

Society and its Morals

BY



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Society and Its Morals.

I.—Individual Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21st, 1900.

"For I, the Lord thy God, am a zealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; but showing kindness unto the thousandth generation of them that love me and keep my commandments." Exod. xx. 5-6.

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

Yes, Longfellow is right,—“it is daybreak everywhere, and it will yet be full day, notwithstanding the ominous prophecies of pessimists, who have been more than usually loud since our exchange of the 1800's for the 1900's. Their plaint is long, and their pre-^{Society has progressed.}dictions dismal, and as I do not wish to disturb your Sunday ease of heart and quiet of mind I shall spare you a repetition. The gist of their lament may probably be best expressed by that choice morsel of pessimism in which the old Latin poet, Horace, indulged, when he said: “The age of our fathers, worse than that of our grandfathers, gave birth to us, and we, still more depraved, give birth to a race inferior to our own.” The end of a century is reached but once every hundred years, and why should we deny our pessimistic friends the little pleasure and good they get out of life in their finding no pleasure and good in it. Yet one regret I have: that they will not be permitted to live to the end of another century to see with their own eyes a generation as much our superior, as we are superior to the generation before us. Mankind is under the Law of Evolution; whether it will or not, whether it be by circuitous roads or even occasional declines, it must progress.

To be fair, however, I shall not deny that our progress has been slow, and that the slowness of our pace is our own fault. Evolution necessitates our progress, yet it is we who determine its course and speed. While spurning the doctrine of retrogression, I ^{But not as much as it should have.} will readily grant that the progression has not been in the ratio of its possibility and opportunity. With the wonderful progress we

have made in sanitary science, in medical skill, in lessening the slavery of toil, in the opening of new territory, and in the speed of reaching it, in the increase of ease and comfort and protection, existence is still a keen struggle, mankind is still far from happy, overcrowded tenement districts and filthy sweat shops still abound, preventable disease still claims its thousands, the limit of the number of our years is still the Psalmists three score years and ten, for the most time less, seldom more, though a hundred years might easily be within our reach. With our unparalleled intellectual advance, with schools and churches, with libraries and press, never equalled before in point of number, and in excellence of equipment, our courthouses are taxed to the fullest, our penitentiaries crowded to the utmost, our politics and society far from being as free from corruption as they should and could be. As a whole, society is wealthier, better educated, more independent than ever before, but not in the same degree happier, wiser, better.

The long-expected Messiah is still far distant, nor do I believe will he greatly hasten his steps toward us until we shall greatly speed ours toward him. In morality as in intellectuality, there is no gain without effort. If we would have a golden age some time in the future, we must begin to make our way golden to-day. And each of us must do his part in the mining and smelting and refining and hammering of that gold.

Efforts enough have been made within recent times for the ushering in of that golden age, but, if I may be permitted to pass judgment upon great movements of great men, the results have failed of the signal success aimed at, because of fundamental errors in the course pursued. They began at the wrong end. They concentrated all their efforts upon the moralization of society as a whole, instead of bending all their energies upon the elevation of man as an individual. Our present all-pervading, all-embracing spirit of combines, trusts, unions, corporations has also seized upon the sphere of morals. We would reform society by the wholesale, *en masse*. We would enact morality in national legislature or at our civic poles, or by Resolutions of mass-meetings or national councils or conventions, or women's clubs, and then instantly behold the individual proceeding straightway toward the golden gate. Fascinated by the thought of the great results that might be obtained from great bulk, the significance of the individual was overlooked. The consequence is the ends achieved are far out of proportion to the efforts expended. Had one half of the thought and time and labor and means been directed upon the individual, society as a whole would have been purer and happier to-day.

The teaching of the Italian statesman Mazzini, half a century ago, that "the epoch of individuality is concluded, and it is the duty of reformers to initiate the epoch of association," was most excellent as far as it applied to political union. There the mass alone is all powerful; the individual weak and helpless. But when applied to morals, that teaching is

Messianic Age
still far distant.

Because of wrong
road hitherto
followed.

We have wasted
efforts on seek-
ing to reform so-
ciety as a whole.

most pernicious, for there it is the individual that is all-powerful, and there the epoch of individuality, far from being already concluded, has scarcely yet begun, there the most imperative duty of the reformer is to initiate the epoch of individuality.

We have wasted our ammunition at wholesale reform long enough. Let us begin on individual betterment. It is through the individual alone that morality will ever embrace the whole of society. As long as the part continues imperfect even the hardest effort to perfect the whole will be fruitless of result. You will never have pure water in your reservoir as long as the sewage pipes are permitted to discharge themselves therein. Once each tributary pipe empties pure water into the basin your reservoir will be pure. Society is an aggregation of individuals; as are the individuals so will the aggregation be. Moral progression proceeds from the one to the many. If we make sure of the units we need have no fear of the many. Only by perfecting each individual citizen can we reform the politics of city, state and nation. Only by hallowing the life of each individual church-member can we sanctify the congregation. Only by ennobling each individual member of the family can we ennoble the aggregate of families that constitute society.

Should have reformed the individual first.

There has never been a great moral movement that has not proceeded from the individual, and through the individual, to the mass. Not the precepts nor the laws but the stories of the individual lives of its individual saints have made the Bible one of the conquerors of the world. The story of morality is the story of moral units. Take the records of the lives of a few of the noblest individuals out of Judaism and Christianity and Buddhism and you will have nothing of these religions left.

Morality proceeds from individual to mass.

If society is ever to become morally perfect it will only be through the perfection of each of its individuals. The grandeur and magnificence of nature is due to the perfection of each of its parts, from the smallest to the greatest, from the most insignificant to the most marvellous, from the tiny wild flower wasting its fragrance in the desert air to the systems of worlds throbbing in yonder space. The magnificence of a master's painting or sculpture is due to the perfection of its every detail. There is no defect to mar or jar anywhere, not even there where the hand cannot touch nor the eye see. "It is the gods who see," replied the Greek sculptor, when asked the reason for the painstaking finish he gave even to such parts of his statue which would be out of the reach of touch or sight, when mounted high in its temple niche. There is a legend told of a master's apprentice constructing in the secrecy of his garret room, during his leisure hours, a most beautiful illuminated window, from the bits of glass cast aside by the hands of the skilled artisans. Never had a window of such exquisite workmanship been composed of so many bits of glass, but never had bits of glass been so discriminately selected in point of perfection, and so skillfully placed in point of color. In the

Only when all the parts are perfect can the whole be perfect.

perfection and proper placing of each of the thousands of little parts lay the magnificence of the whole. You have here the picture and promise of a perfect society. When each of its component parts, even the humblest, even those now cast aside as unfit shall have become perfect, and fitted in its proper place, society shall be like an illuminated window, or like the perfect statue, of a splendor and glory fit to ornament the Temple of God Himself.

The Church has had several thousand years to bring about this perfection of the morals of society. It has advanced society but a little way toward the golden gate, and the chief cause why it has not met with better success has been its having dealt with the mass rather than with the individual. Unlike the Biblical lawgiver, whose general form of address was: *Thou shalt do so and so*, or *Thou shalt not do this or that*, the Church has found it safer to say: *Ye shall or shall not do this or that*. It is the mass that is corrected, and in such correction the individual is generally of the opinion that it is the other fellow who is meant. I was once asked in a Western city to preach a special sermon in a congregation where certain disgruntled leaders had caused a split. At the conclusion of my appeal for peace and harmony, the ring-leaders, who were there in full force, expressed their regret that the persons whom the shoe might have pinched had not been there. This is a common occurrence when the preacher addresses his congregation in mass. It is always the other fellow who is meant.

The most dangerous form of pulpit address is the term *thou*, when applied to this or that individual of the congregation in front of the preacher. It is resented as personal. When a certain man, who on a stormy evening constituted the only attendant at a church whose preacher's habit was to preach even if there was but one present, was asked how he had liked the sermon, he replied: "Not at all, the preacher was too personal." Having been the only auditor, he could not lay the preacher's *You have done, or have not done this or that* upon any but himself. Were I at this moment to turn to that one among you, who lives in riotous extravagance, while those whose slavery has amassed his fortune, want for the necessities of life, to that one whose corrupt business transactions, whose base selfishness, or miserliness, or hypocrisy, or treachery, or lechery, are public talk and a public shame, and say: "*Thou art the man!*" my daring would not survive the first attempt. You would give me the alternative between a different form of address or a different pulpit. You may have read or heard of the little book that appeared a few years ago, that told of a number of professional men having formed a compact that, under the penalty of a heavy fine or giving up their professions, they would for one year scrupulously adhere to the strictest honesty in their respective professions. In less than one month, I believe, one half of them paid the fine, the other half, somewhat later, gave up their professions. The preacher could not preach, the lawyer could not plead, the physician could not practice, and tell each of

the people they had dealings with, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The *School* has had as much time as the Church to bring about the perfection of the morals of society, but with no better results. Its trouble lay in having dealt too much with the head, and too little, often not at all, with the heart. Five or six days in the week are devoted to the head, an hour or so on the seventh day, in the Sunday School, to the heart, for the most part, under teachers, who, however credible their good intentions, are painfully deficient in the knowledge of how to implant the seeds of true and fruiting morality in the hearts of their pupils. Even this one hour is more and more devoted to mental gymnastics, to studies of ancient history, ancient language, ancient geography; the heart is literally starved, the soul shrivelled for the want of moral food.

Why the School has failed in perfecting society.

What a difference there would have been in society to-day, if the curriculum had been at least equally divided, if as many days and hours had been devoted to the imparting of a knowledge of the science and practice of morality as has been given to the crammings and smatterings of the other sciences, if the same care had been exercised in the training of specialists in the science and art of character-building, and the same salaries paid them that are now paid to expert teachers in music, or painting or dancing, or literature! The world would have been wiser to-day, certainly better and richer and healthier. For there is no health, no wealth, no culture like that of the heart. Where the one great mind will illumine, and the one skilled hand will work for the thousands, the one great heart will humanize and illumine and bless the tens of thousands. The world owes much to its learned men; it owes most to its moral men. Give me one University that shall teach but one science, that of right living, and though a thousand others teach the other sciences, arts, and philosophies, I will conquer the world with the disciples of the one. There has never been a philosophy that in profundity has exceeded that of right-thinking; never an art that in loftiness has excelled the art of right living; never a science that in usefulness has surpassed the science of right-doing, never a duty that in responsibility has outweighed that of reducing the animal in man to the lowest, and that of developing the god-like to the highest.

With neither School nor Church to lead the way, it is no wonder that we are still so far from the golden gate. Thankful indeed ought we to be to the all-embracing Law of Evolution that we have progressed as much as we have. There is, however, a clearer recognition to-day than ever before of what Church and School might and ought to do in ushering in the long-dreamed of but still far-distant Messianic Age, and I have no doubt but that before very long they will devote themselves with zeal and knowledge to the cure of the moral delinquencies of society.

But until that time, something must and can be done toward the uplifting of society's morals, and must and can be done by the individual

How the individual might succeed.

himself. If there is one cry in society to-day louder than any other it is the cry: "The unit needs reforming!"

"Give me moral individuals and I will give you a moral society!" "Guard the spring from pollution at its source and all along its course, and I will give you pure water at its mouth!" Keep the vermin, the choking dust, the nipping frosts, the withering heats from off the tender sprouts, and I will ripen for you the spotless flower of womanhood, the wholesome fruit of manhood!"

How is this to be done? Not an easy, yet not an impossible task, and all the more compensative of blessings because not easy. Start with

By discriminating between rights and duties.

a clear conception as to your Rights and Duties, for therein lies the basis of all individual morality. Know that you have rights which society owes you, and duties which you owe to society, and let your regard for your duties be more sacred than for your rights. Understand that many of the rights which society owes you are those which your ancestry's toil and daring and suffering and rectitudes have secured for and bequeathed to you, and that therefore there are duties which your integrity and labor and self-sacrifice and heroism must secure for and bequeath to posterity. Know that no more criminal words have ever been spoken than those "*Après moi le déluge*," "after I am gone, let the deluge come, for all I care," or those other words "*Hang Posterity, what has Posterity ever done for me.*" And know that there can be no more criminal act than so to live that future generations may consciously or unconsciously curse you for having given their existence, or for having barred them entrance at the golden gate.

It is worse than inhuman for a man or woman, physically and mentally developed, in possession of free will, and capable of directing it

By considering future consequences of present action.

with a full knowledge of consequences, so to use this power as to bar to a yet unborn and absolutely helpless generation the gate that could easily lead them into a life where existence might mean less of struggle, and living involve less of misery. It is worse than inhuman to brand the infant upon its entry into life with the words: Thou hast entered a vale of misery because I would not enter the realm of morality. Thou shalt excessively suffer because I have excessively indulged in the unlawful and forbidden. Thou shalt be unfit and cast aside, because I would not eliminate the brute within me. Thou shalt be obliged to play the game of life against every odd, because I, who dealt the cards to you, chose for you such as can never win,—a diseased constitution, an impaired mind, a weak will, an ear deaf to conscience, an eye blind to reason.

The responsibility of every individual for the general morality of society, present and future, must therefore be the first lesson every man

By recognizing individual responsibility for general morality.

and woman must recognize, and their first duty must be the ordering of their lives accordingly. Once this obligation is sacredly recognized, we may look forward to a wholesome regeneration of society, to a material increase of its real happiness. And no one is exempted from this obligation.

"The coiner," says the Talmud, "strikes many a coin from the same die, each exactly like the other, but God makes no two beings alike, though each created in His image, so that each may say: for my sake was the world created." So must each individual say: It is I who may purge and purify society. It is I who am entrusted with a sacred obligation. It is I who can make society moral by becoming moral myself. It is I who can be a drop of the wholesome drug that may dilute the virulence of the poison. It is I, mechanic or merchant or banker or professional man or employer or employee or father or mother or husband or wife or youth or maiden, who must ask myself: Is through my labor my own self-respect heightened, the good of others furthered? Am I righteously discriminating between self-interest and selfishness? Are the laws of honor as dear to me as the desire of gain? Are my neighbors rights and privileges as weighty to me as mine own? Do I pause to consider that my rise may mean another's fall, my honor another's shame, my gain another's pain, my debauchery another's disgrace? Do I in truth love my neighbor as myself, and do to others as I would have others do to me, even though I mouthe it in church or in secret fraternity societies? Is my hand ready to lift another when he falls, to guide another when he strays, to instruct another when he errs? Do I sorrow when others, though strangers, weep? Do I commiserate when others, though not friends, lose? Have my children's rights and claims priority over every other claim? Are the poor's crying needs attended to before my own lusts and appetites are gratified? Is the blossom of my life, the vigor of my youth, the strength of my manhood or womanhood devoted to the development of those powers and habits, those aims and ideals, that shall one day mightily aid in bringing mankind nearer to that golden gate that is almost in sight, on the distant heights, yet still barred by ramparts of our own make or sufferance?

