummated, he said to them: "Go ye, into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature." The whole world, every creature, was embraced in his great scheme of redemption.

It is impossible to stand in the presence of Jesus Christ, to become fully conscious of what he was, in his singularly pure and beautiful character, in the great sweep of his noble thoughts and sympathies, without feeling ashamed of all that is little, mean, contemptible, ignoble within us. No wonder Peter exclaimed, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." Christianity is the religion of Jesus Christ. It is the religion that he practiced; it is the religion for which he stood while upon earth, and for which he stands today. It is the religion that reflects his character and life.

(2.) It is the religion that embodies the great principles for which he stands and in accordance with which character and conduct are to be regulated and tested. What are some of the great principles for which he stands?

(1.) There is the great principle of the Fatherhood of God. Jesus Christ taught us to say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." We are all the children of God; we all came from God; He created us; we were all made in his image. Jesus Christ wanted men everywhere, irrespective of race or nationality, to drink in that great thought; he wanted men everywhere to know and to feel that they were the children of God; that in a real true sense, God was their father. And that meant that God felt a father's interest in them, and an equal interest in them all. The connection began in Adam, and was continued through Noah, and has remained ever since. In the geneological table of Jesus, as given in Luke, you remember Adam is spoken of as "the son of God." And so we are all sons and daughters of one common father. The Fatherhood of God! That is a great thought. How it lifts the whole plane of humanity! What dignity it gives to every human being, however humble, however lowly! It doesn't make any difference how poor, how ignorant we may be, to what race we belong, whether we were in bondage or not, the relationship exists all the same. Poverty, ignorance, race affiliation can not change, in the least, the fact that God is our Father. All men are children of God, Jesus taught. The time was when I used to speak of the cracker element of the South, as poor

white trash; it is the manner in which many persons still speak of them, but I never do it any more. We have no right to call any human being, anyone who bears the image of God, however ignorant and degraded, trash.

In this fact, of the Fatherhood of God, is found also the warrant to every individual of whatever race or nationality, to move onward and upward. A child of God may aspire and is justified in aspiring to anything. There are no limits to be set to his aspirations. It is not for anyone to say to him: Thus far, and no farther. Before him lies the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. There are no metes and bounds to be set up for him; no barriers to be erected against him. The stamp of divinity is upon him, and that gives him the right-of-way whenever he chooses to claim it. This doctrine of the Fatherhood of God is not only valuable because of the dignity with which it invests every human being, but also because it opens up to every individual an indefinite sweep of great possibilities, and, therefore, lays the basis for all noble aspiration.

(2.) There is the principle of the brotherhood of man. This grows naturally out of the former principle. If God is our Father, then, of course, we are all brothers. Jesus Christ taught the brotherhood of man. Literally this is true—men are brothers—the human race is one. It began with Adam; and, although it was nearly wiped out by the flood, it survived in Noah and his three sons and their wives, from whom the whole earth was afterward peopled. Hence the statement, "Of one, or of one blood God hath made all the families of the earth." The doctrine of the brotherhood of man, as taught by Jesus, involves just two things: 1st. That all men, however widely they may differ in appearance or circumstances, are members of the same great family, have all come out of the same original parent stock. And, 2d. That all men should feel toward each other as brothers, and treat each other as brothers. The bond that unites all men should be the bond of true brotherliness. We are to recognize in every man a brother, and treat every man as a brother. This is what Jesus taught.

(3.) Another one of his great principles was what is known as the Golden Rule: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That is, put yourself in the place of others, invest yourself with their circumstances, and then whatever it would be right, just, humane for you to expect from them, render to them; treat them, as under similar circumstances, you would have a right

to expect to be treated by them. Jesus says, Put yourself in the place of the man that you have to deal with, and treat him, not according to your likes and dislikes, not according to the promptings of the evil within you; but according to what you know to be right, and what it would be the duty of the other man to accord to you, if he were in your place, and you in his.

(4.) Another one of his great principles is set forth in what he calls the second and great commandment, namely, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

What he meant by neighbor he explains in one of his most notable parables. The question was directly put to him, "And who is my neighbor?" And then he told, in answer to that question, the story of how a Samaritan befriended a Jew—a Samaritan who was despised by the Jews, with whom the Jews had no dealings, for whom they had the utmost contempt. This despised Samaritan found this Jew by the road side, where he had been robbed, beaten, and left to die; this Samaritan had compassion on him, bound up his wounds, put him upon his own ass, carried him to an inn, cared for him, and when he got ready to leave gave orders to the proprietor to look after him, and give him whatever he needed, and that he would be responsible for it. Jesus says: That Samaritan was neighbor to the Jew, and that just as that Samaritan treated the Jew, so ought men everywhere to treat each other, whatever may be their race or nationality.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The love which a man feels for himself is a very genuine love, and a love that makes one very sensitive as to one's rights and privileges, as to how one is treated, as to the estimate in which one is held. Self-love leads us to desire for ourselves whatever will advance our interest, will increase our happiness, will give us a larger outlook, a brighter future. To love our neighbor as ourselves is to wish for him the same good, and to do for him as the opportunity presents itself, whatever we can to help to forward his interest, to enlarge his opportunities, and to open up to him a brighter future.

(5.) Another great principle of the religion of Jesus Christ is that set forth by the apostle Paul in the statement, "So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." The things that make for peace, and the things that tend to edify, are the things to be followed. The things

that have the opposite tendency—that tend to produce strife, dissension, bickerings—that breed ill-will and hatred are to be avoided.

(6.) Another great principle of the religion of Jesus Christ is, that all Christians are one in him—together they constitute one family.

The record is: “There is one body, one Spirit, even as also ye were called, in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.” And again, it is written: “Lie not one to another; seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, that is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him who created him: where there can not be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond man, freeman; but Christ is all, and in all.”—Col. 3: 11: In I Cor. 12: 12-13 we also read: “For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit.”

As to the spirit that should bind the members of this body together, as to the bond that should unite them, we have this statement: “That here should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care for one another. And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.” And then follows the statement: “Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof.” Here is the great doctrine of the unity of all believers, stated in the strongest terms possible, leaving us in no doubt as to what this unity means, and what is involved in it, in our relation one to another.

These are some of the great foundation principles of the religion of Jesus Christ; these are some of the things for which it stands—some of the things that it seeks to emphasize, and to bring the world in subjection to. It stands for the Fatherhood of God; for the brotherhood of man; for the Golden Rule; for the second great commandment which calls upon us to love our neighbor as ourselves; for the things that make for peace, and for the unity of all believers in Christ.

III. Having now clearly before us what race prejudice is, and what Christianity is, we are now prepared to take up the question—**WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF CHRISTIANITY TOWARDS RACE PREJUDICE?**

How is race prejudice to be regarded? How is it to be treated by Christian men and women?

In the light of what race prejudice is, in its nature, in all of its manifestations and effects, and in the light of what Christianity is, as seen in the character of Jesus, and in the great principles which he enunciated and exemplified in his life, I do not hesitate to say that race prejudice is contrary to every known principle of Christianity; that there is not to be found anywhere in the religion of Jesus Christ anything upon which it can stand, anything by which it can be justified, or even extenuated. There is absolutely nothing in the Christian religion upon which it can rest—nothing which even the bitterest Negro hater can find in it, if he is truthful, if he is conscientious, upon which it can rest.

Take the great principle of the Fatherhood of God. If God is the Father of all; if he regards all as his children; if he, as Father, does not discriminate against any of his numerous children on account of race or color, how can the children themselves be justified in doing it?

Take the great principle of the brotherhood of man. If all men are brothers, and are all to be treated as brothers, how can race prejudice, with all its meanness and offensiveness, be consistent with brotherliness? Is that the way brothers, members of the same family, are to treat each other, to regard each other?

Take the great principle embodied in the Golden Rule. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Is race prejudice consistent with this rule? Can it, in any way, be reconciled with it? Where race prejudice exists, where it shows itself, where it tries to make things just as unpleasant as possible for its victims, where it walks rough-shod over their feelings, where it ignores their rights, is that doing by others as we would be done by? Can that kind of treatment be brought under the sheltering wings of the Golden Rule? Is there any man, of any race anywhere, if he were treated in this way, who would feel that he was being dealt with in the spirit of this rule, that he was being treated, as those who were inflicting the treatment would like to be treated under similar circumstances?

Take the great principle embodied in the Second commandment as enunciated by Jesus, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." How can race prejudice—race prejudice which at heart is a feeling of aversion, of hostility, of contempt—a feeling that leads us to

draw our skirts and say, you are not good enough to associate with me, not good enough to enjoy the same rights, the same privileges, the same opportunities, how can that kind of thing be reconciled with loving our neighbor as ourselves? Is that the way we treat people that we love, to say nothing of those that we love as ourselves? Is that the way the love that we bear for ourselves shows itself? Is it the things that vex us, that make us unhappy, that hamper us, that narrow our opportunities and curtail our privileges that it prompts us to seek? No, emphatically no, but just the opposite. How then can it be reconciled with race prejudice? How can the two things coexist?

Take the great principle, embodied in the statement, "Follow the things that make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." Is race prejudice a thing that makes for peace? Is it a force that harmonizes discordant elements, that heals differences, that brings people closer together, that breaks down walls of separation, that makes people feel kindly towards each other? The answer to this question is to be found in the history of race prejudice the world over; and that history shows that everywhere, and necessarily so, it has had just the opposite effect. It has been a source of evil, and only evil, out of it have come bitternesses, and hatreds, and animosities, dissensions, strifes, murders. There is no blacker record to be found anywhere than the record of race prejudice. Look over our own country and see what it has done, and is still doing to stir up strife, to keep the white and black races apart, and to feed the flames of bitterness and hatred between them. The things that make for peace we are to follow; and the things which do not make for peace we are to repudiate, Christian men and women are to set their faces against, to resist in every possible way, Christian men and women are to give no quarter to, are to countenance in no shape or form.

Take the great principle of the unity of all believers in Christ. If all believers are one in Christ, if together they constitute one organism, the animating principle of which is the Holy Spirit; or, to change the figure to the one used by Jesus himself, where he says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches."—If we are all branches of the true vine, if the same life-force courses through all, and binds all together in unity with Christ and in unity with one another, how is it possible for race prejudice which insists upon separate churches and separate pews, and separate presbyteries, and separate conferences,

and separate cemeteries, and separate every thing, to be reconciled with that kind of unity, that oneness of life? It is true, the unity spoken of here, is a spiritual one, but it is a unity in which are included all races and colors and nationalities, and in which, therefore, all these differences should be forgotten, should be lost sight of.

We are to follow not only the things that make for peace, but also the things whereby we may edify one another: that is, that tend to build each other up in Christian character, in the graces of the Spirit. Is there anything in race prejudice—in the preaching of it, or in the practice of it, or in the silent acquiescence in it, that will enable the man who is under its influence to edify the man against whom it is exercised; anything in it that will raise Christianity, religion in the estimation of man against whom it is exercised? You know, and I know, and we all—everybody knows that it has just the opposite tendency. It doesn't build up; it doesn't edify, it doesn't enhance the attractive power of religion. It pulls down; it destroys; it undermines confidence in religion, it drives men away from Christ. Again and again I have heard people say: It is a wonder that colored people have any faith in religion at all, in the presence of what is going on all around them—in the ever recurring exhibition of race prejudice on the part of so many so-called Christians. Race prejudice in the heart, race prejudice on the part of one race towards another, destroys absolutely that race's power to help the other race Godward and Heavenward. People who are despised, who are discriminated against, who are made to feel that they are less than men, will not receive the message of the grace of God from such messengers. The man who has race prejudice in his heart, who allows himself to be influenced by race hatred never can become a source of edification spiritually, to the man that he hates, to the man that he discriminates against. There is an indisposition, a positive aversion to receiving the message from such a source. I speak from experience, and from what I know from others, there is a very decided feeling, in many colored congregations, against having their pulpits occupied by white men, unless they know beforehand, that they are all right on the Negro problem, that they are free from race prejudice. And this feeling is growing; more and more the colored people are acting upon the assumption that the average white professor of religion, both in the pulpit and out of it, is a hypocrite—that he doesn't believe what he preaches, and, therefore, they don't want to hear him; won't hear him if they can avoid it.

Let no man, in this country or out of it, in the pulpit or out of the pulpit, however strongly he may feel personally about the matter, however he may wish to justify race prejudice, dare to do so, on any principle in the Word of God, or anything in the spirit of teaching of Jesus Christ. If he does, he lies; he tells what is not true; he tells what he knows to be untrue. He knows also, if he has had any real experience of the divine life in his soul, that there is nothing in that experience that furnishes any ground or justification for it. Every principle of Christianity, every sentiment of true religion is opposed, utterly and absolutely opposed, to race prejudice in every shape and form.

I have already spoken long enough, and yet there are some important aspects of the subject that I have not touched. I shall be obliged to defer it therefore until next Sabbath. In the meantime let us think on the subject, calmly, dispassionately. The time has come, it seems to me, when Christian men and women all over the world, should begin to look this evil squarely in the face, and to set themselves earnestly to work to combat it, to deal with it as Christian men and women ought to deal with it; as Jesus Christ would have it dealt with. We should consider it prayerfully, and with the fixed purpose and determination of following the lead of Jesus Christ regardless of personal consequences, whether it meets the approbation of the world or not, whether men are pleased or not. The one dominant and all determining factor should be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" It is the will, the wish of Jesus Christ only, that we should consider in regulating our own conduct in this matter, and in seeking to influence the conduct of others.

CHRISTIANITY AND RACE PREJUDICE¹

How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a Samaritan woman? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.—JOHN 4:9.

In the sermon on last Sabbath I spoke of what race prejudice is; of what Christianity is; and of the attitude of Christianity towards race prejudice, as indicated in the character of Jesus Christ, and in the great principles of the Christian religion, such as the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the Golden Rule, loving one's neighbor as one's self, following things that make for peace

¹ Delivered June 5, 1910.

and edification, and the unity of all believers in Christ. The discussion brought out the fact, that every principle of Christianity, every sentiment of true religion was totally, absolutely opposed to race prejudice in every shape and form.

IV. Such being the case, I pass on in the next place to ask: What is the Attitude of the Church towards Race Prejudice? By the Church I mean the religious denominations that stand as the visible and organized representatives of Christianity, of the great principles of which I have been speaking; I mean the men and women who make up the membership of our churches—the men and women who profess to be Christians. There are, in this country, thirty millions of such professing Christians; and in connection with these churches, under their care and supervision, are some fifteen millions of Sunday-school scholars, who are being instructed in the knowledge of the Word of God, who are being trained for membership in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The question that I am asking is, What is the attitude of this great body of Christians who have pledged themselves to loyalty to Jesus Christ, who have pledged themselves to embody, in their own personal character and lives, and to endeavor to get others to do the same, the great principles of the Christian religion—who have pledged themselves to follow Jesus Christ, through evil report, and through good report: what is their attitude in regard to this evil, to this ever-growing evil in this great Republic of ours?

The information that I am seeking here is not, as to what public declarations have been made, occasionally, in the form of resolutions or otherwise, by denominations, or public gatherings, touching this matter; but what is the practice of the congregations that make up these denominations and of the men who occupy their pulpits? Do they welcome people of all races to their places of worship, to their Sabbath schools, to their Endeavor Societies, and to membership in their churches? Do they treat people of all races, when they come into their assemblies with the same courtesy, the same cordiality? What is the practice as individuals, of the millions of professing Christians in their contact with men of other races? Are they influenced, in the treatment which they accord to them in the street, on the cars, in places of public resort, in all the relations of life, by this feeling of race prejudice, or by the principles of the religion which they profess to accept and to believe in? Are these millions of professing Christians in their homes, in their places of business, in

public and in private, throwing the weight of their individual personal influence for or against this evil of race prejudice? Are they exemplifying in their individual personal character and lives, in dealing with this question, the spirit of the Master whom they profess to be serving, or the spirit of the world, of the evil one, of the prince of the powers of darkness? In other words, Is the attitude of the average white church in this country, and the average white professor of religion, on this subject, consistent with the religion which they profess?

In seeking an answer to these questions, it is the truth that we want to know, and nothing but the truth, whether it makes for us or against us, whether we like it or not; for it is the truth alone that will make us free; what we want to know is, what the facts are in the case. What are the facts?

(1). So far as the practice of churches or congregations is concerned, race prejudice is in almost absolute control. In the whole southern section of our country it dominates absolutely the situation. In all that southern land there is scarcely a white church, be it said to the shame of those churches, where a colored person would be accorded anything like decent treatment; there is scarcely one in which a colored person would be received as a brother beloved, however exemplary might be his conduct, however saintly might be his character. In most of them he would not be received at all; in a few he might be received, provided he was willing to be thrust away into the gallery or some obscure corner, set apart particularly for his kind. The reception of colored children into Sabbath schools and Endeavor societies in these churches would not, of course, be thought of for a moment.

As to other sections of our country, things are not quite so bad, but they are bad enough, and are getting steadily worse. The white churches of the North, as a general thing, are no more kindly disposed towards the attendance of colored people upon their services than the churches in the South. They may not decline to seat a colored person if he goes, but they will treat him in such a way as to make him know very distinctly that he is not welcomed, that his absence would be preferable to his presence. That is not true of all, but it is true of a very large number, and a growing number. Even in a church like Trinity, Boston—the church over which the sainted Phillips Brooks once presided, and where during his pastorate men of all

racess were equally welcomed, the brother in black no longer feels at home there, is no longer made welcome there. The simple fact is, colored people are not wanted in white churches, in white Sabbath schools, in white Endeavor societies, in white religious societies of any kind. The simple fact is, when they venture, occasionally, into these churches, they are not treated with the same courtesy, with the same cordiality as white people are treated. The feeling is, Why don't you colored people attend your own churches. Jesus said, "My house shall be called the house of prayer for all nations;" but that is not true of the average white church in this country. It is not a house of prayer for all nations, but only for white men, and white women, and white children, only for members of the white race. That is the feeling that pervades them, that dominates them. "For white people only," is what is inscribed over the portals of most of them, as interpreted by the prevailing sentiment within them. This may be denied, but no denial can alter the fact. An honest expression of sentiment, on the part of the members of these churches, however deplorable it might be, however unfavorable may be the light in which it may place them as professing Christians, will be found to be in accord with what I have said. Most of these churches have built into them the idea that they are for white people and not colored people; most of these churches are pervaded by the sentiment which does not look kindly upon the idea of the introduction of colored people into their religious organizations and gatherings; underlying most of them is the caste feeling, growing out of race prejudice. If any one has any doubt on the matter, all that is necessary to be done in order to get at the truth, is to let some colored person apply for membership in most of them, and see what the result would be. I venture the assertion, that, with here and there an exception, it may be, such an application would not be received with favor, with any degree of cordiality, as would be the case had it come from a white person. The application, if it were not out and out denied, action on it would be deferred, and efforts would be made to dissuade the applicant from pressing it—to induce him to change his mind and seek admission elsewhere. I have in mind now such an application that was made to one of the prominent churches in this city. A letter of dismissal was requested, and was given by the proper authority, and presented: everything was in due form; but the application was not received; the party did not succeed in getting in. One excuse

and another was found, and among them that she would feel more at home among her own people. In other words, she was given to understand, if not in so many words, just as clearly, that that church was for white people and not for colored people.

The spirit that this incident brings out in connection with that particular church, is true of most of the white churches. It is clearly understood by their officers, by their members, by the men who fill their pulpits, that they are for white people and not for colored people. And the reason why we have white churches and colored churches, white Sunday schools and colored Sunday schools, white Endeavor societies and colored Endeavor societies, is because of race prejudice. This line of cleavage has been drawn, this difference has been made, out of deference to race prejudice, this aspect of the churches' policy has been dictated by race antipathy. Everywhere this hydra-headed monster has not only intruded itself, but is in control. Why should there be churches made up of white Christians, and churches made up of colored Christians in the same community, and, where all speak the same language; why should white Christians and colored Christians not feel perfectly at home with each other in the same religious gatherings, if they are all Christians, if they all believe in the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, in doing by others as they would be done by, in loving each other as they love themselves, in their oneness in Christ Jesus, and if the same Holy Spirit dwells alike in all their hearts? With these great principles guiding, directing, influencing them, it would be just what you would naturally expect to find, just as in all churches you find all classes and conditions brought together—rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated. Any attempt to build the Christian church on any of these lines exclusively would be recognized at once as wrong, as contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ. You can't say this church is for rich people only, or for educated people only, or for people of position, of high social station only, and call it Christian. A church run in any such spirit would be obviously against every principle of Christianity. And yet, all over this country are churches, calling themselves Christian, in spirit and practice, for white people only; are churches where colored people are not desired.

The fact that such is the case and it is a fact, calls for an explanation. What is the explanation of this unnatural condition of things

that we find all over our land, in so-called Christian churches? Why are all on the inside of some of them, white, and all on the inside of others, black? Why this indisposition of one group of persons to mingle with another group, in churches in religious gatherings, in the worship of God? The great reason—there may be others—is to be found in race prejudice. The underlying fact out of which it grows, is this difference of race; and this difference has been one of the great determining factors in the organized church life of the nation, one of its most conspicuous characteristics. The lines have been set up, not where Jesus Christ directs them to be set up, but where race prejudice dictates that they should be set up; the principles of the world have controlled, have been allowed to determine what shall be, and what shall not be, instead of the principles of the great Head of the Church.

2. As to the practice of the individuals who make up this great body of professing Christians, in their contact, in their relation with men of other races, the same is true, race prejudice is in almost absolute control, its influence almost everywhere dominates.

(1.) People who are content to be identified with churches, such as I have been describing—churches that don't want colored people in them, that would rather have them stay away from their services, are not likely to treat them with any more consideration when they meet them elsewhere. If they are not good enough to worship with them in the same sanctuary, they are not likely to think any better of them when they meet them on the outside. People who want separate churches, are likely also to want separate schools, and separate hotels, and separate restaurants, and separate cars, and separate every thing. If churches, which are supposed to be the center of the religious life of the community, and therefore to represent the highest standard of what is right in their very structure, in the lines upon which they are organized, teach that men are to be shunned, are to be excluded, are to be discriminated against because of race, color, the individual members are not likely to have any higher standard, are not likely to act on any higher principle. People who in their church life, get the idea of race superiority, of race exclusiveness, will be likely to carry it with them in the wider relations outside of the church.

(2.) This, as a matter of fact, is what we find to be actually true. Race prejudice is not the monopoly of the infidel, of the atheist,

of the man of the world. It is shared equally by so-called professing Christians. The men who have been most active in promoting Jim-crow car legislation, in bringing about all forms of discrimination, in holding the race up to contempt, in saying the bitterest things against it, have not all been outside of the church: no, many of them have not only been in the church, but have held high places in it. The simple fact is, there is no appreciable difference, in the great majority of cases, in the exhibition of race prejudice, in the treatment that is accorded to people of color, between those who profess to be Christians, and those who make no profession. The fact that they are members of Christian churches, that they are professing Christians, exerts no appreciable influence over them. It is a thing entirely apart from their religion, a thing which does not involve, in the least, to them any religious principle. They do not seem to see any inconsistency between the two things. All the high, and holy principles of the Christian religion, they seem to think, have reference only to, or are in force only when they have dealings with members of their own race. It is surprising how little influence the religion of Jesus Christ has had in controlling the prejudice of men, in lifting them above the low plane upon which race prejudice places them.

In the block where I am living, which is one of the longest blocks in the city, a few years ago every house in it, on both sides, was occupied by white people; today there is only one white family to be found in it. There has been an almost complete exodus. Just as soon as one colored family got in, the excitement began; and when a second got in it created almost a panic. One by one these white people,

“Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stole away.”

Many of them were members of Christian churches; one of them was the family of a retired minister of the gospel. These church members, these professing Christians, were unwilling to even live in the same block with colored people, though they had no personal contact with them, and though among those colored neighbors were three colored ministers, pastors of three of the leading colored churches of the city. This indisposition to live even in the same block with colored people, is just as prevalent among professing Christians as among non-professors; and it doesn't make any difference as to the grade of colored persons, as to how intelligent, how refined, how well-

to-do, how unobjectionable in point of character, they may be, the indisposition is just as strong.

These are all facts, indisputable facts. And these facts of experience and observation—facts that lie all about us, within easy reach of anybody, prove conclusively that the Christian church in this land, in its organized capacity, and in the life of the individuals that go to make up its membership, is very largely under the power of this degrading and un-Christian sentiment of race prejudice. It is a humiliating confession to make, but it is true, the church today is the great bulwark of race prejudice in this country. It is doing more than any other single agency to uphold it, to make it respectable, to encourage people to continue in it. It not only upholds it within its own peculiar institutions, but furnishes an example to the non-believing world, to do the same. So that both within, and without, its influence, its example tells mightily in favor of these discriminations, these invidious distinctions, based upon race, upon color.

V. In the light of these facts, in view of the actual condition of things as we find it in this land, I raise the question, and it is a question which the church itself ought to consider, Is it occupying the position which it ought to occupy in this matter? Is it standing where it ought to stand? Is it standing where Jesus Christ would have it stand? In other words, is its present attitude on the race question, right or wrong? To this question, in the light of what Christianity is, in the light of what Jesus Christ is, in spirit, in temper, in all that he said and did, there can be but one answer, a negative one. Its attitude is not what it ought to be; it is not standing where it ought to stand. It is recreant to its great trust, as the light of the world; the light within it, on this point, is darkness, is misleading.

One of two things therefore the church ought to do: (1.) It ought to disavow any connection whatever with Christianity, to repudiate it, to give it up entirely, to break absolutely with it, to say frankly: I believe in race prejudice, in these discriminations, I don't want to worship with colored people, I don't want to live on the same street with them; I don't think they are entitled to the same treatment as white people are entitled to; I am not willing to receive them as brothers religiously or otherwise. At the same time I know that Christianity teaches the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood

of man, teaches that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, that we should do by others as we would be done by; I know that race prejudice is not in accordance with the spirit of Jesus Christ. I am not going to give up race prejudice, however; I am not going to treat these people differently. If I can't hold on to race prejudice, and also to Christianity at the same time, I will give up Christianity; I will not live a lie; I will not misrepresent it by continuing my connection with it. American Christianity is in honor bound to take that position, to cease to call itself Christian. Or

(2.) It ought to repent; it ought to do differently; it ought to strive to bring its actual life in harmony with the great principles which it professes to accept, to believe in. There is need today for some John the Baptist to go out all over this land, in all of the white churches, among the millions of professing Christians in them, and cry aloud—Repent, repent, cease to be ruled by race prejudice, to make race, color, the condition of entrance into your religious activities, your organizations and gatherings, cease this anti-Christian race feeling, and let brotherly love prevail. "Let the wicked man forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," is what God says; and that has reference to the man within the church as well as the man without it. If race prejudice is wrong, then the church must forsake it, must give it up. There is no option left to it. It must repent, it must do differently; it must change its course, if it is to remain Christian.

VI. Assuming now that it is willing to do this, that it recognizes the un-Christian character of race prejudice, that it sees that it is wrong, the practical question remains to be considered: How, in what way may it set itself to work to overcome it? What can it do? What ought it to do?

(1.) It ought to wake up to the fact that it can do something, and that it ought to do something. Race prejudice is an evil that the church of God ought to grapple with. It ought not to sit quietly down in the midst of it, and do nothing. Its very silence, its lack of effort, its non-interference with, to put it in its mildest form, would be misinterpreted, would be construed as approving of it, or, at least, as not disapproving of it. The church of God can do something. There are thirty-two millions of professing Christians in this country, and there are over two hundred thousand men of education, many of them of the highest culture, in the pulpits of the land. These

millions of professing Christians wield a tremendous influence ; there isn't anything that they set their minds upon that they cannot bring about, that they cannot accomplish. The fact that it has done little or nothing towards fighting this evil, has been not from lack of power, but from lack of disposition. And this lack of disposition has arisen from two reasons : 1st. Because of the presence of race prejudice in the church itself, in the hearts of those who make up the church ; and 2d. Because of cowardice, because to have done so would have run counter to an adverse public sentiment, outside of the church.

That the church, the membership of the church, collectively and individually, have done little or nothing towards fighting this evil, is evident from the great damning fact, that while the membership of these churches has gone on steadily increasing, side by side with that fact, of an increasing membership in the churches, is also the fact that race prejudice has gone on steadily increasing. The church has grown, and with its growth, this diabolical spirit of race prejudice has also grown. The very opposite of this is what we would naturally have expected to find—that with the growth of the Christian church, not an increase, but a decrease of race antipathy. This strange fact, for it is a strange fact, there is nothing in the nature of Christianity that would lead us to expect any such result, ought to be an eye-opener to Christian men and women all over this country, ought to give them pause, ought to lead them to ask themselves the question, What must be the quality of the Christianity which is represented in their character and lives if such be the case. Of this strange fact there are only three possible explanations: Either Christianity is no match for race prejudice, is powerless before it ; or, the Christianity represented in the white churches of America, is an inferior Christianity, is not genuine, is not what it purports to be ; or, else the church has not been doing its duty, has been putting its light under a bushel, has not been faithful to its divine commission.

That real genuine Christianity is powerless in the presence of race prejudice, is not true ; back of it is the mighty power of God. The gates of hell can not prevail against it. That the Christianity represented in white America is spurious, I am not prepared to say. That the church has failed to do its duty, in this matter, I am prepared, however, to say. Had it been true to its great commission ; had it lived up to its opportunities ; had it stood squarely and un-

compromisingly for Christian principles, the sad, the humiliating, the disgraceful fact of which we are speaking, never would have been possible. The fact that in Christian America, in this land that is rolling up its church members by the millions, race prejudice has gone on steadily increasing, is a standing indictment of the white Christianity of this land—an indictment that ought to bring the blush of shame to the faces of the men and women, who are responsible for it, whose silence, whose quiet acquiescence, whose cowardice, or worse whose active cooperation, have made it possible. The first thing for the church to do, I say, is to wake up to the fact that it can do something. Its present attitude is a disgrace to it, is utterly unworthy of the name which it bears.

(2.) The church ought to begin to do something. What can it do; in what way or ways may it help to overthrow this giant evil? It can help to do it in the same way as Jesus sought to meet race antipathy, and an adverse and unrighteous public sentiment, in his day. Race hatred was just as strong in his day as it is today; the Jews had the same contempt for the Samaritan, felt the same aversion to him, as the white man feels for the Negro in this country. If possible the feeling of antipathy was even stronger. In the midst of the society in which Jesus lived and moved there was the strongest possible feeling of aversion to certain classes known as Publicans and sinners. When he said Zaccheus, Come down for I must abide in thy house today," they threw their hands up in holy horror, saying, "He is gone to be guest with a man who is a sinner." When he permitted the woman to anoint his feet, as he sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, the Pharisee expressed his astonishment in the words, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, that she is a sinner." In the midst of such conditions Jesus began his great life's work. Did he fall in with the prejudices of his time? Did he allow himself to be controlled by the unrighteous public sentiment about him? No; he did the very opposite of that; he showed clearly, unmistakably where he stood, what his principles were. And this he did in two ways—by what he taught, and by the life he lived.

(1) By what he taught. The great principles which he declared, which he everywhere promulgated, were directly, fundamentally opposed to the evils about him. These principles could not be accepted, could not be followed without changing conditions

for the better, without bringing men closer together, without breaking down walls of separation, without infusing into all a more kindly spirit. Jesus gave a great deal of time to teaching. The rubbish of tradition—men-made opinions—had covered up the truth of God: and Jesus gave a good deal of time to clearing away this rubbish, and letting the truth shine forth. In the Sermon on the Mount we have a specimen of the kind of work he did. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use and entreat you." Jesus was a teacher; he was a teacher sent from God. What he taught were the truths of God; his aim was to bring men in contact with the mind of God, with the great thoughts, feelings, sentiments which tended to lift men Godward and Heavenward, instead of encouraging them in their evil inclinations and desires, in their petty prejudices and meannesses. What he taught tended ever to make men broader, more liberal, more humane, more sympathetic, more kind, more loving. Jesus was a great teacher—great in the manner in which he taught; and in what he taught—in the character of the truths which he declared. In what he said, in the words that fell from his lips, men knew where he stood on all the great moral issues of his day, knew what his sentiments were, where his sympathies were.

(2.) Jesus revealed his attitude and thus sought to improve conditions, not only by what he taught, but also, and particularly, by the life which he lived, by his personal character and conduct. In no way did he ever give countenance, by anything he did, by the manner in which he conducted himself, to the unjust sentiments, the unholy prejudices about him. His life, as he lived it day by day, as he came in contact with men of all classes, was always, and everywhere a living protest against all the evils about him. He never allowed himself to be influenced by the prejudices of those about him, by their likes and dislikes. Jesus was all the time doing unpopular things, things that public sentiment did not endorse; and he did them in order that people might know where he stood, that he was not in accord with public sentiment, that he did not approve of popular prejudices. Hence he went to dine with Zaccheus; hence when he came to select his twelve disciples, he chose Matthew, the Publican, to be one of them; hence when he was on his way to Jeru-

salem, instead of going around Samaria, he went through it; and, when he met the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, instead of shunning her, although the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, he talked to her, he asked her to give him a drink of water; and when the Samaritans, in large numbers, came out to meet him, instead of running away from them, received them gladly, and permitted himself to be entertained by them in their village for a day or two.

After all, the most effective way of working in the interest of reform, in seeking to change conditions for the better is the one set forth here. It is well enough to preach, to make public declarations, to issue manifestoes bearing upon the evils to be removed; but after all, these public declarations, these generalized statements, are soon forgotten; but where the individual life is all right, where it meets the issue squarely by consistently and persistently living out the principle which it wishes to triumph, you have a force that is ever active—silently, it may be, but ever and always working towards the end. It is the individual life, set right in regard to this or any other matter, that counts most. And no one understood this better than the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence, in his individual personal character and life, he was always true to principle; his life always pointed in the direction of the principles which he advocated; he was always a living embodiment of what he taught; and hence he became a force, in the regeneration of society, which no mere words, however wise or eloquent, ever could have made him.

In dealing with this matter of race prejudice, if the church in America, I mean our white fellow Christians, really want to get rid of it, really want to begin in earnest a crusade in the interest of true Christian brotherhood, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude, the way to do it is clearly indicated in the course pursued by Jesus Christ, in dealing with similar conditions in his day.

(1.) There must be careful instruction. The great principles of Christianity that are opposed to race prejudice, everything in the Word of God that runs counter to it, that tends to set it forth in its true light, as a thing hateful to God, and injurious to man, should be carefully set forth, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Some teaching must be done, careful, painstaking instruction as to the mind of God on this matter, as revealed in his character, and in the teachings of his Word, must be given.

If race prejudice is wrong, if it is un-Christian, unbrotherly, then that fact ought to be declared. There ought to be no blinking of the matter, no dodging of the issue. It ought to be properly characterized; it ought to be set forth in its true character. And it ought to be done, not with bated breath, not behind closed doors, not in secret where no one will hear; but openly, publicly; it ought to be proclaimed from the house tops. God directed the prophet to "cry aloud, and spare not, to lift up his voice like a trumpet." And race prejudice, as an evil, as an evil hateful to God, and injurious to man, ought to be proclaimed in trumpet-tones all over the land, in every city, and village, and hamlet.

This work of education, of instruction, in regard to this evil, should be from the pulpit, should be in the Sabbath schools, in Christian Endeavor societies, in all Christian homes. What an opportunity is here presented to Christian ministers, to Sunday school teachers, to leaders of Endeavor societies, to Christian fathers and mothers, to pour in the light of Divine truth, to begin the work of regeneration, by implanting in the hearts and minds of those who are entrusted to their care, who come under their influence, correct ideas on this matter.

The opportunity along these several lines, of helping in this matter, is great. To what extent is it being utilized? How many of the more than 200,000 ministers in the pulpits of this land have sought to instruct the members of their congregations, to set them right on this matter? How many are doing it now? In how many of these pulpits has there been any serious attempt made to stem this tide of race prejudice by patient, painstaking instruction out of God's Word? How many of the thousands upon thousands of Sabbath school teachers in the Sunday schools connected with these churches have done anything, directly, or indirectly, to help their scholars to see the evil of race prejudice, to lead them to think more kindly of people of color? How many of the leaders, in the thousands of Endeavor societies in all these churches, have done anything to set the millions of young people over whom they preside, right on this matter?

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

We hear them often singing, as their battle cry. How far, to what extent is this great army of young endeavorers, being trained to wage war against this ever active, ever present foe of God and man—race prejudice? How far are they being trained by the leaders, to look upon race prejudice as an enemy against which the forces of religion ought to be directed? How far are Christian parents, in their homes, with their children about them, seeking to put into their hearts and minds such principles as will lift them above race prejudice, as will set them right on this matter?

There is every reason to believe, that in none of these directions, that neither ministers, nor Sabbath school teachers, nor Endeavor leaders, nor Christian parents, have done very much in this direction. The children, the boys and girls, the young men and women who are coming up, are just as full of prejudice as the older ones. And yet these children, these young people are members of these churches, of these Sabbath schools, of these Endeavor societies, of these Christian homes. If any instruction is going on in them at all, with this end in view, there is no visible evidence of it. Those who are doing the teaching must be very poor teachers, or else these young people must be very inapt scholars, must be very dull of apprehension. The simple fact is they are not learning to look upon race prejudice as an evil in these churches, in these Sabbath schools, in these Endeavor societies, in these Christian homes; they are learning the very opposite. The older white Christians are dying out, but race prejudice is not dying out; it survives in their children, and it survives in their children because it lived in them, and it will continue to survive in the children as long as it lives in the parents.

I am fully persuaded that if there is ever to be a change for the better, this process of education, of careful instruction has got to be begun—in the pulpit, in the Sabbath schools, in the Endeavor societies, in the home; in all these centers of influence the good work has got to be begun, and ought to be begun at once. Definite, specific instruction as to the un-Christian character of race prejudice ought to be given, and given by the Christian church, by the men and women who profess to be Christians, and given to their children, and to the young people who are growing up.

(2.) Jesus Christ not only taught the truth, by word of mouth, but lived it—his life, his personal character witnessed to the truth which he proclaimed. He wasn't afraid of public sentiment, he

wasn't afraid to do the unpopular thing when duty required it, when loyalty to principle made it necessary. And this is the kind of testimony that our white fellow Christians must bear to the evil of race prejudice, if their influence is to count for anything, if this evil is to be overcome. It isn't what they say, but what they do, how they act, that will tell most. It is the testimony of the individual life, free from race prejudice, that is the important thing in this warfare that is to be waged in the interest of true brotherhood, of a larger charity. It is only as the individual Christian separates himself or herself from the accursed thing, that any real progress will be made. It is the protest of the individual personal life that is needed in all these churches, and Sabbath schools, and Endeavor societies, and Christian homes.