And there will be no future scaling of these ramparts unless every one of you, and a thousand and a million others, individually *resolve to will* that by your own individual efforts shall be torn down and cleared away every bar and barrier. And, By converting resolve to will, and will to action. by the Eternal! I prophesy to each and every one of you, that with such resolve converted into will, and such will converted into action, torn down and cleared away it will be. As Napoleon in Switzerland willed that there shall be no Alps and there were none, so can each one of you will that there shall be no rampart to bar the golden gate, and no rampart there will be.

And as Napoleon, on the Egyptian plain, said to his brave legions: "Soldiers, remember that from the summits of those pyramids forty centuries look down upon you," so do I say to each one of you: Remember, forty, aye, ten times forty, centuries of still unborn generations look anxiously forward to your combat to-day, to your struggle with corruption and crime. If you cowardly yield, if you fall victim to temptation's sirene strains, if you suffer sin to cast its chains about you, and drag you through the filth

Future blessing
or curse the gift
of the present.

and mire of crime and pollution, your sin and your children's children's tears will be upon your heads. But if you conquer, if heroically you repel every temptation, every blandishment, every assault of iniquity, if by fearless daring and independence and by mighty blows you free yourselves and thereby society from the happiness-destroying grip that corruption now has upon it, your heroism and your victory will be rewarded, even unto the thousandth generation, "*for the mouth of God hath spoken it.*"

Society and Its Morals.

II.—Domestic Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4th, 1900.

Scriptural Lesson, *Proverbs xxxl*, 10-31.

If there are some phenomena in nature more wonderful than others, one of them certainly is the marvellous strength possessed by some of the seemingly weakest of all her creations. That the tender blade of grass at your feet, the modest violet on the roadside, should in its breaking through the crust of the earth lift and hold and push aside a weight equal to three thousand pounds, that the little acorn, which your heel might crush, should grow into a mighty oak laughing the fiercest storm to scorn, and defying the centuries, that the rootlet of the tiny vine should bury itself within the rock and force a mountain asunder,—all these are certainly marvellous, but not half as marvellous as that the little bundle of helpless infancy in the cradle should have given rise to all the civilization that is, was, and ever shall be. The helpless babe that with one feeble hand first clasped a mother's bosom constructed at the same time with the other the first cradle, the first home, laid the foundation to the first family, the first clan, tribe, state, nation, built the first school, reared the first church, instituted the first government, enacted the first laws.

Helpless infancy
source of all civ-
ilization.

Never did claw or talon or tooth which the lower animal brought with it into life stand it in such good stead as did this absolute helplessness to the infant. It enforced a mother's constant care and a father's unremitting labor and protection. It necessitated a sheltering roof and a warming hearth. Babe following upon babe, and each continuing helpless for many years, necessitated the family circle to keep together for a considerable time, engendered family-feeling and a spirit of mutual helpfulness and self-sacrifice. With the growth of the children came the necessity of a father's authority in the interest of domestic peace, and with it was laid the foundation of all subsequent government. What followed after in the social evolution of man was but an enlargement of the domestic institution. Had the human infant entered life as capable of self-care immediately upon its birth, or shortly after, as some of the lower species, there never would have been a home, and without the home there never would have been humanity, never civilization.

Government
took its root in
the home.

The significance of the home as a prime factor of civilization is by no means a modern discovery. Early in the history of human kind we come across a due appreciation that the family is the microcosm of the state, that upon its well-being and well-doing depend the safety and welfare of society, and so every effort was made to safeguard its best interests and to promote its highest good. Household gods were enthroned within the home to procure for it special sanctity. The father was made its priest and the mother its priestess to secure for them especial homage. The highest authority was permitted the father over his home, even over the life of his children, to secure for him absolute obedience. Their greatest battlecry was "For Home and Fatherland." The interests of the two were inseparable. As fared the home so fared the fatherland. The more moral the individual families the greater the morality of the society they composed.

In fact, of such importance was the training of children regarded by the ancients, that one of their greatest philosophers, Plato, went so far as even to advocate the taking of the children, immediately upon their birth, from their parents, and turning them over—without ever seeing or knowing their parents again—to the care of specially fitted and trained educators, so that the best moral results might be secured from their rearing for the State, so that society might not be made to suffer from such who had been improperly trained by parents improperly fitted for the most sacred of all duties.

Even though so eminent a philosopher as Aristotle gave this advocacy of Plato partial support, and even though in modern times Rousseau spoke of it as "the finest treatise on education ever written," this theory of relieving parents of the responsibility of rearing and training their own children has nevertheless been generally regarded as absurd, as subversive of the very foundation of civilized and moral society, as defeating the very ends sought, by knocking from underneath the perfect state aimed at its mainstays and pillars—home and family life.

And yet, I cannot but think that what seems so clear to us could not have escaped so profound a philosopher, I cannot but think that Plato must have thought his proposition the lesser of two evils. In the rapidly increasing number of parents totally unfit for the responsible duties devolving upon them, and in the rapidly increasing number of corrupt homes, he must have recognized the beginning of that demoralization of society which ultimately whelmed and overthrew Greece, and he must have thought that the downward rush might yet be stemmed by forcibly seizing every new-born child from its parents, making it a ward of the State, training it at its expense and under its eye, and fitting it thus for honorable membership of society and for useful citizenship of the State.

Whether or not Plato was actuated by some such thought as this, will probably never be established. But of this we are sure, that there

Sacredness of home recognized from earliest time.

Plato, however, advocated the supplanting of the home by the State.

Probably because he observed general parental unfitness.

are times when we ourselves are divided in our opinions as to whether the State, by permitting the children of certain homes to continue under the charge of their parents, is as well served as it might be, were it forcibly to seize these children, and place them for their training where they might escape the demoralizing influences of their present homes. For there are homes that are but little short of nurseries of crime; there are fathers and mothers so utterly unprepared for the sacred duties with which they have been entrusted—the moulding of a child's character, the unfolding of a child's moral nature, the shaping of the destiny of a human being, that the State's permitting them to slaughter and cripple these innocents at will seems little less than an accessory to crime. It has the hangman's rope for the unfortunate woman who, in a moment of despair, throttles the life out of the child of her shame. It has scarcely a frown for the mother whose willful ignorance or wanton indifference slowly saps the vitality of her infant, or, still worse, vitiates or cripples it for life, and also its descendants. It pounces upon the unfortunate defective with all the severity of its punitive laws, yet looks on complacently at parents preparing such a defective, without pointing a finger to stop them. There are marital alliances entered into with such little thought of consequences and such little preparation for them, that, when one sees the resulting evils with which society has to grapple later, he cannot but ask: Is the State justified in aiding and abetting such marital unions? Would it not be as much of a legal as a moral duty of the State to subject every candidate for marriage, male and female, to a most thorough examination as to physical and moral health, as to proper fitness and preparation, as to consciousness and conscience respecting present obligation and future responsibility, and say a *No*, a universal and life-long *No*, wherever the life and happiness of an innocent are concerned, wherever the well-being and well-doing of society are involved?

It is a dangerous point I touch upon, that of State interference with so holy and so private a relationship as marriage and family life. The remedy, I fear, would ultimately prove worse than the disease. It is the nature of State authority in matters like this to degenerate from blessing to curse, to become tyrannical, to strike ten wounds for every one sore it heals. We have proof enough of State absolutism when it undertakes to meddle in matters of religion; we would have a repetition of it were it to invade that which is more sacred than even the church, the Holy of Holies of the home.

It is not the State that I would have interfere with those marital sins and family laxities that are responsible for no end of misery to no end of individuals, that give rise to no end of trouble to society; not the State, but Society would I have to lift its all-powerful voice, and cry aloud: "We have had enough of marital unfitness and unpreparedness, of domestic immoralities and crimes! There shall be no more of it!"

Such observation made to-day.

State interference, however, dangerous.

Society could check marital sin and family laxities.

And there will be no more of it, once society arouses itself sufficiently to speak authoritatively in one of the holiest of causes. We will then

Could prevent
much marital
suicide.

have considerably less of such motives as now drive people to marital suicide,—motives of gratifying mere ambition for wealth or station, of satisfying a desire for mere personal convenience or for larger display and extravagance; motives to escape parental restraint, so as to enjoy unbridled license under the aegis of the marriage ring; motives to soothe a pique or to anger a rival, or to allay the fears of an anxious Mamma, or to make room for fast crowding younger sisters, or to shift burdensome expense-accounts from father to husband; motives that look but at the wings of the butterfly, and not at the ugly and repulsive worm beneath, that, allured by ephemeral gold or evanescent beauty, thinks not of disparity of age, education, social status, inclination, tastes, ideals, cares not for present state of physical or moral health, or for previous condition of family health. "I married," confessed a young woman to Dean Hole, "not because I loved the man, but because he proposed to me just when I had discovered that he whom I did love cared not for me. I sowed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind." And of a certain mother, he writes, that when a gentleman congratulated her upon her daughter's engagement, she replied "Oh, thanks, you are very kind. Jenny hates the man—but there's always a something!" And of another he says that, when a friend said to her, "I think it my painful duty, as an old friend, to ask you whether you are aware that the man, to whom your daughter is said to be engaged, belongs to a family, every member of which has more or less been afflicted by insanity?" "Oh, yes," replied the mother, "we know all about them. They are eccentric, but we have all of us our weak points. Please let us change the subject." What she called eccentricities in the family of her prospective son-in-law included one murder, three suicides, two idiots, and all the minor forms of insanity.

When confessions such as these are made, and which we ourselves could duplicate by the score, one cannot help thinking of the words with

Marriage for
many a sentence
instead of a
blessing.

which a preacher (who, prior to his ordination had been a Judge) concluded his first marriage ceremony: "I pronounce sentence on you as man and wife, and may God have mercy on your souls." Truly a sentence and not a blessing, truly deserving of most fervent prayer for God's mercy is that marital alliance in which a wife finds domesticity irksome, economy a shame, dress, display, coquetry, parade, extravagance, even if at ruinous costs of means and morals, diversions befitting a lady of style and spirit; in which a husband finds home-staying intolerable, companionship with wife a weakness, faithfulness to the marriage vow a cowardice; in which both, husband and wife, having married without love seek love without marriage, having entered marriage with divided hearts find the conjugal tie a vexatious fetter instead of a joyous bond. Truly a sentence, and deserving our prayer for God's mercy is that home in which father and mother find their parental duties execrable, to be avoided at every cost, to

be thrust upon others whenever possible, in which the cradle is unhallowed and its opportunity unknown, if it has not already been crushed prior to birth, in which a seat at the head of the nursery table is not more honorable and more profitable than a seat at the card table or at the woman's club, in which children's society and children's love, and children's profit from wise parental intercourse yield not a larger compensation than even the costliest prize at the progressive euchre club.

When a soul is ordered before the throne of God to receive its command to enter a human body, it lifts its voice and says: "Oh Lord, till now have I been holy and pure; bring me not in contact with what is unholy and impure." This is an old Jewish legend, but one is strongly tempted to believe that it is a fact rather than a fancy, seeing into what homes, and under what care some of these innocent souls are obliged to come. And as to that other legend, that tells of the warning given to the soul before its birth, that it will be held to account for its every thought, word and deed, of its being obliged to render a most solemn oath that it will hold fast to the law of God, of its being led by one angel into Paradise to see its reward if it lead a godly life on earth, and then by another angel into the netherworld to be made acquainted with its punishment if it transgress against the law of God,—as to that legend, it errs grievously in the person upon whom it fastens the responsibility. Not the soul of the child, but its parents should receive the warning that they will be held to account for the moral development of their child; not the soul of the child, but its parents should be obliged to render a most solemn oath that the child to be entrusted to them will be trained to walk in the way of God; not the soul of the child but its parents should have visions of what their reward will be, and society's profit, if of their home they make a sanctuary, of their cradle a shrine, of themselves priest and priestess of God, and what their punishment, and society's suffering will be, if, through cruel neglect or criminal ignorance, they blast a human soul, curse a human life.

Children made to suffer from parents' neglects.

We hear much of the corruption of society, of the tyranny of a monster Moloch, who makes us abject slaves to his every whim and fancy, makes us expend our means and exhaust our energies, makes us fawn and flatter and lie and deceive, not because we wish but because he commands. Who, where, what, is that Moloch? What eye has ever seen him, what ear has ever heard him? Who is that monster but you and I and myriads of others thrown into a heap and acting collectively? What power does society possess that is not given it by us? What evil dominates it that cannot be eliminated by us? How could it be corrupt if we who compose it were not corrupt? How can it ever become pure, if from our homes we do not send into it such men and women whose hands are clean, whose hearts are pure, whose ideals are holy.

Corruption in society would be checked:

It is the home that holds the key to the solution of the many vexing problems of modern society. It is the domestic hearth that can burn out the corruption of society by first burning it out of the individual members that constitute the family.

We need a better appreciation of the sanctity of marriage. There is a levity connected with it now-a-days that is shocking. More and more marriage is being regarded as a mere civil contract, a formal partnership between opposite sexes, to be severed at will, if the one or the other tires of the relationship.

By better appreciation of sanctity of marriage,

It is not looked upon as a sacrament, a sacred troth pledged by one man and one woman to each other, and by both together to their God, and to Society, and to the offspring that may bless their union, that unto the end of their joint lives they will live their conjugal life with each other and for each other only, that they will sacredly discharge their obligations and responsibilities as husband and wife, as father and mother, in their own and Society's and their offspring's most sacred interests.

But, there is need of the utmost caution before the troth is pledged that may bless or curse two lives, and probably many others besides. Two beings who do not touch each other deep down in the Temple of the heart on their moral and religious sides have never been destined for each other. Matchmakers

By greater care in choice of mate,

may marry them, but God keeps them apart, and what God sunders no man shall ever unite. The Russians have a proverb that says "measure your cloth ten times, for you can cut it but once." How many more times should not young people consider fitness, ponder on consequences, before they say that momentous word, which, once spoken, is fatal. They may patch up the mistake, but a patchwork it remains. Externally there may be union, internally—loathing. Better one persistent *no* before marriage than a life-time of unavailable sighs, after minister or squire has declared two ununited and ununitable beings one.

Let there be no condoning of past moral dereliction. It is a premium on vice for purity to offer hand and heart to profligacy. Marriage is a Sanctuary, not a reformatory, a Paradise, not a hospital for the spent and worn-out. Woe to the woman who would make of marriage a sanitarium to restore a rake.

By not condoning past moral dereliction,

Outraged purity will avenge itself; the punishment may fall heavily when least expected, and where least deserved.

As to wealth, however helpful it may be, it is not like physical and moral health, an absolute essential to marital happiness. There have been more marriages happy with poverty than with wealth. But there are two kinds of poverty that are most fatal, love-poverty and character-poverty, poverties that make the home, and though it be filled with all the wealth of the Indies, bare of all, poverties that gradually starve all life, all joy, all happiness out of it, and make it seem a vast cemetery, in which a thousand hopes and dreams and promises of youth lie buried.

By guarding against poverty of character and love,

We need a better appreciation of the sanctity of parenthood. Those of you who have been raised in old-fashioned orthodox Jewish homes will possibly remember the superstitious care taken to shield the new-born child from the female-demon *Lilith*, how amulets were displayed about the sick-room, and special

By better appreciation of sanctity of parenthood,

services held in the hearing of the babe to protect it from evil. The care did by no means end there. There was the consecration of the child in the synagogue, accompanied by the parental vow that the child would be raised to walk in the way of God. There were the religious ceremonies of the mother's first bringing the child into the synagogue, of the father's first entering it into the school. These and other ceremonies, and the many legends connected with the soul of the child before and at birth, imparted to childhood a sacredness that made parenthood holy. So serious was the responsibility of rearing a child regarded in ancient Israel that the Talmud says: "It is easier to raise a forest of young olive trees than to raise one child aright."

And yet, withal this seriousness, the advent of a child was hailed with delight. There was an instinctive recognition that God blessed the home with children not merely to perpetuate the species but to consecrate the hearth and to humanize the hearts that cluster about it, by planting in them, through the child's presence, virtues of affection, of sympathy, of self-sacrifice, of industry, forethought, piety, and a dozen other ennobling traits. Those were the times when the moulding of a child's destiny was considered worthy a mother's whole attention. Those were not the times when the entrance of a child into the home was looked upon as a nuisance, a misfortune, interfering with the interests and enjoyments and pastimes outside of the home. Those were not the times when the public consecration of a child in the synagogue was dispensed with as being a matter to be ashamed of rather than to return thanks for it to God. Those were not the times when the words of Jesus: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," were changed into: Suffer the little ones *not* to come unto me, forbid them, for such necessitate a home, home-life, family-life, and make of it a hell.

Woe to the home in which society-life has a higher claim than parenthood, in which the desire to be unshackled to outdo and outstrip in license even the unmarried, to be anywhere, to be everywhere, day and night, except in the home, stifles the cry of the cradle, drowns the appeal of the nursery! The real pleasure missed in the home, in the loss of the company of innocent, happy, growing, developing childhood, and the sham of pleasure that society-life gives in lieu of it, were punishment enough, if there were not worse to follow. "It is we who reward or punish ourselves not Karma," says a Buddhistic teacher. This is certainly true of parents. It is they who bring their own reward and their own punishment upon themselves. Parents dead to their home, deaf to children's appeal, blind to children's possibility, and even though they are the most conspicuous at the operas, balls and receptions, the most regular and active at the club, they are but breathing coffins,—their heart within them, their conscience, their moral nature, is dead.

Some thirty years ago, a special Commission was instructed by the Universal Exposition of Paris to name that social virtue which contributes

Woe, if society-life has higher claim than parenthood!

A mother's
power in the
home.

most to the peace and happiness of society. They decided unanimously that the remedy for our evils and the stimulus to our progress lie in mothers discharging their sacred duties within the home. Had France applied the remedy as effectively as she recognized the evil, had French mothers generally done what the wife of Littre did, her society, and that of the rest of the world, would have been considerably happier and better to-day. Shortly after Littre's daughter was born, this distinguished but atheistic savant said to his wife: "You are a pious woman, you will, and you may, bring up our daughter in your religion. But one condition I exact: when she is fifteen years of age you will bring her to me. I will then explain my views to her, and leave her to choose between yours and mine." On the fifteenth birthday of the girl, the mother entered her husband's study, saying: "Our daughter has reached the age of our agreement; shall I bring her to you now that you may explain to her your views?" "No, no, no, my dear!" quickly replied the husband, "no, no, no, you have made of her a pure-hearted, pure-minded, happy and affectionate girl, and I would not destroy your good work for all the treasures of the world. You have won your daughter for religion, and her father as well." He might have added: "By the sacred work you have done for both of us, you have also won the happiness of our home." And the voice of society might have added: "By so much good work as you have done, so much evil has been stamped out, and so much blessing has been bestowed."

Such is a mother's power within the home; such is her power for the regeneration of society. She is responsible for much evil; she can yet be the source of infinite good. A Finland mother, so the legend tells, found her son in a thousand fragments at the bottom of the river Death. Gathering the scattered members, and rocking them at her bosom, accompanied by a magic song, she reunited the severed parts, and restored them to life. Lo, the power of the mother to restore at her bosom, at the cradle, in the nursery, at the domestic hearth, by the magic spell of her love and watchfulness and domesticity, that which is broken and scattered and dead in society! You remember Longfellow telling in one of his poems of his passing through the garden, and seeing on the ground a bird's nest, fallen and ruined. Looking up into the branches of the tree, he saw the parent birds, whose nest and young lay crushed beneath, busily building another nest, stronger and securer than the one they had built before. Lo, ye, whose family nest lies broken and ruined at your feet, learn the lesson the parent birds have taught. Start anew, and, by the light of past experience, build the new nest stronger and securer than the one you had built before.

She can restore
what is broken
and scattered and
dead in society.

Society and Its Morals.

III.—Social Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18th, 1900.

Scriptural Lesson, *Leviticus* xix, 11-18.

It is said of an ancient Greek that he had a lyre whereof one string was broken. Instead of replacing it with gut, he chose a silver cord; and from that time on the lyre was out of tune. The thought of the tunelessness of much of our society recalled this Grecian anecdote, and I was about to apply its moral, and derive our modern social discords from a substitution of extravagances for the simple ways of former times, when another thought, or rather a series of questions suggested themselves: At what time, in all the past, was society better than now? When was society in perfect tune? When and where have all peoples lived in fullest harmony with each other; when and where have the relationships between the different strata of society, or even between the different classes of the same strata, or between the different sets of the same classes, been free from discord, from extravagant rivalries, from bitter enmities and dissonant clashings?

The discords of Society.

Those good old times when men struck the strings of a society in perfect tune have never existed, despite endless attempts to key it into harmony. Some keyed it too high, some too low; some gave different tensions to the different strings, some looked for sounds that never were and never could be in the strings, and discord has been the invariable result. The jarring commenced at Eden's gate. The story of the deadly conflict between the first two brothers, and which story finds its echo in the early history of other peoples, is but an account of the first clashing between the hard-toiling tiller of the soil and his more favored brother above him.

Began at Eden's gate.

From that time to this, there has never been an age that has not had its would-be Utopian harmonizers of social discords. Moses sought to establish social equality by restoring, once every fifty years, all property rights to their original owners or descendants, and he failed. Jesus sought to equalize society by means of a spiritual communism, and he left the discord even greater

Ancient attempts at harmonizing society failed.

than he found it. Plato has Socrates, four centuries earlier, advocate community of gods, wives and children as a means of abolishing poverty, and yet at the same time insist upon separate communities of laborers and separate ones of capitalists, allowing to the latter an income four times as large as that of the former. This unequal equalization of society was never even attempted, nor is there any likelihood of its introduction in our day, not the least of the obstacles being his requiring for the successful inauguration of his theory an age when kings would be philosophers, or philosophers kings.

Passing over two millenials of centuries during which endless theories were advocated, and not a few attempted, for the harmonizing of society's discords, we come to the celebrated *Utopia's* of More, Campanella, Bacon, with their ideal common sharing by all of all earthly blessings, and with their other ideal conditions, that never had existence anywhere except in their own poetic fancies.

Since their days we have had the advocacies and attempts of dozens of different kinds of communisms, socialisms, anarchisms, populisms, down to Bellamy's national industrialism without money, banks, trade, wealth, social inequalities, with its absolute equality of right by all to all the good things of the earth,—and yet the voice of society is as strident as ever, the want of harmony between its different strata, and between the different classes of the same strata, and sets of the same classes, is as painful to-day as it was in earliest times. There are to-day the same hatreds and rivalries, the same jealousies and hypocrisies, the same tyrannies and sycophancies, the same extravagances and miseries with which philosophers and moralists have wrestled in vain ever since man began to live a social life.

The key to the right attunement of society has not yet been discovered. Or perhaps I should say: has never yet been applied, for the remedies hitherto tried have largely attempted to be subversive of that fundamental law of human nature that insists upon differences, and creates them, to secure the gradual perfection of humanity. Would-be correctors of society's evils have almost invariably concentrated their reforms upon sameness, the very thing that human nature will not permit. Its object is progression, to effect which it must employ all the stimuli of differences of capacities, classes, positions, emoluments, so as to overcome man's natural inertness, and force him, by means of struggle, competition, emulation, to prove himself the fittest not only in the struggle for existence but also in his aspiration toward the highest and best social good. It is for that very reason that man has been made a social being, has been endowed with a strong social instinct, has been made in characteristics and faculties, in ideals and ambitions, diverse, so as to enforce social interdependence, so as, by making each, on the one side, dependent on the other for his human well being, to obligate each, on the other side, to contribute his individual part, and to bear his individual share, for the collective good of all, and for the individual perfection of each.

And so also the more recent attempts.

Because attempted correction aimed at robbing man of his independence.

But not for his moral and intellectual progression alone has man been made a social being but also for his moral and intellectual happiness. Man has been so constituted that he cannot be happy or rational, and alone. That man only whom none loves and who loves none, whom none can serve and who can serve none, is fit to keep his own company always. When nature insists upon individual freedom and social diversity. The Biblical declaration that it is not good for man to be alone extends further than to the relationship between the two sexes. The instinct for fellowship with his kind of the opposite sex is not any stronger than his impulse for fellowship with his kind in general. Bacon was quite right when he said that it would have been difficult to put more truth and untruth together in a few words than in that saying: "Whoso is delighted with solitude is either a wild beast or a god." There is a delight of solitude that is godly; there is a delight of it that is beastly. Whoso delights in solitude as to become a recluse, whoso shuns society as to become a stranger to it, as to accept nothing of it nor to contribute anything to it, resembles the wild beast. Who frequently alternates society with solitude, takes to, and brings from, both the best of each, he is in the possession of the noblest attributes; he is both servant and master; he wears the bonds of social dependence, and breathes the air of individual freedom.

But, unfortunately, those who move in society and breathe the air of individual freedom are few, while the number of those who wear the shackles of social slavery is vast. Hence the clanking chains, hence the harsh, discordant notes of society-life. Society created for man not man for society. In all the thousands of years of man's social existence, he has not yet learned how to live in society, how to derive from it the highest social happiness, and how to contribute to it his best individual good. That perverted notion respecting the Sabbath, which Jesus so scathingly rebukes, that of man regarding himself as having been made for the Sabbath, instead of regarding the Sabbath as having been instituted for the benefit of man, is precisely the attitude of innumerable thousands towards society-life, regarding themselves as having been brought upon earth solely for the benefit of society, instead of looking upon society as having been instituted for the benefit of man. Instead of a blessing, society is much more often made a curse. Instead of promoting our independence, it makes puppets of us, mere breathing automata.

Where nature in a thousand voices and in a thousand laws insists upon differences, society demands sameness of all, and, alas for the happiness of mankind, has its way. It succeeds in robbing man of his independence, while every attempt of even the greatest of would-be-social reformers to make man act and think and possess alike has signally failed. Society perverted into a tyrant. Manipulating the strings behind the curtain, it makes us play the part of marionettes on the public stage, makes us talk and walk, bow and bend, ape and mask, flatter and pretend, entirely at its pleasure. We enter the world foreclosed to

society. We are raised and schooled for it. Its eye is always upon us, and ours is constantly fixed upon it. For it we must live and toil like slaves, run and race like madmen, dress and furnish like fools, amuse ourselves and entertain, laugh and cry, simper and smile, marry and bury, like idiots. To pass successfully society's critical muster, we are often obliged to stake our all, not infrequently to sacrifice our virtue, our integrity, our honor. Very often, without deriving a particle of the good for which society has been divinely instituted, we are even obliged to sacrifice whatever of moral good we have brought into it of our individual accumulation or of our domestic inheritance. Instead of being bettered, we are but corrupted by it. Often we have but the alternative of either sinning against our social nature by fleeing society, or sinning against our moral nature by entering it.

The one and the other of these alternatives are wrong. There is as little need of our fleeing society to save our morals as there is for our sacrificing our morals by entering society. Society has

We ourselves are that tyrant.

been divinely instituted for our good, and it must be made to yield the good for which it was ordained. If it does not, ours alone is the blame. There is yet another lesson which, in all the thousands of years of our social existence, we have not been able to learn, the lesson that society is not some ogre, outside and distinct from us yet near enough to exercise all his tyrannical and diabolical power over us. That dreaded and all-powerful monster is a chimera. It has absolutely no existence separate from us, outside of us. We ourselves, multiplied thousandfolds by our counterparts, are that monster. We ourselves exercise that tyrannical and diabolical power over ourselves, and we have but to will, and the tyranny is broken, and the monster rendered powerless, and we are freemen, free to profit from society's highest collective good, and free to contribute to it our individual and domestic morality.

And there is a third lesson which, in all the thousands of years of our social existence we have not yet learned, the lesson that there is but

We have one standard of morality for home, another for society.

one standard of morality, that there is not one kind for the individual, another kind for the home, and an altogether different kind of morality for society, that one is at liberty to do in society, and for the sake of society, what he would never dream of doing when by himself alone, what he would be ashamed to do within his home, that one may lie and deceive, feign and pretend, plot and scheme, backbite and slander, that one may make ruinous sacrifices of time and means, of health and character, for the sake of society, against which every fibre within him would revolt were he asked so to act against the dear ones of his home. Why a man or woman, honest, natural, simple, frugal, economical, at home, should suddenly become artificial, extravagant, hypocritical, showy, pretentious, vulgar, when in society, why a young woman extremely modest at home should suddenly lose that sense of shame when strutting in scant ball costume or surf-attire under the full glare of light and under the full

stare of people, is something that is as much of a mystery to me as it is to those who live this double life.

I remember a professor telling, during my University life, a number of us students, who were in the habit of sitting together near the end of one of the class-rooms, and who occasionally took it into our heads to be talkative and disturbing, I remember the professor telling us one day: "I cannot understand it, when you are by yourselves each of you is a perfect gentleman, when you get together you are the very opposite." You have in this deserved rebuke the picture of the difference of people when by themselves, or in their homes, and when in society; scrupulously honest when alone, strictly moral when at home,—the very opposite of honest and moral when in society. Said to me, some time ago, a young man, whom I chanced to meet, and whom I had confirmed some years ago, said he to me: "I cannot tell you how disgusting society life is to me; I abhor it. I would shun it, if I could. I am a professional man, and I am supposed to owe it to my profession to move in society. I am obliged to say and do things there that are shocking to my self respect, that no power on earth could get me to say or do at home." And this you will hear from a thousand other mouths,—one kind of morality for the home, an altogether different kind for society.