Let me now, in closing, revert for a moment to the text of Scripture with which I began this discourse. "How is it that thou being a Jew, askest drink of me who am a Samaritan woman." This woman recognized at once, that there was something here quite out of the ordinary; that here was a Jew that was entirely unlike the Jews that she was in the habit of meeting. Here was a Jew that not only talked with her, but asked of her a drink of water, a personal favor. The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, the Jews despised the Samaritans. She finds nothing like this, however, in this man; she finds in him an entirely different spirit. It puzzles her, she doesn't know what to make of it; and so she says frankly to him: How is it, explain yourself, that you, a Jew, treat me in the manner in which you do? Do unlike your fellow countrymen? And the question is an interesting one, and has in it an important lesson for our white American Christians. What was it that made the difference between Jesus and the ordinary Jew? The answer comes out in what follows. In answer to her question Jesus began to reveal himself to her. (1.) In his wonderful knowledge, in the insight which he had into her past life and history. "Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did" is what she said. She saw that he was no ordinary individual.

(2.) Impressed with his wonderful insight, she said, "I perceive thou art a prophet," a man of God; and then naturally she glided on to the great thought of the Messiah, the hope of all the ages, the long promised deliverer. And then it was that Jesus said to her "I that speak to thee, am he." She was talking with the Messiah, though she knew it not.

(3.) And then as the conversation went on he spoke of a wonderful water which he had to give—the water of life, which, if a man drink he would never thirst, but would be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. And then he went on to declare to her the great truth “God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers.” Not at Jerusalem, nor yet in Samaria would it be necessary for men to meet in order to render acceptable worship to God, but that everywhere, among all races and nations, the sincere worshipper was acceptable unto him. The conception which he gives us here of God, and of what constitutes acceptable worship, transcends the thought of race or nationality, lifts us at once out of the narrow racial groove in which both Jew and Samaritan were in the habit of moving, into the higher conception of fitness, of character, in which all men must stand in order to be acceptable to God. It was not as to whether a man was a Jew or Gentile about which God cared, and which counted with him, but as to the character of the worship which he rendered, as to the state of his heart. This was the way God felt, and this was the way Jesus felt as his representative on earth. The reason why his treatment of the Samaritan woman was different from the treatment which an ordinary Jew would have accorded her is manifest therefore:

(1.) It was because he was the Messiah; and, as such stood in relation to all the races of mankind. He was the light of the world—the light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Israel: and therefore Jew and Gentile alike appealed to him. (2.) It was because he was what he was in point of character, because his principles were what they were, because of the great purpose which dominated his life.

He came to redeem the world; to bring men back to God—to a recognition of him and of the great standard of character and conduct which he had set up for the government of all; he came to break down walls of separation and to make all men brethren. Being what he was, his principles being what they were, his treatment of the Samaritan woman was perfectly natural, was just what was to have been expected.

The latter part of the text is, “The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.” And this represents substantially the condition

which exists between whites and blacks in this country. So far as their religious and social relations are concerned, the white people have no dealings with the colored people. This is true of the whites within the church as well as those without it. Just as the Jews felt towards the Samaritans, in these respects the whites feel towards the colored people in this country. If, however, the church was all right, if these white professors of religion were all right, if they were true to the principles of the Christian religion, they would stand apart in their treatment of the colored people, from the other white people of the country, just as Jesus stood apart from the rest of the Jews about him, in his treatment of this Samaritan woman. But they do not stand apart, they are indistinguishable from them, they are in no respect different from them. To how many of the white Christians in this country could it be truthfully said by any number of colored people: How is it, that you, being white, treat us as brethren, as children of one common Father? How is it that you, being white, do not discriminate against us because of race, of color? To how many white Christians could this be said? Not a great many. And yet if these white professors of religion were really, truly Christian, if the same mind that was in Jesus was in them, not one, or two, or a dozen, but the whole Negro race would be able to say it; these white professors of religion would stand apart from the rest of the white people of the country, would stand on a higher plain, would exhibit a nobler spirit, a more Christ-like spirit.

It is important, it seems to me, not only in dealing with race prejudice, but in dealing with every other evil, that Christian men and women should understand, that Christianity is not clay in the hands of the world-spirit to be moulded by it: but is itself to be the moulder of public sentiment and everything else. It isn't the meal, but is the leaven put into the meal that is to leaven the whole lump. It is salt—not salt that has lost its savor, but the salt of the earth that is intended to arrest corruption, to put an end to the forces that mean moral decay, that tend to break down the tissues of the spiritual life, and to degenerate into festering sores of race prejudice and all the other brood of evils that grow out of it. The mission of the church, of Christian men and women is to mould, not be moulded by encircling influences of evil. To the shame of the millions of white Christians in this land, the brother in black is still a social and religious outcast.

As I look over this land of ours everywhere I see churches, and these churches in full operation, on week days and on the Sabbath. There seems to be no end to religious activities of one kind and another—meetings by day, and meetings by night, preaching services, prayer-meetings, revival meetings, religious conventions, men's gatherings, great missionary meetings for the conversion of the world, for carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth, and yet right here in America, in the midst of all this missionary activity, this religious zeal, this seeming devotion to Jesus Christ, race prejudice stalks on unhindered; race prejudice flaunts itself everywhere, and unrebuked, as if the kingdom of Jesus Christ had nothing whatever to do with it, as if it were a thing entirely apart from it. Anxious to bring the world to Christ, overflowing with enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen, and yet indifferent to this giant evil right here in Christian America!

On the top of the Central Union Mission Building in this city, near Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue, is a great sign. It consists of a star, and under the star in large letters are the words "Jesus the light of the world." It is illuminated by electricity, and night after night flashes out its message to the passers-by. It may be all right to put up such signs; but that is not the way to teach men that Jesus is the Light of the world. The way to do it is not through colored electric lights, but through the life—by living the religion which we profess, by showing in our daily walks that he is our light, that we are walking in the light, are being transformed, through his influence, into likeness to him. Thousands of such electric signs scattered everywhere, piled up to Heaven, are not worth as much as one life that is being saved by Christ, in commending him to a sinful world.

And so if our white Christian brethren would give a little less attention to the type of Christianity represented by these religious electric displays, the type of Christianity that is concerned about putting up such signs, but not concerned about this ulcer of race prejudice that is eating out the very vitals of the church; if they would give a little less attention to the evils that are away off, and address themselves a little more to some of the evils that are right about them; if they would shake off their indifference, and show a little interest, just a little, in having the kingdom of God come in their own hearts, and in the hearts of their race-hating brethren at

home, we would have a little more confidence in their sincerity, and the outlook for the real coming of the kingdom of God in this land, would not be so discouraging.

“What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith Jehovah: I have had enough of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before Me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample My courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me; new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth; they are a trouble unto Me. I am weary of bearing them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.”

This is God's message to white Christian America today, I believe, on this matter of race prejudice. Let us hope that it will heed the message, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. A change in the present attitude of the Church would be to the interest of both races; would lay the basis for a truer Christian civilization in this land; and would free it from the just imputation which now rests upon it, as an abettor, an encourager of race prejudice.

10

THE PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER, OR CHARACTER, THE TRUE STANDARD BY WHICH TO ESTIMATE INDIVIDUALS AND RACES¹

The subject upon which I am to speak is, to my mind, one of very great importance, and one that has always needed to be emphasized, but never more so than today. As a basis for what I have to say I have selected a passage of Scripture, not only because it is always well to have back of us the Word of God, but, especially, because in this particular instance in the passage selected is defined or expressed more clearly than elsewhere exactly what I have in mind. The passage is to be found in Romans 2: 11. “For there is no re-

¹Delivered October 27, 1911.

spect of persons with God." The subject, if I were to give it a name would be "The Paramount Importance of Character, or, Character the True Test or Standard by Which to Estimate Individuals or Races."

In the words, "For there is no respect of persons with God," a great principle of the Divine government is enunciated, which it is important for us to understand, in order that we may know what to expect from God, and in order that it may also become a governing principle in our own lives, in our dealing with others.

I. In the statement, attention is directed to the manner in which God, the great being who created all things, and by whom all things consist, deals with men. It doesn't say, mark you, that God has no respect for men, that he looks down upon them with contempt, that he regards them as beneath his notice. God is a wonderful being, immeasurably great, infinite in all his perfections—in wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. He is without beginning of days or end of years. He is sometimes represented as sitting upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof appearing as grasshoppers to him. We are also told that all nations are as nothing before him. In view of the greatness of God and our littleness, it has sometimes been thought that we are too insignificant to claim his attention. The deistic theory of the universe has some such idea as this back of it. God is too great, too exalted to be concerned in human affairs. And, even in the mind of the psalmist some such thought as this seemed to have flashed for a moment :

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man that thou are mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

What is man? he asks. How little, how insignificant he is. That man is little, infinitely little, as compared with God, is true; but no where in the scriptures are we taught that because of his littleness he is thereby put beyond the reach of the divine notice. The very opposite of this is true. God is not only represented as thinking of man, but as constantly thinking of him, and planning for his good. We have the great statement, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is also recorded—"The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice; and ye are more than many sparrows."

No, it isn't stated here that God has no respect for man. The statement is, "For there is no respect of persons with God," which is a very different thing.

No respect of persons! What does that mean? In general, it means that God deals impartially with men; that He has no favorites; that he is not swayed by any bias, either for or against, anyone. What is meant here may be still farther seen from the following statements gathered from a few of the commentaries and other sources:

"To regard the person or respect the person is, in the scriptures, uniformly used to denote partiality, or being influenced in a decision not by truth, but by previous attachment to a person or one of the parties—by friendship, or bias, or prejudice."

"To respect the person is to suffer our opinion or judgment to be influenced or biased by the outward circumstances of a person to the prejudice of right and equity."

"To respect persons is to be swayed unduly by social station; to yield to personal considerations at the expense of right and high-mindedness." There can scarcely be any doubt as to what, in general, was in the mind of the apostle in the use of the expression, "respect of persons." In order, however, that we may see in particular, exactly what is comprehended under it, it will be necessary for us to take up and consider certain passages of scripture bearing upon the subject. Among such passages the following may be cited:

"Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor." Lev. 19: 15.

"Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; ye shall hear the small and great alike." Deut. 1: 17.

"For Jehovah your God, he is God of gods, and Lord of lords, the great God, the mighty, and the terrible, who regardeth not persons, nor taketh reward." Deut. 10: 17.

"Him that saith to a king, Thou art vile, or to nobles, Ye are wicked; That respecteth not the person of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor." Job 34: 19.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." Acts 10: 35.

"And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that he who is both their master and yours

is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." Eph. 6: 9.

"For he that doeth wrong shall receive again for the wrong that he hath done; and there is no respect of persons." Col. 3: 25.

"And if ye call on him as Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to each man's work, pass the time of your sojourn in fear: knowing that ye were redeemed not with corruptible things." I. Pet. 1: 17.

"My brethren, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come into your synagogue a man with a gold ring, in fine clothing, and there come in also a poor man in vile clothing: and ye have regard to him that weareth the fine clothing, and say, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor man, Stand thou here, or sit under my footstool; do ye not make distinctions among yourselves, and become judges with evil thoughts?" Jas. 2: 1-4.

"Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance; and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father. Matt. 3: 8, 9.

In the first of these passages, the exhortation is, "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment." This has reference to the administration of justice, to judicial officers, to those to whom have been committed the settlement of differences between man and man; and the meaning is, The judge in rendering a decision must not be influenced by the outward condition or circumstances of those who may appear before him. In this particular passage attention is called to two classes of persons—the poor and the mighty, or the poor and the rich—the word mighty is here used as equivalent to rich. The fact that a man is poor, in adjudicating his case, should not militate in the least against him, and vice versa, the fact that he is rich, should not in the least weigh in his favor. The relative financial standing of the individuals involved should be entirely eliminated, and should play no part in reaching a decision. The decision should be based upon the merits of the case, upon the actual facts, irrespective of who the litigants are.

When these words were written such was not the case, however; the judges, as a general thing, were corrupt, they were easily bribed, they expected to be bribed. In a contest between a rich man and a poor man, the poor man therefore had no chance whatever. Hence in the Old Testament, especially, there is the constant admonition

against receiving gifts, against accepting presents as bribes or rewards. And in the New Testament times, the same condition of things largely prevailed, as is clear from what is said of Felix in connection with the trial of the apostle Paul. As the apostle reasoned of righteousness, and temperance, and the judgment to come, Felix was terrified and answered, "Go thy way for this time; and when I have a convenient season, I will call thee unto me." The record goes on to say, "He hoped withal that money would be given him of Paul; wherefore also he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him." In Cicero's first oration against Verres occurs this passage, which gives us an insight into the condition of things that prevailed in his time: "For an opinion has now become established, pernicious to us, and pernicious to the republic, which has been the common talk of every one, not only of Rome, but among the foreign nations also; that in the courts of law as they exist at present, no wealthy man, however guilty he may be, can possibly be convicted." The same condition of things, to some extent, prevails today. The poor man in the administration of justice, is at a decided disadvantage as compared with the rich man. The rich man has a standing which the poor man has not: the rich man has considerations shown him that are not shown to the poor man; the rich man wields an influence which the poor man does not wield in some of our courts, at least. According to the passage we are considering, we are not to respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, of the rich; we are not to take the part of the poor, because he is poor, against the rich; nor are we to take part of the rich because he is rich, against the poor. We should take the part of neither, but should deal out even justice to both.

In the second passage, the thought is about the same, though looked at from a little different standpoint. "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; ye shall hear the small and great alike." The small are those of lowly origin, or humble birth—the common people, those who move in the humbler walks of life; they are small in the sense that they are not looked upon as of very great importance, as carrying much weight, as wielding much influence. The great are those who move in the upper circles, who have wealth, position, influence, who are looked upon by themselves and by others as being somebody. We speak, ordinarily, of high and low, of the upper and the lower classes of society, we speak of Patricians and Plebeians. These are distinctions that exist in society, as we find it today, and

as it has always existed. And those in the so-called upper classes, feel, as a general thing, that they are entitled to greater consideration than those in the so-called lower classes. Both, however, according to the principle laid down in this passage in Deut. 1:17, are to receive the same consideration, are to stand on precisely the same footing in the matter of judgment. The great, because of his greatness, of his superior position or standing is not to be allowed to influence us in his favor; nor ought the small, because he is small, because his circumstances are what they are, be allowed to influence us against him. Both alike are to be heard, and heard with the same impartiality; both alike are to be judged, and to be judged without fear or favor. The distinction between great and small is not to be taken into consideration in the administration of justice, or in our moral estimates of men.

In the passage in Ephesians 6:9, the subject is looked at from still another standpoint: "And ye masters, do the same thing unto them, and forbear threatening, knowing that he who is both their master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." That is, God, in dealing with men, holds the master and servant alike to the same standard of morals; because a man is in the position of master, God isn't going to be more lenient with him, is not going to hold him to a less rigorous standard, than the one who is in the position of servant. He has no more regard for the master than for the servant, and will show him no more consideration. They are both only men, and stand before him on precisely the same footing; what he exacts of the one, he exacts of the other.

In the passage in James 2:1-4, we have still another aspect of the subject: "My brethren, hold not the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come into your synagogue a man with a gold ring, in fine clothing, and there come in also a poor man in vile clothing; and ye have regard to him that weareth the fine clothing, and say, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor man, Stand thou here, or sit under my footstool; do ye not make distinctions among yourselves, and become judges with evil thoughts?" Here it is to the well dressed man, the man in costly apparel, and the poorly dressed man, the man plainly attired, in common, ordinary, inexpensive clothing, such as John the Baptist wore, such as the apostles wore, and such as Jesus himself wore, attention is here directed. And the evil complained of is, that the basis of judgment, the principle

upon which these people acted in the treatment that was accorded to visitors who came to their synagogue, was founded entirely upon outward appearance. They assumed that the man who was the best dressed was the best man, the most worthy man; and, accordingly, treated him with greater consideration, gave him a better seat, a more comfortable seat, in a more desirable part of the building. It would be all right to discriminate in this way, if what is here assumed to be true was actually true, but we know that such is not the case. It is not true, that those who wear the best clothes, the most costly apparel, are the best people in point of character. All that is necessary to dress expensively, to array one's self in fineries, is money; and we may have money, and a plenty of it, without having much character. The costliness of the apparel we wear is no evidence of moral worth. We may dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, and yet be utterly unworthy of the respect of decent people; and, vice versa, we may be clothed in the plainest and least expensive garments, and yet be radiant and beautiful in soul—fit for the society of angels. We can't judge by the quality of the clothes one wears, as to whether he is a good man, or a bad man, whether he is upright in character or not. All judgments, based upon such a standard therefore, are false, and should be everywhere discarded.

In the passage in Matthew 3: 8, 9, the matter is considered from still another standpoint. "Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance, and say not within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father." The Jew prided himself on the fact that he was a Jew, that he was a descendant of Abraham; and felt that that was the decisive thing, in virtue of which everything else followed: being a Jew was the thing which counted. The purpose of John the Baptist here is to prick that bubble, is to destroy that illusion. "The axe lieth at the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Every tree: there is to be no exception. The tree that does not bring forth good fruit is to be hewn down. The important thing, the decisive thing, is the character of the fruit. It isn't to what race or nationality one belongs whether he is a Jew or a Gentile, but what his character and conduct are. It was this thought which John the Baptist wanted to burn into the consciousness of the men who had come to his baptism, and who were listening to his words. The apostle Paul, in Romans 2: 28, 29, seeks to impress the same great lesson. "For

he is not a Jew who is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart in the spirit and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." The important thing to him as a Jew was not his genealogy, was not his descent from Abraham, but the state of his heart, his individual character, as evidenced by his daily walks.

The delusion, under which the Jews labored, is not confined to the Jews; others are afflicted with the same malady, and arrogate to themselves the same flattering assumption. Especially is this true in this country, cursed, as it is, by race prejudice. The fact that a man belongs to the white race, makes him, according to the notion that prevails in this country, better than the man who belongs to the black race, or to any of the races of darker hue. Independent of his character, irrespective of what his personal worth is, the fact that he is white puts him above the man who is black, however superior, as a matter of fact, the black man may be to him in point of moral and spiritual worth. The white man, living in the slums of our cities, utterly degraded, carries with him this consciousness, this sense of superiority to everything that is black. The feeling is, because a man is of one race, he is not as good as a man of another race; because a man is of one race, he is not entitled to the same consideration as a man of another race. It ignores entirely the personal element and substitutes something else in its place in estimating character, in determining the treatment to be accorded to the individual. The Jew, because he was a Jew, felt that that fact in and of itself, made him superior to men of other races. And the white American feels the same in regard to the color of his skin—the mere fact that he possesses a white skin, in and of itself, he thinks, makes him superior to all who are black or brown, or of any darker hue. That the possession of a white skin in the United States does not give a man a decided advantage over a man with a dark skin, is true, in that the white man has privileges, opportunities, advantages open to him that are not open to the man of darker hue; but that does not affect in the least the fact that with God a white skin carries no more weight than a black skin, or a skin of any other hue. With him, race, color, makes neither for nor against an individual or race.

God is no respecter of persons also in the matter of sex. Male and female are both alike to him; he is not disposed to deal any more

leniently with the one than the other; both are judged by the same standard, and with the same rigid adherence to what is right. The Ten Commandments, and every other law promulgated by him apply equally to both. Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, drunkenness, murder, theft, untruthfulness, dishonesty, are just as heinous in his sight in a man as in a woman. What is wrong for the one, is wrong for the other, and equally wrong in His estimation. On this point he has expressed himself so clearly that no one can be in doubt as to what his attitude is. The difference which society makes in the judgment which it passes upon the conduct of men and women, has absolutely no warrant in the Word of God, and should be everywhere discontinued. Believing firmly in the soundness of the principle which insists upon a single standard of morals for men and women alike, one of the trustees, in a matter of discipline, in one of our institutions of learning, took the positions that whatever in a female teacher is sufficient ground for making it necessary to drop her or for requesting her resignation, is also a sufficient ground for doing the same in case of a male teacher. And in this he was right. It is the only sound, the only safe, the only proper position to be taken in all of our schools of learning. We have no right to set up one standard of character for female teachers, and another and inferior one for male teachers. The same standard should be applied to both alike.

In Job 34: 17, 19, there is also this passage:

And wilt thou condemn him that is righteous and mighty?
Him that saith to a king, Thou art vile, Or to nobles, Ye are wicked;
That respecteth not the person of princes?

The reference here is to God; and, what it affirms of him is, that where kings are vile, where nobles are wicked, where princes are not what they ought to be, God deals with them regardless of the fact that they are kings, princes, nobles; he says to the king, Thou art vile, to the nobles, Ye are wicked—he puts them where they belong, treats them according to their moral desert. The fact of their high position does not, in the least, blind his eyes to their real character, or affect, in the least, his estimate of them. There is only one thing that counts with God, and that is character; there is only one thing that will pass muster with him, and that is moral worth, purity of heart and life. It doesn't make any difference what else we may have—money, high social standing, position, or, to what race we be-

long, it all goes for naught with God unless there is a sound moral basis, unless at the center there is purity of heart and life. Everything else is dross, and will be cast as rubbish to the void.

Without taking more time in examining other passages of scripture those already examined are sufficient to show us clearly what is meant by the expression, "God is no respecter of persons." It means that in his dealing with men, in his estimate of men, in his treatment of them, certain things have no weight with him, do not give them a better standing with him, do not lead him to look more favorably upon them, to hold them in higher estimation. These things are wealth, position, high social standing, sex, race identity. God doesn't think any more of a rich man, merely because he is rich, than he does of a poor man; he doesn't think any more of a man in high official position, simply because of the position which he occupies, than of one who fills no position of honor or trust; he doesn't think any more of a man who is high-born, who belongs to what is called the upper circles of society, merely because of that fact, than of a man who moves in a lower social stratum; he doesn't think any more of a white man, merely because of his race identity, than he does of a man of any other race. Such considerations do not weigh with Him, are elements that do not affect, in the least, his judgment, are things that lie outside of the factors that count with him.

And this brings us, very naturally, in this discussion to the question: If such things have no weight with God, what are the things that have? the things that count with him, that he takes into consideration? A most important question; and one that should claim our closest attention. While God has no respect to the outward appearance and circumstances of the individual, he has respect to his inward condition—to the state of his heart, to his character, to his moral qualities. And we know this to be true, not only from the character of God, but also from many expressed declarations of His word. When he sent Samuel to the house of Jesse to anoint David king instead of Saul, you remember what occurred. The record is: "And he" *i.e.*, Samuel, "sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice. And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely Jehovah's anointed is before me. But Jehovah said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him: for Jehovah seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart." Sam-

uel thought only of the outward appearance—of the height of his stature, and of the beauty of his countenance, and concluded that he must be the Lord's choice; but the Divine selection was based upon other considerations entirely—God was thinking of the quality of the man—of his moral and spiritual make-up, and not of his physical appearance. So when Peter was sent down to Caesarea to break to Cornelius the bread of life, to give him the information that was necessary to set him right, you remember that among the things that he said, after having been expressly directed to go with the men who were sent to him from Cornelius, was "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." In every nation, among all races of men, the thing that counts with God, that makes a man acceptable to God is not his nationality, is not his race; but his personal character: it is the man that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, that is acceptable to him." "Of a truth," Peter says, "I perceive: *i. e.*, I understand now: I did not before, that it is character that tells with God and not race or nationality." Let us hope that the time is not far distant when all like Peter will wake up to the same great truth.

There is still another thought here, and it grows naturally out of what has just been said. If outward conditions—the matter of race, affiliation, of wealth, of position, of high or low social standing, as these terms are popularly understood, play no part in the Divine estimate of individuals; neither should they play any part in our estimate of them. The same standard that God follows is the standard that we should follow. The things that count with him are the things that should count with us. The things that he prizes, that he takes into consideration in estimating the worth of individuals, are the things that we should prize, that we should take into consideration in estimating their worth, and in determining the treatment that should be accorded to them.

This, unfortunately, is not what is done, however. This is not the standard that is followed in the generality of cases. In the estimation of the world, a man morally is judged very much more leniently than a woman. A man is allowed to do things that no woman would be allowed to do and maintain her good name. Whatever one's principles may be, whatever one's personal habits may be, if what the world values is possessed—if there be wealth and position, official or otherwise, the way to recognition, to honor, is wide

open. In every possible way the world is putting the emphasis upon the things which are outward, which lie merely on the surface, which appeal simply to what is vain, and empty, and unsatisfying—to our vanity, our self-conceit, our love of display, of pleasure; and is putting little or no emphasis upon the things that are inward and abiding—upon the great and enduring elements of character. The great principle with which we are dealing here is one therefore that should be proclaimed, and proclaimed over and over again, with ever increasing emphasis, with a view of arousing men everywhere to a sense of the importance of acting upon it, of making it a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path. God is no respecter of persons: and neither should we be. God doesn't care any more for a man than he does for a woman, any more for a rich man than he does for a poor man, for a white man than he does for a black man, for a man in office than for a man out of office, for a man of high birth than for a man of lowly origin; and neither should we. He does care, however, a great deal for character; He does respect the man of moral and spiritual worth—the man whose heart is pure, whose life is clean: and so should we. We should act on this principle ourselves, and train our children to act on it, and organize society in accordance with it.

If we have wealth, position, high social standing, all right; but we should understand ourselves, and we should make our children understand, that although we may possess these things, only as we have better principles than others, only as we live on a higher moral plane than others, only as we are actuated by nobler ambitions, and aspirations than others, are we better than others, are we superior to others.

And so, if those about us have wealth, position, high social standing, occupy places of honor and trust—all right; but unless along with these is conjoined high character, solid, substantial moral worth, they are entitled to no special consideration at our hands, and should receive none. Unless the moral standing of an individual is good, is beyond question, that individual, whatever else he may possess in the way of gifts, endowments, possessions, cannot be accorded any special consideration, cannot have conferred upon him any special honor without lowering the moral tone of society, without putting a premium upon immorality, upon looseness of living. And this, I am afraid, is often done; I am afraid, as a race, we are

too prone to do. Not infrequently we see unworthy men—men of bad repute, of unsavory reputation, exalted to positions of honor, received with applause, handed round from one to another, invited to make addresses on public occasions, and other considerations shown them. The gift of gab, a little public position, the reputation of being smart, or eloquent—anything is sufficient to atone for a lack of character, anything out of the ordinary is sufficient to make up for a lack of moral worth. I saw a statement the other day, in one of our own papers, to the effect that “in the death of Mr.—— so so, known in public life, as so and so, the race loses one of its most loyal and devoted members.” As I read it, I said to myself, How can a man be loyal and devoted, in any true sense of the term, to his race, especially, at this stage of its development, when it needs everything that will help to make a favorable impression in its behalf, while he lives a life that is morally a disgrace to it? How can a man who lives a fast life—burning the candle at both ends—what ever his talents may be, be hailed as loyal and devoted to a race that needs more than anything else to be strengthened along moral lines, to be built up in character, except upon the theory that character, upright living, counts for nothing in comparison with the possession of a little talent or of some other possession?

A short while ago, I met a fellow clergyman who said to me with no little enthusiasm: “We had with us in our town the other day Mr. —— . We got up a big meeting and sent for him. We wanted to hear him. We gave him a great ovation. Isn't he a grand old man!” I was so astonished that I blurted out at once: “What! Do you know what kind of a man he is? What an unenviable reputation he bears?” This man happened to be one of the most notoriously notorious of our public men. I told him that I was surprised at him; and that he might be in better business.

If men of this stamp are to be handed around and great public demonstrations made over them, what possible incentive can there be to the young people who are coming up to be pure and upright in character and conduct? Every such invitation, every such recognition on the part of schools, colleges, universities, and other organizations and communities, is a virtual endorsement of the character and conduct of such men. It says to the young people, in the most effective way possible, Go, and do likewise; if you live in the way these men live it will be no impediment to you, it will work no dis-

advantage to you in the struggle of life—certainly, not in our estimation; we won't think any less of you for it. Is that the way to build the race up, to push it forward, to lift it to higher levels, is that the way to train the kind of men and women that we ought to be training if we are to play a great part in the history of the world?

I have been greatly surprised and pained also at times, at the character of the men invited to address meetings under the auspices of Young Men's Christian Associations. I recall the case now of a man who was notorious for his drinking habits, who almost lived in saloons, whose breath was rarely ever free from the smell of liquor. And yet that man, because he occupied a public position, notwithstanding the fact that his drinking habit was known to the officers of the Association, and notwithstanding the fact that they also knew that it was known to the young men who attended the meetings of the association, was placed upon their programme of speakers, and the same advertised by them in printed circulars and through the churches. Can Young Men's Christian Associations hope to command the respect of young men, and to be of any real service to them in pointing out the way to higher things, when, in the selection of their speakers, they show that they themselves attach no importance to high character? One of the young men, who was asked if he was going the next day to hear Mr. ——, said very emphatically, "No; I don't want to hear him. I was with him only last night in a saloon." If he felt that way in reference to the man who was to address the meeting, how must he have felt towards the men who selected him? How much respect could he have had for them? There was only one reason why this man was invited to speak, and that was because he was a public official. That fact, let it be said to the shame of the directors of that association, counted for more than the matter of character, more than counterbalanced his bad record.

It is against that kind of thing that I am protesting. It is for a standard that will keep character ever to the front, that will put the emphasis where God puts it, that I am pleading. And it is in the hope that the men and women who are in positions where they can help to mould public sentiment, will see to it that the standard which demands high character as one of the indispensable conditions of public recognition, is never lowered out of deference to official position, whether high or low, or anything else which is not in harmony with what is morally and spiritually helpful.

Until we begin to build our own lives, and the lives of our children, to build our homes, and the whole social fabric, in accordance with the great principle which we are here endeavoring to emphasize, and which God is represented as acting upon, we cannot hope for the best results, we cannot hope to have things as they ought to be. People who are deficient in character, who are careless as to how they live, whose lives are not in accordance with strict principles of morality, whose examples cannot be commended to the young—whatever else they may possess, whatever may be their attainments, whatever position they may occupy, they should be treated in such a way as to make them feel the high estimate that we put upon character, the paramount importance that we attach to character; we should treat them in such a way as to make them feel that no mere appendage of wealth, or position, or ability can atone for a lack of moral worth.

Nor should we estimate ourselves by any lower standard than the one that is here set up. We should not permit ourselves to feel that because we are not of a certain race, or color, or of a certain class, or because we can't live as well, dress as well, make as great a display as A and B, that therefore we are not as good as they are. As to whether we are as good as they are does not depend upon whether we are financially equal to them or not, whether we are in the same social circle with them or not, whether we belong to the same race as they do or not. And this we should understand; and train our children to understand.

Nor should we permit others to estimate us by any lower standard than the one set up here—to assume that because we are not like them in the above-named particulars, that therefore we are not as good as they are. They may so estimate us, but it should never be accepted by us; we should never permit ourselves to feel that lack of these things makes us less worthy, puts us on a lower plane.

Nor should we permit others to estimate themselves by any lower standard—to assume that, because in these mere externals or adventitious circumstances they differed from others, they are therefore better than others. We should not permit this, I say, not in the sense that we can prevent them from so regarding themselves, but in the sense that in our dealings with them, in our contact with them, our estimate of them and our treatment of them will be always based upon the higher standard of moral worth. Never, under

any circumstances, should we permit ourselves, in our contact with others, to act so as to make them feel that any deference that we may pay them, any respect which we may show them, and desire which we may manifest to be with them, is due to what they have—to their worldly possessions, or to their position or to their race affiliation. The value that we attach to their friendship, to contact and association with them, we should find in other and better things, and should make them feel that it is for these things that we value them and not for the others. The children who are coming up, the boys and girls, the young men and women, and the older men and women too—all should walk according to the high standard here set up—should hold themselves to it and hold others to it.

Is this being done? Alas, there is reason to believe that this noble principle is not very largely followed, that not a great many are walking according to it. The opposite principle, the principle that takes into consideration the things that are merely outward, that lie on the surface is the one that influences us most, that most largely controls our actions. We have respect to persons; we estimate unduly a great many things that are of minor or secondary importance, and underestimate a great many things that are of paramount importance. The call that comes to all today—to white men and to black men, to men of all races and classes and conditions, is a call to a saner principle of living, to a higher, purer, nobler standard of life—individual life, family life, community life. God is no respecter of persons: he looks through a man's race, color, position—looks behind his riches or poverty, to his character, and estimates him accordingly. And this is the principle by which all should be guided. There is no warrant for setting up any other standard—any lower standard, and it cannot be done without resulting in serious injury to those who do it, and without entailing a curse upon those who come after them. The gospel which seeks to exalt character, to keep character ever to the front, as the test by which to estimate individuals and races, may not be popular, but it is the only gospel that has any saving power in it; the only gospel through which an individual or a race can hope to maintain its own self respect, and to win and hold the respect of others; the only gospel through which an individual or race can hope to make for itself an honorable record, or to work out for itself a worthy destiny. Any other standard set up by an individual or a race is bound to re-

sult in evil. In the long run deterioration is sure to set in. The poet says—

“And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.”

And so here, come it slow or come it fast, a disregard of the great principle we are discussing is sure to work to the disadvantage of the race or individual who offends against it. And the more persistently it is offended against, the more certain is it to bring disaster, to result in moral decay.

There is a warning here for both races in this country—for the white race, in its rabid color-phobia tendencies, in its blind and unreasoning adherence to the color line, in its subordination of everything to the test of color as paramount, in its dealings with the colored race; and a warning also to the colored race, in its materialistic, mammon-loving, and pleasure-seeking tendencies, to the neglect of, or undervaluation of higher and more important things. For the white man, and for the black man, in their relations with the members of their own race, and in their relations with each other, the only wise, the only sensible course to pursue, is that of having no respect of persons, of dealing with all men on the basis of individual personal worth regardless of the accident of birth, or of any other merely adventitious circumstance. This is the principle upon which God acts, and it is the principle upon which men everywhere should act, and must act if they are to realize the best results for themselves and for others.

II

FIFTY YEARY OF FREEDOM¹

A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you.—LEVITICUS 25:11.

On the twenty-second of September, 1862, President Lincoln issued his Preliminary Proclamation, which was in the nature of a notice to the states in rebellion, that unless they returned to their allegiance within a specified time the slaves within their borders would be declared free. The time expired without accomplishing the desired result. Accordingly on January 1, 1863, the President issued his Supplemental Proclamation manumitting the slaves with-

¹ Delivered October 26, 1913.

in the rebellious states. This did not, of course, set them free. They were still slaves and continued to be as long as the war lasted. Freedom did not come, as a matter of fact, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865. The effectiveness of the Proclamation depended upon crushing the rebellion. It was the victorious army of the North, under the leadership of General Grant, that gave efficacy to the Proclamation. For all practical purposes, however, we may assume that fifty years have elapsed since freedom came to us as a race. Fifty years is a long time in the history of an individual, but not very long in that of a race. It is sufficiently long, however, to make it worth while for us to stop and think a little about what these fifty years have meant to us, and to see if there are any lessons in them that may be helpful to us as we enter upon the second half of a century of freedom.

At the end of these fifty years we find:

1. That we have made considerable progress. We are not now where we were fifty years ago. We are not as poor; we are not as ignorant; we are not as morally debased. The plane upon which we stand now is higher. This progress, in some respects, has been unparalleled. It is not necessary for me to speak in detail of what has been accomplished along educational lines. The record is before the whole country. No one can read the last report of the Commissioner of Education of the National Government without realizing that very marvelous changes for the better have taken place in the condition of the colored people. The facts as presented there, touching the number of public schools and public school teachers ministering to the intellectual wants of this race, as well as the large number of higher educational institutions having the same end in view, show conclusively that conditions now are very different and very much superior to what they were fifty years ago. The large number of teachers, lawyers, doctors, ministers, now to be found among us, as compared with fifty years ago, show the same thing.

Nor need I speak of the changed condition that these fifty years have wrought in our economic condition. We are still poor; we still have to struggle to make ends meet, to keep the wolf from the door; but there can be no doubt that we are very much better off now than we were fifty years ago. We live in better houses; we dress better; we eat better food; we own more property; we have more on deposit in banks and other saving institutions; we have more

invested in business; we travel more; we give more to religion, to charity, to education. Even our worst enemies, however they might wish it were otherwise, will hardly be found affirming that we are no farther on materially than we were fifty years ago, that no substantial progress has been made by the race. In every direction the evidences are too plainly apparent to be denied. The following statement, taken from the declarations of the National Business League at its recent session in Philadelphia, tells in a word the simple story of what has been accomplished during these fifty years: "Starting half a century ago, without experience, without education, and without property, we today own and pay taxes on 20,000,000 acres of land, an area as large as the State of South Carolina; we own and control 100 insurance companies, 300 drug stores, 64 banks, 450 newspapers, and more than 20,000 other businesses of various kinds, and the total wealth of American Negroes in land, homes, schools, churches, and other forms of property, amount to more than \$700,000,000.

"In submitting this brief record of material progress, we do not overlook the advance made in other directions. Fifty years ago more than 90 per cent of the race was wholly illiterate. Today more than 70 per cent can both read and write."

II. At the end of these fifty years we find the race still aspiring, still wishing to go forward. The progress that has been made is not something that has been forced upon the race against its will, as members of it are forced to ride in "Jim Crow" cars in the South: it is what the race has wished to do. It is not now, and never has been willing to remain in the condition in which slavery left it. From the very beginning there has been the desire for better things, for enlarged opportunities. And it still has dreams and visions of larger and better things which it hopes some day to realize and towards which it is still pressing. Any one who is calculating upon a retrograde movement on the part of the race will be sadly disappointed, if we may judge from what these last fifty years have revealed of capacity and aspiration on its part. The outlook, in some respects, may be dark, but it is not because of any lack of interest in matters material and educational, or because of any evidence of decay, of the growth of demoralizing tendencies in the race as a whole. There is, of course, in all races an idle, vicious, lawless, dare-devil, reprobate element. And such an element we find among us, especially in the

urban population ; but the existence of such an element in the Negro race is no more evidence of a retrograde tendency on the part of the race as a whole, than the presence of such an element among the whites is an evidence of a retrograde movement on the part of the white race as a whole. The Negro race makes no claim to superiority over other races. It is simply human like other races. The same evidences of depravity exhibited by other races it also exhibits, neither more nor less. As bad as is a certain element among us, it is not worse than the same element in other races. The trend of the race is not downward, but upward ; is not backward, but forward. Moral progress, of course, is always slower than any other kind of progress. It is very much easier to train the head than to train the heart ; it is very much easier to develop brain power than moral power. The most difficult thing in the world is to keep men straight morally, is to build up, to develop a strong, upright, virtuous character in men of all races. And this must be borne in mind in estimating the moral progress of the race as compared with its intellectual and material advancement. If progress here has been slower, it is simply because that kind of progress is slower among all races. That the race is responding, in a measure, to the many agencies that are at work for its moral and spiritual uplift can hardly be doubted ; nor can there be any doubt that there is an element, and a steadily increasing element among us, that is laying more and more emphasis upon character, upon upright living.