Here the question arises: if our natural instinct necessitates our living in society, and if our individual and domestic moral training is but to fit us for moral social life, of what good is all the trouble we take to bring pure hearts and strong characters into society, when it but sullies and weakens them the moment we enter it? A highly cultured couple, friends of mine, in Brooklyn, told me, a few years ago, that they devote all their leisure time to the training of their four boys, and to their own self-culture, that they do not move in society, nor even take part in any of society's philanthropic interests, believing that if they succeed in giving to society four properly trained boys they will have discharged their full social duties. And I asked them: "What will become of your boys' proper home-training, if the moment they enter society it begins to exercise its corrupting influence upon them? Will they not either have to flee it to retain their morality, in which case they will sin against their innate social instinct, or remain and become contaminated, in which case they will sin against the self-sacrificing care you have devoted upon them? Do you not see," I continued, "that you cannot afford to be indifferent to the doings of society, that, unless it is morally healthy, your children, however healthy they may be now, cannot retain their moral health there? Do you not see that you have not only parental duties at home but also in the larger home outside, and that you must help to uproot there those evils of society that now fester uncontrolled on the very surface of even our so-called 'best society,' and blight and wither the most precious moral dowry of the best of homes, pale the blush of innocence on the purest cheek, silence the pulse-beats of the cleanest heart."

Individually
moral,—collectively
corrupt.

Wrong to flee
society to remain
moral, or to enter
it and become
corrupted.

In the question we have asked, and in the illustration of the Brooklyn parents we have given, we have the problem of our social morality clearly stated, and the solution clearly presented. Since, on the one side, it is our duty individually and domestically to fit ourselves for society, God and nature having made us social beings, it is our duty, on the other side, to make that society fit for moral people to enter and to move in.

It is our duty, on the other side, so to consecrate society, so to hallow its every custom and practice, so to ennoble even its pleasures and pastimes—now generally regarded as frivolous—that our entering society may but mean an entrance into a larger home, wherein we may love, honor and protect its members as we love, honor and protect those under our family-roof; where we may exhibit in our social relationship that honesty, sincerity, unselfishness, helpfulness, that we now show our own in our homes; where we may truly love our neighbor as ourselves, and sincerely do to him as we would have him do to us; where we may abstain from every practice, extravagance, sham, hypocrisy, fraud, deception, which we would revolt against practicing at home, against father and mother, against brother and sister. Not until we shall have such a conception of society, not until we shall make of it such a larger home, and conscientiously practice therein our individual and domestic morality, will social intercourse with our fellow-beings elevate and not corrupt us, draw out and develop what is best within us, and not suppress or cripple it. Not until then will society be keyed to its proper harmony, and give its proper tune.

Once we make society our second and larger home, and look upon its members as a larger family-circle, and practice the virtues there that we sacredly perform around our domestic hearths, we shall eradicate a thousand ills that now make society a curse, a fearful strain and drain of time and means, of health and morals. We will replace our present-day ruinous extravagances by healthful moderation. We will permit ourselves no expense we cannot afford, nor allow ourselves excesses of any kind, even though we can afford them, for fear of setting a dangerous pace to others. We will allow no strain that may undermine our health or character, or rob us of time and strength elsewhere needed. We will neither follow nor set examples that offend decency, even though they have the approval of profit-seeking fashion-mongers, or of large-pocketed but small-brained dudes and dandies. We will never say or do to others that upon which we could not ask God's eye or ear, for which we could not have a brother's or a sister's thanks, a father's or a mother's blessings. We will never, in giving our society to others in return for the society they give to us, pledge ourselves to become mere puppets, grinning and aping marionettes. We will give our social-natures to others; that which is infinitely holier, our individuality, our independence, our God-given right to think and act upon individual matters as we think and choose, this we will sacredly keep for ourselves.

Must make society our second and larger home, and exercise there our individual and domestic morality.

There will then be less social corruption.

sacredly perform around our domestic hearths, we shall eradicate a thousand ills that now make society a curse, a fearful strain and drain of time and means, of health

Of our leisure time we will sacredly keep *one-third* for our ourselves, remembering that it is in the privacy of our own selves where the soil of morality, of intellectuality, of self-knowledge, is broken and the seeds of character strewn, remembering that from the *one-third* thus spent in privacy the best characters have come forth. And *one-third* we will give to our homes, there in the bosom of our family to nurture and foster the tender growths of character, there to have our affections and emotions directed and hallowed, there to have our natures softened, our purposes consecrated, our ideals and aspirations winged. And *one-third* we will give to society, there to reap and there to bestow the reward of the other *two-thirds* of our leisure-time expended in our own self-improving privacy, and under the sequestered, hallowing family-roof.

All our time will not then be sacrificed to society.

As to time and means expended upon the attainment of social graces and accomplishments, upon pleasing dress and aesthetic furnishing and pleasant entertainment, we will, as in all other things, observe due moderation. The desire to please is one of the attendant aids of our social instinct. The love of the *beautiful* is one of the three prime loves at the root of civilization,—the other two being the love of the *true* and the love of the *good*. Whatever serves the love of the beautiful aids civilization. Nature aids it with the beauties of her starry heavens, her flowery meads, her picturesque landscapes, her melodious birds, her stately figures and graceful curves and beautiful outlines of man and beast. And so man may and must serve it with whatever may lend grace and beauty and dignity and pleasure, and time and money wisely expended in that aesthetic service upon dress, furnishing, accomplishments, graces, tastes, are among the most profitable of social investments.

While cultivation of the beautiful is natural and beneficial,

But, when all time and all money are expended upon it, when the innate desire to please is permitted to run riot, to turn into a delirious madness of overpleasing, overdressing, overfurnishing, overdisplaying, overspending, overtaxing, then, instead of furthering civilization it but thwarts it. It kills itself, and throttles the other two primal loves of civilization, that of the true and that of the good, by mad expenditures for extravagant personal display. Money must be had to indulge such madness, and it must be made, and it can be made only by hard toil, by ruinous exhaustion of physical health, or it may be made, and is made, easier by exhaustion of moral health, by the sacrifice of principles of commercial integrity, of professional honor, of social morality, in which latter case woman is as frequently and as shamelessly an offender, as man. From the highest strata of the "best society" the madness spreads to the lowest set of the lowest class. It reaches the clerk and tempts him so long to imitate the ways of the fashionable world, until he yields, at the expense of his honesty and his employer's capital,—or until his wife or daughter yields at the expense of her and his honor. It reaches the factory girl, and soon finds her ready to throw every consideration to the wind, if she

It will not be made a ruinous madness to all classes.

can but satisfy personal display. It reaches the servant girl and sets her strutting about in a mass of showy fineries, like a jackdaw in borrowed peacock's plumes, upon which all her hard labor has been expended, and because of which she is dissatisfied with her lot. It passes out of the city to the most blessed of all classes, to the farmer's wife and daughter, and makes them discontented with their condition, and rests not until it has made them exchange their pleasant rural life for the slavery and corruption of the overcrowded city.

Thus this one evil alone, this madness of spending and wasting in the desire to overplease and overdress and overdo in all things, and which neither pleases self or others, which frequently is but a torture to self and a source of envy, hatred, malice, slander in others, is at the root of half of our social evils, of our social immoralities, of our social failures.

Who will end it? Who can stop it, if not you and I and the myriads of others who, together with you and me, constitute society. Wherever else our individual voice or example may be weak, in society it is mighty. It is there where the influence of one man or one woman may be all-powerful for good or ill! Society, at the present time, is but a herd; one leads, all others follow. You may be that leader, and you may lead it aright. You may be society's voice, society's example, society's conscience. You may be the *microcosm* of all society. It was presumption for Louis XIV to declare "*L'etat, c'est moi*," *I am the State*; it is your right, it is your duty to declare: *I am Society*.

Society and Its Morals.

IV.—Sectarian Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 4th, 1900.

Scriptural Lesson, Ezekiel xxxiv, 1-10; Jeremiah vi, 14.

"When nations are to perish in their sins
'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins:
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere,
To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink."—COWPER.

Of professional men the clergy is generally the most respected. I do not refer to those countries only where people still see a halo of divinity about the head of their spiritual leaders. Among very many of even the so-called religiously and intellectually emancipated the minister enjoys exceptional respect. Upon careful thought you will probably find that much of this homage is due to tradition,—the profession has been hedged by divinity for so many tens of centuries that a reverence of it has with very many become almost intuitive. You will probably also find that many of these exceptional honors are shown to the profession rather than to the man, to the "cloth" rather than to him who wears it. As a man, the minister, in these days, is generally esteemed no higher than any other man of equal merit, and frequently considerably less. There is no disguising the fact that disrespect of the minister is growing wider, and is rooting itself in quarters where it bodes no good to society. Very often, men who pass for wise in their respective communities indulge the most in flings at preachers, and set a fashion, which their satellites only too gladly follow. Often, the very people who need the minister's labors most turn from him in bitterest disgust.

Of professional men clergy meets with most respect and disrespect.

Having, in a number of previous discourses, especially in the lecture entitled *Uses and Abuses of the Pulpit*, and in another, entitled *The Voice that Calleth in the Wilderness*, pointed out the danger of this spreading disrespect of preachers, having shown how it gradually undermines the people's respect of religion itself, and thus becomes one of the disintegrators of the morals

Danger to religion from disrespect of church.

of society, I shall refrain from touching upon that phase to-day, excepting that I shall sound once more a note of warning that you beware of confounding religion with him that misrepresents it, that you beware of passing upon the worthlessness of the church because of the unworthiness of the preacher. That the preacher needs correction constitutes no valid reason why religion should meet with your condemnation. Fling him aside, if he be not amenable to correction, but abstain from flings at religion. For, every attack on religion is an attack on society, and, therefore, an attack on you. You have heard of that tame bear who, observing a fly on the face of his sleeping master, struck at it with his paw so hard that he crushed his master's head. Similar is your course, if, in trying to rid society of an unworthy preacher, you strike a blow that not only kills the preacher's usefulness, but also the cause which he ministers.

Hold your church sacred, afford it every protection and aid, if you have society's highest good at heart. Remember, every other profession and calling and interest of society becomes worthless the moment you dispense with the ministrations of the church. This is not a pulpit platitude; not a preacher's self-interested harangue. It is God's own voice, speaking through all the ages and experiences of man.

Study the position, size and function of the four fingers of your hand, and then of your thumb, and you have a picture of society and the relationship of the church to it. Though differing in size and strength, side by side the four fingers stand; the thumb, however, though the same in flesh and bone, in nerves and veins, though even smaller in size, stands separate and distinct. While it is possible for the hand to do without the one or the other of the fingers, even without two or three of the fingers, we cannot dispense with the thumb without the usefulness of the hand being almost entirely destroyed. It is the thumb that enables the fingers to seize and to hold; it is the thumb that gives purpose and usefulness to the hand. Such is the function of the church. It is the church that gives purpose and usefulness to society. For that reason has it been set apart, and made distinct, only to be of greater service to the other members of society, only to enable the other members the better to discharge the duties for which they have been placed on earth.

If the relationship between the church and society is really as vital as that between the thumb and fingers of the hand, how is it possible for rational men to be so blind to their own best interests as to spurn the church, as to turn upon the preacher, and make him an object of their ridicule and scorn?

The question is natural enough, and quite easy to answer, but a very painful one for a minister to answer. It is a nasty bird that fouls its own nest. It is a despicable preacher who holds his own brethren up to scorn. Bad enough when laymen hurl their jeers and sneers at the clergy, but when clergymen themselves drag their own brethren upon the public stage for public de-

Significance of church to society.

Why is church spurned?

Because of preachers' insensibility to:

nunciation there is but one conclusion to be drawn, either the denouncer is very bad, or the denunciation is very necessary. As for the denouncer, it is not for me to speak, as for the denunciation being necessary, I believe that a considerable portion of the clergy is in a deplorable state, suffering from a complication of diseases, that requires such heroic treatment as this, if a cure is at all to be effected.

One of this complication of diseases is their total insensibility to the fact that they are no longer living in oriental climes, in the dark ages, in pre-scientific times, when, securely ensconced in the fastnesses of ignorance and superstition, of fanaticism and supreme spiritual and temporal power, they could hurl their dogmas and anathemas without fear of contradiction or opposition.

Another of this complication of diseases is their total insensibility to the fact that the critical spirit of our time has torn away the nimbus of divinity, behind which the clergy of former times were wont to screen themselves from public scrutiny, and looks upon preachers now not as upon a species of holy men, but as upon plain, everyday common mortals, intellectually and morally no better than many a layman in the pews in front of them, frequently not half as good.

A third of this complication of diseases is their total insensibility to the fact, that the requirements of the church at the threshold of the twentieth century are very different from what they were in the first or tenth century, that while then *Creed* was the one supreme concern of man on earth, his only means of salvation and, therefore worth all the feuds and schisms, all the tortures and persecutions, it is *deed* in these days that the people ask from the church; it is for workers, healers, builders they look to the clergy, not for spinners of theological cobwebs, not for weavers of all sorts of possible and impossible theories and doctrines out of all sorts of Bible texts, words, syllables, letters; it is a union of all church-forces for a mighty uplift of society that this age wants, not that sectarian segregation of churches and church-peoples, that, by the dissensions and disunions which it infiltrates, by the useless expenditures it incurs in the maintenance of scores of different denominations, and hundreds of different places of worship, with scarcely any other difference between them than a different translation or interpretation of an indifferent Biblical text, becomes one of the greatest disturbers of social peace and happiness.

Another, and by far the most fatal of this complication of diseases, is their total insensibility to the very shameful exhibition so very many preachers make of themselves in their preaching and professing one set of doctrines and virtues in their pulpits, and in their practicing an entirely different set in and outside of it, in their suave mouthing of loving their neighbors as themselves, of doing to others as they would have others do to them, of loving their enemies, of removing the beam from their own eye

First, that we live in a different age.

Second, that people now look upon clergy in different spirit.

Third, that deed and not mere creed now required of church.

Fourth, That preachers profess one thing and practice another.

before trying to remove the mote from the eye of another, and a thousand other of such sweet and holy things as these, and then proceed to belabor and revile and persecute, to subject to heresy trials and expulsions, such who make use of their God-given reason, who think for themselves, and are honest enough to say their honest thought concerning matters about which there has never been unanimous opinion, and concerning which the absolute truth will probably never be revealed to man.

To be sure, there are Conversion Societies enough—societies for the conversion of the Feejee Islanders and the Heathen Chinese, societies for

A society needed to convert preachers.

the conversion of Jew and Mormon, of Protestant and Catholic, societies for the conversion of young people and of old people, of good people and of bad people, and dozens of other converting societies. And yet there is one more converting society that I would much like to see organized, and enter actively into the field: a society for converting preachers to their own preachments, a society that will not tolerate preachers' mouthing of peace and good-will toward all men, of co-operating in the work of God and humanity with every body of men laboring in the uplift of society, mouthing of respecting every opinion in every cause that makes for righteousness, even though that opinion differ from theirs,—and then hating and persecuting one another, separating in no end of petty sects, wasting precious time and means and energy on vexatious doctrinal warfares, and crippling each other's usefulness, instead of uniting against the mighty hosts of economic wrongs and social corruptions that are now arrayed against society.

I would like to see a society organized that will take its inspiration from these words of the prophet Ezekiel (xxxiv, 1-10). "Should not the shepherds feed the flock? . . . The diseased have ye

And make them sensible to present urgent needs.

not strengthened, and the sick have ye not healed . . . and the strayed have ye not brought back . . . and they were scattered for want of a shephred; and they became food unto all the beasts of the field," or from these words of the prophet Jeremiah (vi, 14). "They heal the breach of my people very lightly, saying: Peace! Peace! when there is no Peace," and that shall say to preachers: We have heard enough of the idolatries of old Egypt, of the sinfulness of ancient Israel, of the wickedness of Babylon, of the corruptions of Greece and Rome, of the cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition. We have had enough of the doctrinal errors of consubstantiation or transubstantiation, of Trinity or Duality or Unity, of plenary or partial inspiration of Scriptures, of baptism *with* or *in* water, of subscribing to thirty-nine or twenty-nine or thirteen creeds, of Saturday or Sunday Sabbath, of the rightfulness of praying in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, or any other tongue, with or without hat, praying-scarf, phylacteries, organ, choir, family-pews, with or without pope, metropolitan or bishop.

We have listened enough to learned disquisitions on the doctrinal errors of others, and to disputatious argumentations about the correctness of ours. It is highest time for us now to hear all about our own

idolatry and sinfulness and wickedness and corruptions and cruelties, and to have the remedies given and applied for the cure of our own besetting sins and errors. For, of a truth, society is diseased, and you do not strengthen it; it is sick, and you do not heal it; it is straying from the Lord, and you do not bring it back; it is falling a prey to sin, and you do not rescue it; you are crying: Peace! Peace! but there is no peace, for you yourselves are its greatest disturbers and preventers. You yourselves are turning brother against brother, parent against child, you yourselves are tearing the palm-branch from the hand of man, and placing instead the sword or fire-brand. You see the breach in the House of God widening, and yet, you either wrangle or fume about heaps of nothingness, or waste your precious opportunities in sipping tea with the ladies, or in exercising your lungs in lengthy prayer-meetings, or in house to house visitations to test the comfort of your parishioners' rocking-chairs. And still you wonder that constantly growing numbers of intelligent people should, while reverencing religion, despise him who misrepresents it, should, while honoring the pulpit, make the pulpiteer a target for their ridicule and scorn, an object of their contempt and hatred.

And this scorn will not cease until preachers themselves will convert creed into deed, until they themselves will practice what they profess. It will not cease until preachers themselves, recognizing the infinite harm sectarian contention has done to society, the myriads of human beings it has agonized and tortured and slaughtered, the homes it has ruined, the careers it has blasted, the hearts it has broken, the spirits it has embittered, the minds it has crazed, will unitedly strive to sink into oblivion every memory of past sectarian crime: by a faithful cultivation of harmonious fellowship even amidst diversity of religious beliefs, by an honest recognition of the absolute impossibility of like religious thought among mentally and constitutionally and racially unlike peoples, by an honest confession that the absolute religious Truth has been made known to none, by a sympathetic appreciation that, however plain or fantastic the exterior garb, the body of the creed is the same with all, "seeking the good and shunning the evil" is the final goal of each, and that no form, no ceremony, no rite, can be wrong if it helps the finding of the good or the escaping of the evil. Look upon the stained glass windows of this Temple. What a diversity of lights and shades! And yet, excepting the two large centre windows, their coloring and designs are exactly alike, the sunlight, however, striking them from different angles, produces these different light-effects. It is so with religious belief! Its fundamentals are identical in all rational people, only the light of reason illumines them from different mental altitudes, and gives them different degrees of lights and shades.

Where in essentials, therefore, all have so much in common, where the differences are but different expressions of the same fundamental truth or aspiration, and where the presence of God may be met with wherever right is done no matter what the name or the creed of the church or the denomination,

When preachers will cease sectarianism scorn of them will cease.

The intolerance of sectarianism.

why should there be these bitter feuds between sect and sect, between man and man? Is it a sufficient reason for God's people to behave as if they were of the Devil's followers because the one or the other counts one creed more or less? Recognizing the need of different denominations, where the differences are racially and mentally radical and extreme, is it sufficient reason to multiply churches because slightly different conceptions are held of things concerning which the absolute truth is possessed by none? Do we not dwell amicably together in the same family-circle, even though on many things we hold different views? Do we not live peacefully side by side under the same flag even though we hold different political opinions? And should we not display in our churches the tolerance we show in our family- and national-life? Is it possible for any two rational beings to hold exactly the same views on any subject, religious or otherwise, and to be consistent, and to afford every one an opportunity to worship exactly in accordance with his own views, would it not be necessary to build and maintain as many churches as there are people on earth? Is it possible for any rational mind to accept all of any pulpit's utterances, and would it, therefore, not be infinitely wiser to content oneself with accepting even a few less rather than afflict the community with another peace-disturbing sect and burdensome church?

Often when I contemplate the goings-on in churches, I cannot but feel that if I were not a preacher I would possibly be one of the bitterest opponents of the clergy? When I see this splitting of congregations, for differences often so small that God Himself, I believe, must use a powerful magnifying-glass to detect them; when I see the Christian denominations of Philadelphia divided into about forty different sects, and each professing to be *the* follower of the same Jesus, whose whole doctrine was summed up in two basic creeds; one God for all, one Brotherhood of all—a creed so simple that even a child might understand and follow it; when I see this needless multiplication of churches,—four synagogues within an area of about ten or twelve squares east and south from this Temple, all laden with heavy debts, all in a constant stew to make ends meet, with plenty of room in two of them to meet the demands of all the four congregations, with the same religion cherished and fostered in each; when I see about a dozen Protestant Churches within an area of about the same number of squares in the sparsely settled section of Germantown in which I reside, when I see twice that number of Christian Churches in the near vicinity of this Temple, with an average attendance in each that proves the needlessness of one-half of them, when in some small country-town I see as many Christian Churches as there are streets in the village, and each eking out a terribly precarious existence; when I see the dime-museum tricks, the cheap-show attractions, the fire-sale advertisements, the hand-bill solicitations, the circus antics that are resorted to, to draw people, when I see the rivalries of bargain-counter allurements and mouse-trap baits to capture souls; when I see the alertness of preachers to be the first on the ground to marry or bury or send the culprit straight

At what frightful cost sectarianism is fostered in our churches.

from the gallows to his golden seat on High; when I see the cajoling of the rich and the truckling to the mighty to increase the finances and prestige of the church; when such desecration of sacred things I see, solely to keep the sheriff from the door, or to prevent the emptiness of the church from demonstrating its needlessness, or to bring a congregation or preacher to the fore by dragging another down; when this I see, and it is a frequent sight, I cannot but say to myself: Thank God, I am a preacher, for if I were not the church might possibly have had in me one of its bitterest opponents.

It is said of Edison, that, looking, one day, at the mighty heaving and billowing and dashing of the ocean waves, he burst out: "Oh, that so much force should go to waste!" It is precisely what I feel when I see that mighty church force, that could render priceless service in the uplift of society, frittered away to soothe bigots' passions or old dames' fancies.

"Oh, that so much force should go to waste."

"But one of these days," Edison continued, "we will chain all that, and that will be the millenium of electricity." Let us trust that, one of these days, this sectarian waste will likewise be chained, that, one of these days, the mighty power of the church will be turned into rightful and useful channels. With that day will dawn the millenium of religion.

The church will then be free, and not as now a slave to the basest of traits, to the meanest of passions. It will be a promoter of the peace of society, and of good will between man and man, instead, as now, a breeder of dissensions and hatreds. The poor and needy, the wronged and forsaken, the oppressed and persecuted will then not look upon the church as the plutocrats' religious clearing-house, as a "steeped club," as the rich folks place for their weekly "dress parades," as the place where the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor are even more strongly accentuated than in any of the other walks of life. And the preacher will then not be looked upon as the menial of the rich, whose every whim he must obey, if the finances of his church are not to suffer. The poor and the weak will then not regard him as allied with the powerful against their interests, and keep themselves, therefore, and to an alarming degree, aloof from the church, and even despise and hate it to an extent that may best be seen from that public address, made by a laborer, some time ago, at a New York mass-meeting, in which he branded the Young Men's Christian Association of that city as a "scab institution," and declared that "Cooper's Institute did more good in a week than all the New York churches in a year," and claimed that a certain New York daily paper "represented the spirit of true brotherhood more in a single issue than the Christian ministers, the parasites of society, could do in an age of their hired mouthings," a speech in which every reference to preachers was received with hootings, while every reference to Jesus was received with loud applause, showing clearly that their hatred was not against religion nor against Christianity, but against what they believed, and not without considerable cause, the misrepresentations of both.

What power the church might have were it rightly used.

And this misrepresentation will cease with the relief of our burdensome congestion of sectarianism. We will have less churches, but what they will lose in number they will gain in strength and influence. The vast sums now expended in maintaining half-empty and wholly needless churches will be utilized where really needed for real good. There will be less preachers, but those we shall have will be superior in usefulness and independence. Freed from the vexations and passions of church-rivalries, from the necessity of soul-capturings, by all sorts of attractions, in the interest of church-finances, they will have time for the legitimate work of the church, now largely left to the Salvation Army, and to other kindred organizations. They will have time for loving their neighbors as themselves, for doing to others as they would be done by, for assisting the needy, for pleading the cause of the wronged, for lifting the fallen, guiding the straying, comforting the sorrow-laden, in short for practicing outside the church that which they profess and preach within.

And there will be fellowship among all the churches. Where differences must exist, they will be real, and all within the church. Outside of the church, where creed will be translated into deed, all sectarianism will vanish, and all denominational lines will disappear. Neither ism nor schism will be known there. There will be peace between brother and brother, and good will between man and man, in the name of a Common God, and in the interest of a Common Humanity.

Some years ago, I camped for several weeks in one of our Western States. This little outing proved so very delightful that some two or three years later I returned to the same spot, and found it much more beautiful than before. A little natural water-fall of exquisite charm, that had not been there before, was now leaping down from ledge to ledge and all beneath, that formerly was dry and barren, was now covered with grass and flowers and ferns. And all around the birds had built their nests, and entuned their sweetest song. It had become a paradisiac spot. Upon inquiry I learned that several shallow streamlets, that had formerly flowed in separate channels, and that during the summer months had run dry, had been made to unite their waters, and to flow in a wider and deeper and common channel, and, thus united, they now not only resisted the summer heat, not only enhanced the beauty of the scene by a most charming little water-fall, but also watered and beautified a large tract of land, and drew the heated and thirsty of man and beast to its cooling draughts, and refreshed and strengthened them.

Behold in this the picture of the possibility of churches, now segregated and shallow and weak and dry, uniting their forces, and flowing out in a common channel, deep and wide and full. What now is dead it would quicken. What now is barren such a united church-force would fertilize. What now is athirst it would satisfy. What now is dreary and cheerless it would make paradisiac. What now is dissonant it would make full of divine harmonies, full of celestial song.

There would be less sectarianism but more religion

There would be fellowship between all churches.

Society and Its Morals.

V.—National Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 18th, 1900.

"Seek the welfare of the city . . . and pray in its behalf unto the Lord; for in its welfare shall ye fare well." *Jeremiah xxix, 7.*
'I will be sanctified through them that serve Me." *Leviticus x, 3.*

It is with considerable diffidence that I enter this morning upon my discourse on *National Morality*. While trying to arrange my thoughts on the subject, I am haunted by the words of Koheleth of old: "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and possessed by a conviction that since so many prior efforts at reform have failed, it is useless for me to lift my feeble voice. That I venture upon it, nevertheless, is due to an equally strong conviction that right is eternally right, and is eternally to be defended, no matter how often or by whom wronged, that every failure in a righteous cause, far from discouraging, should but be an impetus to ever newer and ever stronger efforts for the ultimate success.

Need of political corruption being discussed in pulpit.

Another reason for this diffidence is my sharing, to a large extent, the general belief that, there are evils enough in the church to engage all of a preacher's time, and that he had, therefore, better leave politics to others, that, while politics will not be made any purer by preachers dabbling with it, the church itself will become all the worse for it. That I enter upon the subject, nevertheless, is because I recognize that underneath politics lies government, and that the foundation of government is morality, and its object: the promotion of the peace and well-doing of society, and that, since society and its morals are among the most legitimate themes of the pulpit, whatever aids or thwarts the one or the other must of necessity be of serious concern to the preacher.

Another reason that strongly urges a consideration of this subject is the fact that the efficacy of the church itself is seriously menaced by politics, that its corruption is spreading into society's Holy of Holies, that ill-gotten gains of politics are lending much-coveted aid in the building of churches, in the supporting of pulpits, in the maintenance of church-charities, and are therefore shutting many a preacher's eye to culpable practices, or making of Ministers of the Gospel panegyrists of political rogues. When this octopus dares to invade even the church, dares to fasten its tentacles even upon

Because of its spread even to the church.

our most sacred concerns, it ceases to be a matter of choice for the lover of political and moral freedom, whether he is to speak or not. He must cry out, even though he be a preacher, for more yet than a preacher is he a citizen, and, however much the preacher may be bound, the citizen is and must be free to speak when his country's holiest interests are endangered.

Many searches have been made for the causes of the present state of religious and moral degeneracy in France, but I doubt whether there is need of seeking further than the *Coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, which, for rich rewards and yet richer promises, not only received the sanction but even the blessing of the clergy. In taking the oath as President of the French Republic, he had sworn to observe and defend the Constitution, which pronounced the representatives of the people to be inviolable, declared dissolving or proroguing the Assembly by the President or in any way trammeling it in the exercise of its functions to be high treason. Addressing the Assembly, after taking the oath, he said, among other loyal and patriotic things that he would regard as enemies of the country all those who should endeavor to change by illegal means what all France has established.