III. At the end of these fifty years, we find, and very naturally, as the result of the progress that has been made in knowledge, in material resources, in social advancement—a growing self-respect on the part of the race, which makes it very much more sensitive as to the deprivation of its rights, very much more restive under injustice, oppression, and all invidious distinctions. It would be strange if it were not so. You cannot surround a man with conditions which tend to develop his manhood, his self-respect, and expect him to quietly acquiesce in any line of conduct which aims to humiliate him, to force him down beneath the level of what he feels to be his due. The oppressive measures which the slave-holders took to keep the slaves in an attitude of subserviency by shutting out all light, by keeping them in darkness, by depriving them of all opportunities of improvement, was the only safe, the only wise course to pursue. And even under such circumstances, under such rigid enforcement of repressive measures, the spirit of resistance was not entirely extinguished. How

much less is it to be expected now that we should quietly submit to unjust treatment, to invidious distinctions! The race is becoming more and more alive to its rights, and, as it advances, this sense of what belongs to it, of what it is entitled to will increase rather than diminish. There is no way by which this growing insistent demand for its rights on its part can be arrested except by recognizing these rights, or, by forcing the race back into the condition of intellectual and moral darkness in which it was before the great era of freedom, or, by killing it off, either slowly by shutting it out of all productive industries, or by the wholesale massacre of it.

The last two lines of action, on the part of the dominant race, are among the possibilities, but scarcely among the probabilities of the future. The Negro in this country can never, never again be forced back into the condition in which he was before the War. Nor is there any likelihood of a wholesale slaughter of the race. There is very little hesitancy or compunction about killing an individual or a small group of individuals, but when it comes to making war on the race as a whole, with a view to exterminating it, even our worst enemies will hesitate, will hardly venture upon so violent a measure; if not from a sense of right, at least, from fear of arousing the moral sentiment of the civilized world. The race is not likely to be less insistent in the future in demanding its rights than it is now at the end of the first half century of growth, of development.

IV. At the end of these fifty years of freedom, in spite of the remarkable progress that we have made along all lines, we find race prejudice increasing instead of diminishing. The remarkable record of progress that we have made has had no appreciable influence, so far as appears on the surface, in lessening the feeling of hostility to us. Race prejudice is stronger, is more bitter, more aggressive today than ever before. The enemies of the race are more united and more determined than ever to throw themselves across the pathway of our progress and to compel us by sheer brute force, whatever our attainments may be, into a position of permanent inferiority. Not content with what has already been done to humiliate us, it is now demanding segregation, is now insisting upon restricting the rights of colored people to live in certain prescribed sections of communities only. And it has become so emboldened, so insolently aggressive that it is demanding segregation among the employees of the General Government itself. And its demand is being acceded to. Segregation, as a matter of fact, has already begun in some of the

Departments of the Government. A bill recently introduced into Congress makes it a criminal offense to mix the races—to have white and colored clerks working together in the same room. For nearly a half century white and colored clerks have worked side by side, and nothing was thought of it; but now through this insane desire to humiliate a race, to impress it more and more with its inferiority, it is now proposed to make it a crime, not under laws enacted by Negro-hating Southern legislatures, but by the National Government itself, which is supposed to represent all the people, and to represent equality of rights for all people. That prejudice is increasing; that more and more the effort is being made, and in ever-widening areas, to hedge us about with limitations, with restrictions which are not imposed upon other elements of the population, is manifest to any one whose eyes are open to what is going on in the country, not in one section only, but in all sections.

V. At the end of these fifty years, we find nearly all the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution, especially under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, practically nullified in a large section of the country. In the South we have been disfranchised. We have no rights, civil or political, which the white man is bound to respect. The only good Negro in the estimation of the dominant sentiment of the South today after fifty years of freedom, is the Negro who knows his place, and who is willing to keep his place of subjection, of subordination to the white man.

VI. At the end of fifty years, in spite of the facts just narrated, with a full knowledge of the gross injustice from which the colored man is suffering, the rest of the white people of the country, as a whole, are found standing silently by looking on while this cruel and relentless warfare against the race is going on, with only occasionally a word of protest, or of mild remonstrance. The great mass of the white people in other sections of the Union, seemingly, care nothing about what treatment is accorded to us. They don't seem to think that it is a matter about which they need to concern themselves. If there is any feeling at all it is rather one of sympathy with the oppressor.

How white men of the North and West whose fathers fought and died to save the Union, and through whom freedom and the great amendments to the constitution came, can stand silently by and see the same rebel spirit that sought to destroy the Union set upon the colored man and rob him of his rights—the very rights that came

to him as the result of the blood shed by their fathers, I have never been able to understand. The sons of the rebels are still true to the principles for which their fathers fought and died. It is only in the North and West, among the descendants of the men who fought and died for the Union, that we find the principles for which their fathers stood, forgotten or cowardly surrendered. For these men to allow the colored man to be robbed of his rights by the descendants of those who fought to destroy the Union and to perpetuate slavery is to dishonor the memory of their fathers; is virtually to say, that they were wrong, and that the rebels were right. Such an attitude is an affront to every loyal white man who fell during the war or who fought for the Union and the cause of freedom. It is amazing that the descendants of these brave men should be so little concerned about matters for which their fathers were willing to lay down their lives. Shame on such descendants!

VII. At the end of these fifty years, in spite of the indifference of the many we still have left, however, a remnant of men and women with the spirit of the old abolitionists—a remnant of men and women who stand squarely, uncompromisingly for the principles of liberty, of equality, of fraternity for all; and who, in one way and another, have shown their sympathy with us in the efforts we are making to develop ourselves and to maintain our rights. The number is small; but small as it is we are thankful for their sympathy and support—thankful to know that we are not left in our weakness to fight our battles alone. It encourages us to know that in the city of Boston, there is an A. E. Pillsbury and a Moorfield Story; in the city of New York, an Oswald Garrison Villard; in the city of Cincinnati, a J. B. Foraker; in the city of Philadelphia, a John Elmer Milholland; in the city of Washington, a Wendell Phillips Stafford; in the city of Chicago, a Jane Addams; in the United States Senate, a Moses E. Clapp. There are others equally worthy of mention who are known to be our friends, our sympathizers, our well-wishers.

VIII. At the end of these fifty years of freedom, we find ourselves shut out of a great many avenues of employment. There are not many things that we can get to do. This is due mainly to race antipathy, to a growing indisposition on the part of the whites, to work with us. The outlook in this respect is not growing brighter, but rather darker and darker. The disposition seems to be to limit our activities to the most menial occupations, or to shut us out en-

tirely. This is especially true in the North; and the same sentiment is also growing in the South, and would grow very much more rapidly than it has, but for lack of white labor supply.

IX. At the end of these fifty years of freedom, we find that one of the chief sources of demoralization to the race is strong drink. A careful examination of the facts as they exist, and as they have existed during these fifty years will show that to it, more than to any other single influence, the bad record of crime which the race has made and is still making, is due. It has been an unmitigated curse to the race, eating up its hard earnings, sapping its physical strength, engendering idle and vicious habits, and breaking down character at all points. Thousands of our young men are finding their way into saloons and into gambling and other places of demoralization closely affiliated with them. Strong drink is responsible for most of the things that have given us a black eye, that have furnished the enemies of the race with the materials which they have used in the assaults which they have made upon us from time to time. The intemperate Negro who is found lurking about these drinking places is the one who is taken as representative of the race; and in this way the race's good name has been injured and is still being injured. The race has not escaped during these fifty years the blighting effects of strong drink, especially, in the cities, is this fact most noticeable.

X. At the end of these fifty years another fact should be noted in passing, we have grown in numbers, we have more than doubled in numerical strength. In spite of many adverse circumstances—in spite of disease and poverty, bad sanitary conditions and an enormous death rate, the race has not only during these fifty years been able to maintain its own, but has steadily increased in numbers. There is no evidence, at the end of the first half century of freedom, that the race is dying out; that it is deficient in physical stamina.

Such are some of the facts that stand out in this record of fifty years.

In the light of these facts, as we enter upon the second half of the century of freedom, there are a few things that we ought to impress ourselves with; and a few things that ought to be said to our white fellow citizens.

I. A word to ourselves. There are certain things that we need to thoroughly impress ourselves with.

(1.) With the importance of being industrious. A lazy, thriftless, indolent race is bound to go to the wall. The necessity of work on the part of everybody must be fully appreciated ourselves and must be carefully instilled into the young people who are to take our places when we are gone. "The man who will not work," the apostle says, "neither shall he eat." And this should be a fundamental principle with us. The lazy man should be despised, should be driven out, should be shown no consideration. "The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop," is an old saying, but it is a true one; and unless we continue to train the race to the idea of steady, fixed employment as the proper, normal condition for every one to sustain to the social organism of which he is a part, the devil will be sure to get his work in, and use the unemployed hand and brain for evil purposes.

(2.) We need to impress ourselves with the importance of being efficient. We must know how to do things; we must know how to do things well. It isn't enough that a thing is done; it must be well done. Quality in work is the thing that tells; and more and more as competition increases we must impress ourselves with that fact. The old adage, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," we cannot too strongly impress ourselves with. Inefficiency puts an individual or a race always at a disadvantage. It is skill; it is the ability to do well what is to be done that will always be preferred. It is the skillful mechanic; the skillful artisan, the skillful stenographer and typist that is always preferred, and that always wins out in the struggle of life, other things being equal. It is the fittest that survives in the industrial struggle and in every other avenue of life. In planning for the future we must lay more and more stress therefore upon the work of properly qualifying ourselves for service in all the avenues of life. Carelessness, indifference here, the disposition to be content with shoddy work, will be fatal to our success. We are living in an age when the demand for efficiency, and efficiency of the highest order, is becoming more and more insistent. Unless this fact is recognized by us, and is allowed to shape our course, the struggle in which we are engaged is a hopeless one; we are bound to go to the wall.

(3.) We must impress ourselves with the importance of being reliable, trustworthy. However skillful we may become, however efficient, unless we can be depended upon to do what we undertake to do, our efficiency will count for but little. If people can't depend

on us; if our word counts for nothing; if we are deficient in a sense of obligation; if responsibilities weigh lightly upon us, we will be sure to lose the confidence of others, and will be sure also to lose their patronage. Even the inefficient man who can be depended upon will be preferred to the efficient man upon whom no dependence can be put. The two things must go together, reliability and efficiency, if efficiency is to be of any real advantage. This is a point which we need particularly to lay to heart, and to keep before us in the training of the young. Unfortunately there is considerable ground for just complaint against a large percentage of the race just here. It is a serious defect, and one that ought to be remedied, that ought to claim our immediate and earnest attention.

(4.) It is well for us to impress ourselves with the importance, with the transcendent importance of character. Character is the foundation upon which everything else must rest if it is to endure, if it is to be of any permanent value in the elevation of the race. There must be a sound moral basis. In the heart of the race there must be implanted the great principles of morality. The race must not only be taught, but must accept, must be governed by sentiments of justice, of veracity, of purity, of honesty. It must make up its mind to square its life by the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. There is nothing that can compensate for, or take the place of a sturdy, upright character. It isn't something which it would simply be well for us to possess, which it would be to our advantage to possess; it is absolutely indispensable. There is no future for us, no honorable future for us, without it. This is the way we must feel; this is the way we must make our children feel. Character, high character, is not something which we may or may not set before us as we face the future, as we enter upon the second half of the century of freedom; but something which we must set definitely before us as of transcendent importance. There is no option left us if we have any regard to our highest and best interest, and the best interest of those who are to follow us. If the moral atmosphere in which the race lives and moves and has its being is not kept pure and healthful and invigorating, it can never hope to become a strong, virile, self-respecting race, or a race that will be likely to command much respect from others. The race has, be it said to its credit, all along attached some importance to character, but the emphasis which it puts upon it must steadily increase. We must come, more and more, to realize the fact that while knowledge

is power, and while there is power in the possession of material things, that the greatest power lies in character, in a strong, sturdy, upright, virtuous manhood and womanhood.

(5.) In this connection it is well for us also to remember that the agencies that are most helpful in the development of character are the family, the church, the school. I heard the President of the Board of Education of one of our most important cities say, not long ago, after listening to an address highly eulogistic of the public schools, that in his judgment the greatest asset of the nation is the family. And in this I think he was right. He meant, of course, the family properly constituted, with the right kind of man and woman at the head of it. The importance of the home, as an educational force, is seen in the fact that the children begin life in the home, and that they are under the almost exclusive influence of the home when the young life is most plastic, is most easily moulded. Where this home influence is pure, elevating, ennobling, there is no other agency that is comparable with it. The church and school also, however, are very important agencies. And I have called attention, in this connection, to these three institutions in order that, as we face the future, we may recognize their importance, and may come to feel more and more the necessity of improving them, and of utilizing them in the development of the race. We need better homes and must have them—homes that will not be indifferent to intellectual culture and material comforts, but that will value more highly than either, the things that make for purity of heart and life. We need better churches and must have them—churches that will be more concerned about properly instructing the people in the knowledge of the Word of God, with a view to spiritualizing their lives, to lifting them to the high plane of Christian living and thinking, rather than with endless entertainments and schemes for money getting. We need better schools—schools in which the teachers will recognize that their vocation is not simply to train the head, or chiefly to train the head, but the heart also—schools in which the teachers will recognize the opportunities which their calling affords of giving shape and direction to the budding and expanding lives entrusted to their care, and who are gladly availing themselves of these opportunities. There are some teachers, of course, who are doing this, who are making their influence felt in character building: but there are others who are indifferent to these opportunities—who are not making their in-

fluence felt and who feel that it is no part of their business to do so. Not long ago I was speaking to a school official in one of our cities about the great opportunities that teachers have for this kind of work; and his reply was, "Yes, but many of our teachers teach only for the money they get, and they want the money simply to decorate their bodies." How far this is true of our teachers as a class I do not know; but that it is true of some of them I have not the slightest doubt. What we need, therefore, as we face the future, is to endeavor to get the active and hearty cooperation of all the teachers in all of our schools in this higher mission of character building in their pupils. The teachers, if they can only be made to see it, hold a place second in importance only to the home in the service which they can render in the stupendous task which confronts us as a race. We must, all of us, as we begin this new half century of freedom, be more thoughtful about our homes, more concerned to make them proper habitats for the rearing of children; more concerned about our schools and the character of the men and women who are in charge of them; and more concerned about our churches to see that they are properly manned, properly conducted, properly supported by our presence and by our financial aid. None of these institutions can be allowed to deteriorate, to fall behind, without affecting unfavorably the progress of the race.

(6.) It is important that we impress ourselves with the evil of strong drink, and that we set definitely before us the work of educating the race with reference to the poisonous nature of alcohol and its baleful effects. Sobriety, abstinence from all alcoholic liquors as a beverage, we must be at special pains to impress upon all—old and young alike. We must organize temperance societies; we must encourage those that are already in existence; we must gather the children into temperance bands, in our Sabbath schools and in our day schools as far as may be possible. In the new half century upon which we have now entered, we must firmly resolve, and must bend every effort towards lessening the evil of strong drink among us. At the end of the present half century, let us hope that there will be less intemperance among us; that a larger number of homes among us will be definitely committed to total abstinence, than we find today. Whatever we can do to lessen this evil; whatever we can do to produce a sober, temperate people we must do; and we must all do our part to secure this result. Every member of the race is interested in, or, at least, ought to be, in sav-

ing it from the curse of intemperance, not only because it will help the race economically and morally, but also because it will set it in a better light before its enemies, it will take away one serious ground of complaint against it.

(7.) We must not allow ourselves to become discouraged because of the obstacles which our enemies are constantly throwing across our pathway. These obstacles, if we are made of the right stuff, will help to strengthen us, to make us more resolute, more determined. It is in breasting opposition, in overcoming difficulties that we develop strength.

(8.) Nor should we allow ourselves to become embittered by the mean and persistent opposition of our enemies; by the studied efforts that they are ever making to insult and humiliate us. Unless we are watchful, unless we are tolerably sane, it is so easy to allow such things to rankle in our breasts, to engender feelings of bitterness and hatred. Natural as it is, however, we must resist it. It is bad business for an individual or a race to allow itself to become embittered against another individual or race. Such a spirit will destroy our own happiness, our own peace of mind, and will not help to win over our enemies. Out of a spirit of mutual hatred no good can possibly come to either race. The result is bound to be evil; and the evil will grow as the hatred grows.

If we are to fight successfully, fight in the most effective way, we must be calm, we must not be spurred on by bitterness, by hatred, but by the consciousness that what we are contending for is right, and therefore, is best for all, even for those against whom we are contending, who are foolishly trying to obstruct our way. Let us possess our souls in patience; let us be calm, self-possessed. These enemies who are fighting us deserve our pity. The course which they are pursuing, in the long run, will prove more injurious to them than to us. The more they fight us, the more they resist us, the more they seek to insult and humiliate us, the more they are injuring themselves, the more they are sinking to lower levels, the less they are becoming worthy of the respect to decent, right-thinking people. We may suffer in our feelings; we may be deprived of our rights for a time; but they are suffering in a way that is eating away the only thing of real value—the only thing that is worth having—character. We may suffer, but the penalty which we pay is not near so dear, so costly as the penalty which they are paying.

There is something really pathetic in the spectacle here pre-

sented, of vast numbers of people claiming to be intelligent, claiming to be civilized, some claiming even to be Christians, allowing themselves to be dominated, to be controlled absolutely by such an utterly ignoble sentiment as race prejudice. You can't help asking yourself the question, can these people really be sane? Jesus, we are told, wept over Jerusalem. As he saw her condition—saw her in her blindness, stupidity, obstinacy—as he saw the end towards which she was madly rushing, it touched his great heart with pity and wrung tears from his eyes. And this is the way, it seems to me, that any right thinking man, any man who has a heart of pity feels as he looks out on the multitudes in this land who are yielding themselves up to the sway of this bitter, degrading, Negro-hating spirit; as he sees how they are being driven more and more into doing so many utterly contemptible things; and, when he remembers also that the reaping is to be as the sowing. It is easy enough to hate such people, if you don't stop to think; but when you remember that they are human beings; that they are under the dominion of moral laws that are just as inexorable in their operations as are physical laws; and remember also, under these laws, what the result is sure to be, there is no room for hatred, for bitterness, but only for pity, for the deepest commiseration. The thing that we ought to do, and, that I wish very much that we would do, and do more than we have been in the habit of doing, is to pray for these misguided, unfortunate, greatly to be pitied individuals who are fighting us. The Spirit of God can open blind eyes, can unstop deaf ears, can soften the hardest hearts. The Spirit of God can regenerate, can give an entirely new bias or direction to character and life. And this is what is needed. These people need to be changed, to be set right. The possibility of such a change, both for their sakes and for ours, should lead us to work and pray earnestly for it.

(9.) It is also well for us, as we face the future, not to be deceived, not to be misguided by the assumption upon which some of our race leaders have been proceeding. It has been assumed by some that the reason why we are treated as we are is because we are poor, because we are ignorant, because we are degraded, in a word, because of our condition; and, that if we will only improve ourselves—will only work hard and better our condition—will get more knowledge, more money, more character, it will be all right in the end. Those who act upon this assumption think that the

wise thing for us to do, therefore is to lose sight entirely of the manner in which we are treated, to take no account of it, to make no ado about it, to bear it patiently and give ourselves up entirely to the work of improving ourselves. This is what they counsel; this is the way, they say, this race problem is to be solved.

Looked at in the abstract, this seems to be very plausible. The assumption that if we improve ourselves; if we show ourselves worthy of being treated properly, that we would be, is what would naturally be expected. Unfortunately, however, the facts are all against it. Things have not panned out as might have been expected, under this theory of race adjustment. The race problem, as we understand it, may mean one of two things. It may mean the problem of the race's development, which would include all the agencies to be employed in securing this result; or it may mean the problem of getting the white man to behave himself—getting him to treat the colored man properly, as a man, as a brother, as a citizen, having common and equal rights with himself. That the race's development may go on without at all affecting favorably the white man's attitude towards it, is clearly evident from what is going on about us, and from the experience of the last forty or fifty years. During these years the colored people have steadily improved along all lines; and yet the same feeling of antipathy, of hostility to them exists. There is no indication of a desire to treat them any better. The progress that they have made has counted for nothing in their favor; has not lessened, in the least, the opposition to them.

A short while ago a Congressman from Louisiana, J. B. Aswell, introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to segregate colored employees of the Government. Among other things in presenting his bill, he said:

“Every informed and right-thinking white man, while sympathizing with and anxious to help the Negro in his place, recognizes the necessity of preserving the integrity and supremacy of the white race. The purpose of this bill is to check a bad tendency in this country, before it is too late, and cause thinking people everywhere to find themselves in relation to the race problem and thus deal fairly and give justice to both races. The bill seeks to help the Negro by making him proficient in his own sphere and by correcting a false idea of his proper circumscribed position in the republic, and, at the same time, relieve the white man in the public

service from the intolerable humiliation of being compelled, in order to earn his daily bread, to work side by side with an objectionable people, the continuation of which practice must result in irreparable injury to both races, and ultimately destroy the efficiency of the public service. Such practices will drive the self-respecting proficient white man and woman from the civil service of the Government."

The bill provides, "That the heads of all executive departments shall issue all such orders as shall be necessary to secure in all branches of the civil service of the United States to the utmost extent consistent with public interests, the segregation of civil employees of the white race from those of African blood or descent, in the performance of their services."

It also provides, "That in all executive departments within the District of Columbia, clerks or employees shall not be required to occupy the same office or work rooms with clerks or employees of African blood or descent; nor shall any white clerk or employee be placed under the orders, direction, or supervision of any person of African blood or descent."

It also provides, "That in the railway mail service of the Post office Department white clerks shall not, except in cases of emergency, be ordered to duty in the same mail car with postal clerks of African blood or descent."

You will notice that the course which he recommends here, and which he seeks to enforce by law, is not because the Negro is ignorant, not because he is inefficient, not because he is ungentlemanly in his department; but simply because he is a Negro, or has Negro blood in his veins. The fact that he is in the service at all proves that he isn't ignorant, that he isn't inefficient, for he is there as the result of civil service examination. It makes no difference how much he knows, how efficient he is, how gentlemanly he is, the thing that makes him objectionable is that he is a Negro, or is of Negro descent. It doesn't make any difference how highly cultivated he is, it becomes, in the language of the Representative from Louisiana, "an intolerable humiliation for a white man to be compelled, in order to earn his daily bread, to work side by side with an objectionable people." It isn't the condition of the people; it isn't their backwardness that discounts them, but the fact that they are of African blood or descent.

Senator Vardaman, in his insane ravings over the nomination by President Wilson of Adam E. Patterson, a colored man from Oklahoma, as Register of the Treasury, speaks in the same strain. He says:

“The appointment of Patterson is a most unfortunate thing. Two races cannot mix; it is contrary to the laws of nature. I am not acquainted with Patterson. It is not he, personally, I am fighting; it is the principle involved. I do not think any government office should be held by a Negro. I think the defeat of this appointment of a Negro is of more importance than the passage of the tariff bill and the enactment of currency legislation. It rises like a mountain peak above all other questions of the day. It seems that the appointment was made in view of Patterson’s campaign activities in the interest of Democracy. I do not think much of the policy that pays party obligations at the expense of the purity of the greatest race on the globe. I shall fight every Negro appointment that is made.”

It is not necessary, he admits, to know anything personally of the candidate—anything about his character or qualifications; it is enough to know that he is a Negro or of Negro descent, to disqualify him for any office under the Government. And this, he affirms, is the sentiment of all Southern senators. Even a man like President Wilson, with all his brains and culture and high Christian character, or rather, I would say, avowal of high Christian principles, after nominating Patterson for the position permitted him to withdraw from the contest in the face of Vardaman’s declaration, “No government office should be held by a Negro.” And instead of sending in the name of another colored man, in order to rebuke that sentiment, he sent in the name of an Indian, which was a virtual acceptance, on the part of the President, of the position taken by Vardaman and other Negro-hating senators. And the fact that a white man was named almost immediately afterwards for the post at Haiti shows how completely the President has surrendered to the dictation of Southern Negro haters. If the progress we have made during these fifty years has had so little effect upon a man like Woodrow Wilson, how much is it likely to have upon the average white man? Any one who has kept in touch with the movements of the last half century that have had to do with this vexed question, cannot fail to see that the two phases of the race issue have very little to do with each other. The develop-

ment within the race has had no appreciable influence in creating within the white man a disposition to behave any better towards the colored man, to accord to him his rights, to treat him as a man, as a citizen, as a brother. So far as we may judge from the experiences of the last fifty years and from what is transpiring about us today, there is no hope of things ever being any better as the result of race improvement. It is right, of course, for us to make the most of our opportunities, and to press forward as rapidly as possible along all lines of endeavor, material, intellectual, moral, spiritual; but let us not be deceived, let us not imagine, though we ourselves will be greatly benefited by such a course, that the attitude of the white man towards us will change for the better in consequence. There may be a change in him, let us hope that there may be, but if it comes at all, it will come in some other way. It will not be because we are improving ourselves, because we are getting to be more intelligent, are getting more property, getting on a higher social plane, getting to be more virtuous, more self-respecting. That kind of thing has little or no influence in favorably inclining the average white man towards the Negro. It makes no difference what he has, what he has achieved, what he has made of himself, he is still only a Negro, is still undesirable, is still to be hedged about by limitations and restrictions.

Senator Vardaman in his "high-blown pride" speaks of the white race as "the greatest race on the globe." If the Senator is a specimen of its greatness, the so-called inferior races need not concern themselves very much about catching up with it in the march of progress. As a matter of fact, there are scores of colored men who, in intelligence, in brain power, in scholarship, in all the elements that go to make up true manhood, are superior to Mr. Vardaman. The only respect in which the Senator shows any superiority, in the sense of surpassing others, so far as I can see, is in the exhibition of a coarse, vulgar, and brutal spirit. The white race may be the greatest race on the globe, but the assertion of that fact would come with a little better grace from one who reflects its greatness rather than from one who is a reproach to it, who discredits it. The white people themselves would hardly select Mr. Vardaman as a specimen by which it would care to be judged in this or in future generations. The Negro may be inferior, greatly inferior to the white race, but there would have to be some better specimen of the white race than Mr. Vardaman to prove it. My

purpose, however, is not to criticise the honorable Senator from Mississippi. I have mentioned his name in this connection merely as illustrative of the aggressive, ever-growing spirit of race hatred, of race antagonism, which still confronts us after fifty years of freedom.

(10.) In this connection we ought to impress ourselves also, as we leave the first half century of freedom and enter upon the second half, with the fact that God is and that he is a present help in time of need. We need to emphasize, more strongly than we are in the habit of doing, the importance of religion as a factor in this race struggle in which we are engaged. In Exodus 14, we are told that after Pharaoh had given the children of Israel permission to leave Egypt, and after they had left, he repented, changed his mind, and started in pursuit of them with all his hosts, his chariots and horsemen, to bring them back. We are also told that when the children of Israel saw them approaching they were terrified. And then occurs this passage: "And the angel of the Lord, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them! and the pillar of cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Egyptians, and the camp of Israel, and it was a cloud of darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night." God stood between Israel and the enemy. And that is just where we want to have him stand, between us and our enemies. What we need to do is to rest in the Lord, is to put our trust in him. He is more than a match for our enemies. The song which Moses and the children of Israel sang after they had seen the advancing hosts of the enemy approaching was,

The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation.

And if we trust him, if we make him our hope, we will be able in the end to sing the same song; we too, will triumph gloriously.

In the voyage of the apostle Paul to Rome the ship was caught in a terrible storm. For fourteen days and nights it raged. The wind blew furiously; heavy, dark clouds shut out the light of the sun by day and of the stars by night. There seemed no hope of escape. Of the nearly three hundred souls on board, all except one

man were filled with the most appalling apprehension. That man was the apostle Paul. During all those awful days and nights he alone was calm, self-possessed; he alone showed no fear, no apprehension. And why? It was because the angel of the Lord had stood by him and had said to him, "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." And it was because he believed what the angel had said to him. The fierceness of the storm, the raging of the elements, the appalling darkness that enveloped them, had no disquieting effect upon him. It was the triumph of faith—faith that saw safety, and rested in sweet content in the face of the raging storm. And faith in God is what we need if we are not to become discouraged in face of the gathering hosts of darkness, in face of the constant accessions to the ranks of the enemy. David once exclaimed,

Jehovah, how are mine enemies increased!
Many are they that rise up against me.

But he comforted himself with the thought,

But thou, O Jehovah, are a shield about me;
My glory and the lifter up of my head.

And we may find comfort in the same thought. Let this new half century be one of abounding trust in God; let us more and more accustom ourselves to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, under the shadow of the Almighty.

II. In leaving this first half century of freedom and in entering upon the second half, a word also ought to be said to the white people of the country. There are four things that I want to say to them:

(1.) I want to remind them of the fact that we came here originally through no volition of our own. We were brought here against our will, and brought here for purely selfish purposes, to serve their interest. We are not responsible for being here—the responsibility is with the white race. The fact ought to be remembered by them. If our presence in this country is undesirable, as is frequently alleged, it is not for the white man to set that up as an excuse or justification for ill-treating us. If it had not been for their selfishness we would not be here. If our presence here is an evil, they are not the ones to complain, they at least, ought to be willing quietly to accept it as it is an evil of their own making. This is one of the things that has al-

ways seemed to me to render the treatment of the Negro by the white man particularly contemptible. After forcing him away from his home against his will; and after getting out of him all that he could without compensation, when that is no longer possible, then to turn upon him and tell him to get out, that he is no longer wanted, is conduct of which even savages ought to be ashamed. Whenever you are tempted to ill-treat the colored man, to deny him a man's chance in the race of life, remember that you brought him here, and that the least that you can do, the least that you owe him, is to treat him decently, humanely.

(2.) I want to say, that for two hundred and fifty years you had our unrequited toil; we tilled your soil, we gathered your crops, we cut down your forests, we built your houses, made your clothes, worked for you in manifold ways. We worked for you in the days of slavery, and you seemed satisfied with our labor; why do you withhold your work from us now? Why do you now shut us out of employment? We are just as able, and just as willing to work now as then. Work is what we need; work is what we must have if we are to support ourselves in decency, if we are to live honestly and honorably. You are bound by every consideration of justice, of fair play, to make a place for us, to give us the same chance that is given to others to support themselves and their families. For two hundred and fifty years we worked for you, as your slaves; are you unwilling to help us now that we are free and are working for ourselves? You, who brought us here; you, who are responsible for our presence here, ought to want to encourage us to be industrious, to be self-respecting.

(3.) I want to remind you of the fact that we are now free; that we are American citizens; that under the laws we are entitled to the same rights and privileges as yourselves. Slavery no longer exists in this country—all are now free men. What is freedom to mean to us? Why were we made free? Why were the fetters stricken from our limbs? Why were we made citizens? Why have schools been provided for our intellectual development? Why emancipation at all, if we are not to have the same chance as other free men? What is the value of freedom if it doesn't carry with it the guarantee of protection in the enjoyment of all rights that are common to all citizens? Is freedom to mean one thing to the white man, and another thing to the colored man? Freedom and citizenship cannot mean one thing to a white man and another to a black man in a republic without creating needless and endless trouble; and without in the end de-

stroying the spirit that is essential to the perpetuity of republican or democratic institutions. Is it wise? Is it consistent? Is it the part of true patriotism to continue longer to make invidious distinctions between citizens who must forever live side by side, and upon the mutual co-operation and sympathy of whom, the welfare and happiness of the whole will depend? Is it wise to encourage, to help fan the flame of race prejudice from which no good can possibly come, but only evil, and evil more and more as it is encouraged? Isn't it a great deal better to use a little common sense, now that we are here, now that we are here to stay, now that we are free, now that we are citizens, to recognize us as such, and to accord to us the same treatment as is accorded to others? One thing you may be assured of, we will never be satisfied with anything less. Unless these rights be conceded; unless we be treated as we have a right to expect you to treat us, this friction, which is doing so much to demoralize the whole country, will continue. Is it not better for the thoughtful, sane, sober, right-thinking men and women among you to call a halt to those, who, keeping the humiliation of the Negro before them as their chief aim, are willing to sacrifice everything else to it? The humiliation of the Negro; the hedging of him about with degrading restrictions; the forcing him down into a position of subordination, of inferiority, even if you should succeed in doing it, after all, is it worth the price that must be paid; that you are paying? The policy of giving the Negro a man's chance in the Republic; of treating him with the same consideration as others are treated, has vastly more good in it for the Republic than the measure of repression, of enforced subordination, of invidious distinctions upon which you are now insisting. Such a policy will make the Negro forget that he is a Negro, and will lead him to think of himself simply as an American citizen; will stimulate his patriotism; will render it no longer necessary for him to be particularly concerned about race interests, but will leave him free to be concerned about those interests which are common to all the people. Such a policy will also set free for higher and nobler uses all the ability, the energy, the resources that are now being expended in efforts to keep the Negro down and which will be of incalculable benefit to the Nation. Think of how much time, how much thought, how much energy are used up in this needless race friction, and how much the Nation is losing by this misuse of valuable time, thought, energy! If you, who are fighting the Negro,—you who are determined to reduce him to a pariah class, would only turn your

thought and energy towards upbuilding the Republic—materially, intellectually, morally, spiritually,—towards fighting those evils that are really endangering the Republic,—greed, corruption, impurity, lawlessness, intemperance, how much more valuable your services would be. There never was a time when the Republic needed your services more than it does today, in harmonizing the elements of its population, in encouraging a spirit of fraternity, of brotherhood. It is not the function of a patriot, of a lover of his country to array class against class, race against race; that is the roll of the demagogue, the low panderer to passion and prejudice for selfish ends. This race friction ought to cease; and it will cease if you will do the right thing; if you will listen to reason and common sense. It is not the Negro that is keeping up the friction, but the white man.

(4.) I want to say to those who are friendly to us; who believe that we have rights under the constitution, and that those rights ought to be recognized:

(1.) We are profoundly thankful to you for your sympathy, for your good-will, and for all that you have done to cheer and encourage us. Some of you have taught in our schools, have worked among us as missionaries, have contributed of your means to aid us in our education, in our development; for all of which we are grateful.

(2.) We wish very much that you would be a little more outspoken in your sympathy. We have, it may be, many silent friends among you. It is better, of course, in some respects to have a silent friend than to have no friend at all. Such friends constitute a reserve force which may serve us well at some future time, in an emergency which may arise unexpectedly. The friendship, however, that counts for most, that is of most value, is the friendship that is known, that openly, publicly expresses itself. The importance of thus openly showing your sympathy, your friendship is to be seen in that in this way public sentiment is made and influenced. The people who speak out, or, who act out their sentiment are the ones who count in shaping, in moulding public sentiment. Our enemies are never silent. The opposition, the hostility which they feel is never concealed, it always comes to the surface, always expresses itself. And this is one reason why they have influence, why they are so potential. Take the segregation idea which has been projecting itself upon the attention of the country. When the agitation was started, e. g., in the city of Washington, there were many meetings held in various parts of the

city among the whites; but they were all in the interest of segregation, they were gotten up and managed by those who wanted to force this humiliation upon the colored people. I cannot believe that the purpose of these meetings met the approval of all the white people of the capital; I know that it did not of some of them. And yet no meeting was held; no public expression was given to indicate that such was the case, that there was any dissenting among the whites. Not one white church; not one ministerial association; not one Christian Endeavor society, nor any other organization among the whites, including the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, gave expression to any dissenting opinion. So far as any public expression was concerned, it looked as if the entire white population approved of the movement to segregate the colored people in street cars and otherwise. What we are asking of you, our white friends, is to show your colors, is to be just as pronounced in your sympathy for us as our enemies are pronounced in their opposition to us. If you will do this; if you will let the people about you know where you stand, it will greatly help matters. Lowell, in his sonnet on Wendell Phillips, says,

“He saw God stand upon the weaker side,—
And humbly joined him to the weaker part.”

And it is necessary that this be done—that the weaker part be joined, and joined openly as he did, if it is to be strengthened. There is a good deal in numbers. Somehow people have a great deal more respect, are inclined to be very much more considerate of a cause that has many adherents, or whose adherents are increasing in numbers. Where we are silent we are never counted. Elijah is sometimes criticized for his so-called pessimistic statement when he was running from Jezebel—“The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only am left.” In this he was mistaken. It seems there were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. But, as some one said, no one knew it, and therefore they counted for nothing. Now we don't want our friends among the whites who want us to get our rights, who think that we ought to be treated fairly, justly, to count for nothing; we don't want them to be so silently sympathetic that no one will know of it. We want them to be outspoken; to be openly for us, and thus help to mould public sentiment in our favor. It would have helped greatly if, during this segregation agitation

there had been some meetings held among the whites giving expression to a different sentiment. Even a simple protest from a single individual helps. A letter like the one published not long ago by the Hon. A. E. Pillsbury of Boston, Massachusetts, declining to pay his annual dues to the treasurer of the National Bar Association, and giving as his reason his positive and emphatic dissent from the action of the Association in discriminating against colored men, is bound to have its effect in educating public sentiment, in helping to break down invidious distinctions. Carl Schurz, in his *Life of Henry Clay*, in speaking of the Abolitionists, says, "The immediate effect of their work has frequently been much underrated. They served to keep alive in the Northern mind that secret trouble of conscience about slavery which later, in a ripe political situation, was to break out as a great force." And so here, the protest of our white friends in the struggle we are making now will serve to keep alive in others the sense of right, which will ultimately become a great force before which the wrongs from which we are now suffering will be righted. Silent sympathy is better than no sympathy; but the sympathy that expresses itself in word and act is greatly to be preferred. If you think we are not treated right; if you think that invidious distinctions based upon color, upon race ought not to exist, say so; and say it so loud that all about you will hear it. This is the request that we make of you, as we enter upon another half century of freedom.

And now just a word more. The struggle before us is a long and hard one; but with faith in God, and faith in ourselves, and indomitable perseverance, and the purpose to do right, in spite of the forces that are arrayed against us, we need have no fears as to the ultimate result. Success is sure to crown our efforts. We are not always going to be behind; we are not always going to be discriminated against; we are not always going to be denied our rights. For as Sojourner Truth said, "God is not dead." And some day, in His own good time, the right will triumph. As the poet expressed it,

Right is right since God is God,
And Right the day will win.

What is needed is a new EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—a proclamation that will set the white man free from the degrading influence of race prejudice—a proclamation that will register a decree or purpose on the part of the white race to free itself not only from the narrowing lust of gold, but from the still more narrowing

lust of race hatred and proscription. O, for another and greater Lincoln to speak the word of power,—another and greater Lincoln to set the thought and heart of white America going in a new and better way—the way of righteousness—the way of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In the inspired record we read; “The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder’s den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea.” Surely if this be true; if this is a prophecy of what is to be, there is reason and good reason to believe that the savage element in the white man’s nature, which corresponds to the nature of these ferocious animals, and which leads him to devise and execute his various schemes of disfranchisement, of segregation, of restricted opportunities, in order to annoy and degrade us, will yet undergo a change. If the wolf and lamb can dwell together, and the lamb be perfectly safe, surely the white man in this country is not so absolutely beyond being amenable to reason and common sense and decency as to make it impossible, some time in the future, for him and his brother in black to dwell together, and the brother in black feel no uneasiness, no fear of being molested, or of having his rights infringed upon by him. The white man, when it comes to the Negro, is pretty bad, I know, but I cannot believe that he is so hopelessly bad as to render it impossible for the colored man to dwell with him and be treated by him as a man and brother. It may ultimately turn out to be true; but I am not yet willing to believe it. It cannot be that this white race, which prides itself upon its superiority to all other races, under this highest test of superiority—the ability to accord to every man his right and to treat every man as a brother of whatever race or nationality, is going to be found so sadly deficient. It has done many wonderful things. All the greater is the reason, therefore, why it should not permit itself to be controlled by such an ignoble spirit. It has done, too, many wonderful things to have its greatness marred by settling down permanently on the low level of race prejudice. No; I cannot believe that the white man is so hope-

lessly bad, so absolutely possessed by this demon of race hatred that there is no honorable future in this country for the colored man. The Tillmans, Vardamans, Hoke Smiths are not always going to be the leaders of even Southern public sentiment. A better day is coming, with truer, saner, wiser leaders. Dr. Josiah Strong, in his last volume, "Our World," in the chapter on "The New Race Problem," after some remarks on the improbability and the undesirability of blending all races into one says,—“If we recognize any plan in creation, we must accept a differentiation of the human family as an expression of the divine purpose, infinitely wise and benevolent. And it behooves us as co-laborers together with God to find that purpose, if possible, that we may work with him and not against him.”

“This conclusion affords not the slightest excuse for race antipathy. The experience of mankind has convinced all peoples that close consanguinity must be a bar to marriage; and scientific observation seems likely to show that the mixture of races most widely divergent is perhaps hardly less a violation of nature. But there is in this fact no reason why there should not be as genuine respect and esteem and fellowship between the races as between brother and sister; no reason why the spirit of brotherhood which obtains in the home should not extend to the family of nations and races.” And Hamilton W. Mabie, in his article in the Outlook for August 2nd on “Americans and the Far East,” says: “Race differences must be clearly and frankly recognized; economical differences must be candidly faced; but race hatred must be driven beyond the pale of civilization; it is a survival of barbarism and it must go back where it belongs.”

This great white race will some day, I believe, in its sober second thought, recognize the truth of these words; and will augment its greatness by emancipating itself from this detestable spirit of race hatred. It cannot be that this great white race is always going to be content to prostrate itself before this mean and degrading spirit. It owes it to itself, as well as to this black race and to all the other races to free itself from so debasing an influence. If it is to maintain its leadership in the world, under the ever-growing influence of Christianity, which knows neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, it cannot hope to do so with race prejudice inscribed on its banner. It must change, or else it will be relegated to the rear. **RIGHTEOUSNESS AND BROTHERHOOD** are the great forces that are to dominate the future. The white man may be

strong enough to fight the black man in this country, but he is not strong enough to fight God Almighty and his eternal and inexorable laws of RIGHTEOUSNESS and BROTHERHOOD. These laws will ultimately remake him, or break him and cast him "as rubbish to the void." Which shall it be? Let this great white race take warning.

Short is the triumph of evil.
 Long is the reign of right.
 The men who win by the aid of sin,
 The nation that rules by might,
 The party that lives by corruption,
 The trickster, the knave, the thief,
 May thrive for a time on the fruits of crime,
 But their seeming success is brief.

Know that the truth shall triumph,
 That evil shall find its doom;
 That the cause of right, tho' subdued by might,
 Shall break from the strongest tomb,
 That wrong, tho' it seems to triumph,
 Lasts only for a day,
 While the cause of truth has eternal youth,
 And shall rule o'er the world for aye.

12

EXCERPTS FROM A THANKSGIVING SERMON AND TWO LETTERS ADDRESSED TO WOODROW WILSON¹

TWO LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO THE HONORABLE WOODROW WILSON,
 president of the United States.

Washington, D. C.,
 November 20, 1912.

HON. WOODROW WILSON:

Dear Sir: I am a colored man. I am a graduate of the Princeton Theological Seminary. I am pastor of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church of Washington City, where I came immediately after my graduation in 1878.

You may not know it, but the triumph of the Democratic Party has always been attended, more or less, with a sense of uneasiness on the part of the colored people for fear lest their rights might be

¹ Delivered November 26, 1914.

interfered with. It is unfortunate that the ascendancy of any party in this country should seem to any class of citizens to imperil their rights. But such, unquestionably, is the feeling on the part of the great majority of the colored people, induced by what has been the general attitude of the Democratic Party towards their rights as citizens. I have shared, somewhat, this feeling myself. I have just finished reading, however, an address by you, made, I should judge, to a body of Sunday School teachers, on the "Importance of Bible Study," printed in the November number of the Expositor, and cannot tell you how greatly it has relieved my mind as to the treatment which the colored people are likely to receive from you and your Administration. I said to myself: No American citizen, white or black, need have any reasonable grounds of fear from the Administration of a man who feels as he does, who believes as he does in the Word of God, and who accepts as he does, without any reservation, the great, eternal, and immutable principles of righteousness for which that Word stands.

This impression, in the light of that address, was so strongly borne in upon my mind, that I felt I would like to have you know it. The simple fact is, the only hope which the colored man has of fair treatment in this country, is to be found in men, who, like yourself, believe in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and who feel that the greatest service they can render to their fellow men is to square their lives with the principles of the Christian religion, and to bear about with them ever the noble and beautiful spirit of the Man of Nazareth.

With a man of your known Christian character at the head of affairs, I am sure that the race with which I am identified will have no just grounds for complaint. It is a comforting thought, especially, to those who are struggling against great odds, to know that the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob—the God that the Bible reveals, is on the throne, and that under him, as his vice-regent, will be a man who has the courage of his convictions, and who will not falter where duty calls.

You have my best wishes, and the earnest prayer that you may be guided by Divine wisdom in the arduous duties and responsibilities that are so soon to devolve upon you as the Chief Executive of this great nation.

I am,
Very truly yours,

FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ

Washington, D. C.,
September 5, 1913.

HON. WOODROW WILSON,
President of the U. S.

Dear Sir:

As an American citizen I desire to enter my earnest protest against the disposition, under your Administration, to segregate colored people in the various departments of the Government. To do so is undemocratic, is un-American, is un-Christian, is needlessly to offend the self-respect of the loyal black citizens of the Republic. We constitute one-tenth of the population, and, under the Constitution, have the same rights and are entitled to the same consideration as other citizens. We had every reason to hope, from your high Christian character, and from your avowal of lofty principles prior to your election, that your accession to power would act as a check upon the brutal and insane spirit of race hatred that characterizes certain portions of the white people of the country. As American citizens we have a right to expect the President of the United States to stand between us and those who are bent on forcing us into a position of inferiority. Under the Constitution, resting upon the broad foundation of democratic principles as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, there are no superiors and inferiors. Before the law all citizens are equal, and are entitled to the same consideration. May we not expect—have we not the right to expect—that your personal influence, as well as the great influence which comes from your commanding official position, will be thrown against what is clearly, is distinctly not in accordance with the spirit of free institutions? All class distinctions among citizens are un-American, and the sooner every vestige of it is stamped out the better it will be for the Republic.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ

We ought also to be thankful for the existence of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. I don't know whether, as a race, we realize what the existence of such an association with its organ, *The Crisis*, means, or fully appreciate the invaluable service which it is rendering to the race in its battle against prejudice and proscription, which confronts us on all sides in every shape and form. Here is an Association composed of some of the

very best type of white men and women in this country, and also of some of the very best type of colored men and women of the race. These men and women have banded themselves together for the purpose of resisting injustice and oppression—for the purpose of standing up fearlessly and uncompromisingly for the manhood rights of the colored man, and also for his civil and political equality under the Constitution. The fact that such a society as this exists is itself a ground for thanksgiving, but when we remember what it has done and is still doing towards bettering conditions, the greater is the ground for thanksgiving.

I don't know how others feel about the matter, but so far as I am concerned, while I have always been grateful to those who helped us while we were in physical bondage, and who have helped us since freedom came, and are still helping us; nevertheless, I have always felt that their interest in us, and the help that came to us through them, was because God had first touched their hearts and moved them to come to our aid. That has been a steadily increasing conviction with me. And, therefore, for all the agencies through which we have been helped, I have always felt most deeply grateful to God, and have always felt like saying first of all to Him: I thank you! And that is the way I feel about this National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. I believe that God is back of it; that he inspired the thought of it; and that it is due largely to his influence, operating upon the hearts of the men and women in it, that it has been kept alive. And, therefore, I think it is a proper thing for us to include it among the objects for which, as a race, we ought to be thankful.

I think we ought to be thankful also, especially at this time, for an event which recently transpired in our city. I refer to the interview between the President and a committee of colored gentlemen, headed by Mr. Monroe Trotter, of Boston. We ought to be thankful because of that interview for two reasons at least: (1) Because it has settled definitely, not only for us, but for the whole country exactly what the President thinks, and what his policy is in regard to Governmental segregation of people of color. Up to that interview, while some of us knew that the President heartily approved of putting colored people apart by themselves, as a badge of inferiority, as a means of impressing upon them their inferiority to white people, in deference to the Negro-hating sentiments of certain

members of his Cabinet, as well as to his own southern sentiments; still as he was so constantly dodging the issue, pretending at times that he did not know that there was segregation, and succeeding in so mystifying the matter that even some very good white people, and good friends of ours, still felt that the thing was done, but not with his approval. Now, however, the truth has at last come out. We know that it is with his approval; that it is in accordance with his wish.

(2) We ought to be thankful that that interview took place, because it brought forth from the press of the country some of the finest editorials that have ever been written in defense of our rights as American citizens. If it didn't do anything more than call forth the editorial in the "New York World," the greatest of metropolitan journals, it would have given sufficient ground for thanksgiving. I hope we have all read that editorial. If we have not we are not in a condition to be as thankful for it as we ought to be. I will not take the time to read the whole of it, but just a moment to read the latter part of it. It is as follows:

"While the Democrats of the country have been trying to solve certain great problems of government, a few southern members of the Cabinet have been allowed to exploit their petty local prejudice at the expense of the party's reputation for exact justice.

"Whether the President thinks so or not, the segregation rule was promulgated as a deliberate discrimination against Negro employees.

"Worse still, it is a small, mean, petty discrimination, and Mr. Wilson ought to have set his heel upon this presumptuous Jim Crow government the moment it was established. He ought to set his heel upon it now. It is a reproach to his administration and the great political principles which he represents."

From the bottom of my heart I thank God that out of the Trotter interview there has come that wonderful editorial, so strong, so forceful, so in accord with justice and the spirit of true Democratic or Republican institutions. I wrote the editor thanking him for it, thanking him for myself and for the self-respecting Negroes all over the country, and expressing the hope that he would continue to hold up to just reprobation the man, or set of men who are responsible for this outrage upon the manhood and the self-respect of ten millions of loyal black citizens of the Republic.

In reading over the President's call for a day of thanksgiving, I wondered if in the preparation of it the millions of colored people in this country entered in any way into his thoughts. How could the President expect the ten millions of people that he and his administration had been doing everything in their power to humiliate, to insult, to put a stigma upon—how could he, if he had any sense of decency, any sense of what is due from one man to another, to say nothing of what is due from one Christian to another, have expected the colored people to join in this note of thanksgiving? What had they to be thankful for under his administration? Thankful because they were insulted, because their sacred rights were invaded, because by the arbitrary exercise of power they were forced into a humiliating position? In this country today we are holding up our hand in holy horror at the principle upon which the German Emperor and the German people are acting in the war which they are waging—the principle that might makes right—that whatever you have the power to do, you have the right to do. The President and all the members of his Cabinet utterly repudiate that principle, as seen in German aggression, in their wanton attack upon Belgium. And yet, is not that precisely the principle upon which the President and the members of his Cabinet have acted in this segregation business? It was done, not because they had a right to do it, but because they had the power to do it. The question of right had no part in determining the issue. And it is the same principle upon which the South has acted since the overthrow of the Reconstruction Governments, and upon which it is still acting, with the connivance or consent of the rest of the country. The colored man has been deprived of his civil and political rights, not because it is right to do so, but simply because they have the power to do it.

While we are giving thanks to Almighty God, it is well for us to remember that the day of reckoning for those who subordinate right to might, who take advantage of the weak, is sure to come. It is coming now to Germany. The flower of its young manhood is being sacrificed as the price of its folly. And some day this country will pay the penalty of putting might above right.

The President, in issuing his Thanksgiving Proclamation, as I have said, could not have thought of these millions of colored people that he has been unjustly discriminating against. If he had, he would have done one of two things: He would have put an end to the

whole horrid business of segregation before issuing his proclamation, or else he would not have issued it at all. He would have said: "The time has not yet come for such a proclamation. How can I consistently call upon the Nation to join in a service of thanksgiving with this blot upon my Administration, with the consciousness that I am wronging ten million of my fellow citizens, representatives of whom have freely shed their blood for the Nation, and whose graves we decorate year after year in memory of their devotion to the Nation in the hour of its peril. How can I call for a National thanksgiving and leave out one-tenth of the whole population—a race that has never produced a traitor, and that has never said nay at the call of the Nation? It is not a time for National thanksgiving, but for National repentance and humiliation—a time when I, Woodrow Wilson, and those members of my Cabinet who have dared to profane the sacred altar of Liberty with this hideous monster, race prejudice, do repent, and undo the wrong." What right has any man; what right has the President of the United States; how dare any man; how dare the President of the United States assume to lead this Nation to the altar of thanksgiving with this great sin resting upon him and unrepented of, this sin against the very principles upon which the Nation planted itself when it began its national existence, and which are embodied in the Constitution which he has sworn to support? "If thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, right the wrong that you have done him, and then come and offer thy gift," not before, is the Divine injunction.

It is, to say the least, a very unseemly thing to spit, as it were, into the faces of ten millions of people, and then call upon the nation of which we are a part to give thanks to Almighty God. If Thanksgiving Proclamations are to be issued, let them come from those who are free from political injustice and oppression; free from a mean, narrow, petty race prejudice. What kind of a man have we at the White House, anyway? Has he no sense of decency—of propriety? What kind of a man is it, I say, who would deliberately use his great power as President to break down the self-respect of a race, and merely to gratify a mean, contemptible race prejudice that every right-thinking, manly man ought to despise? What kind of a man is it that would join hands with, that would use his office to aid

and abet, a band of traitors to human rights, in their efforts to humiliate a race? I cannot fully express the deep indignation which I feel at this cowardly attempt to put the stamp of inferiority upon a loyal and self-respecting people. And all over this country the voice of indignation, of protest ought to be raised, and continue to be heard until the slumbering conscience of this so-called Christian ruler is awakened to a sense of the wrong which he has done to this struggling race, and the wrong is righted.

The fight is on,
 And face to face in stern array,
 With armor gleaming, and colors streaming,
 The right and wrong engage today;
 The fight is on, but be not weary,
 Be strong and in his might hold fast;
 If God be for us, his banner o'er us,
 We'll sing the victor's song at last.

13

EVANGELISM AND INSTITUTES OF EVANGELISM¹

We have just closed in our city an Institute on Evangelism, held in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church under the direction of the General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Evangelism. The purpose of these institutes is to stimulate an interest in the work of evangelism. What is evangelism? It is preaching the gospel with a view of getting men at once to accept Jesus Christ. The evangelism that is current in this country, however, does not mean accepting Jesus Christ in the sense of adopting His standard of living, His principles of conduct; does not mean an earnest and honest effort to conform the character and life to the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ. The men and women who come into the church through these evangelistic efforts (I am speaking now particularly of the white people) in the great majority of cases, have no more idea or intention of doing what Jesus wants them to do, except qualifiedly,

¹ Delivered in 1916.

than they have of butting their heads against a stone wall. They come into the church and bring with them all their colorphobia. Their acceptance of Jesus Christ does not change, in the least, their attitude towards the Negro; their prejudice towards him continues just the same as before they made a profession of religion. And, they do not feel, in accepting Jesus Christ, that a change in this regard is necessary; nor does the evangelism that is preached by the white people in this country assume that a change is necessary. It is an evangelism that makes them feel that they can still hold on to their prejudice and yet be good Christians, yet be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Evangelism of that kind is of no real value, counts for nothing in the sight of God; evangelism of that kind is an insult to Jesus Christ; accepting Jesus Christ in that way is nothing but sheer hypocrisy—hypocrisy on the part of those who profess to accept, and on the part of those who are content with that kind of acceptance.

There is an evangelism that is genuine, an evangelism for which the great Presbyterian Church in the United States of America should stand, but for which it does not stand—an evangelism that means accepting Jesus Christ in reality and not in pretense—an evangelism that carries along with it brotherhood, that so presents Jesus Christ that men see, and see plainly, what is involved in accepting Him. The Apostle Paul who understood what was involved in it, and who preached the true evangel, says: "Seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, that is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of Him that created him: where there can not be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all, and in all." An evangelism that permits men to believe that they can be Christians without making an earnest and honest effort to rid themselves of race prejudice is a spurious evangelism. How few of these men who are evangelists, and those who are back of these evangelistic movements, seem to realize what evangelism really is, what accepting Jesus Christ really involves.

I have a friend who is at the head of an educational work. In the interest of his school he had occasion sometime ago to travel a little in seeking to raise funds. During this tour he stopped at a certain town and called upon one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest man in the town, who is also a prominent member and officer in one of the churches of the town. This friend is a college graduate and

an alumnus of one of the leading theological seminaries of the country; his manner and bearing are also those of a gentleman. He finally succeeded in getting an interview with this wealthy church member, and, in introducing himself said, "I am Mr. B—— of such a city," and proceeded to state the purpose of his mission. When he was through, this Christian gentleman said to him, "I must tell you frankly that I am losing my interest in your race. Most of the leaders of your people are very assertive; they want to be the social equals of the white people. You have come here, and look how you have introduced yourself to me. You said, 'I am Mr. B——.' Now what do you mean by that? You mean simply that you are my social equal, and I don't care to have anything to do with a colored man who feels that way." This friend said, for a moment he was dumb with astonishment, but soon recovered himself and, although he felt at first like telling him just what he thought of him and leaving his house, he held his temper, and finally told him that if it was more pleasing to him to have him drop the word "Mr." in speaking of himself, in the future he would do so.

The point particularly to which I want to direct attention is that this Christian gentleman who could not bear to have a colored man use the word "Mr." in speaking of himself, was at that very time being considered for the chairmanship of the General Evangelistic Committee of one of the greatest denominations in the country, and was afterwards appointed its chairman. Now I am not holding the denomination responsible for that appointment, for it knew nothing of this incident of which I am speaking, but think of the man himself, feeling as he did, acting as he did, permitting himself to be considered for the chairmanship of such a committee. Before God, I ask, Was that man fit to be at the head of an evangelistic committee—a committee that sought to hold up Jesus Christ before men with a view of accepting Him, of following Him?

At this Institute on Evangelism, among the speakers was the Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D. D., now Moderator of the General Assembly, and President of Princeton Seminary. I remember Dr. Stevenson very well in connection with the Assembly that met at Buffalo. It was the assembly that had to do with the Separate Presbytery Overture, which overture seemed to me then, and still seems to me, was nothing but an ignoble concession on the part of a great church, to the Negro-hating spirit of the South, in order to effect a union with the Cumberlain Church. Among the few strong men of that Assem-

bly who stood up, and in a Christian and manly way protested against drawing the color line in the church, was Dr. Stevenson. I have never lost sight of him since. So that when he was elected President of the Seminary it was with my hearty approval. I still have confidence in him. I believe at heart he is all right; and therefore I am not disposed at this time to hold him responsible for what I am about to speak of, since he has but recently entered upon his duties as President of the seminary. The fact that Dr. Stevenson was one of the speakers at this Institute on Evangelism, and that he is President of Princeton Seminary are the things that led me to think of this particular matter that is on my mind. Princeton is not only the oldest, but the greatest of our theological schools. The work to which it is especially devoting itself is the preparation of men for the gospel ministry—the preparation of men to go out and proclaim the unsearchable riches of grace in Christ Jesus to a perishing world. In a school like that you would expect to find the highest type of Christianity, the finest expressions of the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ; you would expect, if anywhere in all the world, men of all races would be received on terms of perfect Christian equality, it would be in a theological seminary—in one of the schools of the prophets. And yet, what is the fact as to this seminary? The color line is drawn in it, so far as the dormitories are concerned. There is no disposition now to allow colored students to occupy rooms within these buildings. It did not use to be so. Forty years ago when I entered the seminary, there were three other colored students, making four in all, and we all occupied rooms within the dormitories. Things have since changed; prejudice has so increased that the color of a man's skin now shuts him out of these buildings. It is a shame that it should be so. It is a shame that, at the very fountain head of theological training in the great Presbyterian Church, race prejudice should be allowed to assert itself, and to thrive. Who is responsible for this? Is it the President of the seminary? Then he is not fit to be President. Are the professors responsible for it? Then they are not fit to be professors. They may have the scholarship, the technical knowledge, but the higher qualification, the mind that was in Jesus, the spirit and temper of the great Teacher, without which mere scholarship counts for nothing, they are sadly lacking in. Are the Directors responsible for it? Then they are not fit to be Directors in a school of this kind.

How can we consistently go around holding Institutes on Evangelism when at the head of our great Evangelistic Committee is a man who takes offense at a colored man, an educated, refined colored gentleman, for using the term "Mr." in speaking of himself; and when, in our oldest and greatest theological school the color line is drawn?

Away with all this hypocrisy! Let us get down to bed rock, to fundamentals, to essential principles of Christianity. Let us have an evangelism, a straightforward, simple preaching of the gospel that will keep off evangelistic committees, and out of theological seminaries, as students and as professors, men who are so unchristian as to be influenced by this wicked and contemptible spirit of race prejudice.

After Naboth had been murdered, Ahab went down to take possession of his vineyard and God sent Elijah down to meet him. And when Ahab saw him he said, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" He thought he had gotten rid of Elijah. And so it does not make any difference how many evangelistic institutes we may hold, or how many evangelistic campaigns we may begin, in self complacency, with a view of persuading ourselves that we are very religious, God will always raise up some Elijah to hold up before us this great sin of race prejudice, and burn it into our consciousness until we see the evil of our ways, and repent, and bring forth fruits, meet for repentance. This sin of race prejudice can not be covered up or salved over, and God is determined that it shall not be covered up or salved over.

"Away with the multitude of your burnt offerings and sacrifices. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings before mine eyes."

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scriptures, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well; but if ye have respect to persons, yet commit sin, being convicted by the law as transgressors."—James 2: 8, 9.

This message God is going to keep on thundering into the ear of white American Christianity, with this leperous taint of race prejudice running through it, until it heeds the message and frees itself from this abomination.

This is put in tract form because it is now almost impossible to get a matter like this into the religious press. There seems to be a

conspiracy of silence, or a secret understanding to choke off discussions of this kind. Darkness is preferred to light.

14

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY ALONE OF NEGRO INSTITUTIONS SHUTS COLORED MEN OUT OF ITS TRUSTEE BOARD AND OUT OF ITS PROFESSORSHIPS.

THE COLLEGE
LINCOLN UNIVERSITY
CHESTER COUNTY, PENNA.

OFFICE OF THE DEAN

MARCH 15, 1916.

REVEREND FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ, D.D.,
Pastor of 15th St. Presbyterian Church,
Washington, D. C.,

DEAR DR. GRIMKÉ:—

I have to make an address shortly on the relation of Lincoln University to the large cities of the country, and I should be very much obliged if you should find time to drop me a letter telling me in detail (1) what Lincoln graduates are doing for the betterment of conditions in Washington, and (2) what suggestions you could make as to what Lincoln could do to meet the conditions in these large cities.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I remain,

Yours very truly,

J / S

GEORGE JOHNSON.

1415 CORCORAN STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C. March 18, 1916.

DEAR DR. JOHNSON,

Your note of March 15th has been received. Lincoln University has been so far behind all other Negro institutions in the country in its attitude toward colored people that I have had but very little patience with it for many years. Do you realize the fact that it is the only university in the United States for colored people that has never had a Negro among its professors or on its Trustee Board? When it celebrated its Fiftieth Anniversary the one thing that it

ought to have been proud of, and, doubtless, was, was the fact that during those fifty years, it alone of all Negro institutions had succeeded in shutting colored men out of its professorships and off its Trustee Board! How colored people with any self-respect can continue to feel kindly towards an institution that takes that attitude towards their race, I am unable to understand. I remember years ago a statement made to me by Rev. Mr. Webb, who was then acting as financial agent for the University, when I discussed the matter with him: He said: "Lincoln University has made no progress in that direction; Lincoln University does not desire to make any progress in that direction; Lincoln University has resolved not to." Is not that an astounding position for a Negro University to take?

You will please pardon me if I say, I am unable to respond to your letter. I have no suggestions to make in regard to the University until it changes its attitude in regard to this matter. I am

Yours truly,

FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ.

1415 CORCORAN STREET, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25, 1916.

DEAR DR. JOHNSON:

Your note, in reply to my letter, has been received. I did not intend, in what I said in my letter, to hold you in any way responsible for conditions at Lincoln. I believe that you feel just as you say you do: "I am not conscious of any race prejudice and could work, as I have done in the past, along side of a man of any race without friction." If all the men at Lincoln felt as you do, this stigma which rests upon the University would long since have been removed. You say also, "Dr. Webb, I never knew, but from what I have been told he had no right to speak for the governing board since he was merely an employee, engaged for a definite time and a stated work. His opinion should not be quoted as expressing the policy of Lincoln University. He had neither voice nor vote in the Trustee Board." But, whether he had a right to speak or not, what he said was true, as attested by the history of the University during its entire existence. And, it is this fact, in its history, which cannot be denied, to which I am calling attention and which

puts the University in a very bad light,—a light in which it ought to be ashamed, longer to remain.

Is it possible that the men who have been connected with Lincoln University are so far superior to the white men who have been connected with other Negro institutions of the country, that they alone feel themselves above being associated with colored men as professors and trustees? In all the other institutions,—in Howard, in Hampton, in Fisk, in Atlanta, in Talladega, in Clark, the two races are represented in the governing boards and on the faculties. Why, I ask, is Lincoln the sole exception? The white men, so far as I know, who are teaching in these other institutions and serving on their governing boards, are not a whit inferior, judged by any test, to the white men who have been connected with Lincoln, or who are now connected with it. If they have not been afraid of being contaminated by contact with the brother in black in the capacity as trustees and professors, why should the men at Lincoln be? Lincoln, in this respect, has isolated itself from all the other Negro institutions of the country; and, it is an isolation that is not to its credit, an isolation that speaks badly for its professed Christianity. Judged, in the light of its history, in this respect, what faith, real, true faith, has Lincoln shown in the Negro as a man and a brother, when, in the election of its trustees and professors, it has said to him, Thus far, and no farther: you may come here as students, but never as professors and trustees. The remarkable thing is, that such a position should be taken by a Negro institution, and a professedly Christian institution!

Is it not strange, passing strange, that at the end of fifty years of freedom, it should be necessary to be discussing the question as to the propriety, the advisability of admitting colored men to the trustee board and to the faculty of a Negro institution, manned by professedly Christian men? The statement of the case alone is enough to show the absurdity of the position taken by the officials of Lincoln and the utterly unchristian spirit of the men who are responsible for it. The time has come, when it ought to end, when Lincoln ought to abandon the unworthy position which it has occupied during these fifty years, and take its place by the side of Howard, Atlanta, Fisk, Talladega and other institutions that are laboring for the uplift of the race. An institution, maintaining the attitude of Lincoln, whatever else may be said of it, is not helpful

in developing in the race a manly self-respect; and is a standing argument against the professed friendship and Christian character of the men who have permitted this condition of things to continue as long as it has. There is no good or sufficient reason why Lincoln University should be the only one of all Negro institutions of higher learning to shut colored men out of its trustee board and out of its professorships. In the last analysis, when we get down to the bottom fact, the real reason will be found to be, though there isn't honesty enough, moral courage enough, to own up to it, is RACE PREJUDICE. This, I know, will be denied, but no denial can alter the fact. Lincoln, while professing faith in the Negro as a man and a brother, is not willing to accord to him the same rights, the same privileges that it accords to white men. And, when you ask, why? the question is evaded, or some flimsy excuse is given, when, as a matter of fact, the real reason is this accursed race prejudice, this dread of social equality, which is so widely prevalent in this country, and, which, even Christianity, the Christianity that is current in this country, is powerless to eradicate.

Lincoln ought to be ashamed of its record in this respect; and the men who are on its Trustee Board and in its faculty ought to see that a change is made; or else get out and let others get in who will have the moral courage and the Christian grace to put the University on a par with other Negro institutions in this respect. It is time, I say, that something was done. Let us hope that it will not be much longer delayed.

From what I have said, you will understand why I still cannot comply with your request. I am,

Yours truly,

FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ.

15

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS¹

“Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us.”—I SAMUEL 7:12.

We have met here today for the purpose of celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this church. On No-

¹ Delivered on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., November 19, 1916.

ember 21, 1841, on the Lord's day, in the afternoon, in a little frame school house, located on H Street near the corner of Fourteenth, the organization was formally effected. The leading spirit in the movement was the Rev. John F. Cook, who was at that time engaged in the work of education. Seventy-five years ago things were pretty dark in this country for our people. The blight of slavery was upon the land. The pro-slavery forces were in the ascendancy, and were never more confident of their strength, or more insolent in their demands, than at that time. And yet, dark as things were, as discouraging as the outlook seemed, here was a man who had a thirst for knowledge, and who wanted in some way to bring to his people the blessings of an education, however simple, however rudimentary it might be. And so he opened a private school and continued for years to teach all who came to him for instruction. In this way, through his influence, many learned to read and write, and so were started on the upward way.

Mr. Cook was not only interested in the intellectual development of the colored people of the City of Washington, but also in their moral and spiritual development as well, and so the thought of the organization of a Presbyterian Church, which should become a new center of religious life in the community took possession of him. Not that he was wholly dissatisfied with the churches that were already in existence—as a matter of fact, he was himself a member of one of them—but he felt that he could better carry out his ideas in a new venture that would be largely under his own control, untrammelled by existing customs.

With this end in view, after due consultation with the Rev. John C. Smith, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of this city, and others, Mr. Cook was received by the Presbytery of the District of Columbia as a licentiate October 11, 1841. In thus receiving him he was not only authorized to preach the Gospel, but was encouraged by members of the Presbytery to carry out his ideas of organizing a Presbyterian church among the colored people.

The way now being clear, and having back of him the Presbytery, on the 23d of October he caused to be printed and circulated among the people of color, and also to be read in all the white Presbyterian churches, the following notice:

“By Divine permission, the Rev. John C. Smith will preach and explain the principles of the Presbyterian Church to the colored friends at John F. Cook's school room, on H near the corner of

Fourteenth Streets, on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, after which will be taken into consideration the propriety of forming a colored Presbyterian Church and congregation in this city. The colored members of the several Presbyterian churches and the friends generally are respectfully invited to attend.

“By order of the Presbytery of the District of Columbia.

(Signed) “JOHN F. COOK, Licentiate.”

In this connection I wish to say, I received shortly after it was announced that we would have this celebration the following note:

“To the Rev. Francis Grimké.

Dear Sir: I heard you say on Sunday that the church would celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary. I thought I would send the printed notice that was sent to call the founders together. It was the property of my foster father, Alfred A. Cook, who died in 1857. It has been in my possession ever since. You can turn it over to the church so that it can be placed in its archives.

“Most respectfully yours,

“GEORGIANA THOMAS.”

I wish, in behalf of the church, to thank Mrs. Thomas very much for this souvenir of those early days. This is, perhaps, the only copy that has been preserved.

In response to this notice, on the evening of October 27, 1841, a number of persons of color and a few white friends assembled in the school room on H Street near Fourteenth. Dr. John C. Smith presided. After singing and prayer, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Stratton of Portsmouth, Va. After the sermon, Dr. Smith gave a clear exposition of the principles, doctrines, and government of the Presbyterian Church. An invitation was then extended to any persons present, members of any of the Presbyterian or other evangelical churches who approved of the organization of a Presbyterian Church, to signify the same by giving their names. In response to this invitation, nineteen persons enrolled their names. These persons were John F. Cook, David Carroll, Jane Noland, Mary Ann Tilghman, Clement Talbert, Lydia Williams, Elizabeth Carroll, Ann Brown, Charles Bruce, Basil Gutridge, Clarisa Forest, John Madison, Catherine Madison, Ann Chew, Rutha Smith, Emily Norris, Maria Newton, Alfred Cook, and Eliza Stewart.

On the Wednesday evening following, November 3rd, another meeting was held at the residence of Mr. David Carroll, at which the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously passed:

“Whereas we, people of color, members of the several Presbyterian and other evangelical churches, in good standing, in perfect friendship, and with due Christian regard for all from whom we are soon about to withdraw from circumstances over which we have no control, we do not enjoy in our white churches all the privileges that we desire, and are so situated that our influence and usefulness among our people, feeble as it may be, is in a great measure destroyed; and, believing that an organized church of our own among our people will tend greatly, under God’s blessing, to stir up a zeal within us for the promotion of religion; and, believing that it would augment the cause of Christ, and be the means, under God, of bringing many more into the church of Christ who now stand aloof from the cause of Christianity for the want of an organized Presbyterian Church among us; and, whereas we are greatly encouraged to do so by the Presbyterians of the District of Columbia, and by our white friends of the great Presbyterian family generally in this city, therefore, be it

“Resolved, That we believe it to be a solemn duty which we owe to the cause of Christianity, our fellow brethren, and ourselves to organize a Presbyterian Church, to be located in this city.

“Resolved, That the Rev. John C. Smith be invited to moderate for us, on Sunday afternoon, November 21, 1841, at Mr. John F. Cook’s school room, and aid us in the organization of the same.

“Resolved, That Brothers John F. Cook and David Carroll, together with the Rev. John C. Smith, be a committee to prepare a constitution for the temporal government, also a confession, church covenant, rules, etc., and make all the necessary preparation and arrangements for the occasion, and report at that meeting, and the friends generally be invited to attend.”

On Sunday afternoon, November 21, 1841, according to agreement, quite a number of persons assembled in the school house. Among the number were the Rev. John C. Smith, and three of his elders, Messrs. I. Gideon, D. M. Wilson, and Preston Elders; also Mr. John McClelland of the Sixth Church. After a word of prayer by Elder Gideon, Dr. Smith addressed the meeting and read from the Confession of Faith the law as to the organization of a church. Those having letters from other churches were then examined and the roll of those who desired to be organized into a Presbyterian Church was completed. After which the following resolution was passed: “Resolved, That we do now organize ourselves into a Presbyterian Church in union with and under the care of the Presbytery of the District of Columbia.”

In connection with this resolution, the rules for the government of the temporal affairs of the church, together with the Constitution

of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, including the Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechism, the Form of Government, the Book of Discipline, the Directory for Worship, and the Acts of the General Assembly were adopted by a rising vote. Rev. John F. Cook was then elected Pastor; David Carroll, Elder; and Charles Bruce, Alfred Cook, David Carroll, Clement Talbert, and William Prator, Trustees. Thus the new enterprise, now known as the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, was launched with much rejoicing. The membership was small, but it was made up of men and women of genuine faith in God, and who were determined to hold together, and to labor earnestly for the building up of a strong organization that should be a source of intellectual, moral, and spiritual uplift to the whole community.

In looking over the list of the original members, I find that five came from the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, eight came from the First, three from the Fourth, and one from the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in New York City, of which the Rev. Theodore S. Wright was then pastor. Alfred A. Cook came from the African Methodist Episcopal Church, now known as the Metropolitan, but then as Bethel. I am also informed that Rev. John F. Cook was also once a class leader in the same church. So that of the original number with which the organization began, eighteen out of the nineteen had already been Presbyterians before their connection with this church. I am calling attention to this to show that there was no effort made to draw members from other churches—no disposition on the part of the founders of this church to weaken other churches of color by seeking to draw away their members. We find here only one Methodist—all the others were already Presbyterians;—and he came, doubtless, of his own free will, out of sympathy with his brother who was the leading spirit in the movement. It was in no spirit of unholy rivalry that this new enterprise was started, but with perfect good will towards all other churches. And that is the way it ought to be, that is the spirit that should characterize all our churches. I am glad to say this spirit, with which our church began, has never left it; we have always maintained the same attitude towards sister churches—the attitude of fellowship, of good will. Their prosperity, their growth, their development, has never been a source of envy, of jealousy, to us. And the same, I believe, to be true of the other churches of our city. That was true, certainly seventy-five years ago, when our church was organized. Rev. Daniel

A. Payne, Bishop of the A. M. E. Church, was a warm personal friend of Mr. Cook, and was as much interested in the welfare of this church as if it had been one of the churches of his own denomination. Later on, when it needed a preacher, after the death of Mr. Cook, in order that it might not be without a shepherd, he permitted one of his own ministers to fill the pulpit for a time. It shows how beautiful was the spirit that prevailed at the time among the churches.

From the series of resolutions passed at the meeting held November 3rd, certain things are clear: (1) That Mr. Cook and those who were associated with him, in seeking a separate organization from the whites, were moved to do so partly by conditions which grew out of the fact of their color. They did not feel quite at home among the whites. They attended their meetings, and a kind of fellowship was accorded to them, but there was always a something which made them feel that there was a line beyond which they must not pass. And, of course, as long as that existed, they could not feel perfectly at home. They could not feel free; there was always a sense of constraint, a barrier, that prevented that perfect freedom of intercourse that is absolutely essential to true Christian brotherhood. Hence they preferred to be to themselves, to get out from that depressing atmosphere.

(2) That they felt that by themselves, in view of conditions then existing, they could be more useful, could render more effective service in the cause of the Master. The opportunity of reaching their own brethren would be better. In meetings of their own they would be able to attract persons of color that would not think of going into the white churches.