Such was his solemn oath and such his promise. But how different their discharge! Three years later, when the morning of December second, 1851, dawned the leading statesmen of France had been seized, and cast into prison. The Chamber and the High Court of Justice were dissolved. Liberty of Press and Speech was abolished; hundreds of editors and writers and leaders were transported; thousands of innocents were mercilessly shot down; the Boulevards ran with blood; the prisons at home and in the penal colonies were filled to overflowing with the noblest and bravest men of France. And this foul and bloody treason received the sanction of the church. The clergy was the first to hail the new Emperor. Amidst most magnificent ceremonies he was received in *Notre Dame*, and joyously the *Te Deum* was enchanted as a thanksgiving unto God for the success of the *Coup d'état*.

When we see Church and State thus hand in glove together in corruption, there is no need of searching further for the cause of moral and political degeneracy. Where the State does not inspire respect, and where the Church does not deserve it, you need look for nothing else but lawlessness on the one side, and infidelity on the other. France has been under the curse ever since. The empire started in blood ended in the blood of the Commune, and the Emperor who raised himself to the throne by making prisoners and exiles of others, stepped from the throne a prisoner and exile. And its last tale of woe has not yet been told. The Dreyfus case has only too clearly demonstrated that the Church has not yet learned the lesson the last half century has striven hard to teach. It is still leagued in corruption against the cause of right, and because of that unholy alliance the liberty and peace of France are still in constant danger. Its President of to-day may

When Church
and State are
leagued in cor-
ruption,

Lawlessness and
infidelity are the
results.

be substituted by a Dictator to-morrow, and he followed by an Emperor the day after, and he obliged to go into exile the day after that, and all to the tune of the Carmagnole, to the time-beats of the guillotine.

It is because of such painful memories and sad degeneracies in France that I look with fear upon political corruption seeking to fasten its claws upon the church of our land, that I deem it of the utmost importance for the church here not only publicly to declare its independence of politics and politicians, not only bravely to resist their every bait or temptation, but also fearlessly to oppose and fight wherever and whenever it encounters their corruption. I deem it of the utmost importance for the church, as guardian of the morals of society, not to rest until it has succeeded in making those who serve the State to recognize that they are as much the servant of God as are those who serve the Church, that both callings are alike sacred and far-reaching as to responsibility, that the Divine injunction "I will be sanctified through them that serve Me," applies as much to the humblest office-holder of city, state, or nation, as to the highest dignitary of the church, and that every corruption of the sacred charge entrusted to them is even more than a sin against God, inasmuch as it is a sin against society, a sin against every home and every member thereof.

State as much of a servant of God as the Church.

There has been one lesson which the Church has been slow to teach, and the State yet slower to learn, the lesson that there can be no political corruption of any kind but that the morals of society are made to suffer thereby. Whether the guilt be proven or suspected, the charge undermines faith in all who administer a public trust, leads to impugning evil motives to all who enter upon political office, breeds disrespect of the office-holder and his office, till at length, rightly and wrongly, neither honor is connected with the office-holder nor honesty expected. Respectable men, fearing loss of their good name, flee from serving the State, and for yet other and equally culpable reasons, of which we shall speak later, largely leave the field to so-called "professional" politicians, many of whom, knowing what is thought of them, resolve to have the game as well as the name. Unlike the seven lean cows and seven lean ears of Pharaoh's dream, they enter upon their office very lean and leave it very fat. Far from following the doctrine of Perikles that it is better that the individual suffer and the State flourish, they believe in their own flourishing, no matter what becomes of the State. Unlike those ancient statesmen who pride themselves on their own poverty and the wealth of the State, they pride themselves in promoting their own wealth, even if it be at the impoverishing of the State.

Corrupt politics corrupt the morals of society.

Hence, the meaning of "a powerfully organized system of thievery" that politics has acquired in very many sections of our country, notably in our large cities, the homes of our so-called "rings" and "machines" and "political bosses," the places where the largest number of municipal and state and federal offices are to be had, which, in a city like Greater

Woful meanings the terms "politics" and "politicians" have acquired.

New York amount to over twenty thousand, and which those who hold them are anxious to retain, and which ten times that number of office-seekers are eager to beg, buy or steal.

Hence, the enormous sums of money which are in defiance of law and in scorn of patriotism, levied and extorted, by the party in power and the party eager to be, from office-holders and office-seekers, from contractors, railway-men, and others who have profitable franchises or favors to retain or seek, or election-corruption funds for purposes of bribery and intrigue, for ballot-stuffing and repeating, for press-silencing mouth-shutting, and hence the yet greater sums of money exacted after the election, as part of the victor's spoils.

Hence the autocratic power of the unscrupulous demagogue, of the so-called "Boss," the man who, as Mr. Bryce so capitally puts it, "has grown up in an atmosphere of oaths and cocktails, whose ideas of honor and purity are as strange to him as ideas about the nature of the currency and the incidence of taxation, to whom politics is merely a means for getting and securing places," the man who has made a science as well as an art of how to exploit those who are too ignorant to know anything about politics, or too busy to care anything about it, the man who probably started as a saloon-keeper, and, from exercising an influence over his besotted or indebted *habitués* in his ally or district, rose step by step, naming candidates, electing or defeating them at his price, until, at last, his hand is upon the throat of the Nation itself, until he dictates the terms by which even the Chief Magistrate may be chosen or not.

Hence the vast army of pot-house politicians, who do the "dirty work" of politics, who shield dives and dens, and protect law-breakers in the interest of law-makers, and who are kept in silence and in training by the reward of petty offices, at the disposal of those whom they have helped to place and power.

Hence the deep rooted and wide ramification of "the political machine," whose power and influence extend from the lowest clerkship to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, from the policeman on the street to the Kindergartner or Principal of the School, to the President of the University, to the Bishop of the Church, a power and influence so great that every attempt at eradication has met with ignominious failure. Occasionally, in a flurry of righteous indignation, there may be a temporary defeat of "the machine." But the rule is: the man named by the "Boss," and supported by "the ring," and "worked for," and "bribed for," and "lied for" by "the machine," will be the incumbent of the office, though a score of newspapers write against him, though a hundred reformers and preachers agitate and preach against him. The will of the "Boss" is supreme. A Nation of free people lies prostrate at his feet.

All this, appalling as it is, were not yet so bad, if the men—barring of course the honorable exceptions—put into office were at least fit to administer it even half-way satisfactorily. There is a tumbling in and out of office of men so monstrously unfit that no other civilized country on earth could endure it, which

The ignorance of politicians.

even our own country could not stand, were not our wealth as large, and our absorption in our own personal interests so complete, and our good nature so inexhaustible. A man once called on President Lincoln for an office. "On what," asked Mr. Lincoln, "do you found your claims?" "For twenty years," replied the applicant, "I have done the dirty work for the party." "Good," replied Mr. Lincoln, "as soon as I find an office in which dirty work is necessary I shall think of you first of all." That man would not have long to wait in these days. There is but one qualification requisite to secure office, that of having rendered service to the political machine, and but one to retain it, ambition coupled with cupidity. A story is told of a father who, undecided as to what calling to choose for his boy, left him alone in a room with an apple, a Bible, and a dollar bill, determining that, if on his return he should find the boy eating the apple, he would have him become a merchant; if reading the Bible, he would have him become a preacher; if he handle the dollar, he would have him become a lawyer. Returning the father found the boy eating the apple, sitting on the Bible, and the dollar in his pocket,— he decided to have him become a politician. The father evidently knew that the act of knowing how to grasp the most is the only preparation necessary, and the high road to success, in politics.

To much more political knowledge than this but few of this class of politicians lay claim. Some do not know the very Constitution under which they hold office, and this is by no means confined to the class of politicians who do "the dirty work." The other day, Senator Caffery of Louisiana made a constitutional argument, in the Senate Chamber against expansion. In the course of his remarks he read an extract. "From what is the Senator of Louisiana reading?" asked a fellow-Senator from one of our North-western States. With withering scorn and crushing effect, Mr. Caffery replied: "From the Constitution of the United States." Ignorance of statesmanship, of political science, of economic problems, is the besetting sin of the men who legislate for us, or administer what is legislated. Young Tom Sheridan, who, at one time, was quite anxious for a seat in the English Parliament, told his father, one day, that he believed that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs, that, for his part, if he should get into Parliament, he would pledge himself to no party, but would write upon his forehead in legible characters, "*To Let.*" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "write '*Unfurnished.*'" I would like to get the contract for supplying "Unfurnished" signs to all of our politicians who are unfurnished with the knowledge of political science. I believe the profits would be large enough to lessen materially our Temple debt.

But ignorance is probably the smallest of the offenses of our politicians. Very many of them are highly educated, sharp enough intellectually but sadly blunted morally, followers of the Machiavellian or Napoleonic school, who believe that between politics and morals there is absolutely no connection.

The corruption
of politicians.

There are politicians who stand in awe of but one Commandment, and that one is not of the Decalogue. It is the so-called eleventh commandment "*Thou shalt not be found out.*" Of the real Decalogue and Golden Rule no place in politics. Commandments some seem to know but very little. There is a story told of a candidate for office, who in a stump speech was enumerating to his hearers the good things he would do for the people if elected. "Will you vote for an alteration of the Decalogue?" asked one of the crowd. The word Decalogue was a stunner for our candidate. If he had ever heard of it, it must have been in his childhood days, and every memory of it must have passed away with them. Turning to a friend on the platform, he asked in a whisper "What the deuce is that?" The friend, to have some sport, roguishly whispered back that it referred to flogging in the army. "Yes, I will vote for an alteration of the Decalogue," answered the candidate enthusiastically, "nay more, if elected I will vote, and indeed I will move, for its total abolition!"

Ex-Senator Ingalls, for many years one of the most distinguished of the Senate of the United States, and at one time its honored President, came very near moving its total abolition, at least from politics, when in that notorious speech of his, that cost him his position, he declared: "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy." A fellow-Senator, being interviewed with regard to this political confession gave the laconic reply: "Senator Ingalls is a smart fellow, but he hasn't got much sense. He should have kept his mouth shut," probably meaning that the sentiment expressed by Mr. Ingalls is the creed of very many of his fellow-politicians, but that they, though acting according to it, are nevertheless shrewd enough "to keep their mouths shut," wise enough even to pose and to be accepted as statesmen and patriots and benefactors, though gorging, in the meantime, on political corruptions, while little Puck is standing by, laughing in his sleeve, and saying to himself; "What fools these constituents be!"

Yes, Puck is right, the constituents are fools, aye, worse than fools, for there are follies that are crimes, and this is one of them. We have the officers we deserve, much better than we deserve. Our cities, therefore, the worst governed in the world. That recent "Conference for Good City Government" was very right when, upon the strength of overwhelming facts and figures, it unanimsly expressed its conviction, first, that our great cities are, on the whole, the worst governed in the world; second, that every city has just as good a government as its citizens deserve, and no better; third, that those elements in society which we regard as the "better classes" are, in reality, the very worst, when judged from the standpoint of municipal government.

It is the bad citizenship of our so-called good citizen that is responsible for the largest part of our municipal ills and national corruptions. I sometimes think we owe a vote of thanks to our so-called "professional" politicians, since, but for their running the machinery—bad as it is, for all the interest our "best citizen" takes in it, government might come to a standstill, and anarchy take its place. And I am enough of a bad citizen to wish that we might have just a little of such anarchy so that it might arouse at last our "best citizen" to his best citizenship duties.

Due largely to bad citizenship of "best citizens."

The Talmud declares that the Deliverer will not come until evil will have acquired complete mastery over good. God forbid that our political delivery be delayed till corruption shall have completely submerged our politics. God forbid that such proceedings as have been, and as are now being, laid bare by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, such proceedings as have been witnessed in Albany, in Chicago, in St. Louis, as we have witnessed in our own city, a councilman testifying under oath that he had been offered \$5000 for the vote on a certain bill,—and the investigation squelched; the Municipal League pointing out to its "best citizens," and on the strongest proofs, the political corruptions of certain candidates, and these spotted politicians returned to office with the "usual large majority," our city water, for reasons best known to politicians, permitted to this day to offend sight and taste, and breed disease, though as far back as 1883 in a Memorial presented to the Legislature at Harrisburg, a Committee of citizens of this city declared: "The water supply is so bad that during many weeks of the last winter it was not only distasteful and unwholesome for drinking, but offensive for bathing purposes;" not a city, not a State in the land but has its political scandals, its political jobberies and robberies; even so-called "best citizens" shutting with briberies of one kind or another the eyes and mouths and hands of officials, for the evasion of taxes, for the smuggling of goods, for the securing of valuable franchises and contracts, for the passing of certain bills, for the obtaining of certain appointments; even our Senate disgraced by charges of purchases of offices;—God forbid that such political corruptions should increase in the order of geometrical progression, as crime is wont to do, our government will become an oligarchy worse than that of ancient Greece or mediæval Venice, our freedom will turn into a slavery worse than any that Czar or Shah ever visited on their peoples, and our proud *Old Glory*, floating over a nation of tyrants and slaves, will become the symbol of political shame!

What this Nation might come to, if corruption unchecked.

And yet we might easily be the deliverer of our country, if we would but choose to govern in fact, and not in theory. To have the right and the power to be the freest and best governed people, and yet voluntarily to submit to political "bosses" is a sight to make liberty weep. It is a national conscience that we need more than anything else. Our fathers, amidst infinite struggles, secured for themselves and us national existence; ours is the duty to secure for ourselves and our descendants *national conscience*.

We might be Deliverers of our country:

Honorably to further one's personal interests to the utmost is noble, but it becomes ignoble when it is done to the utter exclusion of citizenship duty. The interests of one's country are not apart from one's own. The poison that corrupts our government infects also our social and domestic and individual morality. When they who govern do not deserve respect, the governed will not long continue respectable. The example on high finds only too willing imitators below. When the leaders lead wrong, the led must not be expected to go straight.

A nation is a stock-company in which every citizen owns stock, and of which every one who holds political office is a manager. According to the circumspection of the stock-owners in their choice of managers, and according to their guardianship over them is the value of the stock. And yet more than a stock-company a nation like ours is a legacy, which, in remembrance of our fathers' heroism and martyrdom, must inspire in us a patriotism that must hold every other interest as of small importance, compared with the preservation of our sacred inheritance. A nation that was worth our fathers' fighting for and dying for, must be worth our preservation in purity, and our transmission with honor to posterity.