(3) It is also evident that this desire for a separate organization was not because they felt that the races should not worship together. The cleavage, which we find in this country and elsewhere, in matters religious, along racial lines, is not at all in accordance with the teachings of Christianity. There is nothing in the Word of God to justify it. It is contrary to the fundamental principles of Christianity, and to the spirit of its founder. The separation grows out of the un-Christian spirit of race prejudice. This is not as it should be, and not as it would be, if we were really Christian. It is to be hoped that the time will come, and come soon, when men of all races, of all colors, will be able to worship God together in perfect peace and amity, in the consciousness that they are all children of one

common Father, and with one common destiny. These brethren desired a separate organization, not because they disapproved of mixed congregations, but simply because, in view of conditions, it was expedient for them to go to themselves. As a matter of fact, while we have what are called colored churches, they are not exclusively for colored people, either in the sense that white people would not be admitted to them, or would not be welcomed with the same cordiality as people of color. The colored churches, all over the land, are open to any and everybody, irrespective of race or color. White people do not join them, it is true, or attend them, but it is not because they may not. The whites, and not the colored, are responsible for these separate religious organizations along race lines.

At this point I wish to read the Declaration of Principles that were adopted at the time of the organization :

“Whereas, we believe that the Church of Jesus Christ and society at large are made to suffer from the prominent sins which prevail to an alarming extent in this land, we feel ourselves called upon publicly to bear testimony against them, believing that whatever has a tendency to lower the standard of moral obligation, as established by the Decalogue, should be met by a corresponding effort on the part of the Church of Christ to secure obedience to that law which commands, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself;’ therefore, be it

“Resolved, That the sin of intemperance tends greatly to hinder the influence of Christian principles upon the hearts of men, as well as increase the amount of human misery and effect the ruin of immortal souls, therefore we cannot receive into Christian fellowship any person who manufactures, traffics in or uses as a beverage intoxicating drinks.

“Resolved, That the sin of Sabbath-breaking threatens to subvert the foundations of society, opens the way to the general disregard of all moral obligation, offers inducements to neglect the worship of God and sets at defiance His authority, therefore we feel it to be our imperative duty to use all lawful means to promote the universal sanctification of the Sabbath.

“Resolved, That the sin of licentiousness, on account of its demoralizing and ruinous tendencies and its alarming increase, demands the united efforts of all Christians to preserve themselves and the church from polluting influences and to promote the principles of universal purity of heart and life.

“Resolved, That as a Christian Church, and as Christians, we feel bound to endeavor to promote the Redeemer’s kingdom on the earth in every possible way. Therefore, we will endeavor to aid the

cause of Bibles, tracts, Sabbath Schools, temperance, education, missionary societies, and every other institution which has for its object the cause of universal love, or the amelioration of the condition of our fellowmen, by our prayers and mites, as far as we may be enabled to do, and in consistence with the principles of the Bible and Christian love.''

* * *

I am calling attention to this Declaration of Principles in order that we might see the character of the men and women who were the organizers of this church. They were men and women of high ideals; they not only desired themselves to live right, but to throw the weight of their influence solidly in favor of everything that would tend to emphasize the value and importance of right living. They saw clearly the evils of their day and recognized their responsibility in seeking to counteract them. Sabbath desecration, intemperance, and licentiousness are the evils particularly to which they direct attention and against which they were resolved to throw their influence. And those evils are still cursing the world, and still call for vigorous action on the part of the Christian Church and all well wishers of humanity.

The church was formally received into the Presbytery May 3, 1842, while in session at Alexandria, Va.

Mr. Cook, though elected pastor at the time of the organization, Nov. 21, 1841, was not ordained and installed as pastor until July 14, 1843—something more than eighteen months afterward. This was due to the fact that he was not, when first elected, prepared to take the examination in theology, and other things which were required in the Presbyterian Church before ordination. These months were used by him in getting ready. By July 13, 1843, he had met all the requirements, and on that date, after listening to a sermon from him, the Presbytery, in session in the Fourth Church, then located on the corner of Ninth Street and Grant Place, between G and H Streets, voted to proceed to his ordination and installation the next evening in his own church. The Rev. John C. Smith preached the sermon; the Rev. William McLain gave the charge to the pastor; the Rev. Charles Rick, the charge to the people, and the meeting was closed with benediction by the newly installed pastor.

Mr. Cook continued to serve the church until his death, which occurred March 22, 1855, covering a period of a little over thirteen years. The work steadily grew under his hand, both in numbers

and influence. The little organization, under his wise leadership, attracted more and more attention to itself, and became more and more a center of influence for good in the community. At the time of his death the membership had increased to 120, and among these were included many of Washington's most prominent and influential citizens of color. Mr. Cook was a man of God, thoroughly consecrated to the work of preaching the Gospel and to the general uplift of our people here. He saw the importance of education, and of the plain, simple presentation of Gospel truth, as the surest way of building the people up—of fitting them not only for living well here, but also for life beyond the grave. And so he gave himself un- sparingly to the work of teaching and preaching. He so lived, was so active and earnest in every good work, that when the end came, it brought sorrow to the hearts of all. All felt that a good man had passed away; all felt that a useful citizen had been taken from their midst. There was but one verdict: Well done, good and faithful servant.

The dropping out of some people in a community counts for nothing, because they meant little or nothing to the community, were of no special value or significance in it, but when a man like the Rev. John F. Cook—a man of his high character, of his sterling worth, his usefulness, his wholesome, healthful influence—drops out of it, it means a great deal to it. It is poorer because of his absence. Why can't we all live in that way? Why can't we all fill our places in the community so simply, so sweetly, so nobly that when we drop out of it by death, as this man did, those who know us, who are associated with us, will be constrained to say of us: He was a good man; she was a good woman—a true man, a true woman—a useful man, a useful woman. How he will be missed! How she will be missed! Any man or woman ought to be ashamed of himself or herself to be able to drop out of a community, out of a home, out of any social group, without being missed—and missed not because of some disagreeable trait or characteristic in his or her makeup, but missed because, in some way, he or she has been a source of joy, a help, a blessing to others. There is no reason why that shouldn't be true of every one of us. As we look back in this retrospect that we are taking today and think of the founder of this church, it is with pride, it is with pleasure, because of his high character, because of the part which he played in his day and generation, because of the useful and helpful life which he lived. And there is no reason why

the same should not be true of each one of us, though it may be in a narrower sphere, on a smaller scale, in the years to come, when others shall look back and think of us. We, too, can live nobly; we, too, can so touch those about us that when we are gone we will be thought of with pride and with pleasure. This is one of the lessons that I want particularly to come out of this anniversary to us all—the importance of consecrating ourselves to high ideals, of living unselfishly for the good of others. It pays as nothing else does.

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It was not until May 11, 1857, that a successor to Mr. Cook was elected in the person of Rev. A. G. Beman, of New Haven, Conn. The salary fixed was \$300 a year, to be paid in monthly installments, and in advance. Two things particularly impressed me about this call: (1) The smallness of the salary, though, of course, a dollar then was worth a great deal more than now—its purchasing power was greater and living was very much cheaper.

(2) The idea of paying the pastor in advance. Who ever heard of such a thing? How did such an idea ever get into their minds? Whether they lived up to it, I do not know, though the probabilities are, unless the churches then were very different from what they are now, that they did not. What church now ever thinks of paying its pastor in advance? Ministers today are thankful if at the end of the month they are paid their salaries. To pay a minister today his salary in advance would almost bring on a nervous shock—it would be such a surprise to him. There is no reason to be alarmed, however; none of them are likely to be seriously injured from such shocks. I am calling attention to this item in this call to Rev. Mr. Beman in order to show that the church started out with very high ideals of financial obligations: it not only wanted to pay its pastor, but wanted to pay him in advance each month. I noticed, however, in reading over the subsequent calls that the word "advance" never afterward appeared in any of them. Experience had taught them that it was, for them, an impracticable ideal. They were content, afterward, to pay him up at the end of the month, and that is all that can be reasonably expected from any of our churches.

This call Rev. Mr. Beman declined, and in September of the same year, 1857, a call was extended to the Rev. William T. Catto, of Philadelphia, at a salary of \$500, which was accepted. Mr. Catto entered upon his duties in November of that year and served until November, 1859. Mr. Catto was a man of considerable ability, and

was one of the best preachers of our race at that time. Under his ministry here a great revival began which resulted in bringing into the church very near a hundred persons. Mr. Catto came here from the First African Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, and just before leaving there had the honor of delivering the semi-centennial address of that church, which is the Mother Church of all colored Presbyterian churches in the country. He was well thought of here, and his ministry left behind that which was of permanent value.

After his resignation, at a meeting held April 4, 1860, the Rev. Hiram Revels, of Baltimore, was elected pastor at a salary of \$500. This is the Mr. Revels who afterwards became United States Senator from Mississippi. The call was declined, however, and at a meeting held October 3, 1860, the Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, of Pittsburgh, was invited to supply the pulpit for six months at a salary of \$250. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Tanner entered at once upon the work. So satisfactory was his ministry that before the time for which he was employed had expired, at a meeting held February 28, 1861, he was, by an almost unanimous vote, elected pastor, and continued in this position until the early part of 1862, covering in all, however, a period of less than two years. The Rev. Mr. Tanner, who served this church as pastor more than fifty years ago, is now Bishop Tanner of the A. M. E. Church. In the A. M. E. he rose rapidly to distinction by his scholarly attainments and by his ability as a preacher. He was for a time editor of the *Christian Recorder*, was the founder of the *A. M. E. Review*, and was its editor until he was elevated to the Bishopric in 1888. He is now, and has been for years, one of the commanding figures of his church.

The Rev. Mr. Tanner was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. B. Evans, as stated supply. Mr. Evans continued to serve the church from November, 1863, until March, 1864, rendering very efficient service.

At a meeting held March 2, 1864, Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of New York City, was nominated and unanimously elected pastor. His salary was fixed at \$800. The call was accepted by Dr. Garnet, and he entered upon his duties in July of the same year, and continued to serve the church until October, 1866, covering a period of a little over two years. Dr. Garnet at that time was at the height of his fame as a pulpit orator and anti-slavery lecturer. His ministry here attracted, therefore, many of both races to hear him. He was a man of commanding presence and had a magnificent voice. It was while here that he preached in the National House of Repre-

sentatives. It was the first time, and the only time, I believe, that that honor, if it be an honor, has been accorded to a colored man. I say, if it be an honor, and I mean just that. According to my notion the honor lies in being permitted to preach the Gospel, and not in the place where it is preached or to whom it is preached. It is just as great an honor—no more, no less, in my estimation—to preach to the humblest as to the greatest; for, in the sight of God, there is no difference. They are all sinners, standing alike in need of the Gospel. I know we are prone to think otherwise—to think that it is a great honor to be invited to preach before distinguished people. I have never been able to bring myself to look at it that way. The honor in preaching is, as the Apostle Paul expresses it, in being entrusted with the Gospel by Jesus Christ, and in giving the message. Unless we recognize this and lose sight of these earthly distinctions—unless we get out of our minds entirely the thought of great and small, high and low—we won't be able to give the message effectively. I remember some time ago hearing a member of our race say: Such and such a man, calling him by name, was invited to preach in a certain white church. It was a great honor, he said. It was the first time a colored man had ever occupied that pulpit. A great honor to preach in a white church! Is that so? Is it any more of an honor to preach in a white church than in a colored church? Any more of an honor to preach to white people than to colored people? Are white people any better than colored people? Are they not all sinners alike? To my way of thinking, it is just as great an honor to preach in a colored church as it is to preach in a white church; just as great an honor to preach to colored people as it is to preach to white people. I can't see that the color of the audience can possibly have anything to do with it. I remember when Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan died, the colored papers spoke of the great honor that was conferred upon Mr. Burleigh in that he was permitted to sing at Mr. Morgan's funeral. In my judgment—and I said so at the time—it was no more of an honor for Mr. Burleigh to have sung at the funeral of J. Pierpont Morgan than for him to have sung at the funeral of the humblest member of his own race, or of any other race. If there was any honor in it, it was the splendid manner in which Mr. Burleigh acquitted himself. The fact that Mr. Morgan was rich and that he was white did not make it any more of an honor to sing at his funeral than at the funeral of anybody else, and the sooner we come to see it in that light, the better it will be for all.

The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, as I was saying, was invited to preach in the National House of Representatives, and had among his auditors Senators and Representatives. Well, what of that? Those Senators and Representatives were sinners, just as we are, and there was no more honor in speaking in that hall, and to that audience, than in speaking from this pulpit, and to the audiences that greeted Dr. Garnet here Sabbath after Sabbath.

I have referred to this incident in this anniversary address, not because I attach any personal importance to it, but simply because it was regarded, at the time, and is still regarded, as a great honor that a member of our race should have had such a courtesy extended to him, and because this man so honored happened to be the pastor of this church at the time. It was not, of course, because he was the pastor of this church that he was invited, though it occupied a conspicuous place in the community, but it was because of his prominence as a national character. He was a man that stood side by side with Frederick Douglass, in the popular estimation, and was almost as widely known.

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After Dr. Garnet left and returned to New York City, from where he came, at a meeting of the church, held April 13, 1867, the Rev. John B. Reeve, of Philadelphia, was unanimously elected pastor. Dr. Reeve, however, declined the call, preferring to remain in Philadelphia.

September 1, of the same year, by vote of the session, the Rev. J. H. Muse was employed as stated supply for six months at a salary of \$800 a year. At the end of Rev. Mr. Muse's term, at a congregational meeting held February 25, 1858, the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet was again nominatel and elected for the second time as pastor of the church at a salary of \$1,200. The call was declined, however, and the Rev. J. Sella Martin was chosen in his place. I never knew Mr. Martin; personally, I don't remember ever having seen him. From what I have heard of him, however, from others, I should judge that he was a very brilliant man, with a bright mind, and especially gifted as an orator, though somewhat erratic. In preparing this address, I talked with a gentleman, prominent at that time in this city, who told me that he was partly responsible for Mr. Martin coming here. He suggested his name and talked him up among the people. He said: "J. Sella Martin was a man of unusual ability. In his judgment, there was no colored man in the country, at that

time, not excepting Mr. Douglass, that was his equal in sheer brain power." And this accords with what I have heard from others.

How long Mr. Martin served the church I do not know, as there is a gap in our records at this point, from May 4, 1868, to May 6, 1874. In the interval between these two dates are included the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Martin and the services, as stated supply, of Dr. Septimus Tustin, once Chaplain of the United States Senate, and the Rev. J. B. Reeve while he was Dean of the Theological Department of Howard University. Dr. Tustin I never knew, but was well acquainted with Dr. Reeve. I had the honor of preaching the fiftieth anniversary sermon of his pastorate in Philadelphia, at his request last year, and also spoke at his funeral, which occurred last year, also at his request. He was connected with the Central Presbyterian Church of that city for more than fifty years. He was in his eighty-fourth year when he passed away, and was an able preacher, a ripe scholar, and a man of great simplicity and of unusual modesty.

The next pastor was the Rev. George Van Deurs. His ministry extended from April 26, 1874, until May, 1875. Mr. Van Deurs was a Swede. I remember him well; he was a godly man, and was much beloved by all the people. He had a highly spiritual face and seemed to breathe the very spirit of the Master.

Mr. Van Deurs was succeeded by the Rev. John Brown, a Scotchman, who had rather a stormy time, latterly, as I remember. I don't know what the trouble was, but things never seemed to move smoothly while he was here. His resignation was presented and accepted by the congregation at a meeting held January 1, 1877.

During the interval between this time and the beginning of my pastorate the session was moderated by the Rev. Lorenzo Westcott, who at the time was the head of the Theological Department of Howard University, where he continued until his death. When I was a student at Lincoln University he was the professor of mathematics there, so that I know him well and was glad to find him here when I came. Professor Westcott was deeply interested in the uplift of our race, and rendered very valuable services at Lincoln University and at Howard University; also during his connection with this church as Moderator of the session. He was a man to whom I was very warmly attached.

At this juncture a word ought to be said in reference to Dr. John C. Smith. I did not know Dr. Smith personally. He died in the

early part of 1878, before I began my ministerial labors here. From what I have been able to gather, however, from the records and from other sources, he was evidently closer to Mr. Cook than any other member of the Presbytery. Mr. Cook consulted him constantly, and was guided largely by his counsel. The doctor was ready and willing at all times to render any assistance within his power. Excepting Mr. Cook, he had more to do with the organization of this church than anyone else. He was a good man, and was deeply interested in his colored brethren. As a church, we owe him much, and should keep him ever in grateful remembrance. At the time of his death the session of this church took the following action :

“Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Smith this church mourns the loss of the practical sympathy, valued counsels and financial assistance of one who, under God, had so large a share in its founding, and who has been its unchanging friend through its darkest days of trial up to the close of his ministry. The release of the church from its heaviest pecuniary embarrassment has been due largely to the labors of this devoted servant of Christ, now called to his heavenly inheritance.

In placing this resolution upon the records of this church, we are assured that we do but express the sentiments of the whole congregation which we represent.

While we are speaking of those to whom we are indebted, a word ought to be said in reference to Mr. William Ballantyne, who was, at the time of which we are speaking, an elder in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Ballantyne was a Scotchman, and a splendid type of man—big-hearted and of most robust Christian character. He not only rendered us valuable personal financial aid, but also used his influence with others to come to our aid when we were struggling with a heavy debt. He never lost his interest in the church, and was ever ready to lend a hand. He had a strong, kindly face, which indicated truly the character of the man. At a time like this, naturally, we think of him, and wish, in this way, to show our appreciation of his many and valuable services.

To the New York Avenue Church we are also indebted for many evidence of kindly interest. It was through this church that we came into possession of the organ which we are now using, and which has served us so well these many years.

The Rev. Dr. Nurse should also be remembered, for he was a warm friend of this church and served it in many ways, in the pul-

pit and out of it. He was a very lovable man and of most kindly spirit. He was always ready to come whenever he was needed for any service.

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I want to say a word in this connection also in reference to one of our own members, Dr. Thomas H. Dorsey, who died in 1900. Dr. Dorsey had been a member of the church a little over seventeen years. As the end of life approached and he came to make his will, he did not forget his church. The result was when his estate was finally settled the church came in possession of several thousand dollars, and the legacy came to us at a time when we were most seriously embarrassed by a mortgage that had to be lifted in order to save the building. Had it not been for this legacy, we might have been swamped. Every time I go out to the cemetery and look at his tomb, I think of the condition in which we were at the time, and of what a God-send his generous gift was to us. On this anniversary occasion, in behalf of the whole church, I want in this way to express our appreciation of this act of generosity on his part.

In this connection, I want to say another thing: Let others emulate his example. When the time comes for you to make your wills—you who have something to dispose of—don't forget your church; don't fail to leave behind, in some tangible form, some evidence of your good will toward the church which has been your spiritual home, where you have been fed with the bread of life and where you have spent many, many pleasant moments in worship and in sweet fellowship.

My connection with the church began, really, during my seminary course. In 1877, during my vacation, I acted as stated supply. During the next year, 1878, a few months before my graduation from the Princeton Theological Seminary a call was formally extended to me, and was accepted. I came to the city almost immediately after my graduation, and entered upon the work, but was not ordained and installed until the early part of July. This was at my own request. I wanted my brother, Mr. A. H. Grimké, present, as he could not reach here before that time. I continued to serve the church until November, 1885, when I resigned and went to Jacksonville, Fla., on account of my health, where I remained for a little over three years.

For a time after I left, the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. Charles H. A. Bulkley, who was one of the professors of Howard

University. Dr. Bulkley was a very cultivated man, and was, to a surprising degree, free from all race prejudice. He was as much so as any white man I have ever met. He was a fine preacher, and, I am sure, served the church well. He was well thought of by every one.

At a congregational meeting, held November 18, 1886, the Rev. J. R. Riley, pastor of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky. was elected pastor at a salary of \$1,200. The call was accepted and Mr. Riley entered upon his duties January, 1887, and continued to serve the church until the latter part of March, 1888, when he resigned. He was a fine speaker and was well thought of by the people. Toward the close of the same year, at a meeting held December 3, a call was again extended to me to become the pastor of the church, which was accepted, and by the early part of March, 1889, I was again in Washington at work, and here I have been ever since.

During these seventy-five years the church has had nine pastors and six stated supplies. With the exception of the founder of the church, Rev. John F. Cook, and myself, the pastorates have all been short. Mr. Cook served a little over thirteen years, his services terminating only with his death. It has been more than thirty-eight years since I first came here. Even if we deduct the three years that I was away, I have served longer than all of the other pastors put together, and almost half as long as the church has existed. When I first came here I was a young man; now I am getting to look quite venerable; the snows of many winters are upon my head. This is not my anniversary, however, but the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church, and so I will say no more along that line.

There are a few things of a general nature, however, that I want to say before bringing this discourse to a close. I want to say a word about what this church has stood for during these seventy-five years.

(1) It has stood for a pure, unadulterated Gospel. There has never been any doubt expressed from this pulpit as to the necessity of repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, in order to gain salvation. There has never been any doubt expressed from this pulpit as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, and as to their infallibility and sufficiency as a rule of faith and practice. This pulpit has never been tainted with rationalism or any leaning toward what is called the Higher Criticism. It has always believed in the incarnation, in the Virgin Birth or supernatural origin of the Lord

Jesus Christ; in the efficacy of His atoning sacrifice as an offering for sin; in His resurrection from the dead; in miracles, and in a future life of happiness or misery, conditioned upon the life here. There has been no drifting here from the old moorings; no disposition to get away from the old standard set up in the Word of God. There has been but one sentiment here during all of our history as a church, on the part of all the men who have occupied this pulpit, either as pastor or stated supply, the sentiment expressed by the Apostle Paul: "If any man or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel, let him be anathema." Only as we build on Jesus Christ, as prophet, priest and king, and on the Bible, as the inspired Word of God, "are we building upon the rock," is what we have always preached here—is what this church and pulpit have always stood for.

(2) It has stood for temperance. In the very beginning of its existence, when it was the custom to indulge in wine-bibbing, it declared in favor of temperance. In its declarations of principles, it spoke out in no uncertain terms on the subject, and that attitude it has maintained ever since. All the men who have occupied this pulpit with, perhaps, a single exception, believed in temperance—not only preached it, but lived it.

(3) It has stood for the sanctity of the Sabbath. God's day, as a day of rest and worship, "except so much of it as may be employed in works of necessity and mercy," it has ever insisted upon. Sabbath desecration has never found any encouragement here.

(4) It has stood for social purity. It began by declaring against all sexual immorality, in men as well as in women, and its attitude has never changed.

(5) It has stood for Missions. It has always recognized its obligation to aid in sending the Gospel to the heathen. This obligation has not been as strongly felt, it may be, as it ought to have been, but it has never been entirely wanting here. There have always been men and women here who have felt the burden of mission work and have sought in every possible way to keep the interest up. Especially has this been true of our women. Too much cannot be said in praise of them.

(6) It has always stood for the intelligent preaching of the Gospel. It has sought always to fill its pulpit by men who were sufficiently educated to understand the Word of God and to intelligently present it to others.

(7) It has always stood for the orderly worship of God. It has never permitted or encouraged anything that tended to disturb the perfect decorum of its services. It has always recognized, as a principle, the necessity of quiet if the services are to produce the desired effect upon the worshipers. The Apostle says: "Let everything be done decently and in order," and this rule it has always insisted upon in the conduct of its services.

(8) It has always been a race-loving church—a church that has always stood squarely, uncompromisingly, for our right as men and as American citizens. There never was a time in its history when thought of the race, of the condition of the race, in this country, and the desire to better its condition, were absent from it. Rev. John F. Cook, its first pastor and founder, was a thorough race man. He felt keenly the disadvantages under which the race labored, the restrictions which hemmed it about; he sympathized with its aspirations and desired and sought in every way, to the measure of his ability, to better its condition. No church in this city has been more pronouncedly outspoken in behalf of our rights. You have only to think of some of the men who have filled this pulpit—Cook, Catto, Tanner, Garnet, Martin—and of the many meetings that have been held here from time to time in the interest of the race to realize the truth of this. These men were all race men and were never silent when the time came to speak out. That has been its record, and it is not likely that this record will ever be changed.

* * *

II. I want to indicate just in a word some of the events of special interest to us, as a people, that have occurred during these seventy-five years. It was during this period that Frederick Douglass made his advent as a factor in the great struggle for freedom. The very year that this church was organized, 1841, was the year he made his first speech and started on his great career, which ended only with his death in 1895. This period witnessed, also, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the rendition of the Dred Scott Decision, the organization of the Republican Party, the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Civil War, the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and the passing of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. All great events and all vitally affecting our interests.

During these seventy-five years what marvelous changes have also taken place, not only in our civil and political status as a race,

but also in our material, intellectual, moral and religious development. We have made tremendous strides during this period along all lines, for which we should be profoundly thankful. I have been thinking, also, during this retrospect, of the great changes, and changes for the better, that have taken place in this city. Washington is now one of the most beautiful of cities and second, perhaps, to no other great capital city in the world. In 1841 it was scarcely more than a mud hole, with a few paved streets and a comparatively small population. Think, also, of how different is the condition of our people here now from what it was in 1841. Then we numbered only a few thousand; now nearly 100,000; then we had no educational advantages, except as were afforded in such little schools of a private character as the one carried on by Mr. Cook; now we have a magnificent public system of education, with splendid school buildings, in which more than 15,000 of our children are gathered, under the control of a Board of Education on which we have three representatives of the race, and schools presided over by an assistant superintendent, four supervising principals, and 570 competent, well-equipped teachers of our own race. The change has been marvelous. The men and women who started this church seventy-five years ago, if they were here today, or if they are cognizant of these changes, how amazing it must all seem to them, and how their hearts must thrill with joy. Even the most sanguine of them never could have dreamed that at the end of seventy-five years things would be as we find them today. Truly, we can say: What hath God wrought!

III. I want to take a few moments more to say just a word in reference to the people who have made up the membership of this church during these seventy-five years. I have not known them all, of course. My knowledge, personally, of this church goes back only a little over forty years. I lived here a year before I went to the Seminary, in 1875, and have been in touch with it ever since, and for thirty-eight years I have known the membership intimately. And this is what I want to say on this anniversary occasion: Some of the noblest men and women I have ever known—some of the truest, purest, most saintly, most Christ-like—I have found in the membership of this church. Some of them have passed on and out. How they rise before me as I look back, but some are still with us, as living witnesses of the reality of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of its power to transform and beautify the character and life. These

are the men and women who make up the glory of the church; these are the men and women through whom the Spirit of God is working for the redemption of the world; these are the men and women who speak most eloquently, and effectively for Christ; these are the men and women, who, by their God-living, are preaching the true evangel, are showing what the religion of Jesus is capable of making of us, if we accept it, and yield ourselves to its ennobling influences. Sometimes people get the impression that there isn't very much religion in a Presbyterian Church, and, in a sense, that may be true. The simple fact is, there isn't very much real, true, genuine religion, as measured by the standard set up by Jesus Christ, in any of the churches of any of the denominations, but this much I want to say, and I can say it truthfully, I have found men and women in this church who, in point of Christian character, will compare with the men and women in any of the churches. I have never met anywhere better specimens of what a Christian ought to be than I have found here.

And I am saying this for three reasons: 1. In order to dispel the delusion that Presbyterians are any less religious than other people. 2. To hold up, for our imitation, such men and women as I have been describing. If a dozen or two men and women in any church can so live as to become examples to others, as to increase the respect of others for religion, there is no reason why every member in it should not be able to do the same, or, at least, aspire to live the same kind of life. You can see how tremendously it would augment the power of the church; how greatly it would increase its influence for good; and, 3. I am speaking of them in order to express the hope that the time may never come when men and women of this type will be absent from the membership of this church. Thank God, we have always been able, up to the present, to point to a goodly number of such men and women in our ranks. May the number steadily increase until we shall have a church made up entirely of such men and women, which is the ideal church.

* * *

IV. And now just a word more by way of anticipation. We have been looking back. Let us now, in closing, take a look forward—just for a moment. What of the future? Twenty-five years from now we will be celebrating our centenary. It is morally certain that a great many of us will not be here to join in that joyful occasion. Our course will have been run out, but the celebration

will go on just the same. Some who are now living will be here, however, and some not yet born will stand in the places of some of us who are here today.

Our record as a church during these past seventy-five years has not been, it may be, all that it ought to have been—all that it might have been; all that we could wish it had been. It would be strange if it were not so, imperfect as we all are, and as prone as we all are to fall short of the mark. But, after all, it is not a record that we need be altogether ashamed of, for, in spite of its imperfections, there are many things in it that are commendable, that speak well for us. During these seventy-five years the influence of this church has always been thrown in the main in the interest of things which tended to uplift, to ennoble; we haven't done all that we might have done, but we have done something for the general uplift, for the betterment of conditions in this community. We could wish that we had done more, but we are glad that we have been able to contribute something, however little it may have been.

As we now turn our backs upon the past and look toward the future, let us all solemnly resolve to do our best to improve ourselves, as individuals, to get up on a higher plane spiritually, and to so unite our forces as to make this church a greater power than ever for good in this community. What our hands find to do, let us do with our might. Let us all, with grateful hearts, reconsecrate ourselves to God, in the full realization of the fact that we are not our own; that we have been bought with a price—even the precious blood of Christ—and with the full purpose and determination of glorifying God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His. The very best contribution that we can make toward increasing the power and influence of this church in this community is to make up our minds as members of it to be better men and women; to be ever reaching out after the things that are true, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, and to bring the children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The better we become, the higher we climb; the nearer we get to Jesus Christ in character and life, the greater and the more beneficent will become the influence of the church of which we are members. When the one hundredth anniversary is celebrated, and the men who are living shall look back, as we are looking back today, and think of the men and women worth thinking about, worth remembering because of their beautiful Christian character and lives, because of their fidelity to duty and

their unswerving devotion to high ideals, may we—may every one of us—be among them. We may be among them; we will be among them if we are faithful to the solemn duties and responsibilities resting upon us as Christians, as members of this church. My earnest prayer is, that at the very beginning, as we start out anew, that God may baptize us all with his Holy Spirit; that he may give us all such a vision of Jesus Christ, and of what he wants us to be, and what he wants this church to be and do, that we shall be filled with a Divine enthusiasm that will never die out of our souls, but that will keep us ever pressing on—ever faithful to every duty and every responsibility.

It is a great thing to be a member of a Christian church! It is a greater thing to be a worthy member of it—to be in it in such a way as to make others think more highly of religion—in such a way that when we are gone the sweet influence of our character and lives will remain to cheer and comfort and bless those who remain. What of the future? What is this church to be in years to come? What is to be the character of the influences that shall continue to go out from it? You have the answer. It will depend upon the character of the men and women who make up its membership.

“We are living, we are living,
 In a grand and awful time;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.
 Worlds are changing, Heaven beholding
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward, for the right!
 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad;
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell on God.”

If, as individuals, and as a church, we catch the spirit of these noble lines, and live under the inspiration of it, there will be no question as to what the future of this church will be; no question as to what the character of the influences that go out from it will continue to be. Let us, therefore, be up and doing; let us keep the noble ideal ever before us, and be ever pressing toward it.

And now I want all the members of the church to rise while we rededicate ourselves to God.

We, the members of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, on this, our seventy-fifth anniversary, do solemnly dedicate ourselves anew to the Lord Jesus Christ, and pledge ourselves anew to so live, that from this place there shall never cease to go forth life-giving influences; in this place there shall never cease to be found men and women who fear God and keep his commandments. We pledge ourselves to be loving, one to the other and to all men, and to be active and earnest in every good work. We dedicate ourselves anew with all that we have—our time, talents, resources—to the furtherance of thy kingdom and to the glory of thy great Name. Amen.

Let us pray: O God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the way in which Thou hast led us during these seventy-five years. We can truly say, "Goodness and mercy have followed us; we have had a goodly heritage." Thou hast blest us far beyond our deserts. We rejoice that, during all these years, we have had here men and women who have loved Thee in sincerity, and who have sought to honor Thee by obedience to Thy commands and precepts. The men and women who founded this church were men and women of prayer, of faith, of consecration, and we thank Thee that their spirit is still with us. Give us more and more of the same spirit; make us more and more teachable; more and more patient and gentle and loving; fill us more and more with Thine own beautiful spirit, and more and more imbue us with heavenly wisdom and with the junction from the Holy One. Make us all active and earnest in every good work, so that from this place there may be ever flowing streams of life-giving influences. And what we ask for ourselves, we ask for all of our sister churches. Fill them also with the riches of Thy grace in Christ Jesus, and, together, may we work unitedly for the advancement of Thy kingdom here in our own city and throughout the world. And to Thee be all the glory. Amen.

16

"BILLY" SUNDAY'S CAMPAIGN IN WASHINGTON, D. C.¹

Rev. Billy Sunday's campaign in our city has now come to a close. He was brought here by the whites for the benefit of the

¹ Delivered March, 1918.

whites; and, if he has helped them in any way, let us be thankful, for they certainly needed, and needed badly, help from some source. Whether he has helped them, however, in the direction in which they are most sadly in need of help, may be doubted, I was about to say. But I will not say that, for, I think, it may be positively asserted that he has not. Of one thing we may be assured: whatever changes his presence in our midst may have wrought, the devil of race prejudice, rotten, stinking, hell-born race prejudice, will be just as strongly entrenched in the white churches and in the community as it was before he came. And, may I not venture the opinion, more so than before he came. The members of our white churches, I will not say Christians, in this community, are now, doubtless, patting themselves on the shoulder, chuckling in their sleeves, congratulating themselves upon the fact that they have passed safely through the ordeal of Mr. Sunday's diatribes, his scathing criticisms and denunciations without being once called to time by him for this sin. They have a right to feel, or to assume that there can't be anything wrong about race prejudice, nothing inconsistent between it and Christianity, or this man, who claims to speak for God, to be on the most intimate terms with Jesus Christ, would, certainly, have included it among the many sins that were denounced by him while he was here holding forth twice a day for 8 weeks. But no word of condemnation, of disapproval fell from his lips, while denouncing almost every other sin under heaven.

I clipped from the *Washington Times* of January 18th, the following, uttered by him at one of his meetings: "Present yourself wholly to God. Lots of people shy at that word 'wholly.' If that were our watchword in this business what a wonderful world this would be; what a stampede there would be in short yard sticks. Graft would be unknown. No lying in advertisements. No 'fire sale' when there hadn't been a fire in four blocks for four months. There would be no licensed saloons, no drunkards reeling to the judgment of God. No thieves. No fallen women. Wonderful!"

You will notice, there is not a word said about race prejudice! A man cannot give himself wholly to God, and use short yard sticks; cannot give himself wholly to God, and be guilty of graft; cannot give himself wholly to God, and put forth lying advertisements; cannot give himself wholly to God, and run a saloon, or be

a drunkard, or a thief, or be guilty of lewdness. No: but, so far as Mr. Sunday's preaching is concerned, and, so far as the preaching of all white evangelists in this country to whom I have listened is concerned, he may give himself wholly to God, and yet be chock full of this nasty, hateful race prejudice! It is a lie! And Mr. Sunday and the rest of them know that it is a lie! And yet, they keep silent; they will not speak out. And this great white church in America, made up of all denominations, is back of this lie, upholds it with the weight of its influence.

On Wednesday evening, January 30th, in urging upon his hearers the acceptance of Jesus Christ, Mr. Sunday spoke from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," and, as reported in *The Evening Star* of Thursday, said: "If you let him in, out would go suspicion, back biting, wrath, malice, lies, vilification, slander, and all that turns night into troubled insomnia and the day into a mirage." True: but what about race prejudice, if he is let in? Mr. Sunday is astonishingly dumb on the subject. He, either doesn't know, or knowing, for some reason doesn't care to say. It is the one subject that he always studiously avoids, always is careful never to relate to Christianity, as if the religion of Jesus Christ had nothing to do with it, was in no way concerned with it. The religion which he, Mr. Sunday, represents may not be concerned about it but Christianity, the religion of Jesus Christ is, and always will be, however he and others like him may shut their eyes to the fact. Is it not strange that all other sins should be related to Christianity, should be brought under its condemnation, and that this darling sin, which so many are rolling under their tongues as a sweet morsel, should alone be allowed to escape?

The one thing that Jesus hated above everything else was hypocrisy. He cauterized with actual lightning the hypocrites of his day,—the proud, self-righteous scribes and Pharisees. How terrific were his burning, blistering words! "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and faith. Ye blind guides that strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel! Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him two-fold more a son of hell than yourselves."

And, is not this just what the white churches are doing today, compassing sea and land, through revival efforts of one kind or another, for the purpose of making converts: and, as a result, are bringing into them thousands and thousands of white sinners,—bringing them in with all their nasty race prejudice, and making them feel that it is all right, that it is not necessary for them to get rid of it in order to be Christians, in order to be followers of Jesus Christ. And so they are hardened in their sin; and so they are made worse,—made, in the language of Jesus, two fold more sons of hell, than before they came in.

Will some of these white professors of religion,—some of these white ministers of the gospel,—clergymen, bishops, arch-bishops, cardinals, stand up and tell us why this silence in regard to this sin, this heinous sin of race prejudice? Is it because there is nothing wrong about it? Or is it because of cowardice? If so, then the sooner the churches are rid of all such professors, and the pulpits of all such ministers, the better it will be for the kingdom of God. Christianity can never come to its own with such professors representing it in the pews, and such moral cowards representing it in the pulpits. What it needs, in the rank and file of its members and in the sacred desk, are men who fear God, but who have no fear of man.

I had hoped that Mr. Sunday, when he began, was a man of this type; but he too seems to be under the spell of this race-hating public sentiment that has made cowards of so many before him, and will continue to do so, until God raises up a real prophet who will take his orders from Him, and not from an apostate church and a debased public sentiment.

“I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.”

Where is the man in white American Christianity who will answer that call? If such a one should be found, and he should come forward and undertake to hold up to just reprobation this sin of race prejudice, he will meet with the same conditions as those that confronted Isaiah. “And he said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not, and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and turn and be

healed." The same condition of things will be found today in bringing home this sin of race prejudice,—the same lack of understanding,—the same blindness of eyes, and heaviness of ears, and hardness of heart.

It is not a Billy Sunday that is needed for the work but a John the Baptist, a man willing to go to prison and to death rather than wink at wrong, even in high places,—a man willing to dress in camel's hair, and to subsist on locust and wild honey that he might be free to declare the whole counsel of God. It is not a Billy Sunday that is needed, but an Elijah,—a man who, after being hunted in every section of the land and in neighboring kingdoms for three years by an infuriated monarch, when God said to him, "Go and show thyself to Ahab," went forth without a moments hesitation and confronted him. "And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Is it thou, thou troubler of Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of Jehovah, and thou has followed the Baalim."

Our greatest need today is for men of this type, if any progress is to be made in this crusade against this devilish race-hating spirit within the church as well as without it. There are so many little men in our pulpits,—little in soul, with no enlightened view of the meaning of human brotherhood, or illuminating conception of the great thought of the fatherhood of God, and so many moral cowards masquerading in the garb of the ministry. So that for some time yet, it may be, that we must continue to live under these debasing conditions; but I believe it is not always going to be so. Some day there will be an awakening; some day God will speak through some man, and, speak in a way to be heard all over the land,—heard in the churches,—heard in the homes,—heard in the departments of government,—heard in the courts,—heard in the places of business, heard on railroad trains, in restaurants, hotels, places of amusement,—heard in the individual soul or conscience, enlightened by the Spirit of God. For the coming of such a man, and for the beginning of such a movement, most fervently do I pray.

It is pitiable, when we think of the thousands of white men in this country, claiming to be ministers of the gospel,—claiming to be ambassadors of God, representatives of Jesus Christ; and yet

sitting down quietly in the midst of this spreading leprosy of race prejudice, and doing nothing to stay its ravages, content to have it spread, and to curse, as it is doing, both races,—embittering the Negro and debasing the white man. Can it be that these men are ignorant of what is going on,—ignorant of the nature of this evil that is doing so much to make life miserable for ten millions of human beings in this land, impeding their progress, curtailing their opportunities, dogging and harassing their steps, offending their self-respect, subjecting them to all kinds of humiliations, exposing them to all kinds of insults, and simply because God made them of a different hue,—they did not make themselves, and are not responsible for the color of their skins. Are these ministers of the gospel, I say, ignorant of the sad, sad things that are daily flowing out this race hating spirit to these millions of colored people in this land or of the debasing effect it is having upon the white people themselves? Or, is it that they don't care? Which is it? That they are doing nothing to make things better, but rather by their silence are helping to make things worse, that we do know. And God will hold them responsible for their indifference, their luke warmness, their cowardly silence.

This man, Rev. Billy Sunday, at times, seems to be a little courageous, judged by his vigorous denunciation of many sins; but when it comes to this big devil of race prejudice, the craven in him comes out; he cowers before it; he is afraid to speak out; at heart, he is seen to be a moral coward in spite of his bluster and pretense of being brave. What are you afraid of Mr. Sunday, and, what are your ministerial brethren afraid of? The exhortation of the inspired record is: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will tell you whom ye shall fear. Fear him, who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him." Luke 12:4, 5.

17

VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES AND THE UNITED STATES A GROUND OF REJOICING, OF THANKSGIVING¹

O Clap your hands, all ye peoples; Shout unto God with the voice of Triumph.

¹ Delivered November 24, 1918.

At this time, there are many reasons why we should rejoice :

(1) At last this bloody war, the most frightful, the most devastating and widespread that has ever occurred, involving practically all the nations of the world, has come to an end. I wonder if we fully realize what that means? It means that no longer the deadly submarine will be sinking merchant and other vessels in mid-ocean ; it means that no longer airships will be showering down explosive bombs on cities, killing innocent women and children ; it means the end of trench life, with its almost intolerable conditions ; it means that no longer great armies will be pitted against each other in deadly conflict with thousands of dead and dying men following in their train ; it means that no longer there shall be hospital ships and hospital trains bringing day by day from the battlefields thousands of shattered, wounded, mutilated men to be cared for and to go down life's way maimed ; it means the end of the anxiety of the fathers and mothers as they scan the casualty lists as they are published from time to time ; it means the end of all the awful things that have been happening during the last four years, as the result of this conflict.

Some time ago, I read a little volume entitled, "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," by Harry Emerson Fosdick, and was particularly impressed with the ghastly, hideous, awful aspect of war as he there sets it forth. Here is what he says :

"One who knows what really is happening on European battlefields today and calls war glorious is morally unsound. Says an eye-witness: 'Last night, at an officers' mess, there was a great laughter at the story of one of our men who had spent his last cartridge in defending an attack. "Hand me down your spade, Mike," he said; and, as six Germans came one by one 'round the end of a traverse, he split each man's skull open with a deadly blow.' That is war. Says a Young Men's Christian Association secretary: 'Many times these fingers have reached through the skulls of wounded men and felt their throbbing brains.' That is war. An officer's letter from the front reads :

" 'An enemy mine exploded here a few days ago and buried our brigade. Many of the men were killed, but some were not much hurt; so we dug them out and used them over again.'

"Sons of God and brothers of Jesus Christ—'dug them out and used them over again!' That is war. Said a group of German

prisoners, as they bared their gashed forearms, 'We were dying with thirst—we had our choice of doing what some men do in such a case—drink the blood of an enemy or else drink our own blood. We are Christians; so we cut our own arms to get drink.' That is war. War is not the gay color, the rhythmic movement, the thrilling music of the military parade. War is not even killing gallantly as the knights of old once did, matched evenly in armor and in steed and fighting by the rules of chivalry. War now is dropping bombs from aeroplanes and killing women and children in their beds; it is shooting, by telephonic orders, at an unseen place miles away and slaughtering invisible men; it is murdering innocent travellers on merchant ships with torpedoes from unknown submarines; it is launching clouds of poison gas and slaying men with their own breath. War means lying days and nights wounded and alone in No-Man's Land; it means men with jaws gone, eyes gone, limbs gone, minds gone; it means countless bodies of boys tossed into the incinerators that follow in the train of every battle; it means untended wounds and gangrene and the long time it takes to die; it means mothers who look for letters they will never see and wives who wait for voices they will never hear, and children who listen for footsteps that will never come. That is war—'Its heroisms are but the glancing sunlight on a sea of blood and tears.' And through all these physical horrors runs a horror more appalling still, the persistent debauching and brutalizing of men's souls. One who uses his knowledge and his imagination to perceive in its abominations what war really is, while he might never dream of using Walt Whitman's language, finds it hard to be sorry that the language has been used. 'Wars,' he said, are hellish business—all wars. Any honest man says so—hates war, fighting, blood-letting. I was in the midst of it all—saw war where war was worst—not in the battlefields, no—in the hospitals; there war is worst; there I mixed with it, and now I say God damn the wars—all wars; God damn every war; God damn 'em! God damn 'em!'

These are the words of a man who knows what wars are, not from hearsay, but from actual experience. And his language is not too strong. It is justified by the facts.

All wars are terrible, are detestable, but there has been no such war in its barbarity and naked brutality in all the history of the

world, as the one through which we have just passed. Within the short space of a little over four years, just 1,556 days, millions of men have been slaughtered in battle, millions have been wounded, thousands upon thousands have been permanently disabled, millions of other have perished, leaving behind millions of widows and orphans. A conservative estimate places the number of soldiers and civilians who have been killed, wounded, disabled, or affected seriously in other ways, at between forty and fifty millions. We can't begin, as yet, to realize fully what a terrible, awful tragedy of blood, of suffering, of sorrow and woe, through which the world has been passing within the past quadrennium! And now, at last, the whole horrible business is over, and over, we trust, never again to be repeated until time shall be no more. One such war is enough for all the generations that are to come. Thank God it is over; and it is meet and proper that we should rejoice, as we have been doing. On the afternoon and evening of the day when the announcement was officially made by the President to both houses of Congress, what a note of gladness ran all through the city. In every possible way the people sought to express their joy—white and black, rich and poor, high and low—all classes, conditions, races, colors, had a part in the jubilation. For once there was no division or separation, but all seemed to be moved by one common sentiment, as all ought to be, in all matters of public interest. We are all American citizens, and have an equal interest in the closing of this bloody conflict.

(2) Another reason why we should be glad, should be grateful to God, is because this bloody conflict has ended in victory for the Allies and the United States of America. In making this a ground of rejoicing, it is not because I think that the skirts of the Allies and of the United States are clean; for they are not. These Allied nations of Europe have all of them been oppressors, have all of them been taking advantage of the darker and weaker races, exploiting them for their own selfish interest. They have all of them, for centuries, in their dealings with darker and weaker races, been acting on the principle of might instead of right. They have all of them been a unit in their purpose and determination to keep the world safe for white supremacy. They have all looked with disfavor upon any attempt on the part of any race, not embraced within their peculiar circle of affiliated races, to advance, to

go forward, to assert itself, to demand for itself proper recognition and respect. This is why they look askance at Japan; why they are jealous of her; why they would hamper her more than they do, if they dared to.

So far as making the world safe for white supremacy, there is no difference, or very little, between the Central Powers and the Allies. And this war would never have been brought on had Germany been content with the status quo—with the supremacy of the white races over all the darker and weaker races. But Germany got into her head the idea of a super-man, and of a super-nation, and this super-man and nation, the military caste in Germany, felt to be the German nation; and, that it was the prerogative, the divinely appointed prerogative, of this nation of supermen not only to be supreme over all darker and weaker races, but also over all the other white races as well. And there is where the rub came, where the trouble began, and that is why the war came on. The other white races, while perfectly willing to join Germany in keeping the world safe for white supremacy, were not willing to keep it safe for German supremacy—were not willing themselves to come under the German yoke. And so the war began; and so it has been fought out. And the thing that has been settled by it definitely is that Germany is not to be supreme over the other white races. That much has certainly been definitely settled. No one white race or nation is to be supreme over all other white races and nations. Though there is no objection, there certainly was not up to four years ago, to the white races holding together to keep down all the darker races.

In the treatment of weaker and darker races, there was no difference, I said, between the Central Powers and the Allies. Nor is there any difference between the Central Powers and the United States of America in this regard. In our rejoicings that victory, in this great conflict, is on the side on which the United States has been fighting, doesn't mean that we believe that its skirts are clean, that it is all that it ought to be in its appreciation of, and respect for, the rights of man; for it is not; its skirts are far from being clean.

I am well aware of the fact that we would like to get the credit for being greatly interested in democratic institutions—in making the world safe for democracy. But the simple fact is we feel no in-

terest whatever in the reign of true democracy, which recognizes the right of every man, of whatever race or color, to have a part, and an equal part, in the government under which he lives. Lincoln had the right idea of what it meant, when he spoke of "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"; the framers of the great war amendments to the Constitution had the right idea when they wrote into the Fourteenth Amendment the words, "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. . . . Nor shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

And also into the Fifteenth Amendment, the words, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

That is not the idea of democracy, however, that is entertained by the Democratic party in this country, especially by the southern wing of it. Their idea of democracy, and it is the idea of the Administration, takes in only white men, only their rights are to be considered; only their rights are to be respected, are to be held sacred, inviolate. Men of darker hue have no rights which white men are bound to respect. And it is this narrow, contracted, contemptible, undemocratic idea of democracy that we have been fighting to make the world safe for, if we have been fighting to make it safe for democracy at all. We certainly have not been fighting to make it safe for true democracy—for democracy in any adequate or worthy sense of the term. How could we be fighting to make the world safe for democracy, except in pretense, with conditions existing as they are within our own borders, and with no desire or effort to remedy them? How could we, except in pretense, be fighting to make the world safe for democracy, and at the same time give ourselves no concern about safeguarding it at home? How can we, with any degree of honesty, of sincerity, claim to be fighting to make the world safe for democracy, when we are trampling upon the sacred, God-given, and constitutional rights of

twelve millions of colored American citizens within our borders? Are the discriminations, the mean, contemptible, unworthy, and debasing discriminations that are practiced even in the departments of the government itself, and with the sanction of the Chief Executive of the Nation, who acclaims himself as the great champion of world-democracy, consistent with true democratic ideas and ideals—with the kind of democracy that is likely to be a blessing to the world? Are Jim Crow cars, insecurity of life and property, the most flagrant violations of the simplest principles of right, of justice, of humanity, and the brutal lynchings that go on, month after month, year after year—lynchings that are unsurpassed in sheer, cold-blooded, wanton cruelty by the worst atrocities of the Germans, consistent with true democratic ideas and ideals? The very men who are responsible for these outrages, who allow them to go on without any effort to remedy them, know that they are not. And yet we expect people on the other side of the water, who know conditions here, to believe that we are so tremendously interested in the fate of democracy throughout the world, that we are willing to lay our all upon the altar of sacrifice in its defense. On the face of it, it is nothing but sheer hypocrisy.

Two things I feel perfectly sure of in my own mind:

(1) That, as a Nation, we have little or no interest in true democracy—in the rights of man as man. We have not yet developed sufficiently along moral and spiritual lines to an appreciation of the dignity of man, of the true worth of man as man, created in the image of God; we are still blinded by our narrow racial prejudice; we are still so contemptibly little in our moral ideas and ideals that the color of a man's skin is to us of more value, of more importance than anything else in determining the kind of treatment that shall be accorded to him. Mr. Vardaman once said in the United States Senate, or, in an interview which someone had with him over the appointment of a colored man as Register of the Treasury, that the race question was paramount to all other issues—greater than the currency, greater than the tariff or anything else. And the fact that it is paramount, in the estimation of such a large proportion of white Americans, shows what kind of democracy is represented in this country, what kind of democracy we stand for—a democracy that counts for nothing among decent, self-respecting, right-thinking, liberty-loving men the world over. We

are interested in democracy, yes, but not in true democracy—democracy that is color-blind, that rests upon the brotherhood of man, and the sacredness of the rights of all men, as men.

(2) I feel perfectly sure of another thing, our entrance into the war was not from any disinterested motive, it was from purely selfish considerations. We did not enter it as a matter of fact, until it seemed that the Central Powers were likely to be victorious; then it was that we stepped into the breach. Why, then, and not before? Because we knew perfectly well, from our knowledge of the German character and of the aim of the Kaiser for world empire, that as soon as the Allies were conquered, that our turn would come next, and, therefore, unless we joined with them before it was too late, there was no possible escape for us from the same fate. And this, I believe, notwithstanding our pretended interest in making the world safe for democracy, was the reason that took us into the war. It was in self-defense; it was in order to keep from off our own neck the yoke of German military despotism. It was all right, of course, in entering, as we did to save ourselves; and in so doing we have helped also to save the Allied nations, and to save the world from the heel of the oppressor. And for that, we deserve credit, and will receive credit; but we should receive credit only for what we are justly entitled to. We ought not to want credit for what we are not entitled to—to have ascribed to us motives which did not actuate us, or, if they did at all, only in a minor or secondary way. We did not go into the war from any real interest in democracy. If we did, we would have long since brought forth fruits meet for repentance—we would be treating our twelve million colored citizens better than we are. And, while we are rejoicing that victory has crowned our efforts in conjunction with the Allies, we are not insensible, and ought not to be, of how far short as a Nation we come when measured by the ideals of true democracy, and the great eternal principles of right and brotherhood.

(3) There is another reason why we should be glad. It is because with the end of this war there has come the end of autocratic government throughout the world—the end of the one-man power to determine the destiny of a people or nation; the end of the arrogant assumption of the divine right to rule regardless of the will of the people. There are to be no more kaisers; no more czars;

no more emperors with autocratic powers. The reign of the people has come—the reign of the common people. It is wonderful when you think of it! Four years ago, autocracy seemed never more firmly entrenched in the world than then. There was Russia, that great despotism, with a system of espionage that ramified throughout the whole empire; with its prisons filled with political offenders, and its Siberia of horrors, with thousands and thousands of innocent men and women torn from their homes, from their friends and relatives, sent there to die in want and misery, simply because they dared to think for themselves. Where is the Russian Empire today? Gone. Where is the despot who sat upon the throne? In his grave, murdered, and other members of his family also lying in dishonored graves. There is the empire of Austria-Hungary—where is it? Gone. Where is the proud house of the Hapsburgs, that for hundreds of years sat upon the throne? Gone. The old Emperor Joseph, who was on the throne when the war began, died from old age, and of a broken heart, and the man who succeeded him, where is he? A fugitive now in Switzerland. And last of all, there was Germany, proud Germany, with a man at the head who never would admit, who spurned the idea of getting his right to rule from the people, who proclaimed himself ruler by divine right, and who held himself responsible to God only, and not to the people; a man who, inflated with pride, felt that his mailed fist could bring the whole world to his feet.

Where is the German Empire today? Gone—a thing of the past. Where is the man who aspired to universal domination, who shot defiance at the whole world? Where is he? Gone. No longer on his throne—forced by the very people whom he effected to ignore, to renounce his throne, and is now away from his home and his country seeking hospitality from a little kingdom, one of the smallest in Europe, stripped of all power. How wonderful it all seems, and all within the short space of four years. Lowell in his "Ode to France," describing the effect of the French Revolution, wrote these words:

"O Broken King, is this thy wisdom's fruit?
 A dynasty plucked out as 't were a weed
 Grown rankly in a night, that leaves no seed!
 Could eighteen years strike down no deeper root?
 But now thy vulture eye was turned on Spain—
 A shout from Paris, and thy crown falls off,

Thy race has ceased to reign,
 And thou become a fugitive and scoff;
 Slippery the feet that mount by stairs of gold,
 And weakest of all fences one of steel;
 Go and keep school again like him of old,
 The Syracusan tyrant—thou mayest feel
 Royal amid a birch-swayed commonweal!
 Not long can he be ruler who allows
 His time to run before him; thou wast naught
 Soon as the strip of gold about thy brows
 Was no more emblem of the People's thought;
 Vain were thy bayonets against the foe
 Thou hadst to cope with; thou didst wage
 War not with Frenchmen merely—no,
 The strife was with the Spirit of the Age,
 The invisible Spirit whose first breath divine
 Scattered thy frail endeavor,
 And, like poor last year's leaves, whirled thee and thine
 Into the dark forever!"

How striking is the language, and how accurately it describes the fate of the great autocracies that existed four years ago. Yes, "Like poor last years' leaves," they have been "whirled into the dark forever."

It is a ground of rejoicing, of thanksgiving, I say, that such governments no longer exist to curse the world. And the reason why the destruction of such governments becomes a ground for rejoicing is because all such governments rest upon the idea of might instead of right—rest upon the will of the one or the few instead of the will of the many. Whether that will be right or wrong, if there is power to enforce it, it is enforced. The issue between might and right has been clearly drawn during this conflict and fought out on a broad, world-wide arena. The issue has been in the thought of all the peoples of the earth as never before. The attempt on the part of Germany to accomplish by might what it had no right to attempt to do, has been brought home to the other nations and brought home to them in a way that they can never forget. All the blood that has been spilt, the lives that have been sacrificed, the billions of treasures that have been poured out, and all the wretchedness and misery that have grown out of this war might have been avoided if the principle of right had been followed instead of might. The nations of the earth know now

as they have never known before the evil of acting on the principle of might instead of right.

After these four years of unparalleled suffering there is every reason to believe that there is going to be a great change in the policy of nations toward each other. In their relations, one with the other, the principle of right, instead of might, is going to have a larger place than it has ever had before. The nations, in their relations with each other, will come, more and more, to realize, that even as a matter of policy, if not of principle, it is always better to follow the lead of right instead of might. And when that principle has been accepted, has firmly rooted itself in the consciousness of the nations of the earth as the course to be followed in their dealing with each other, then we may expect another thing to follow, another thing that must follow, that will inevitably follow, each nation within its own limits will come to feel that the same principles must govern. If right and not might is to determine the course to be pursued between nations in their dealings and relations with each other; then right and not might ought also to determine what goes on in their internal management as well. In this great world contest that has just closed, might as the great determining principle between nations has been driven to the wall. And, although there is no longer the boom of cannon, the roar of musketry, the battle will still go on, in each nation, until the same great principle triumphs within as well as without. A nation cannot consistently insist upon the principle of right in its dealings with other nations, and in the dealings of other nations with it, and permit the opposite principle to prevail in the management of its internal affairs. Right must prevail within as well as without. And until it does, there must be and will be constant agitation; the war for the triumph of right must go steadily on. And it will go on. And this is why the overthrow of the great autocracies or despotisms of the world, as the result of the war, becomes a ground of thanksgiving, of rejoicing. It is a step forward in the overthrow, ultimately, of the doctrine, which has so long dominated the world, that might makes right. This war, in its results, is going to make it easier to fight that pernicious principle as it shows itself in social and political injustice and oppression within nations as well as without.

The overthrow of the great autocracies in Europe, and the assertion of the right of the people to rule, as has been most em-

phatically done during these four bloody years, is going to make it easier for us as a people in this country to achieve what we have been contending for for years, and will go on contending for, our rights—our full rights as American citizens. We are not going to be satisfied; and, we have greater reasons now than ever before for not being satisfied. The air everywhere is filled now as never before with the thought of the rights of man. Liberty is in the air today as it has never been before in all the world's history—never before on so wide a scale. And, in addition to this, we have had a part in this world-wide contest; we have made sacrifices, we have shed our blood, we have given of our treasures; thousands of our boys are on the other side of the water, and have done their part in bringing about the great result. And when these boys get back, have sniffed the free, invigorating, liberty-loving air of France, that knows no man by the color of his skin, but makes all men of all races and complexions equally welcome, there has got to be a change here. These boys will bring back that spirit with them, and it will have to be reckoned with. They know now what it is to be a man, and to be treated as a man. And that spirit will remain with them. It cannot be quenched. It will rather be sure to communicate itself to others. They will not be satisfied, nor will we be satisfied, until segregation in these departments is done away with; until the men and women of our race are no longer discriminated against, but are accorded the same consideration as white men and women are accorded. They are not going to be satisfied, nor will we be, until Jim Crow cars are no more, until the men and women of our race are allowed to travel in decency, and to find equal accommodations in hotels, restaurants, and in places of amusement. The war over there is over; but the war over here for our manhood and citizenship rights is not over; and will not be over until they are all accorded to us as to other citizens of the Republic. So that while we are rejoicing here today, and we have good reasons to rejoice—the war is over; victory is on the side of the Allies and the United States; the great autocracies of the world have been destroyed; and might, as between nations, at least, instead of right has been struck a death blow—at the same time, we must not lose sight of the fact that victory over there does not necessarily mean victory over here; that the staggering blow that has been struck to might over there, doesn't necessarily

mean that it will be felt equally over here; that here it is going to be any less insistent. So far as we are concerned, that old enemy, might, is still strongly entrenched. Why are we discriminated against in the departments? Why are we shut out of West Point? Out of Annapolis? Why are we not allowed to vote in the South? Why are we forced into Jim Crow cars? Why are we unjustly treated in the courts? Why are we brutally lynched? Is it because it is right? No, the right is all on our side—it is simply because they have the power. If right were allowed to come in, and control, all these evils would be remedied at once. So that, while we are rejoicing, as I said, let us see to it that we do not allow the advantages that have accrued to us, as the result of this war, to be lost. Instead of abating our efforts, lessening our endeavors, we should be more insistent than ever—more determined than ever to press the advantages that we have gained.

There are some members of our race, unfortunately, who have been foolish enough to talk about letting up for a little while, as if our enemies ever let up, as if our enemies ever allow a single opportunity to pass of humiliating us, of forcing upon us conditions which are intended to impress upon us their view of us as inferiors. Should we be less insistent, less persistent, less determined, less alive, wide awake to the things that pertain to our rights, than the people who are sleeplessly vigilant in their efforts and determination to filch them from us, to keep us in, what they call, our proper place, as if the proper place for any rational, responsible being was to be determined by anything except his character, efficiency, capability? It is astounding, almost incredible, that any colored man, even to the stupidest of them, should be led into such utter folly as to counsel the cessation of the struggle for our rights, even for a moment, when nothing is ever accomplished except by struggle, by earnest, persistent effort. The colored man, if he has an ounce of brains in his head, will have but one policy in regard to his rights, and that is the policy of being always on the job. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and unless we are willing to pay the price, unless we are eternally vigilant, we will never get it. Let us hear no more of this nonsense, never mind from whom it comes, about letting up for a season. Not less activity, but more activity; not less agitation, but more agitation; not less plain speaking, but more plain speaking.

In an article which I wrote to the editor of the "Cleveland Advocate," these words occur: "I am writing to express my very great satisfaction at reading the two editorials in your issue of August 24th, entitled, "Grave and Weighty," and "Riot of Oppression." I was greatly delighted with them. They both have the right ring—the only kind of ring that ought ever to be heard from colored Americans—from intelligent, self-respecting colored Americans. This is no time for shilly-shallying, but for plain speaking, for a straightforward, manly presentation of our wrongs, made all the more flagrant in view of the tremendous sacrifices which we are now being called upon to make and which we are willingly making. These outrageous, damnable discriminations that are being made against us in the departments here and elsewhere all over the country, call for loud, persistent, unceasing protest. We ought not to be satisfied as long as they continue; and the time to voice our dissatisfaction is now while the war is going on; while we are going across the sea to lay our lives down in order to make the world safe for democracy. From every Negro newspaper in the country, from every city, town and hamlet, from all kinds of Negro organizations, there should be coming up to Washington a word of solemn and emphatic protest. The fight that you are making, the stand which you are taking on the race issue at this time is the one that ought to be taken, is the fight that ought to be made not only by you, but by every intelligent, right-thinking, self-respecting colored American."

In the August 21st issue of the Outlook, these lines occur:

"We are on the march! How long shall we be marching?
Until the roads of east and west are free;
Until beneath the four winds of the world
Freedom is possible for all mankind;
Until we reach the end of the long journey;
Until time brings the fullness of the years.
A faith in arms is marching to the future;
Its flags are consecrated to the dawn."

And we, colored men and women in this country, if I sense aright the sentiment of our hearts, are on the march for our rights, and we will not stop until "we reach the end of the long journey." The war that we are waging here, while our brothers are fighting on the other side, will help to hasten the dawn. That is what I

wrote some three months ago; and that is the way I feel today; and is the way we all ought to feel, and must feel, if we are to hasten the dawn of better things for ourselves, and for our children.

(4). There is still another ground for thanksgiving and rejoicing, as the result of victory for the Allies and for the United States, but which I will have time simply to mention without stopping to dwell upon. As the result of this great struggle, through which we have been passing, I believe, it is going to be better for all the darker and weaker races of the world. It is going to be better for them because in the dominant nations a higher sense of justice, of right, of fair play is going to be developed; better for them because I believe there is going to be developed a higher type of Christianity than at present prevails—than the miserable apology that now goes under that name. Things are as they are today in these great nations of the world, and it has fared with these weaker and darker races and nations as it has, because the so-called Church of God has been recreant to its high trust; has been dominated by such a cowardly and worldly spirit that it has always been willing to listen to the voice of man instead of the voice of God—dominated by such a cowardly and worldly spirit that it has surrendered the most sacred principles of the holy religion of Jesus Christ, at the behest of the powers that be—at the bidding of wealth, social prestige and a debased public sentiment.

Look at Germany, during this terrible world-struggle through which we have been passing, and see the character of the Christianity represented there. Back of this bloody war, started by the Emperor of Germany and his military staff in sheer, wanton lust of power, and prosecuted with the utmost brutality, has been the Christian church of Germany—the men in the pews—the men in the sacred desk—the men in the chairs of theology in the great universities—the spiritual leaders of the nation—all, with rare exceptions, justified this atrocious war and threw the weight of their influence in support of the monster who sat on the throne, in his efforts to carry out his nefarious schemes of conquest and aggrandizement.

Look at the church in this country, forty millions strong! And yet, think of the awful conditions that exist here—of the injustices, and oppressions, and discriminations that go on unchecked, and no

effort made to check them, to improve conditions. The very men who are back of these oppressions, injustices, discriminations, are in many cases, not only professing Christians, but occupying high places in the church—ministers, elders, deacons, Sunday-school teachers, class leaders. These abominable conditions have sprung up, still exist, and are steadily growing worse in the midst of forty millions of Christians. Strange as it may seem, while the membership of these so-called Christian churches is increasing by the millions, race prejudice, with all the evils that grow out of it, is also steadily on the increase. In this city of Washington, the capital city of the nation, with scores of churches, representing all the great denominations, with services going on every Sunday and during the week in them all, where the Bible is supposed to be taught, and the noble and beautiful spirit of Christ, the spirit of meekness, of gentleness, of brotherly kindness, of self-sacrificing love, inculcated, in this Christian city, presided over by Commissioners, members of Christian churches—where the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, and of the lesser courts are domiciled—all of whom, or nearly all of whom are members of Christian churches—in this city where Christianity has back of it so much respectability, so much official dignity and power—a colored man, if he were down on Pennsylvania Avenue, never mind how hungry he might be, couldn't find a restaurant in which he could get a cup of tea, or a sandwich and a glass of milk; or however tired he might be, nor is there a rest room into which he could go and be received, and simply because of the color of his skin, because of his race identity! That condition of things exists, has existed, and continues to exist, not against the protest of the Christian church, but with its sanction. A Christianity that allows such a condition of things to exist without throwing the weight of its great influence against it, is a spurious Christianity, is a disgrace to the holy and sacred name of Christ.

Out of this awful baptism of blood that has deluged the earth, I can't help feeling that God is getting ready for some great spiritual awakening—that He is getting ready to shake himself loose, from this miserable semblance of Christianity that exists, and to set up in the earth a type of religion that will truly represent the

spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ, a type of religion that will be as the inspired penman conceived it,

“Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
Terrible as an army
with banners.”

It is because I believe a better type of Christianity is to appear, and appear speedily, and that under its banner the world is to be conquered for Christ, and, in that conquest, all the nations of the earth are to be blessed, that there is ground for thanksgiving, for rejoicing. Whether we realize it or not, God is on the throne; and, sooner or later, He will make even the wrath of man to praise Him. “The heathen may rage; the people imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed.” Yet, the declaration is, “I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.” “I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession.” And again, “He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.” So that there is bound to be, sooner or later, the triumph of right, of justice; there is bound to be, under the dominating influence of the spirit of Jesus Christ, under the development of a better type of Christianity, the establishment of better conditions throughout the whole world, for all the races of mankind. The whole plane of life is going to be lifted. There is going to be a new earth. Old things are going to pass away. Tennyson’s dream is going to be realized. Certain things are to be rung in, and certain things rung out.

* * * * *

“Ring out the false, ring in the true.

* * * * *

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But bring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

* * * * *

The super-man of the future is not to be of the German type, nor of the contemptible little type that we find here in America, assuming and acting upon the theory that under a white skin only is to be found anything worthy of respect; but of the Christ-type—

"The valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand."

The super-nation of the future is not to be the German nation, nor any of the existing nations, but the Commonwealth of Israel—the Church of the living God, purified, cleansed, Spirit-filled, God-centered, meek and lowly, girded with strength, and arrayed in beautiful garments of righteousness.

The close of this bloody war is the beginning, I believe, of the realization of this vision of better things which Tennyson saw, and which the prophets of old foresaw, and which I believe some day is going to be realized in the actual life of the world. And, it is going to be realized as the poet indicates, and, in no other way, by ringing Christ in—into our hearts—into our homes—into our churches, into our pulpits—into our colleges and universities—into our courts—into our halls of legislation—into our executive mansions—into our marts of commerce and places of business. The ringing in of Jesus Christ holds the solution of all our problems, racial or otherwise. The only cheering outlook for humanity—for the individual—for races—for nations in their internal management, as well as in their relations to each other, is to be found in accepting, and in honestly and courageously living out the principles and the spirit of Jesus Christ. And, this war has helped us, as perhaps nothing else has ever done in this history of the

world, to realize that no mere culture, no amount of mere brain power, no advancement in science, in philosophy, in scholarship, in the accumulation of knowledge, however great, can lay the basis for lasting peace and happiness; can weld men together in one great brotherhood in which each will be interested in the well-being of the other—into a brotherhood that will be proof against the assaults of selfishness, and pride, and all the other debasing elements that are ever at work to set men against each other. Something more is needed—a new force or power of a spiritual nature must come in. And such a power or force we have in the personality of Jesus Christ. It is through him that all the families of the earth are to be blessed; it is through him that order is to come out of these conflicting passions and desires that tear men apart and keep them apart; that make them brutes instead of human beings. And, because this war, in showing the utter futility of all human devices in bringing peace to a troubled world, is driving us back to Jesus Christ—back to Christian principles and ideals, we rejoice—rejoice—we lift up our hearts in praise and gratitude to God.

“O clap your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.”

18

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS MESSAGE¹

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

* * * * *

This was the song that was sung by the angels on the first Christmas morning that dawned upon this world; and, sung immediately after the angel, that appeared to the shepherds on the plain of Bethlehem, had made the announcement, “Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.” Never since these words were first uttered has

¹ Delivered December 22, 1918.

there been a time when the message which they convey is more acceptable than now, coming as it does on this the first approaching Christmas, after four years of bloody war, of world-wide commotion. And there never was a time when there was greater need for pondering deeply what the angels are saying, and to lay to heart the great message which they are here proclaiming. Especially now that the war is over and we are talking about reconstruction, of beginning anew to build for the future on the ruins of the past. In this great work of reconstruction it is of the utmost importance that we should not lose sight of the great foundation truths set forth in this song of the angels.

It commemorates the advent into this world of the Lord Jesus Christ. And the first thing to which attention is directed in it is that back of this birth, directly responsible for it, is God Almighty. "Glory to God in the highest," is the first note that is sounded, the first echo that comes down to us from heaven. What these angels are saying is that in this Child born at Bethlehem, the glory of God is more conspicuously shown—more of His glorious nature is shadowed forth than in anything else, or than in all things else. The whole universe, in a sense, is a revelation of God. In creation, in one form or another, God is constantly revealing Himself, is trying to get us to understand what He is, what kind of a being He is, what His qualities are, what His perfections are. The psalmist says,

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.

And the apostle Paul, in speaking at Lystra, said, "He left not Himself without a witness, in that He did good and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness." Everywhere, in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, this process of revealing, of unfolding the nature of the Great Being that is back of all this wonderful universe, constantly goes on. As we study the works of creation, we see evidences of mind, of thought, of intelligence,—evidences of knowledge, of wisdom, of power, of wonderful adaptation of means to ends. No one can study the

works of nature, and the operations of nature's laws without realizing that some wonderful being or entity is back of it all. It was this sense of a something,—a force, or power, or intelligence, incomprehensible to him, that broke in upon the consciousness of Wordsworth when he penned the lines:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

And yet wonderful as is the revelation which we get of the nature of God from the study of the works of creation, we are told here, if I interpret the language aright, that the revelation which we get of Him, in and through Jesus Christ, is more wonderful still. We get an insight into His character, into the kind of being He is, that we get nowhere else. And this agrees with what is elsewhere stated in the inspired record. John 1:14, in speaking of Him, says, "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." And in Col. 2:9 we read, "For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." In 2 Cor. 4:4, He is spoken of as the "image of God." In Col. 1:15, as the "image of the invisible God." In Heb. 1:3, "As being the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of his substance." Very wonderful statements!

The two things that we need to keep in mind in this opening statement of these heavenly visitants are: 1. That this babe that was born at Bethlehem, comes into the world, is sent into it, to represent this great and glorious being that is back of his wonderful universe. 2. That more about God,—more about His nature, plans, purposes, more about what He wants done,—more about what He wants us to be and do than can be obtained anywhere else, is to be found in Jesus Christ. Two very important things to bear in mind, especially in connection with any work of reconstruction; especially where we are thinking about laying foundations upon which to build for the future,—the foundation of character,—for the individual, for the family, for the state, for the nation,—for a comity of nations. No foundations that we may lay, no plans that we may formulate, will be of any value,—of any permanent value, from which any lasting good will result, that are not made to conform to the character and teachings of Jesus Christ, that are not thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Jesus Christ.

“Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST.” That is the absolute truth. Whether we realize it or not, whether we profit by it or not, cannot alter the fact. It is the great truth for which heaven vouches. It is the foundation which God has laid, upon which everything that is to be of any permanent value must rest,—must harmonize with,—must be in conformity to. The individual who builds his character upon any other foundation, who makes up his mind that he is going to live a different kind of life from what Jesus lived; that he is going to be governed by different principles from those enunciated by Jesus Christ, will find that he is building upon the sand; that, by and by, when rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, that the structure that he is building will be swept away. No foundation of sand, no false philosophy, no perverted or debased ideas of life, no misconception as to its relation to that which lies beyond the grave can ever form a basis upon which to build for time or for eternity.

What is true of the individual is also true of the family. You can't build a stable, wholesome, healthful, ennobling family life, in which proper relations will be maintained between husband and wife, parents and children, children and children,—in which character will be steadily growing better, life becoming sweeter, purer, except the ideal set up in it is the ideal set up by Jesus Christ, and the principles followed in it are the principles laid down by Him. The moment His ideal is thrown out, the moment His principles are set aside, ignored, disregarded, and some other ideal set up, and some other set of principles followed, there will be confusion, discord, dissension, the process of disintegration will begin and will steadily go on until ultimately there will be the end of domestic happiness, the end of the home as a center of peace, happiness, of life-giving influences.

What is true of the family, is also true of the state, of the nation. You can't build a state, a commonwealth, a nation, with any hope of its conserving any good, worthy purpose, of being a blessing to those who live under it, where the spirit of Jesus Christ is not recognized, where the great moral principles laid down by Him are not accepted and followed as the rule of life, as its governing principles. Such a state will be sure to develop into a despotism, to become an instrument of evil instead of good, to result in misery

instead of happiness. You can't build anything,—individual character, family life, a state, or nation, and ever hope to get any good out of them except as they rest upon Christian ideals and Christian principles. That individual, family, state or nation alone is blessed whose God is the Lord, alone is blessed who accepts His rule and is endeavoring earnestly, honestly, conscientiously, faithfully to follow His lead.

This great world catastrophe through which we have just passed, this breaking up, as it were, of the very foundation of modern society, this turning of things upside down, has come, why? Because the great underlying principles were iniquitous principles,—the lust of gold, and the lust of power,—the rankest selfishness, the utter disregard of every principle of right, of justice, except where it did not interfere with selfish interests. It had to be overthrown. It could not last. In a universe built on righteousness, with a just God on the throne, its continuance was only a matter of time. It had to be demolished, even though at the sacrifice of millions of lives and billions of treasure. Sooner or later, if we do wrong, if we set aside the principles of righteousness, we pay the bill; the penalty is inevitable; we reap the consequences.

Even after this awful retribution, this requisition for blood which God has been exacting of these robber nations, these white bullies that have been for centuries trampling ruthlessly upon the darker and weaker races of the earth,—even after all these sad, terrible four years of unprecedented suffering, will they learn the lesson which these four bloody years are fitted to teach? Will they be any wiser? In the reconstruction work which they are planning will they swing in line with Christian ideals and Christian principles, or will they go on in their evil ways, go on still oppressing darker and weaker races, go on still gratifying their greed for gold and their lust for power, go on oppressing, ruthlessly trampling upon the rights of the weak, the defenseless? Let us hope they will not, though; so far as we may judge from conditions on this side of the water, the outlook is not very encouraging. President Wilson has gone abroad to take part in the great work of reconstruction, of laying the basis for a new order of things, for a permanent world peace. He seems to be tremendously interested in this rehabilitation, as it were, of modern civilization. In his address to Congress, just before leaving, he said:

“And now we are sure of the great triumph for which every sacrifice was made. It has come, come in its completeness, and with the pride and inspiration of these days of achievement quick within us we turn to the task of peace again—a peace secure against the violence of irresponsible monarchies and ambitious military coteries and made ready for a new order, for new foundations of justice and fair dealing.