Once we have that proper patriotism, that needed national conscience, and we shall have at the same time the cure of our political corruption. We will then not entrust office to the intellectually and morally unfit, but will raise politics to the dignity of a profession, and require for it the same training and skill that we now demand of the other professions. With the pre-requisites of the highest intellectual and moral training in political science and national morality, we will at once raise the honor of the office, and our best capacities will seek the honor, and serve the office as trained statesmen, instead, as now, fleeing it, and leaving it to "the machine."

We will then deal with our Suffrage as it demands to be treated, not as something to be thrown at every male who happens to possess the age and residence requirement, but to be sacredly conferred, like unto a School Diploma or Fraternity Degree, upon those only who are fit to be entrusted with the most precious of all national treasures, fit to handle the most valuable of all our national defenses, the most dangerous of all our national weapons.

We will then regard discharging our citizenship duties, at the primaries and at the polls, a sacred privilege instead of a burdensome task, an act of patriotism to be personally performed, instead of a mere political requirement to be relegated to "the ring."

Once upon a time, so the ancient Historian tells, the seven wise men of Greece were asked what in their judgment were the elements of perpetuity in a Republic. One answered: "I hold that city or state happy, and most likely to remain democratic, in which those that are not personally injured are yet as forward to question and correct wrong-doers, as is that person who is directly wronged." The second said: "Where all fear the law as they fear a tyrant." The third answered: "Where the citizens are neither too rich nor too poor." The fourth answered: "Where, though in all other respects they are equals, yet virtuous men are advanced and vicious men degraded." The fifth said: "Where the rulers fear reproof and shame more than the law." The sixth said: "Where bad men are prohibited from ruling, and good men from not ruling." The last said: "Where the subjects mind the law most and the orators least."

Here is offered to us by the seven wisest men of ancient Greece the cure of our political corruption. Two thousand years of varied experiences have but strengthened the truth they have taught. Let us apply their remedy, and we shall be cleansed of our political corruption, and prosper and rejoice in national morality.

Society and Its Morals.

VI.—Racial Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE
BEFORE THE
REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY
RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 15th, 1900.

“This year we are still slaves, may the next year see us free” From the *Passover Service*.

“The evil that men do lives after them.”—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar*, III, 2.

“Whenever a separation is made between liberty and justice, neither, in my opinion, is safe.”—BURKE.

Easter and Passover, observed to-day in church and synagogue, what a day this is for thought and speech, for inspiration and hope! How it towers above every other festive day in the religious calendar! How eloquent it is of courageous daring, of heroic suffering; how instinct with the mightiest achievements of history! The universe itself seems to answer to-day the heart's joyous pulsations of universal peace and good-will. The very air seems vocal with paeans of victory; the very birds seem to sing with their new-found voices the praises of heroes and martyrs, who fought and suffered and died that man might be free; the very flowers seem to have donned their brightest hues in honor of those illustrious dead, whom fond memory delights to resurrect from their graves to-day, to lead them forth in triumphal procession, and to wreath them anew with their well-earned laurels.

This day instinct with mightiest achievements of History.

This is liberty's natal day, this is the anniversary of humanity's birth. On this day, in the hoary past, God's voice was heard a second time in creative fiat: the universe resounded with the words: “Let man be free!” And a single voice at the banks of the Nile, and, later, another on the heights of Golgatha answered “Man shall be free!” and in tones so loud that their echo has not ceased to this day. On this day, centuries ago, were laid the foundations of that school, wherein countless thousands have been trained in the hardest of all arts, that of daring all in the service of right, that of suffering all for the cause of truth. But for the lessons the Passover and Easter have taught, but for the examples of heroic self-sacrifice they have set, mankind might never have known the

Anniversary of the birth of liberty and humanity.

meaning of liberty, might never have understood the significance of humanity; words such as Magna Charta, Reformation, Plymouth Rock, Bill of Rights, Independence, Emancipation, might never have found their way into the vocabulary of human speech.

There are feelings kindled on this day that other festivals cannot waken. Hearts are stirred to-day by emotions both joyous and sad,—

joyous because of the blessings these days have brought,
 Hopes awakened to-day sad because of the remembrance of the terrible cost at which they were secured; joyous because of the progress these days have enabled us to make, sad because we have not used to better advantage the blessings these days have afforded; joyous that so much of liberty is ours, sad that so much of slavery and tyranny still abounds. The blessed memories with which this day is freighted beget the conviction that this festival has not yet done all its work, that from the school which it has founded there shall yet go forth many a hero and martyr, many a reformer and benefactor. In its name and in its spirit many a wrong shall yet be righted, many an ignorance enlightened, many a prejudice overcome, many a slavery abolished, many a tyranny suppressed.

There is a growing conviction that not forever will the Jew, who has given this Passover and Easter to the world, suffer from the prejudice

and ignorance and hatred of his Christian brother, that not forever will the Jew be obliged to repeat in his Passover service "This year we are still slaves," and breathe the fervent hope "may the next year see us free."

There is yet a stronger conviction that not forever will Christians, who have profited most from the Passover-Easter, speak of humanity and brotherhood, and practice the very opposite of it on their brethren of the same faith but of different color. Not forever will the colored man wonder whether Christian profession and practice were really ever meant to tally, or whether he, whom both acknowledge in common as their Lord and Savior, died for the salvation and happiness of the white Christian only and not for the black one as well.

The teachings and memories of this day strengthen the conviction, and this year more than ever, that we are gradually approaching another

emancipation, that humanity will before very long take another step forward, will so enlarge the circle of brotherhood as to include a people hitherto cruelly excluded.

The white man's treatment of the black man has reached another climax. The enormity of the injustice is creating a reaction, is arousing widespread indignation and sympathy, is preparing thoughtful men for that broader view and larger humanity that will enable them to look beneath color, into heart and soul, and recognize as brethren not merely such as are alike in looks, but such who feel alike nobly and act alike humanely.

As in the days that have given us this double festival, out of the bitterness shall come the sweet. It was ever thus. The story of human

progress is the story of human tribulation. As in the account of the first Creation, it is ever night before it is morning. In the great book of civilization, so very old, so very voluminous, and still so very far from completion, every page that records a glorious victory is preceded by ten thousand pages telling of crushing defeats. Rivers of blood and oceans of tears have been the price which mankind has paid for the little political and religious freedom it enjoys. The greater a people's gain has been, the severer has been its preceding pain; the more glorious the crown it won, the more painful was the cross it had to bear. Every Yorktown has had its preceding Valley Forge, every Appomattox its Bull Run. Revolution was the mother of American Independence; rebellion gave birth to the American Negro's Emancipation; from out present-day racial injustice will spring the Negro's Equality.

Victory ever preceded by defeat; gain by pain.

The battle cry of our first great war was: All men are created equal, and are, therefore, alike endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The battle cry of our second great war was: The Negro, too, is a man, has, like other men, been created in the image of God, and is, therefore, entitled to every human right. The battle-cry of the future will be: The rights our fathers have secured at the price of infinite suffering and martyrdom shall be recognized and respected, not merely in the abstract but in the concrete, not merely on the statute books but in the white man's daily intercourse with the black.

Negro-rights, guaranteed by two wars shall be realized.

The struggle is on. While lynchings and restrictions and exclusions and disfranchisements of Negroes are proceeding at an alarming rate in the South, in the North meetings and conferences are being held, lectures are being delivered and circulated. Earnest men are earnestly studying how they might find ways and means to convert race hatred into race equality. I have attended a number of these meetings. I have listened to both the white man's and the black man's recitals of the wrongs against the Negro, I have read considerable literature on the subject, and the more harrowing some of the accounts have been the more have I felt like saying: Thank God that so much has already been endured, that so much of outrage has already been perpetrated that it has aroused at last national attention. Thank God that a climax of suffering has been reached at last. It is a sign that redemption is nigh. Leave-taking evils ever show their greatest cruelty at their departure. The darker the hour of night the nearer the break of day. When Israel in Egypt suffered most, its hour of release was nearest at hand.

Another war is being waged.

Thirty-five years have passed since the close of the war that emancipated the Negro. And yet we have the Negro Problem still. He is free and yet still a slave; he has been given his liberty, and yet he suffers from tyranny still. Wherever proper opportunity has been afforded him he has proven himself, in

Negro freed;— yet still a slave.

skill of hand and brain, worthy of the citizenship that was conferred upon him, and quite the equal of the white man of the same class and education and condition. But it has all been in vain. As that statue, wrought by Negro hand, at the recent Atlanta Exhibition, told so pathetically, his chains are broken, but they are not yet off. He is still obliged to drag the clanking irons with him wherever he goes. Wherever he turns, the door is closed in his face. Barring the honorable exceptions, where others live he may not live; the higher pursuits that others pursue he may not follow; the cars in which others travel he may not use; at the hotels at which others stop he may not lodge; at the restaurants where others eat, he may not eat; where others amuse themselves he may not enter. Insults await him at every turn. The haunts of misery, of vice and crime, the most degrading and debasing callings are generally the only ones that are open to him.

What could have been more natural than that, after years of such disheartening experiences as these, utter despair should have seized upon him, should have robbed him of every ambition to rise above the degradation which the white man forced upon him, should have led him to say: "It is of no use that I try. Never will I be forgiven for the color which God has given me. Never will I be pardoned for the slavery which the white man forced upon me!"

And yet, notwithstanding such barriers and discouragements, the braver among them seized even upon the scantiest opportunity afforded with an avidity that was marvellous, and raised themselves step by step, to heights that are astounding, considering the limitations of time and privilege and means. Thirty-five years ago a slave people, the property of white masters, bought and kept and sold like cattle, credited with neither mind nor soul, not a Negro school anywhere within the confines of slavery,—to-day twenty-five thousand Negro teachers instruct a million and a quarter Negro children, in twenty-five thousand Negro schools. Five thousand Negro preachers occupy Christian pulpits. Hundreds of Negroes plead at the bar and minister to the sick. Some of them administer justice from the bench. Their voice is heard in legislative halls; their eloquence resounds from the lecture platform; the magazines publish their writings; the press spreads broadcast their books. Dunbar, the poet, Tanner and Carpenter the painters, Edmonia Lewis, the sculptress, are Negroes. Harvard's valedictorians count a Negro. Many of our sweetest native songs are of Negro composition. The equatorial telescope of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, was made entirely by Negro students of Nashville, Tenn. Professors Du Bois of Atlanta and Miller of Washington, and scores of others equally as proficient are all of the Negro race. Dozens of patents, some of them of high scientific worth, have been taken out by colored men.

And what shall we say of that eminent leader of his race, Booker T. Washington, one of the Nation's greatest men, one whose name is fast

becoming a household word throughout the land? What shall we say of him, a Negro, who, some forty years ago, was born of slaves and into slavery, but who, at the close of the war, worked himself, as a mere lad, into and through Hampton School, and is to-day perhaps the greatest educator and leader of the age, Head and Founder of the Agricultural and Industrial School of Tuskegee, Ala., which he started, less than twenty years ago, in a shanty church, with thirty ragged Negro pupils, and with not a dollar's worth of property, and which to-day counts forty-two buildings—nearly all of them built entirely by Negro hands—and eighty-eight instructors, about one thousand students, taught in twenty-two different industries, and which institution represents to-day a worth of \$300,000, and besides having turned out some two thousand graduates, has inspired a number of similar Negro Industrial Schools in different sections of the South?

What shall we say of the Negro race that, within so short a time, and with so poor a start and in the face of overwhelming discouragements and difficulties, has been able to produce such results? What shall we say of the Negro race whose record in the industrial and commercial world, during the same extent of time, has been, wherever a fair opportunity was afforded, as distinguished, as marvellous, as in the intellectual world? What shall we say of a race which, though starting but thirty-five years ago almost with nothing, and of which but comparatively few have had an opportunity, has accumulated, within a single generation, by dint of thrift and enterprise, and in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, a wealth conservatively estimated at three hundred millions of dollars?

Are these endowments of the few we have named, endowments which, if not possessed by all, at least show the possibilities of the race, are all these such evidences of the Negro's mental degradation, of his industrial baseness, of his racial inferiority as to compel the white man of the South, and to a large extent also of the North, to bar to him his workshop, office, street, school, car, restaurant, hotel, as to condemn him to the lowest callings and most vicious haunts, as to deprive him of the opportunities and environments for self-elevation, as to deny him legal protection and human sympathy, as to rob him openly and flagrantly of the rights sacredly guaranteed him by the Constitution?

Though proving fitness for highest, condemned to lowest.

No, these evidences point in a different direction. They tell that the Negro has been far more successful in raising himself from the degradation of slavery than has the white man been in delivering himself from the shackles of racial prejudices, that are as unreasonable as they are crushing in the effects they have upon the general ennoblement of the colored race. Who knows the meaning of this better than we, the people of Israel? Had we not had back of us thousands of years of the highest culture any race had ever attained, and had we not had the consciousness that Western civilization was indebted to our race for all it valued highest and cherished

White man still in clutches of racial antipathy.

most, we could never have outlived the degradations that had been heaped upon us, the prejudices and aversions and repulsions to which we have been and still are subjected?

So blinded by racial antipathy is the white man, that he does not seem to see the enormity of his wrong, and of his answerableness to God and humanity for the consequences. Somehow, he cannot or will not see that the root of the evil is in the white man's brain not in the black man's skin. He cannot forgive the Negro his African origin. He does not ask himself who it was that made the Negro of different color. Our own Rabbi Einhorn, being once upon a time taunted by a neighboring Rabbi for his homely looks, said in reply, that he freely admitted the charge, but advised the accuser, in the words of the Talmud, *לך ואכיר לראוכן שעשאתי* "Go and find fault with the Master who made me." So might the Negro direct all who do not like his looks to address their dislikes to the Maker of all, white and black, brown and yellow, and all the shades between.

And the white man, more especially of the South, cannot forget that the Negro, but a short time ago, was a slave, his property, and it displeases him to see this one time chattel of his made by the Constitution his political equal, and endeavoring to prove himself his intellectual and industrial equal.

The white man, however, does not ask himself how it was that the Negro became a slave, who it was that kept him in slavery, and, if he had the power, would still fasten the shackles of slavery upon the Negro, who it was that seized and dragged the Negro from the land of his birth, from the gentle and kindly African people whence he hailed, and brought and sold him to a modern Egyptian bondage, where, like unto his treatment of the American Indian, by degradation he degraded him, by debasement he made him base.

"The Negro is an inferior race," says the white man, "and therefore not entitled to equality with the Caucasian." The time has not yet come for us to speak with positiveness as to whether or not the Negro is inferior. But little opportunity has thus far been given him to prove whether his inferiority is inherent or enforced. He has, however, given enough of examples to convince the impartial that, however dark his skin may be, his brain can be as gray as ours, and his heart as warm.