“We are about to give order and organization to this peace, not only for ourselves, but for the other peoples of the world as well, so far as they will suffer us to serve them. It is international justice that we seek, not domestic safety merely. Our thoughts have dwelt of late upon Europe, upon Asia, upon the near and far east, very little upon the acts of peace and accommodation that wait to be performed at our own doors.”

He also said, in this same address, that he felt it to be his “paramount duty” to do the unprecedented thing of going out of the country, in order that he might join the representatives of the other allied nations in working out this great world peace, in making sure that the foundations that are laid are foundations of “justice and fair dealings.”

And yet we know perfectly well what Mr. Wilson’s idea of “justice and fair dealings” is. We have had a practical demonstration of it for the last six years,—a demonstration of it in these departments here under his immediate jurisdiction. We know that justice and fair dealings signify nothing to him when it comes to dealing with the rights of twelve millions of colored American citizens. Never before, since the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, since the close of the great Civil War, has any administration, Republican or Democratic, been so flagrant in its disregard of the rights of our people; has any administration been so openly and needlessly insulting to the self-respect, to the manhood and the womanhood of the race!

And this is why I say, this work of reconstruction which is soon to begin, so far as we may judge from conditions on this side of the water, the outlook is not very encouraging. If the representatives of the Allied governments have no better idea of “justice and fair dealings” than President Wilson has, there is no hope whatever that the foundation that will be laid will be lasting, will have in it any larger measure of justice and fair dealings, any

broader, more adequate conception of equity, and finer, keener appreciation of the sacredness of the rights of man,—the common man,—man regardless of race, or color, or condition, than were built into the old foundations.

The only cheering outlook is the hope that the men on the other side have learned their lesson; have come from out of this baptism of blood with unclouded vision, with their moral senses quickened, with clearer, nobler conceptions of right, of duty, and that through their influence will be counteracted the pernicious, Negro-hating spirit of the American representatives at that congress. The foundations that will be laid must be broad enough to take in all races, classes, conditions, on terms of perfect equality, or else they will be laid in vain. It will be only a matter of time when they will go to pieces; when God Almighty will move against them, hurling them down, as he has been moving against old conditions, old compacts and agreements during the last four years.

Mr. Wilson says, "Our thoughts have dwelt of late upon Europe, upon Asia, upon the near and far east." What a blessing it would have been if his thoughts had dwelt a little upon things at home, things right here in America, right here in the city of Washington where he lives, and where he has lived for the last six years.

President Wilson says he feels it to be his paramount duty to attempt to right, to better, world conditions. What a blessing it would be if he and his advisers, members of his Cabinet, had felt a little, even a little of this pressure of paramount obligation with reference to the righting, the bettering of conditions here within our own borders. The need, certainly, is no less urgent here than over there—here, than in other parts of the world.

But I must hasten on. I must not linger longer on this aspect of the subject. These messengers from heaven, in this song that breaks upon our ear, bring to our attention the advent into this world of Jesus Christ. "Glory to God in the highest," they sing as they introduce Him, as they direct attention to Him.

I have been trying in what I have been saying, to tell you a little about Him,—what He is in character; what He stands for; whose representative He is. And now, as we move a little farther on in this wonderful song of the angels, we are told in the second place why He came into the world, what His mission was. Listen! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, what? Peace, peace on

earth,—that is what He came to bring about,—peace on earth. Peace! What is peace? What is meant by peace on earth? Peace means inward quiet, repose of soul, the absence of conflict, of jarring notes.

Has this thought of peace any interest for us as individuals? Do we need it? Are we conscious of any disturbance within, any unrest of soul? This book of God tells us, "There is no rest for the wicked." That is, the soul of man can never be at rest as long as it is estranged from God, as long as sin is in control. There is no equilibrium for the human soul, no possibility of its finding rest, until it rests in God. The disturbing element, the thing that brings on, that induces this unrest, is sin, and only as sin is removed is there any possibility of finding rest, peace, quiet of soul,—the peace of God, as it is called. And this is just what Jesus came to do—to take away our sins. The angel said to the startled shepherds, "Fear not, for this day is born unto you in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." And the angel who appeared to Mary, in announcing to her that she was to be the mother of the long promised deliverer, said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for it is He who shall save His people from their sins." Hence the language of the apostle Paul, "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Every man on the face of the earth, if peace is ever to come into his soul, must find Jesus. It can come to him in no other way. That is the great and momentous truth that is set forth here. He came as the harbinger of peace; came to give peace to every troubled soul. "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest," is what he says. And that is the Christmas message for you, and me, for all of us. Christmas means, through Jesus Christ, to every burdened sinner, to every one who is conscious of guilt, the offer of pardon, peace, reconciliation with God.

What a wonderful gift is this gift of peace. Can we conceive of anything greater? Are we going to accept it? Are we going to do what Jesus wants us to do? The great peace of God we may have, through Jesus Christ, is what these angels are saying to us—peace, perfect peace.

There is still another thought here that is involved in this peace on earth which Jesus came to bestow. It is not only inward peace,—peace between God and the individual soul, but peace also

with other souls, the harmonious adjustment of all earthly relations, the end of mutual conflicts and hatreds,—peace among men,—men of all races, classes, conditions. That is one of the things that Jesus came to effect—one of the things that it is His purpose to bring about—peace on earth, peace among the inhabitants of the earth. That is a large proposition, I know, especially when we remember the character of the human heart, how deceitful and desperately wicked it is; but large as it is, stupendous as it is, it is one of the things that it is the aim of Jesus Christ to bring about; one of the things to which He is committed,—peace on earth, peace between man and man. You remember what the apostle says: “He came to break down walls of separation, and to make us brethren; He came to bring about conditions in which there is to be neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman, but He is to be, all, and in all.” * * *

And this brings me to the third and last statement in this song of the angels, **GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN**, or as it is sometimes rendered, **Good will among men**. And this indicates, points out clearly how this peace on earth, this peace among men is to be brought about: It is by cultivating a spirit of good will among them; it is by getting them to think kindly of each other; it is by replacing the principle of hate by the principle of love; it is by the exercise of brotherly kindness. How long do you suppose it would take to keep men from pulling apart, from working against each other, from flying at each other's throats, if everybody began in earnest to cultivate a spirit of kindness, of good will? How long do you suppose these horrible lynchings in the South; these travesties on justice in the courts; these Jim Crow cars; these insulting discriminations in these departments, would continue if everybody was earnestly cultivating a kindly, brotherly spirit? How long do you suppose it would take to put in the White House a man who would stand four square to every man, white and black alike, if everybody was actuated by a kindly, brotherly spirit, if everybody took to cultivating this sentiment of good will, instead of hate, and all the little meannesses that grow out of a spirit of hate? How long would it take to revolutionize the whole world, to place it upon a new and stable basis, the basis upon which alone it can ever hope to find peace, if all the various agencies now in existence, the churches, including the pulpits, the pews, the sabbath schools, the

educational institutions of the country, including the common schools, the colleges, universities, and theological seminaries; the press of the country and of the world, both secular and religious, if all these agencies were earnestly at work preaching this gospel of good will, which these angels sent forth on that first Christmas morning, how long would it take to change conditions for the better?

The reason why things are as they are is because we have been making so little of this gospel of love, of good will, and have been making so much of the opposite, the gospel of hate, of selfishness, of pride of race, and the other things that tend to drive men apart. Nineteen hundred years have rolled away since this glorious gospel of good will broke upon the world; and yet we are still preaching the gospel of hate, and still living it. If you have any doubt of it, all you have got to do is to go out on these streets, get on the street cars, go to any of the theaters, any of the restaurants, go to any even of the white so-called Christian churches, if you want to see what kind of gospel white America has been educated on; what kind of gospel it believes in. You will be confronted everywhere with anything but a kindly, brotherly, loving spirit. You will be told as plainly as possible by look, gesture, act that your presence is not wanted, that you are not regarded with favor. It is in the air; you feel it wherever you go,—wherever you come in contact with the white man with very rare exceptions. The gospel of hate, the gospel of race hatred, is the gospel that is being most strenuously preached,—in the churches, in the homes, in the places of business, in public conveyances. In one form or another the accursed business of sowing that kind of seed is steadily going on, without abatement, without interruption,—day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out. Bishop Hagwood some years ago, in speaking of the colored people, used the expression, “Our brother in black;” but the gospel that is being preached, even by his own church, that is being lived, that the very children are taught as soon as they are old enough to understand, nowhere recognizes him as a brother, nowhere treats him as a brother. The one thing that is never lost sight of is his color, and that destroys instantly his brotherhood, that puts him beyond the pale of brotherhood, that shuts him out from all kindly feeling, from all courteous treatment, from even the common civilities of life. Brother in black? No, never! * * *

Is there any reason to doubt, that the one thing that is needed, more than anything else today in all the world, is this Christmas message of the angels, this gospel of love, of good will among men?

If I had the opportunity, which I have not, of preaching to the notabilities that will be gathered around the peace table at Versailles, I would talk to them on this message of the angels; I would try to impress them deeply with the significance of it; with the fundamental character of the ideas which are contained in it, and the importance of weighing carefully every one of them, as the best possible preparation for the task that is before them.

(1) I would impress upon them the importance of taking with them into that peace chamber the consciousness of the fact that Jesus Christ has come into the world, and that He is a factor to be reckoned with; that He stands as the highest expression of the mind of God with reference to character and conduct; and that what He stands for cannot be ignored with impunity. Unless He sits at that council table, and dominates all that goes on there, the sessions will yield nothing of any permanent value. Charles Lamb once said that if Shakespeare came into the room where he was, he would rise to receive him; but that if Jesus Christ came in, he would receive Him on his knees. And it is with some such feeling as this that I would have every member of that peace council enter upon his duties,—upon his knees, profoundly conscious of the fact that Jesus Christ has come into the world; that He will be present at the sessions of the council; that He will take note of all that goes on there; and that ultimately to Him, as well as to the people, or the respective governments by whom they are sent, they must answer for the stand which they take upon the matters to be considered, the interests to be conserved. The consciousness of the presence of Jesus Christ, the presence of that Great Personality, will have a tremendous influence in keeping things straight, in working out satisfactory results.

(2) I would impress upon those representatives of the nations, in beginning their work, the fact that what this world needs is peace; and that the only way to give it peace is by following the course mapped out in this song of the angels, by keying everything to the great and ennobling sentiment of good will; by shutting out every selfish thought, every unworthy desire or ambition, all feelings of bitterness and hate; by excluding from their deliberations

every suggestion or proposition that will not bear the test of the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount, that is not in harmony with the golden rule, and the spirit that is reflected in the great summary of the law and the prophets given by Jesus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." So that at the end of their deliberations there shall go forth from them to the whole world a great message of good will, as evidenced in their findings, in the broad, generous, humane and just principles laid down by them as the basis of a new order for the future; there shall go forth from them an earnest and united appeal to men everywhere to stop hating one another, and begin loving one another; to stop pulling apart, and begin getting together, begin in earnest to cultivate good fellowship, brotherly kindness. So shall God be glorified; so shall men be blessed; so shall we have a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, wherein "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

This Christmas message is a prophecy of what is some day going to be realized. All over this world, love and not hate is going to prevail. Not only angels will be singing,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward or among men,"

but men themselves will be everywhere singing the same song and living in the spirit of it.

Thank God for Christmas; and its great message, for this wonderful and glorious outlook for humanity. Things will yet work out to the glory of God. Man to man shall yet be brothers, in spite of the efforts of the powers of darkness to prevent it.

The Prince of Peace, the elder Brother, the Friend of publicans and sinners, the messenger of glad tidings for all who labor and are heavy laden, has come into the world, and has set in operation the forces for its accomplishment, against which the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail. This message of the angels will go on resounding throughout the world, until the white flag of peace, of brotherly kindness, of good will, will be planted in all lands and in all hearts. This is the outlook, the certain realization towards which the kingdom of God is moving. Let us be glad, let us re-

joyce, that His kingdom is to come, and His will is to be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

19**ADDRESS OF WELCOME GIVEN AT A RECEPTION TENDERED TO THE
MEN WHO HAVE RETURNED FROM THE BATTLEFRONT¹**

Young gentlemen, I am glad to welcome you home again after months of absence in a foreign land in obedience to the call of your country—glad that you have returned to us without any serious casualties.

I am sure you acquitted yourselves well; that in the record that you have made for yourselves, during your absence from home, there is nothing to be ashamed of, nothing that will reflect any discredit upon the race with which you are identified. The colored soldier has always commanded respect, even from his enemies; the colored soldier has always played a man's part in every struggle in which he has engaged; he has never turned his back upon the enemy; has never shown himself a coward. It is generally admitted that there is no better soldier, in all the world, than the colored soldier.

While you were away you had the opportunity of coming in contact with another than the American type of white man; and through that contact you have learned what it is to be treated as a man, regardless of the color of your skin or race identity. Unfortunately you had to go away from home to receive a man's treatment, to breathe the pure, bracing air of liberty, equality, fraternity. And, while it was with no intention of bringing to you that knowledge, of putting you where you could get that kind of experience, but simply because they couldn't very well get along without you, I am glad, nevertheless, that you were sent. You know now that the mean, contemptible spirit of race prejudice that curses this land is not the spirit of others lands: you know now what it is to be treated as a man. And, one of the things that I am particularly hoping for, now that you have had this experience, is that you have come back determined, as never before, to keep up the struggle for our rights until, here in these United States, in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave, every man, regardless of the color of his skin, shall be accorded a man's treatment.

¹ Delivered April 24, 1919.

Your trip abroad will be of very little value to the race in this country unless you have come back with the love of liberty, equality, fraternity burning in your souls, and the determination to set other souls on fire with the same spirit. In the struggle that is before us, you can do a great deal in helping to better conditions. You, who gave up everything—home, friends, relatives—you who took your lives in your hands and went forth to lay them, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of your country and in the interest of democracy throughout the world, have a right to speak—to speak with authority; and that right you must exercise.

We, who remained at home, followed you while you were away, with the deepest interest; and, our hearts burned with indignation when tidings came to us, as it did from time to time, of the manner in which you were treated by those over you, from whom you had every reason, in view of the circumstances that took you abroad, and what it was costing you, to expect decent, humane treatment, instead of the treatment that was accorded you. The physical hardships, incident to a soldier's life in times of war, are trying enough, are hard enough to bear—and, during this world war, on the other side of the water, I understand they were unusually hard. To add to these the insults, the studied insults that were heaped upon you, and for no reason except that you were colored, is so shocking that were it not for positive evidence, it would be almost unbelievable.

That shameful record is going to be written up, and published, so that the whole world may read it, and learn how black men, who went out from these shores to die at their country's call, were treated simply because of the color of their skin. The world ought to know it; and will know it; and it is your duty to help those who will make the record to make it as complete as possible. The facts as you know them, let them come out; write out your personal experience and put it where it can be available for the historian, in order that the facts may be preserved as one of the most shameful and detestable exhibitions of race prejudice than can be found in all the world. I know of nothing that sets forth this cursed American race prejudice in a more odious, execrable light than the treatment of our colored soldiers in this great world struggle that has been going on, by the very government that ought to have shielded them from the brutes that were over them.

Again, most gladly do I welcome you back home; and most earn-

estly do we express the hope that every man of you will play a man's part in the longer and more arduous struggle that is before us in battling for our rights at home. If it was worth going abroad to make the world safe for democracy, it is equally worth laboring no less earnestly to make it safe at home. We shall be greatly disappointed if you do not do this—if you fail to do your part.

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THE RACE PROBLEM—TWO SUGGESTIONS AS TO ITS SOLUTION¹

I clipped from the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia the following news item:—

“WASHINGTON, July 30, 1919.—That German propaganda may be an important factor in the race riots in various sections of the country is the belief of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, expressed in an interview today.

“The Secretary pointed to the known fact that German agents were active during the war in trying to stir up race hatred, adding he thought their activities in this direction had not ceased.

“In reply to a question as to what the Government could do to eliminate race hatred, Secretary Lane said:—

“‘Give us more schools like the Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes. I do not believe any of the Negroes connected with these riots were graduates of these schools.’”

Secretary Lane is a very good man, the very best specimen of the white man in President Wilson's Cabinet, not excepting the President himself; but if this interview is to be taken as evidence of his understanding of the race problem in this country, it shows that he knows very little about it, that he fails utterly to comprehend the great underlying cause, and, therefore, what the real remedy is that is needed.

There are three things that are noticeable in this answer which he gives to the question as to how race hatred is to be eliminated:—

(a) This race hatred, of which he speaks, to his mind evidently is wholly or mainly on the part of the colored people towards the white people, which is not true. The colored people, as a matter of fact, in and of themselves, have no hatred towards the whites; they are rather predisposed in their favor rather than against them. The hatred that exists is not natural, it has grown up in consequence of the brutal and inhuman treatment to which they are almost everywhere subjected by the whites. If under such circumstances the

¹ Delivered, 1919.

colored man did not entertain some feelings of hatred to the white man, it would be almost a miracle. The resentment which he feels only shows that he is human. It is what any other race would feel under like circumstances. And the fact that he chafes under it, that he resents it, that every now and then there are outbreaks indicative of his discontent, is one of the hopeful signs that a better day is coming,—must come. It shows that he is developing, that he is growing in self-respect, in the consciousness of what belongs to him as a man, as an American citizen. And this consciousness will never grow less, but will go on steadily increasing. There will be no retreat; and no surrender. The Negro is a man, and he will never be satisfied with anything less than a man's treatment. The Negro is an American citizen by every test, and he will never be satisfied until he is treated as an American citizen.

I am not denying that there is springing up in the hearts of a large number of colored people a feeling of bitterness towards the whites, and that this feeling is growing in intensity, and is spreading more and more among the masses. But it grows out of, and this is the point to which I am calling particular attention, it grows out of the prior hatred of the whites for the colored people, and is kept alive, and ever growing by the constant, almost daily exhibitions of hatred on the part of the whites towards them. Everywhere, all over the country, North and South, East and West, the colored man is never allowed, even for a moment, to forget the fact of his color, and that he is despised, looked down upon as an inferior because of his color. Everywhere he meets with this kind of treatment. Even during this bloody war through which we have just passed, the American white soldier, acting out his natural hatred, and carrying out the policy of the Administration at Washington, did everything in his power to inject into the minds of the European whites the same bitter Negro hating spirit against the colored soldiers who, at the call of their country, had taken their lives in their hands, leaving behind everything they held dear,—fathers, mothers, wives, children,—to make the world safe for democracy. And even now that the war is over, after all that they have suffered abroad, the great sacrifices they have made, the invaluable services which they rendered in behalf of liberty, in bettering world conditions, this infernal treatment still goes on, and is increasing in virulence.

The white man not only hates the Negro, but there is no meanness to which he will not resort, no infamy to which he will not

stoop in order to show it. This Secretary Lane entirely overlooks. He takes for granted, he assumes that the hatred that exists is on the part of the colored people for the whites. And hence his whole idea of remedies for present race troubles has reference entirely to the colored people; he is thinking of them only; he doesn't seem to realize that it is necessary to set into operation any remedial agencies among the whites. This is the way the white man, with here and there an exception, always looks at the problem of race adjustment. The fault is always with the colored people. Whatever is to be done is to be done among them or with them, never with the whites. And this is the way we find Secretary Lane dealing with the race issue here. The remedy which he suggests is, "More schools like Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes." Both of these schools, you will notice, are for colored people. He says nothing about white institutions. Not one such institution is mentioned. Why? Can it be because there is no need for work among the whites such as Hampton and Tuskegee are doing, or are supposed to be doing, among the colored people? Can it be on the assumption that the whites are all right, and that it is the colored people alone who need to be set right? This, evidently, is the thought in the mind of the Secretary.

(b) Both of these schools are distinctively of the industrial type. Not one higher educational institution is mentioned. No mention is made of Howard, or Fisk, or Atlanta.

(c) The Secretary says: "I do not believe that any of the Negroes connected with these riots were graduates of these schools." Some of them may have been graduates of higher educational institutions: the Secretary does not say so in so many words, but that is clearly to be inferred from what he says. He is sure of Hampton and Tuskegee, but he isn't sure of a single one of the higher educational institutions.

This statement of Secretary Lane set me thinking, and the more so, because I was anxious to get hold of his idea of solving the race problem. The question that I asked myself was, what is there about Hampton and Tuskegee that makes them peculiarly adapted to this work of training the Negro so that he will become less and less dissatisfied with the white man's treatment of him,—so that there will be less and less hatred in his heart towards the white man?

(1) Is it because of the limited intellectual training which they get in such institutions? Such limited training may help to keep things quiet, or to prevent the awakening of a spirit of discontent.

Whatever tends to limit or restrict intellectual development will act as a damper upon aspiration. The more highly a man is developed intellectually, the less likely is he to be content with conditions that tend to destroy his self-respect,—his manhood.

(2) Is it because in such institutions he is taught to work? The Negro has always been a worker. Ever since he landed on these shores some three hundred years ago he has known what toil is by day and by night. He has been compelled to work whether he wanted to or not. These industrial schools are playing an important part in the Negro's development so far as they are teaching him habits of industry, and are giving him trades by which to earn a living, though after he has learnt a trade, owing to race prejudice, he often finds it difficult to get employment. In so far, however, as they tend to beget in him the feeling, that that is all that he is fitted for,—to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a mere beast of burden, they may help to solve the race problem to the satisfaction of the white man, for that is his idea of what the Negro is fitted for, and the place which he should occupy in the social scale. But it will not be likely to stay solved unless the whole race can be hypnotized into the belief that that is all that it is fitted for. The majority of white people when they think of industrial schools for the Negro, think of them not only as agencies for making him efficient as a laborer, but also as somehow helping to make him content to be only a laborer, which is the attitude of mind which they wish to beget in him. The Negro, however, and it is just as well to have it understood now, once for all, is not going to be content to limit his activities or aspirations to any sphere in which any other race would not be content to be circumscribed. He wants every door of opportunity opened to him that is opened to the men of every other race. And he is not going to be satisfied with anything less.

(3) It is because in these institutions the policy has been, as understood by the white donors, by white people generally, especially the southern whites, to develop a certain type of Negro,—a Negro that is less assertive, that is less disposed to make trouble by quietly submitting to the deprivation of his rights, under the impression that somehow without any effort on his part things are going to work out all right?

Whatever the reason or reasons may be, it is clear that to such institutions Secretary Lane is looking for the solution of the race problem, for the abatement of the Negro's hatred for the white man.

The higher educational institutions he makes no mention of: they are, evidently, not in his thought. The type of Negro that these higher educational institutions are developing is not the type that is likely to be quiet under oppressive conditions, or is likely to allow the masses to be quiet under. And this is why the white man, as a general thing, doesn't think very highly of such institutions, and is little disposed to encourage them. He says, the Negro doesn't need the higher education. What he really means is, that the higher education is not only not necessary to him, but that it unfits him for the position which he thinks he ought to occupy. His whole conception of him is as an inferior, and as such to be kept in a position of inferiority. If a man is inferior, created such, why is it necessary to try to keep him down, to hedge him about with restrictions, with limitations? He will have no desire to rise; he will not rise though every possible influence should be brought to bear upon him to push him up, to make something of him. The fact that it is thought necessary to curb his ambition, to limit his aspirations, shows that this assertion of inferiority is a bare assumption which those who use it do not themselves believe to be true. It is an invention, conceived in malice for the purpose of discrediting the Negro, just as the lies that were circulated about him in France was done for the same purpose.

In answer to the question, What can be done to eliminate race hatred? raised in the interview with Secretary Lane and looked at by him purely as it respects the colored people, I have given you his answer.

II. I want now to give my answer to the same question, looked at as it pertains to the white man. It is not safe to assume, as is done by Secretary Lane, that there is nothing for the white man to do. The simple fact is, he has the most to do. The responsibility for present unfortunate conditions is mainly his. They have grown out of his conduct, and they are being kept up through his action. The Negro's responsibility is small in comparison with the white man's. The problem with the Negro is largely that of self-development; with the white man, that of getting rid of his prejudice, his race-hating spirit. This is the very first thing to be recognized in the solution of the race problem. Things are as they are because the white man wants them as they are; because he is doing nothing to make them better, but everything to keep them as they are, and to

make them even worse than they are. This may be denied, but it is true nevertheless. No denial can alter the fact.

If race hatred is ever to be eliminated, certain things are necessary on the part of the white man:—

(a) He must recognize his responsibility for present conditions. The hatred which has been engendered in the heart of the colored man, he has engendered it. It is due to his treatment of him,—his unkind, unbrotherly treatment of him. And, this has been made possible by the unfaithfulness, by the false teaching or no teaching at all in regard to the treatment which one human being owes to another, to say nothing of what the conduct of Christians should be who are supposed to be the representatives of Jesus Christ, who came to break down walls of separation and to make all men brethren. This blast from hell, in the shape of race hatred, that is cursing the country, cursing both races, to the shame of the Christian Church,—to the shame of forty millions of professing Christians, has not only been allowed to grow up, but to go on steadily increasing, not against the protest of the Church, against the active, determined opposition of the Church, but with its consent, or with its cowardly connivance.

(b) The white man must change his course towards the Negro. His whole attitude towards him must change. He must cease all his meanness, his dirty, contemptible little acts through which he vents his venom against the Negro. He must turn from his evil ways. He must come to a realization of the fact that he is created in the image of God and that the manner in which he is treating his brother in black or permitting others to treat him without a word of protest, is utterly unworthy of him, and for which, some day, he must answer at the bar of God. Here I am reminded of Tennyson's noble lines:—

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right.
 Ring in the common love of good.
 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

This call the white man must heed; this spirit the white man must catch; this is the way he must act towards his brother in black; there must be "The larger heart, the kindlier hand" if race hatred

is to be eliminated. Unless the white man changes his course, treats the Negro differently from what he is treating him, though you may plant a Hampton, a Tuskegee in every city, town, and hamlet in the land,—in every county in every State in the Union, things will go on just as they are. It is unreasonable to expect the colored man to feel kindly towards the white man as long as the white man continues to treat him as he does. It may be the part of a Christian to feel no bitterness towards those who despitefully use and persecute him, but most of the colored people are not Christians, are not even nominally Christians, and whether it is expected of them or not, it is not likely to take place.

(c) The white churches, the white Sabbath Schools, the white Endeavor societies, must become centers, not professedly so, but really centers for the propagation of Christianity, pure and simple. They must teach and live the brotherhood of man. They must cease their cowardly silence and speak out in regard to this evil, and they must back up their teaching by consistent living. They must teach the gospel of love, of brotherhood,—the brotherhood of all men. It must be taught in the churches, in the Sabbath Schools, from the pulpits, in the homes,—taught to the children so that they will grow up, not as they are growing up now to hate others because they happen to be of a different hue from themselves. In less than a generation, all this sad, painful, disgraceful condition of things could be changed, if the Church was all right, if it did its duty, if it were half trying to fulfill its mission as the salt of the earth,—as the Light of the world.

If the white man thinks that the solution of the race problem is to be brought about by the colored man accepting as a finality the brutal treatment to which he is at present subjected, he will be sadly disappointed. The colored man has no idea, not the remotest idea of accepting it as a finality: and God Almighty, who sits on the throne, is not going to allow it to be a finality. The heathen may rage, the people imagine a vain thing; but right is going to triumph, the forces of evil are going to be put down. Lowell has well said,

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page,
One lengthened roll of blood and wrong and tears,
One onward step of truth from age to age.

The only solution of this race problem, as of every other problem, is to meet it in the spirit of justice and kindness. "What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and

to walk humbly with thy God?" In no other way can it be settled; and the sooner the white man,—the sooner the white Christians of America wake up to that fact and begin in earnest to labor with a view of bringing about a spirit of justice and kindness, the sooner will this race problem be solved. It would have long since been solved if the white man had done his part, had measured up to his responsibilities. His attempt to solve it has always been on the assumption of the inferiority, the natural, inborn inferiority of the colored man,—on the assumption of a difference, a difference so wide, so radical that there can never be any such thing as real brotherly affiliation. That is where the trouble has been, in his arrogant assumption of race superiority. And, until he gets that fool notion out of his head, and gets into his heart the spirit of Jesus Christ, there will be no solution to the problem. The only thing, or the main thing that stands in the way, is this fool notion about his superiority. It was the same fool notion that made Germany for so many years a menace to the peace of the world, and that has brought her at last where she is today, in the dust.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The white man has been sowing for years, in every conceivable way, the seeds of race hatred; and, if he goes on, there can be no question as to what the harvest is sure to be. It is time, it seems to me, that all this hellish business should stop, and that a different kind of sowing should begin,—sowing seeds of kindness, of brotherhood, of love. It has been more than nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came into the world, as the Light of the world. It is a shame that with nineteen Christian centuries behind us, in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave, in these United States, claiming to be in the van of the world's progress, these awful conditions should exist,—conditions that would be a disgrace to savages, to say nothing of civilized man. The question is, shall they continue to exist? It is for the white man, for the white Christians of America to answer that question: Theirs is the responsibility. These disgraceful conditions will cease, if they want them to; otherwise they will continue.

Men of the white race, think of it! At the beginning of the twentieth century, it is America, Christian America, assuming the rôle as the enlightener of the world, that is foremost in this dirty, wicked business of fomenting, of propagating race hatred,—in showing its contempt for peoples of darker hue, and in inciting other white races

to do the same! It seems to be particularly anxious, think of it, not only to keep the Negro in what is supposed to be his place in this country, but to follow him wherever he goes and to heap upon him the same odious treatment, and to induce others to do the same. It followed him to Europe during the great war, and though he went out under the Stars and Stripes, and though he labored and fought under most trying conditions, everything was done that could be done to make him odious in the eyes of the French people!

Such conduct is worthy only of fiends, and until it is stopped the race problem, with its ever increasing bitterness, will remain to curse both races, and to curse the world. It is vain to talk about eliminating race hatred unless the white man makes up his mind to treat his brother in black as he knows he ought to be treated, and not in the way he has been treating him, and is still treating him. We had just as well face the issue squarely and not attempt to dodge it, as we have been doing,—hiding behind every miserable excuse in order to evade it.

There is but one solution to the race problem, and, it is to treat the Negro as a man and brother. It will be solved on principles laid down by Jesus Christ, or it never will be solved. The trouble is the white man has been trying to solve it in every other way, except the right way. He wants to solve it, and, at the same time hold on to his prejudices, to his fool notions, which never can be done. The fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man alone holds the solution. And whatever there is in his philosophy or crude notions that is not in harmony with this divine revelation of truth, must be given up. The white man takes upon himself a tremendous responsibility in continuing conditions as they are. Let us hope there will be an awakening; that common sense and the principle of love, of righteousness, will somehow get the ascendancy, and so shall begin the ushering in of a better day.

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THE RACE PROBLEM AS IT RESPECTS THE COLORED PEOPLE AND THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH, IN THE LIGHT OF THE DEVELOPMENTS OF
THE LAST YEAR¹

*Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name;
Make known among the peoples His doings.*—PSALM 105:1.

We have met here today, in compliance with the request of the President of the United States, to render thanks to Almighty God. That this service may be something more than a mere formality there must be something to be thankful for, and that something we must be conscious of, and conscious that we are in some sense beneficiaries. We naturally ask, therefore, in a service like this, What is there, in the year that has just passed, to be thankful for?

I. This question may be asked of us as a Nation. In attempting to answer it, I am going to mention only a few of the many things for which we should be thankful:

(1). We should be thankful that the bloody war, which for more than four years convulsed the world, and into which we were drawn, is now over. The two great opposing forces, the Allies and the Central Empires, are no longer marshalling their forces, one against the other. Things are not fully settled yet, it is true; the world is still topsy-turvy, everything is in a state of unrest; everywhere agitation in some form is going on, with no certainty as what the ultimate outcome is going to be. But the **great war precipitated** by Germany's senseless ambition for world domination, as such, is over—over, certainly for the present. And when we remember what its continuance for another year would have meant in blood and treasure, it is certainly a ground for national thanksgiving that the whole horrible business is over.

(2). We ought to be thankful also that our casualty list, due to the fact that we went late into the conflict, is much smaller than some of the other nations, certainly smaller than that of France, England, Italy, or Russia. Of the seven millions who perished, some were Americans, it is true, but not as many as of the nations that I have just mentioned. There are, in our own land, many, many homes draped in mourning; many, many sad hearts who said

¹ Delivered at a Union Thanksgiving Service held at the Plymouth Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., November 27, 1919.

good-bye to loved ones as they started for the battle fields of Europe, who will never see their loved ones again in this life. All that is mortal of them is now resting in the sacred, blood-stained soil of France. It is sad to think of these desolate homes and hearts in our own land; but how many, many more there are in other lands, caused by the same great calamity. That there are not more of these desolate homes among us is certainly a ground of national thanksgiving. There might have been a great many more.

(3). We ought to be thankful also, for another aspect of the same subject, for the large number of homes that have been made glad by the return of their loved ones—some of them badly maimed, it is true, but so many of them unhurt, and apparently in better physical condition than when they went abroad. The discipline of the army seemed to have rendered them more rugged, to have given them a more vigorous grip upon life. During this last year, during the last few months, how many have been made glad—fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, friends, by the return of their loved ones.

(4). We ought to be thankful also that we were enabled to render some substantial aid in arresting, and, for the time being at least, overthrowing the effort on the part of Germany to fasten upon the world its iron heel of military autocracy. There are grave reasons to doubt whether the Allies, unassisted by the United States, could have overthrown Germany. The indications were when we entered the war that the Allies were very near exhausted, and that without aid from over this side of the water they would not have been able to hold out much longer. And while that may have been also true of the Central Powers, without our aid, even if the contest had ended in a drawn battle, the principle underlying the great struggle would still have been unsettled, the conflict between autocracy and democracy. Our going into it threw the balance in favor of democracy. And for this we ought to be thankful. If we had stayed out and allowed the nations of Europe to wage the great war alone, it would have been to our everlasting shame—conduct utterly unworthy of our traditions, of our avowed principles, and of our boast of being the great champion of democracy, though in perfect accord with our practice, as seen in the treatment which we accord to our twelve million colored citizens.

II. Leaving now the thought of the Nation as a whole: we are here also, not only as American citizens, but as colored American citizens—as citizens, and yet not citizens—citizens with rights guaranteed to us in the Constitution, but with those rights but very imperfectly recognized. On an occasion like this, it is well for us, therefore, to ask ourselves the question, What reason or reasons have we, as an oppressed, aggrieved, circumscribed class in this country, in the midst of this great white population, to be thankful during the past year? Are there any reasons, any things as a race, in the events or happenings of the last year, for which we should be thankful?

Notwithstanding many discouragements that meet us almost everywhere and every day; notwithstanding lynchings the crowning glory of American democracy, still goes on unchecked; notwithstanding race prejudice has grown and is growing with a rapidity unparalleled before, not only in the wide extent of it over the country, but also in its virulence; notwithstanding there is no abatement of segregation in the departments of the general Government under the, shall I say, humane and Christian leadership of our good President who has been so awfully afraid that the heart of the world will be broken if something wasn't done pretty soon for the oppressed millions in other lands: notwithstanding the race riots that have disgraced the land; notwithstanding, I say, these discouragements and others, there are, in the midst of the gloom and darkness, some things for which we should be thankful. And among them:

(a). The evidences of a growing sense, within the race, that it has rights under the Constitution, and of the value and importance of those rights in a republic like this. There was a time when there was a disposition even on the part of some of our leaders to pooh-pooh the idea of our rights; that, it was said, if we concerned ourselves about our duties, our rights would take care of themselves; that when we were worthy of them, they would come to us unsolicited. Thank God that time has passed. Nobody now with a particle of sense or self-respect talks such nonsense. As a race we are not insensible of our duties, nor are we averse to the consideration of our duties. I think the colored man is about as anxious to do his duty as the white man is; neither of them seems to be overburdened with a sense of what Carlyle calls the

everlasting yea, and the everlasting nay—with a sense of the binding force of moral obligation. It is well for both races to give attention, and very close attention, to what each ought to do, to be ever looking out for, and to be ever pursuing, the straight and narrow way of what is true, just, pure, lovely and of good report.

No one attaches greater importance to the idea of duty than I do. For years I have loved, as I have loved few poems in the English language, and have read almost oftener than I have any other, Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty":

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who are a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who are victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

So have I also for years admired Tennyson's noble lines to the great Duke, "The path of duty is the way to glory."

While it is important for us as individuals and as a race to keep steadily before us the path of duty, turning neither to the right nor to the left; it is no less important that we should keep also just as steadily before us, what our rights are, which means simply that we shall not lose sight of the fact that we are human beings and American citizens, and that as such we are entitled to be treated in a certain way—to enjoy the same rights, the same privileges, that other citizens enjoy, to be accorded the same considerations, neither more nor less than are accorded to others. A man, white or black, living in a community, who is unconcerned about his rights, who doesn't care how he is treated, is lacking in self-respect, and is worthy of no better treatment than he is sure to get. A man who doesn't respect himself can hardly expect others to respect him. And therefore this matter of rights is a vital one, not only to the individual, but to the race. There can be no falling down here, no quiet acquiescence in the deprivation of our rights without serious injury to the race in its character building, and in its efforts to forge forward. We must not forget, both for ourselves and for the sake of the white race, that we have rights; that as American citizens we are entitled to the same treatment as other citizens. Never mind who preaches another gospel, this is the

gospel that we must never forget. And, one of the encouraging things of the year—one of the things for which we should be particularly thankful, is the manifest growth of sentiment in this respect within the race. No previous year, it seems to me, has shown such a decided advance in the race's consciousness of what it is entitled to as a part of the body politic, as a part of the community. Heretofore there has been among the leaders, among the radical leaders, a vivid consciousness of the fact that we were not getting what we are entitled to as men, and as American citizens. And this group has been steadily growing, so that there are more colored newspapers and more prominent colored people speaking out today in behalf of our rights than ever before. The truckler, the time-serving type of leaders is growing steadily less, and the other, the manly, self-respecting type, is growing steadily larger and larger, for which we should be thankful. The point, particularly, however, to which I am calling attention is as to the growth of this sentiment among the masses of the colored people. More interest has been manifested by a larger number of colored people, covering a larger area of territory, than in any previous year that I can recall. Never before has there been such a wide-spread interest on the part of the race as a whole in regard to its rights. There are more colored people thinking about their rights today than ever before. They are alive, wide awake, as never before: are not only interested in their rights as never before, but back of their interest there is a purpose, a resolute determination that is also new, and that will some day have to be reckoned with. Any one who is at all in touch with Negro thought and sentiment, with what is going on among colored people all over the country, cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that this matter of their rights is gripping them now as never before in all their past history. You see it in the large number of organizations that are coming into being, whose specific object is the securing of our rights and the increased activity of those already in existence; you see it in the number of meetings that are being held with this object in view: you see it in the nature of the declarations that are made at great public gatherings and by organizations of one kind or another, even where they are not specifically organized for securing our rights. Thus in the great meeting of the Colored Knights of Pythias at Atlantic City in August, the head of that organization,

Major General Robert R. Jackson, in an address which he delivered before that body said: "Dollars or other material gains count for little compared to the realization of our sacred constitutional rights in the mighty struggle in which we, a suffering people, now are enlisted. This is no common task. It is a gigantic struggle and should be accepted by all."

How different that sounds from what used to be said years ago. The emphasis then used to be laid on material things, on the getting of farms and bank accounts as of paramount importance. Now, what do we hear? "Dollars and other material gains count for little compared to the realization of our sacred constitutional rights." And what he says is true. Of what value are material gains if we have no rights which white men are bound to respect; if we can be shot down, murdered, burnt to death, our property destroyed with impunity? The founders of our great Republic saw very clearly the place which rights should occupy and the importance of keeping the thought ever in mind, for they placed in the Declaration of Independence the immortal statement: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Material gains certainly counted for but little with the founders of the Republic without the enjoyment of rights. And yet some of us are fools enough to decry agitation for our rights. Did I say fools? Yes, that is the only word that expresses it.

Continuing, the speaker at the Atlantic City meeting goes on: "Let me say to the world that the twelve million people of our race kept the fires of Americanism burning. Let us keep them burning until we burn up every Jim Crow sign and every Jim Crow car in this country." And that is the way every manly, self-respecting Negro feels.

This extract that I have given from Gen. Jackson's address is but a sample of how the colored people are speaking and thinking today, but a sample of what is going on to an extent never before equaled. And for it, I say, we ought to be thankful to Almighty God. And thankful because it is one of the hopeful signs of a better day. And it is hopeful because whatever may be said about

patiently waiting for our oppressors of their own volition to give us our rights, the simple fact is, a fact confirmed by all experience, as long as we ourselves are willing to be deprived of our rights; as long as we ourselves are inactive in securing our rights, as long as we ourselves are not thoroughly alive to the value and importance of these rights, we will never get them. The more we ourselves are interested in securing them, the sooner they will come. Don't let us fool ourselves here; don't let us imagine for a moment that our rights are going to be secured in any other way except mainly through our own exertions, assisted, of course, by our white friends, but principally through our own efforts. We must bear the burden mainly, and must feel most keenly the responsibility of bringing it about, if the obstacles that now bar our way are to be removed. Our white friends have been of great service to us, and can still be; but we must, in ever increasing measure, come to realize that the more we rely upon ourselves the stronger we will become, and the sooner will we reach the goal. This widespread and ever-increasing interest in our rights, civil and political, is therefore a most hopeful sign, and one that should bring joy to all of our hearts. This kind of thing can't be going on as it has been going on for the past year, within the race, without producing some very positive results, and results not unfavorable to the race. When the white man comes to realize that the Negro is a man just as he is, having the same capacities, the same desires, the same aspiration, the same desire to be respected as he has; and that what he, under like conditions, would not be willing to submit to, the Negro is not going permanently to submit to, he will see the folly of attempting to proscribe him, to segregate him, to set him apart in a sphere by himself, and so stop his foolish, senseless, wicked opposition.

(2). Side by side with this growing interest, on the part of the race in securing its rights, there is another thing for which we should also be thankful as we think of the developments of the last year; and that is the evident purpose of the race, which has never before so clearly revealed itself as during the past few months, no longer to accept quietly, no longer to submit quietly to the acts of violence that a certain class of whites have felt free to inflict upon them, knowing that those in authority would never call them to account, and because of their numbers there would be no danger

of being hurt by the victim or victims of their violence. Thank God that time has passed! The Negro has come at last, after years of patient suffering; after years of patient waiting for the civil authorities, both state and national, to throw around him the strong arm of official protection, to the realization of the fact, that there is such a thing as self-protection—a right, inherent in every human being, a right, God-given, God conferred, and a right to be exercised when there is no other way of escaping the danger which threatens. This law of nature, by circumstances over which he has had no control, has been forced upon his attention as his last and only refuge in the midst of a set of savages. And he has now made up his mind, and that mind is becoming more and more the mind of an ever-increasing number of the race, that since this great white race with all the machinery of government in its hands will not protect him, he will protect himself. Notice what I am saying, PROTECT himself. It is not his purpose to become the aggressor; but when he is assaulted it is no longer his purpose to fold his arms and allow the mob to shoot him down, to burn his home, and destroy his property; he is going to do what he can to protect himself and family, even though he may lose his own life in so doing. Even where a Negro commits an offense, the most heinous, he has a right to the protection of the law—a right to be tried and his guilt established according to the forms of law, and, if found guilty, to be punished by those who are officially entrusted with the execution of the law, and not by irresponsible mobs.

This new spirit that is taking possession of the Negro is very clearly and forcibly brought out by Claude McKay, one of the real poets of the race, in a little poem of his, entitled, "If We Must Die." It was published in the July number of the *Liberator*, and is as follows:

If we must die—let it not be like hogs,
 Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
 While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
 Making their mock at our accursed lot.
 If we must die—oh, let us nobly die,
 So that our precious blood may not be shed
 In vain; then even the monsters we defy
 Shall be constrained to honor us though dead
 Oh, kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
 Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,

And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
 What though before us lies the open grave?
 Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
 Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting back.

There is no mistaking the spirit reflected in this poem that comes straight from the heart. It has been a long time coming, but it has come at last, as is evident from all the recent race riots.

In an article, written by Mr. Charles Edward Russell, on the Chicago race riot, in the October number of *Reconstruction*, I was particularly struck with this paragraph:

“Throughout the disturbances it was noted that the Negroes did not run. They were expected to run, but did not. They stood and fought, often with astonishingly cool and desperate courage.”

In the November issue of the *Crisis* I find also these words, part of a letter written by a colored woman from the South:

“A week ago an old friend of mine whom I had not seen for twenty years came to see me. After talking of old school days and friends, both of us asking and answering many questions, my friend asked, ‘And what did you think of the Washington and Chicago riots?’

“When I had answered that question she said, ‘I wish you would send that answer to the *Crisis*, just as you have told it to me, so that our men may know how we women have felt and how we feel now.

“I said this: ‘The Washington riot gave me the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. I was alone when I read between the lines of the morning paper that at last our men had stood like men, struck back, were no longer dumb, driven cattle. When I could no longer read for my streaming tears, I stood up, alone in my room, held both hands high over my head and exclaimed aloud, ‘Oh, I thank God, thank God!’ When I remembered anything after this, I was prone on my bed, beating the pillow with both fists, laughing and crying, whimpering like a whipped child, for sheer gladness and madness. The pent-up humiliation, grief and horror of a lifetime—half a century—was being stripped from me.’ ”

The Negro is no longer running as he used to do. A new spirit is taking possession of him. He is now standing; and will stand in his own defense in the future. And the men are not standing alone, the women are back of them.

This change in his mental and moral attitude towards his assailants is, I say, a ground for thanksgiving; and for the simple reason, when the white man gets firmly fixed in his mind, as he will after a few sad experiences, that the Negro is not going to run, but is going to defend himself, there won't be so many lynchings: there will be a growing disposition to allow the law to take its course, to act like civilized beings, and not like savages. These men who go in crowds to lynch a lone Negro are all cowards. Not one of them would go if he thought there was any danger of his being harmed, or of his losing his life. The firm resolve on the part of the Negro to protect himself is the only way now, so far as I can see, that seems to offer any hope of checking this spirit of lawlessness that is rampant in the South, and that is steadily spreading all over the country. The United States Government, as well as the State governments, have no wish to suppress such outrages, judging from the mild, the pusillanimous manner in which they deal with them, or else they are powerless to do so, which is not true. It is not from lack of power, but from lack of disposition on the part of most of the public officials, as well as of the people who are responsible for the election of and continuance of such officials. When lynchings become so dangerous that those who take part in them can hardly hope to escape unscathed, there will be less disposition to engage in them. The Negro ought therefore to be encouraged, as long as the State is powerless to protect him, or is unwilling to protect him, to protect himself not only for his own sake, but also for the sake of the community; for a spirit of lawlessness is a disgrace to any community. And whatever helps to prevent that disgrace or to restore ordered government in the community is or ought to be a ground for thanksgiving. We ought to rejoice therefore because of this new force which is now coming into play, in what has hitherto seemed a hopeless situation.

(3). There is still one other thing that I want to mention in the events of the past year for which, as a race, we ought to be thankful: I refer to the appeal that has been sent out by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

Much time, we are told, was given to a full and free discussion of the racial situation, out of which came this address, which represents, we are told, "the thought of these leaders, and the deliberative judgment of the Administrative Committee of the Federal

Council of the Churches of Christ in America." This Federal Council of Churches represents practically all of the Protestant churches in the United States and therefore the great bulk of white Christians.

I want to quote a few paragraphs from this address and then follow with some observations on the address as a whole. It begins :

"The recent race conflicts in some of our cities challenge the attention of the Churches of Jesus Christ to their responsibility respecting an amicable adjustment of race relations in America.

"The present situation is a challenge to the churches charged with the promotion of the brotherhood of man, which look upon all men as entitled to a footing of equality of opportunity. This calls for preaching the duty of economic and community justice for the colored man, thus securing peace and good will between the races. Beyond all else the present situation calls for confession on the part of Christian men and women of failure to live up to the standard of universal brotherhood taught by Jesus Christ.

"The actual practice of the principles of brotherhood can prevent race conflicts and nothing else will. The Church must offer ideals, the programme and the leadership in this crisis. The Church must meet its obligation, or leadership will pass not only to secular agencies, economic or socialistic, but to forces that are destructive of civilization."

The simple fact is, it is already passing to forces that are destructive of civilization. These forces and agencies have been actively at work, while the Church has been looking idly on.

The address continues :

"We must confess that the church and its ministry, as related to the welfare of the colored people, has been too little inspired by the fundamental principles and ideals of Jesus Christ. Communities that have expressed horror over atrocities abroad, have seen, almost unmoved and silent, men beaten, hanged and burned by the mob."

It then goes on to outline a programme embracing some eight different items, all of which are important, and which, if carried out, will result in great good, in bettering immensely, present conditions. I am not going to stop, however, to discuss this very excellent programme, to take up the separate items embraced in it.

Time will not permit. There are one or two things in regard to it, however, to which I do desire at this time to direct attention as specially significant, and as forming a ground for thanksgiving on our part, as a race.

(1). This address, coming as it does from the representatives of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, shows that the so-called Christian church in this country, that white American Christianity, has at last awakened to a realization of the fact that the religion of Jesus Christ has something to do with this race question in this country. It has been so difficult, difficult to get our white brethren to see that it had. For years I have been hammering away at it, endeavoring in every possible way to arouse them from their stupor, from their insensibility, their blindness, on this matter. I have spoken on it; I have written on it; I have sent articles to religious journals on it; I have published tracts and circulated them on it, all with this end in view. The very first time Rev. Billy Sunday was announced to visit our city, before he began his revival campaign here, I wrote him: I said to him, "I notice you are to be in our city, Race prejudice is rampant in this city; it flaunts itself everywhere. Has Christianity no message on the subject? Is this evil, this ever-growing evil that is doing almost more than anything else to destroy the self-respect and to increase the burdens of ten millions of colored people in this country, to go unrebuked by the representatives of religion? Will you not say a word on the subject while you are in our midst? I notice that you have been striking with sledge-hammer blows some of the great evils of today—intemperance, impurity, gambling, the lust for gold, frivolity, political corruption, the tobacco habit, and the like. Will it be asking too much of you to turn for a moment to this gigantic evil, RACE PREJUDICE, and deal it also one of those sledge-hammer blows? It is difficult to get anyone to speak on the subject. All seem to be afraid."

After the close of a great BIBLE CONFERENCE in our city, the purpose of which was to magnify the Bible and Christianity, at which there were several distinguished men, not only from our own country, but from abroad, I wrote an article to the *New York Independent*, which, however, was not published; it was after that intrepid leader and tried friend of the race, Dr. William Hayes Ward, ceased to be connected with the paper. It was afterwards

published in tract form and widely circulated. In that article, among other things, I said:

“The colored people here, after such a conference, after such a flood of light upon the Word of God from so many eminent preachers and teachers, ought to see the effect of it in lessening race prejudice, in creating a more friendly feeling towards them; but it will have no such effect. Race prejudice will be just as strong, just as pronounced and aggressive in the community and in the churches as before. The wonderful enthusiasm with which these meetings were attended, in view of the little effect which they will have upon the moral and spiritual life of the community, makes them seem almost like a farce. The best way to teach people the value of the Bible and of Christianity is not by holding Bible conferences, but by living the truths of the Bible, by exemplifying the spirit of its Founder. The cause of Christianity and of the Bible is not to be helped by verbal eulogies, but by eloquent examples of Christly living.

“Of what value is a Bible conference in a community, cursed by race prejudice, that begins and closes with not one word on the subject? If it were a little evil, hid out of sight, scarcely perceptible, there might be some excuse; but when it stinks to heaven, when it flaunts itself everywhere, when the very churches are full of it, what possible excuse can there be for silence? Think of a Bible conference aiming to magnify the Bible and Christianity, and yet afraid to deal with one of the greatest evils in the land today! Instead of magnifying the Bible and Christianity, it is the best way to bring them into contempt. The whole thing looks like a sham, a make-believe effort with no real, earnest, honest purpose of carrying out the principles of Christianity. We need everywhere, not Bible conferences that will pass over in silence a sin like race prejudice, but Bible conferences that will lift up a standard for the people; that will cry aloud and spare not.”

Only last summer, in an article on the race riots, that was published in *The Evening Bulletin* at Philadelphia, I said:

“The thing that astonishes me most is that this vile treatment of colored people goes on, and goes on unchecked, in democratic and Christian America. What becomes of our boast of making the world safe for democracy? Where are the forty million professing Christians in this land? The so-called Christian Church, that

ought to have the greatest influence in moulding public sentiment in the right direction; that ought to be the greatest militant force against evil (and what greater evil is there than race prejudice?) is resting on its arms, is doing nothing, or comparatively nothing to arrest the evil and to lift up the true standard of brotherhood. We talk about sending missionaries abroad to convert the heathen, where is there in all the world a greater field for Christian missionaries of the right stamp than here in these United States? If every church in this land could be made a missionary center, as it should be, and every minister and Sunday school teacher and church official would become real missionaries after the pattern of Jesus Christ, for one year only, I cannot help feeling that there would be a decided change for the better all over the land. The trouble is the church itself is in the grip of this awful race-hating spirit, and, unfortunately, and to its shame, is doing little or nothing to counteract this evil, but is throwing the weight of its influence rather in favor of it."

And so I might go on, filling page after page with things that I have been saying on the subject for years. And resulting in what? In simply getting myself written down by the whites as a fanatic, as a man who is clamoring for social equality, as a pessimist, as one who is all the time looking on the dark side. I received a letter once from a man by the name of the Rev. Sol. C. Dickey, D. D., the leading spirit in Winona Park, a great religious center in the West, in which he said: "I wish you would let me know what you consider the Negro problem, and if you really insist on social equality, by which is meant inter-marriage of the races." My reply to him, in part, was: "Why do you ask that question? Have you ever seen any statement of mine, in any shape or form, intimating in any way that such a thought was even remotely in my mind? Instead of facing the issue squarely that is involved in this so-called Negro question, and handling it fearlessly in the light of Christian principles, the whole tendency is to evade the question, to dodge the issue, as you are doing by mixing it up with the matter of social equality and the inter-marriage of the races. A Christian man ought to be ashamed to deal with a great issue like this in the pusillanimous spirit in which you are attempting to deal with it. Isn't it time to end this pitiable exhibition of weakness and cowardice." I never heard from him afterwards.

There used to be a man connected with Howard University—he may still be connected with it—in many respects a very good man, who, after reading one of my tracts (it was handed to him by one of the colored professors), said, “Grimké used to be a very nice fellow, but he seems in these late years to have gotten soured for some reason.” Instead of weighing carefully what I was saying in the tract which he read, in dealing with the subject of race prejudice, all that he could see in it was that I was getting soured, which simply meant that I didn’t see things as he saw them, which simply meant that the prejudice against which I was complaining and which I asserted was contrary to Christian principle, to the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ, he didn’t object to, nor did he see any inconsistency between it and the principles of the Christianity in which he believed.

And that, unfortunately, has been the attitude of the so-called Christian Church all along. Its record on the race question has been anything but creditable to it. The weight of its great influence has been steadily thrown in favor of race discrimination. It has never attempted in any serious way to register its disapproval. Its representatives in the pulpits of the land have, mostly, been silent on the subject. The whole matter of the relation of the races has been ignored by the church, or treated as a matter with which Christianity had no necessary connection. So that the intolerable treatment to which colored people are subjected, the humiliating and debasing discriminations have not only gone on unrebuked by the church, but among those who practice these discriminations, who are guilty of these meannesses, are to be found in large numbers, members of Christian churches. And where they are not, they are rarely or never rebuked by those who are church members about them. The simple fact is the masses of so-called Christian people are the very ones who are the guilty parties, or who quietly acquiesce in what others are doing, and so are, in a measure, responsible for conditions as they at present exist, and have existed for a long time.

And this has arisen from the fact that the Church has never seriously sought to guide the people aright in this matter, to give them the proper instruction, from the pulpit and in the Sabbath school in the great principle of brotherhood, in the proper relation that should exist between man and man, regardless of race or

color. It has simply been afraid to touch the subject, and because of its cowardice, its unfaithfulness to the plain teaching of the Word of God, it more than any other single agency, is responsible for present conditions, for the unfortunate race relations now existing in this country and which has now reached such a crisis that something will have to be done.

Such has been its past record ; but now what do I see? If I may judge from the tenor of this address, sent out by the representatives of practically the whole of white Protestant Christianity in this country, it looks as if the scales are really beginning at last to fall from the eyes of the church; and that it means, in the future, to be true to its great mission as the representative of Jesus Christ on the earth; as the fearless and uncompromising exponent of Christian principles and ideals; as the living representative of a brotherhood that knows no man by the color of his skin, or by his race identity. It looks that way, I say; that is what it seems to mean.

And, if that is what it really means; if this noble declaration of principle is to be followed by a campaign of education, begun at once, and carried on in all the churches, in all the Sabbath schools, in all the endeavor societies, in all the homes, represented in all these churches included in the Federal Council of Churches in America, in every city, town, hamlet, village, and rural district, with a view of realizing in the actual every-day life of the people the principles and ideals of Christianity set forth in this address, then is there not only reason for us as a race to rejoice, but a ground of rejoicing and thanksgiving for all, white as well as black. A great organization like the Christian Church cannot address itself seriously to the solution of any problem without bettering conditions. It is the best, the most fitting instrument to deal with this race problem, as with every other problem, if it will only be true, and true always to Christian ideals and principles, giving itself no concern as to results. Whatever the results may be, whatever consequences may flow from loyalty to the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ, will always be in the line of progress, will always be to the best interest of the individual and of the community. All it needs to be concerned about, if it is to fulfill its high mission as the light of the world, as the salt of the earth, is to see to it that it

turns a deaf ear to every other voice except the voice of God, and that it goes forward fearlessly, courageously under its direction. And, it looks, as I have said, as if this is about what it has made up its mind to do.

In reading recently Dr. Cornelius H. Patton's admirable volume, *World Facts and America's Responsibility*, I was very much impressed, deeply touched, by a paragraph which occurs in the chapter entitled, "The East and the West Fight for a Common Cause." This is the paragraph:

"Nothing that came out of France is more reassuring than that extract from a letter of an American Negro soldier to his mother at home, which caught the eye of a thoughtful censor and so was given to the public. What he said was this: 'I tell you, mammy, they treat us fine. There's plenty of fighting, but we's jest as good as anybody else. We don't ever know we's black unless we look in the glass.' Still better is this incident from our own Southland. In a certain aristocratic home of the South when the colored houseboy entered the Army, in recognition of the event, the lady of the house hung a service flag in the kitchen window, having previously hung a service flag in the parlor window in honor of her son's enlistment. Later the son returned home and inquired what the flag in the kitchen meant. When he was told that it stood for Jim, their servant, he said, 'Mother, no service flag shall hang in the kitchen of this house. Jim and I are fighting side by side in this war.' And, taking the colored servant's flag, he placed it in the parlor window beside his own."

After I had finished reading these lines I said to myself, That is just as it should be. As that American Negro soldier and his comrades were treated fine by the French people; as they were made to feel that they were as good as anybody else; as they were never made conscious of the color of their skins, so ought it to be in this country. Every American citizen, white or black, ought to be made to feel, and would be made to feel, if America lived up to its professed democratic principles, the same sense of equality as every French citizen feels, white or black, with nothing in any part of the French Republic to remind them of anything different.

And so the spirit exhibited by this white southern aristocrat in refusing to permit a distinction to be drawn between himself and the colored man who had been a servant in his family, since they

were both American citizens, and were both fighting side by side under the same flag, is the new spirit that must take the place of the old Bourbon spirit represented by his mother. Under the flag there must be no distinction between citizens, based on race or color. Men who fight side by side under the same flag, and upon whom the same duties and responsibilities are imposed, there never can be any good or sufficient reason why the one should be accorded rights, privileges not accorded to the other. Duties and responsibilities of citizens cannot be made the same, without according to each the same rights and privileges, except by an act of injustice, by the exercise of arbitrary and despotic power.

These two incidents clearly indicate what the problem is which confronts us in this country in dealing with this race question. And, if the Church is worth its salt; if it means business; if these declarations, as embodied in this address to the country, are not mere camouflage, but the expression of a real, earnest purpose on its part to live out the principles and ideals of Christianity as set forth in the life, character and teachings of Jesus Christ, in the course of time there is bound to be a decided change for the better. There would have been a change long ago for the better if the Church had done its duty, if it had not, in so many respects, played false to its great Head and to its avowed principles. But I must stop. I have spoken quite long enough.

We can all, I am sure, not only as American citizens, but as colored Americans, lift up our hearts today in gratitude to God. We thank Him, that the great war is over; we thank Him, that so few of our soldiers, as compared with other countries, perished during the great conflict; we thank Him for the many homes in our land that have been made glad by the return of loved ones out of the blood and smoke of battle; we thank Him for the part which, as a nation, we were permitted to play in the momentous struggle between autocracy and democracy in the great world contest.

And we thank Him also and especially for the clear and unmistakable evidences of a growing, ever-deepening interest of the race in its rights—in the estimate it puts upon them; we thank Him for the new spirit that is taking possession of the race—the spirit that is no longer running away from its assailants, but is now standing in its own defence, since the law is powerless to defend it, or is unwilling to do so; we thank Him that the so-called

Christian Church in this land is at last awaking to a sense of its shortcomings, and of its responsibilities in properly expounding and in worthily living out the principles of Christianity. For all these things we thank Him.

And, as a race, in the future as in the past, as an expression of our gratitude to Him, let us resolve to continue unfalteringly to trust Him and His Son, Jesus Christ, remembering, never forgetting the great truth,

Except the Lord build the house,
They labor in vain that build it:
Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

Whatever other races may do, or other individuals may do, let us make up our minds that we will serve the Lord, and that we will train our children to do the same. Linked with God; yielding ourselves in loving obedience to God, the gates of hell, all the powers of darkness, in high places as well as low places, will not be able to prevail against us; we will still be pressing on the upward way, as we have been doing ever since Lincoln's great Emancipation Proclamation was issued and the three great war amendments to the Constitution were ratified.

Let us be thankful; let us be ever praising the Lord!

22

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

ITS VALUE—ITS AIMS—ITS CLAIMS¹

After reading two letters, one from the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. in Washington City and the other from the general office in New York City, both having reference to the Membership Drive and the Anti-lynching Crusade, Dr. Grimké spoke as follows:

I need not say I am in hearty sympathy with this appeal.

(1). Because of the source from which it comes. It comes from what I regard as the one, big, effective organization in this

¹ Delivered in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., April 24, 1921.

country today that has for its object the maintenance of or safeguarding our rights, civil and political, as American citizens, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It is a live organization, animated by a steady, unfaltering purpose, and equipped, not as well as it might be, for it is hampered for lack of means, but better equipped than any other organization, or than all others put together, to do effective work.

It has competent leadership,—men and women of brains, of education,—men and women who think clearly, who, from an intellectual and educational standpoint, are fully able to meet the ablest opponents in the ranks of the enemy. Men and women, not only of brains, but race-loving, who feel deeply the wrongs from which we are suffering, who are in earnest, who can not and will not be satisfied with anything less than a full-fledged American citizenship,—men and women, who, in the language of Mr. Garrison, “will not equivocate, will not excuse, will not retreat a single inch, and will be heard.” The National Association, in this respect, represents, in my judgment, more of the real spirit of the old Anti-Slavery Society than any other organization now in existence. It has not only competent leadership—men of brains, of conviction, of steadfast purpose—but also a powerful organ through which to give expression to its convictions. I refer to *The Crisis*, a magazine that is now known all over the country as the organ of this National Association, and is more widely read by the whites, friends as well as foes, than any other of our race journals. It is to the *Crisis* now that the white people mainly look when they want to find out what the colored people are thinking about; what their aims and aspirations are; what they are planning and purposing. It occupies a more commanding position in the thought of the nation than any other Negro publication. And at the head of it is one of our foremost scholars and thinkers—a man that is eminently fitted to express clearly and forcibly the aspirations of the race.

So that in this National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the race has an effective and efficient instrument for voicing its protests, for fighting its battles, for facing the enemy. All it needs now is to be strengthened, is for the race to stand back of it in an ever-enlarging membership, and in ever-increasing contributions to its treasury in order to enable it to

do adequately all of the many and great things it has set before it for accomplishment.

(2). I am in sympathy with this appeal, because I am an American citizen; my citizenship may be denied, but that doesn't alter the fact that I am an American citizen and as such cannot but be interested in the good name of this country, which because of lawlessness, and especially one form of lawlessness that has done and is doing almost more than anything else to discredit it in the eyes of the civilized world—I refer to the spirit of the mob that has become so widely prevalent within our borders, especially in the Southern section of it—a spirit that defies all constituted authority; that, without trial, without judge or jury, seizes men and women whose guilt has not been established by due process of law and puts them to death, and often in the most barbarous, most brutal ways—whole communities rising up and taking part in breaking down the safeguards of civilization, in setting aside the ordered processes of civil government. America stands alone among civilized nations in the frequency and brutality of such uprisings, such willful and wanton disregard of law. No decent, self-respecting American can face a record like that and not blush with shame for his country, and not feel humiliated, and not sincerely wish that things might be different; yea, more, and not make up his mind that it shall be different if he can in any way help to remedy the evil. And so, as an American citizen, I say I am in sympathy with the purport of these letters.

(3). I am in sympathy also with this appeal for another reason. I am not only an American citizen, but a colored American citizen, and as such am doubly interested, because this spirit of the mob vents itself mainly against the members of my race. As a colored man, therefore, in addition, I want this mob spirit checked, an end put to it, because your life, my life, the life of every member of this race is in constant danger from it. Under the slightest provocation, or without any provocation our lives are liable to be snuffed out at any moment. No member of our race, either as to life or property, is safe in any community where the mob spirit prevails, as it does all over the South, and as the great mass of our people are in the South, we all ought to be interested in this appeal for our own sake and for the sake of the millions of our brethren below Mason and Dixon's line.

(4). There is also another reason why I am in sympathy with this appeal, because I believe in God Almighty and in the great moral laws which He has prescribed for our government. One of those laws, as set forth in the Sixth Commandment, is, "Thou shalt do no murder." And this mob spirit that is so rampant in this country is in direct violation of this Sixth Commandment: it is murder, and murder in its most flagrant form, of which it is guilty. No one can believe in God, can have a spark of true religion in his heart, and not wish to have this horrid record of lynching stopped. It is bad enough when one individual brews his hand in his brother's blood, but when whole communities rise up and join in the murderous assaults, how much more appalling, how much deeper is the stain, the disgrace which it brings upon the community, the state, the nation. It calls attention to a condition, a moral condition, that should give serious thought to the right-thinking people, not only in the localities where such things occur, but to all the people, in every other section, for sooner or later, if the evil is not remedied, it will spread to other sections and, sooner or later, the whole nation will become involved in the evil consequences, as it has already become so far as its good name is concerned.

This appeal comes to us today from this great National Association, an Association which represents more fully than any other, our aspirations as a race, as American citizens, for civil and political equality in this land, and is better equipped than any other to lead in this matter. And what is it that it is asking us to do?

(a). That we will stand back of it in the effort that it is making to create a public sentiment that will stamp out this spirit of the mob; that will stop these horrid lynchings that have been going on for years and that are still going on almost every day, certainly every week in the year. I do not know whether we fully realize what the National Association has done, and is still doing, to educate, to enlighten, to keep before the American people the facts as they really exist. In ways innumerable, this campaign of education it has been carrying on. And we are beginning now to see the effect of what this Association has been doing. Unquestionably, a change for the better is beginning to be seen. Even in the South itself a very strong sentiment is growing up against mob violence. The better thinking people of the South are beginning

to be ashamed of it: there is no longer the disposition on the part of many to justify it, or to condone or excuse it. Some are very outspoken against it, deploring it under all circumstances. The *San Antonio Express*, e.g., in speaking of the annual record of lynchings in the United States as made public by the Tuskegee Institute, speaks of it as "The most damnable record in all the statistics of human affairs." It then goes on and gives the record of the people lynched and the states in which they were put to death: Texas, 10; Georgia, 9; Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, each 7; California, Minnesota, North Carolina, Oklahoma, each 3; Arkansas, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, each 1." It continues: "It goes without saying that the law has not been and is not being enforced against those who, as members of mobs, ruthlessly breach the statutes on murder and other crimes involved in lynching. Judges, grand juries, prosecutors, peace officers of courts that have been directly and terribly outraged by the lynching of prisoners who had come into their keeping and jurisdiction, have not brought to justice these other murderous enemies to society and organized government, to law and order—the lynchers. The lynchers have gone on piling worse crime and savagery upon the crime and savagery of their victims—unchecked."

It goes on: "The state government must act. It must contrive not only to punish the lyncher, the mobbist, but also to remove from office—for dangerous dereliction in his sworn, solemn duty under the constitution and laws of Texas—any peace officer, prosecutor, judge, who fails or refuses to proceed against these criminals to the genuine limit of his legal power and his capability."

In *Harvey's Weekly* of last week, under the heading, "American Savageries," these words occur:

"Peonage and lynching go hand in hand. They are twin sisters in infamy. They are a shame and a disgrace not only to the particular communities where they occur, but to the entire country. This kind of lawlessness must end. Not only the peonage murderers, but the mob murderers and lynchers must be taught that laws in these United States mean something; and the only way that lesson can be taught is by remorselessly hunting down, trying convicting, and hanging every scoundrel guilty of them. When

that is done, when there is a general awakening in the Lynch Law Bill along these lines, then, and not until then, shall we be on the way towards making these savageries cease."

It is gratifying also to see that, for the first time in many years, the President of the United States deemed it of sufficient importance, in his recent message to Congress, to direct attention to it. You will recall his words: "Congress ought to wipe the stain of barbaric lynching from the banners of a free and orderly, representative democracy."

It all shows that the spirit of the mob is attracting serious attention on the part of the better thinking people of the nation, and the feeling is growing that some positive, definite action will have to be taken, either by the states or the nation, to put a stop to it.

This change that is taking place is due, I believe, in no small degree to the steady and persistent manner in which the National Association has kept on, in season and out of season, hammering away at it, keeping the facts before the public and compelling attention by its persistency, by its steady appeal to the conscience of the nation, to its sense of right, of justice, of simple humanity, to say nothing of Christianity. It has done in this way incalculable good; and as time goes on, more and more we will see the effects of this process of enlightenment which it has so fearlessly and intelligently conducted, and is still conducting.

(b). Another thing that this Association is asking us to do in these letters is that we stand behind it with our prayers. I am quoting from the second letter: "We are asking that you and your congregation hold a service of prayer at noon on that day, i.e., today, the 24th of April. At that hour will you and your congregation join with other churches all over this land in praying:

"That God will trouble the conscience of White America over the wrongs done the Negro, so that the nation may be moved to equity.

"That this country may be brought to a realization that so long as it tolerates these wrongs, the denial of equal opportunity, the denial of equal protection under the law, the slavery of peonage, and the burning of human beings at the stake, it stands as the arch sinner among the nations, and its protestations of democracy are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I am glad, very glad, that this note, calling for prayer, is introduced into this appeal, for it has been said at times by some not friendly to the Association that it has been rather inclined to pull away from religion, from the thought of God as an element in achieving the object or objects which it has set before it. This request for prayer to the churches clearly shows, however, that it is not true that it is trying to carry on its work without help from above. I am glad to have a request like this come from the headquarters itself in New York. It would be unfortunate for any organization to attempt to do any work in the line of race betterment without associating the thought of God with it, and without looking to God for help.

I believe in prayer. And I believe that the National Association, like every other organization laboring for race betterment, will be greatly helped by prayer. The more we pray for it, the greater the number of praying people we get into it, the greater the number of people we get praying for it, the greater will be its forward movement, for we can't be praying earnestly for the success of any organization without thinking of it, and without doing our bit in helping it to realize its aims and purposes. When this Association is made an object of prayer in all of our churches and in all of our homes, it will be the beginning of a new day for it. And we can all help to make this new day for it if in our private devotions we give it a place. And this is what I hope we will all do.

I must not detain you longer: and yet I cannot close without reminding you, just in a word, of two things more:

(1). Of the fact that this Association has formulated for itself a great program which it is seeking to carry out. There are twelve items in it:

1. Anti-lynching legislation by Congress.
2. Abolition of segregation in the Departments at Washington.
3. Enfranchisement of the Negro in the South or reduction of southern representation, if necessary.
4. Restoration of Haitian independence and reparation, as far as possible, for wrongs committed there by the American administration, through Congressional investigation of both military and civil acts of the American occupation.

5. Presentation to the new President of a mammoth petition of say, 100,000 bona-fide signers, collected by the various branches, requesting the pardon of the soldiers of the 24th Infantry imprisoned at Leavenworth on the charge of rioting at Houston, Texas.

6. The abolition of Jim Crow cars in interstate traffic.

7. Treatment of colored men in the Army and Navy; (a) In the Army, admission to artillery units, from which they are now excluded, promotion in the medical and other corps, and the elimination of other forms of discrimination; (b) In the Navy, obtaining ratings as non-commissioned officers once more, instead of their present enlistment only as mess-boys, that is, as servants.

8. Appointment of a national inter-racial commission to make an earnest study of race conditions and race relations in the United States.

9. Appointment of colored assistant secretaries in the Departments of Labor and Agriculture which would give the Negro official representation in the two phases of national life where he needs most and suffers most.

10. Continuance of the fight in the Arkansas cases.

11. The successful holding of the Second Pan-African Congress that the colored peoples of the world may gain a mutual understanding of their common problems.

12. The defeat by every legitimate means of the nefarious Ku Klux Klan, both South and North.

There isn't an item in this program in which we are not interested, in which the whole race is not interested, or at least, ought to be. Every one of them ought to be realized. It is a big program, it is a big undertaking; and the fact that it is a big undertaking shows that the Association plans to do big things and is not going to be satisfied with little things. It has made up its mind to grapple with the whole series of problems involved in the effort to secure for ourselves and our children every right, every privilege, that belongs to us as men and as American citizens. It is an honor to be connected with such an Association, an Association that says to every Negro in this country and throughout the world, Hold your head up! You are a man and are entitled to be treated as a man! No one can be connected with an Association like this, can read its literature, can attend its meetings, can catch

its spirit, and not feel the manhood rise within him. Under its influence we are bound to become more manly, more self-respecting; we can't suck at its breast, feed on its food and be a coward, a sycophant, a time-server, a truckler! No! And the enemies of the race know it, and this is why they are opposed to it, why they hate it, why they are trying to break up its branches in certain parts of the South. I do not hesitate to say that, of the great, live forces today at work helping to make this race manly, self-respecting; helping to batter down the walls that race prejudice is ever setting up in the way of our progress, there is not one of them that is doing more than this National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Its very existence is a constant protest against the vile treatment to which we are subjected in this country; is a notification to the enemies of the race that we are not going to be put down—are not going to be satisfied with anything short of all that belongs to us as men and as American citizens: and is also a constant rebuke to the members of the race who are faint-hearted, weak-kneed, cowardly, who are disposed to give up the fight, to sink down to the low level to which American race prejudice would assign us. A great Association is this National Association, and a great program it has set before it.

(2). The second thing I want to remind us of is, it takes money to maintain an organization like that; it takes money to carry out effectively a great program such as it has set before it. And the money to sustain it, and to carry out such a program must come largely from us, from the race itself in whose interest it is working. If it is to continue to exist, and to grow in power and influence, we must be willing to invest in it, to put some money into it. We can't expect other people to carry our burdens; we must, to the measure of our ability, bear our own burdens. What we can do, we must do: our own self-respect requires that. And yet this is one of the lessons that we must learn if our efforts are to succeed. We must be more liberal and more constant in our support of such organizations. It ought not to be necessary to be obliged every year to be drumming up old members. The drive ought always to be for new members. Once a member of the Association we ought always to be, and should see to it that, without solicitation each year, we pay in our membership fee—pay it in as an evidence of our interest in the struggle for our rights. It is a thing that we

ought not to forget or grow lukewarm about. Our interest, instead of diminishing, should be steadily growing. The fires of liberty on the altars of our hearts should be kept brightly burning. To become indifferent here is the worst form of treason to the race. The very children that are growing up, early in life, ought to have the fire of race loyalty kindled upon the altar of their hearts. And if it isn't done, it will be the fault of the older members of the race. Let our interest in this Association, and in the realization of its great program be so real, so genuine, that everybody about us will catch the contagion of our interest, of our enthusiasm.

The money that is needed to carry on work through this Association, may be raised in one of two ways, or in both, either by yearly donations, or through membership fees. If a sufficient number of members can be secured the membership fees will take care of all expenses. And the drive, in the midst of which the Association is engaged at this time all over the country, is to secure a membership of a quarter of a million, or 250,000.

The membership fee is only one dollar a year. There isn't a man or woman of the race so poor as not to be able to contribute that small amount towards the safeguarding of our rights. Let us hope that the 250,000 will be secured, and more.

I trust also that the 25,000 which the branch in this city is seeking to get may also be secured.

And also, I do most sincerely hope that every member of this church—a church that has always been loyal to every interest of the race—is a member of this Association, or if not now, will be before the drive is over.

God bless the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People! God make it, more and more, a blessing in this land, and more and more draw us and as many of the right-thinking white people of the country as possible into it; and bring us, as a race, more and more to appreciate its value and to give it an ever-abiding place in our hearts.

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