It is true, as a whole, the Negro is still backward, but it is a backwardness that seems to be due to past degradation and present lack of opportunity rather than to lack of original endowment. The effects of three hundred years of degradation cannot be wiped out in a single generation. Compelled by their white owners, two and a half centuries long, from 1619 to 1865 to live in ignorance, in immorality, with no knowledge of a home of their own, or of the sacredness of wedlock, of parenthood and of family-life, mated for breeding-purposes, like cattle, this year with this one, next year with that, with no right or title to his own wife and children or to property of his own, subject to every debauchery and

Cannot forgive
the Negro his
color,

Nor forget that
Negro was his
enforced slave.

Argument of
Negro racial in-
feriority answer-
ed.

cruelty of his master, driven to his work like the beast, cowering before the lash like a cur, every spark of independence, self-respect, God-likeness, crushed out of him, a state of debasement like this, lasting two and a half centuries long, was hardly a preparation for proving the Negro intellectually and morally the equal of the Caucasian.

"The Negro is by nature and instinct criminal," says the white man, and cites no end of cases of thievery, drunkenness, brutality, outrage. It is true, the percentage of crime among Negroes is very large, but, without taking into consideration the frequent false accusations, the lesser court-protection allowed the Negro, the predisposition of belief in his guilt, his lesser means and chances for establishing his innocence, the larger percentage of crime is not due to color but to condition, not to race but, to a large extent to the white man's past debasement of the slave and to his present degradation of the slave-descendant. We first create the conditions for crime, and then we indict a whole race as being by nature and instinct criminal. We first deprive him of the aids that make for righteousness, we keep him ignorant, force him to idleness, drive him into the alley, expel him from decent environments, deny him membership even to our churches, refuse him store and office-room even in properties belonging to churches, literally force him into dives and dens, make of him everywhere the submerged element of population, and then speak of him, in passion and hatred, as being criminal by nature and instinct.

Oh, for another Nazarene to rise, and to cry aloud: "Let him who is innocent cast the first stone!" It is, alas, only too true very many negroes are bestial, lay violent hands upon the sanctity of the white man's home. But what stories of the white man's bestiality and debauchery are not written upon every mulatto's face! Have not ten thousand blacks been wronged by white men, for one white wronged by blacks? And will we, therefore, call the white race criminal by nature and instinct? What illustrations of barbaric ferocity are not given by these burnings alive and mutilatings and lynchings of black men by white men, and will we, therefore, brand the white race as criminal by nature and instinct? Enter the crowded penitentiaries and count the thousands of white people serving there penal sentence for thievery, drunkenness, brutality, outrage, consider all the advantages they have had for leading moral lives, and will you, therefore, indict the white race, as a race of criminals?

Crime is individual not racial. It is conditioned by intellect and character not by color. Had we of the Caucasian race been suddenly seized, some three hundred years ago, stolen from our own, dragged into ships, carried across seas, landed on foreign shores, auctioned off as slaves, had we been debased and debauched to the lowest stage, and, finally, when given our freedom, expelled and excommunicated from every higher calling, from every decent environment, condemned to the life and surroundings that breed crime, I wonder whether the Caucasian would have made a better intellectual and moral and industrial showing to-day than does the Negro.

Argument of
Negro criminal-
ity answered.

White man's
responsibility in
Negro crime.

The remarkable advance the Negro has made, despite every discouragement, goes far to prove that under like opportunity, and after a due lapse of time, he will compare favorably with his white brother. He is in possession of every faculty assuring this. He is by nature of a kindly disposition, affectionate and loyal. He is capable of self-control. When, during the Civil War, the master was fighting in distant parts for a continuance of Negro slavery, the slave continued faithful and loyal on the plantation, protecting his master's wife and children, and never, during all those years, was a charge raised of his having violated the sacred trust reposed in him. His religious instinct is strong; once thoroughly rationalized, it will render him valuable service in his onward march. As to his bravery and patriotism let the Generals of the Civil War and of the Spanish American War speak. He is eager for education, makes great sacrifices for it (two colored lads recently walked five hundred miles to Tuskegee, to get an industrial education) and his progress is surprising. The heights to which the few, who have had some opportunity, have raised themselves are prophecies of what the many will do, once the white man shall lay aside the old notion of master and slave, and take up that of human brotherhood, regardless of race, creed or color.

Let this Messianic era for the Negro be ushered in with this Passover-Easter day, the festival consecrated to liberty and brotherhood. Let us begin at last to square creed with deed, to be what we pretend, to do what we profess. Let us share with the still oppressed the liberty for which we are so grateful on this festive day. What is it that the Negro asks of us? Nothing but that we be just to him, nothing but that we give him like opportunity with the white for education, for work and wages, nothing but that we give him in the concrete what we have granted him in the abstract. More than this he asks not; more than this he needs not. With a fair opportunity given him, he will work out his own salvation. He will develop in culture. He will rise in efficiency. And by his elevation he will help to elevate the Nation. And by our humanity we will help to exalt The Brotherhood of Man.

Advance despite suppression proves racial ability.

Justice to Negro will elevate Nation and exalt humanity.

Society and Its Morals.

VII.—International Morality.

A SUNDAY LECTURE

BEFORE THE

REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 29th, 1900.

"They will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more." Isaiah ii, 4.

"They will sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none will make them afraid." Micah iv, 4.

"They will not hurt nor destroy, for the earth shall be as full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Isaiah xi, 9.

"If my children, sayeth the Lord, open the doors of repentance but a little, I even I, will open it wide for them." Talmud.

Two weeks ago, to-day, on the Easter Sunday, Paris enjoyed one of those gala days of which she is so very fond, and of which she manages to have a much larger number than is allotted to the other capitals of the world. She opened on that day her International Exhibition, amid a display that was as gorgeous as the speeches were eloquent. President Loubet recognized, in the peaceful exhibit by the civilized nations of their achievements in the arts and sciences and trades, the prophecy of a speedy dawn of a larger peace on earth and of a more wide-spread good-will among men than had ever been known before.

I can well imagine many a one who heard or read that speech enjoying, if in a good mood, his little laugh, or indulging, if in a bad humor, in some pretty strong language against a President of a Republic predicting Universal Peace and Good Will, when the vast military of his own country is engaged in active war preparations, and when ill-boding war-clouds are darkening the skies of nearly all the nations represented in that International Exposition.

Others again, if in an historic vein, probably recognized old and familiar sounds in the prophecy of President Loubet. It was the language which Emperor Louis Napoleon used when he opened the Exposition of 1867, the Exposition which Victor Hugo rhapsodized as the precursor of a "United

Latest prophecy concerning Universal Peace.

Smiled at or scorned.

Because similar prior prophecies have failed.

States of Europe" with Paris as the capital, to be succeeded by an "Empire of all Humanity," which language and rhapsodies, however, were not able to keep back the ominous war clouds which were already then pressing forward, and which, three years later, hurled the Emperor from his throne, destroyed the Empire, and inundated the soil of France with the heart's blood of the flower and pride of her youth and manhood.

It was the language which they had heard at the first real International Exposition, that at the Crystal Palace, London, in 1851. They remember how that Exposition, too, had been proclaimed as "a modern temple of Janus, in which the nations of the earth had met to celebrate the inauguration of an era of perpetual peace." But they also remember that that era of perpetual peace never outlived its inauguration. The very following year saw England, allied with France and Turkey, engage with Russia in the bloody Crimean war, lasting four long and cruel years, and, as more or less remote consequences of that war, they count ten or twelve other wars in which European nations have since been engaged, and which have brought frightful havoc and bloodshed and suffering upon millions of inoffending people.

It was the language which they had heard or read seven years ago, at the opening of Chicago's Great World's Fair. They remember the prophecies that were then made. It was a World's Peace Jubilee that was inaugurated on the shores of Lake Michigan. Those gigantic edifices were white Temples of Peace, showing by their exhibits, and by the international parliaments and congresses and conferences, that were held under their shadow, that swords were being beaten into plow-shares and spears into pruning-hooks, and prophesying that nation will no longer lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more. It was a beautiful dream, but it vanished with the vanishing of the buildings. Five years later our Nation was at war with Spain, out of which it passed into a bloody conflict with the Philipinos, from the throes of which it has not emerged to this day.

And yet, though many may have smiled, and though many may have been indignant at the prophecies uttered by President Loubet, at the recent opening of the Paris Exposition, to me these and similar utterances at similar occasions are indeed prophecies of an international concord that yet shall bless our earth. To me such prophecies at such occasions call neither for smiles nor sneers but for thought. When I see such utterances instinctively forcing themselves to the lips of representative leaders of men despite the uninterrupted wars, when I see such thoughts forced to the consciousness of serious thinkers by the sight of the peaceful intercourse between representatives of different nations, by the sight of a peaceful exhibition, side by side, of common contributions to a common civilization, when this I see, and ponder upon, I catch their inspiration and share their conviction. With them I believe that, even though wars still rage, there will yet be peace among the nations, there will yet be good-will among the peoples.

The prophecy
will nevertheless
be fulfilled.

And what is better still, I believe that, even though bullets still hiss and cannons still roar, the fulfillment of the prophecy has already begun. There are unmistakable signs that the beginning of the end has set in, that the days of war are numbered, that the peace which will ultimately be in its blossom and fruitage, is germinating and sprouting even now. As we were shown in our school days how, in the evolution of things, the chief characteristic of one age or of one genus manifests itself, in an embryonic or rudimentary form, in the preceding age or germs, how the vertebrate, for instance, was clearly foreshadowed in the preceding invertebrate, or how the advent of the mammal was prognosticated in the preceding reptile, so may in the moral world the distinguishing characteristic of a succeeding age be foretold by certain signs in the age preceding, so may the age of Universal Peace and Good Will, which ultimately shall hold dominion over the children of men, be prognosticated from certain thoughts and beliefs, from certain aversions and rebellions that powerfully sway the minds of men to-day.

Take, for instance, the present wide-spread indignation at England because of her war against the Boers. With but few exceptions, the whole civilized world sympathizes profoundly with that brave handful of people that is putting up so noble a fight against so powerful an adversary. Why all this pity? Why all these protests? Who are the Boers? Are they not a mere peasant-tribe in far-away South Africa? What has that unlettered, narrow and fanatical people ever contributed to civilization? What benefit has human kind ever derived from them? Why all this indignation at England, the mighty England that has contributed to freedom her Magna Charta, that has crowned literature with her Shakespeare, law with her Blackstone, invention with her Watt and Stephenson, science and philosophy with her Darwin and Spencer? Is this bitterness the world's gratitude for the blessings she has showered upon it? No! It is the world's condemnation that she, who by her noble efforts had raised herself so high, has permitted herself to be dragged so low by a few self-seeking schemers. It is the world's declaration that, much as it values contributions to letters and arts and sciences, there is something it values infinitely higher, and that is Justice.

This is new. This is one of the signs of the gradual beginning of the ultimate end of war. It is one of the germs of the future Universal Peace. It is the beginning of that international morality that shall ultimately flower and fruit into a Brotherhood of Man. A time there was when a war of so mighty a Power as Great Britain against so insignificant a people as the Boers was of little concern to any outside the belligerents, or when the mighty, no matter how wrong, was even aided or abetted by other powerful nations, so that they, in their turn, might swallow up some of the other small fry. But this is changing. The voice of justice is beginning to outcry the shout of power, the arm of right to excel the brute-force of might. Nations are realizing that, beside

is already commencing to fulfill.

Seen by indignation at England's war against Boers;

Krupp guns and Lyddite batteries they must have a mighty armament of right and justice on their side, if they would win the highest prize of all: the approval of the civilized world. This is a new weapon in warfare, the highest yet invented. It is an explosive that will destroy war itself.

To cite another example, let us come nearer home. Our own war against the Philippines has aroused bitter opposition in very many quarters of our country, and among many of its most cultured people. Some of our foremost thinkers have condemned our course against Aguinaldo and his people as fiercely as the world condemns England's course against Krüger and his men. Without entering upon a discussion as to whether or not there is a difference between these two wars, or whether or not our cause is justified, the fact remains, and a most remarkable one it is, that the interests of a half-savage people, thousands of miles away from us, so profoundly concern many of our own loyal and cultured people as to arouse them to public opposition, to bitter denunciations, to violent agitations almost to the point of open rebellion. Have these opponents sustained any material loss by this warfare? No. Have any of their own been slain or wounded or wronged in this war? No. Are the Philippines of their race or religion? No. What is it that makes them so hostile to the course our Government is pursuing? Nothing but their high regard for international morality, nothing but their conviction that even a half-naked, half-savage people, thousands of miles away, is as much entitled to Right and Justice as the most cultured next-door neighbor. There is in this agitation a proof of a very considerable advance in International Morality. There is in this the sign and token that the era of Universal Peace and Good Will has commenced to dawn.

To cite yet another example, there was the Dreyfus case. What an interest the cruel fate of that French captain awakened throughout the civilized world! What an outcry it aroused! What sympathies it awakened! What agitations it started! And who was that Dreyfus? An obscure captain, who had never done anything to draw upon himself the attention or gratitude of the world, a Jew, one of those people for whom the world has never had very much love, for whom it has often had very much of oppression and persecution and cruelty. Why such a mighty change in the case of Dreyfus? Because the world has experienced a mighty change in its attitude toward Right and Justice. It was not with Dreyfus, the Frenchman, not with Dreyfus, the Jew, that it dealt. It saw a human being wronged, condemned unheard, sentenced for life, on the charge of one of the blackest crimes, to one of the most cruel of punishments, without his guilt ever having been proven. Its indignation was aroused. From all the earth its clamor arose for a fair hearing, for a just trial, even though the prisoner be but an obscure captain, even though he be but a Jew, even though the greatest of the land have been concerned in his conviction. And the clamor grew until it shook the very foundations of France,

At our war
against Philip-
pines;

At France's in-
justice against
Dreyfus.

until it opened wide the doors of the cell in which the prisoner had been kept chained for years, until it secured for him a new trial, in the hearing of all the world and—set him free. It was the work of man for the justice of his fellow-man. It was man's vindication of his fellow-man wronged. To such heights has international morality already climbed. Verily, the age of Universal Good Will has commenced to dawn.

There are yet other grounds equally as strong, and even stronger, on which I base my belief that the prophecy of an ultimate reign of Universal Peace will be fulfilled. I read the strongest confirmation of it every day in the accounts of the sufferings Seen in unfitness for hardships of war. of our and the English soldiery, in the Philippine Islands and in the Transvaal. And I have seen such confirmations with my own eyes, during the Spanish-American war, in the United States camps, and in the American and Spanish camps in Cuba. I have seen one-third of the American army in Cuba down with raging fevers and other diseases, and another third getting ready to go down, and the remaining third having just gotten up, and more ready to go down again than to take up a soldier's life in war-time. I have seen the strongest constitutions succumbing, in a short time, under the privations, hardships, filth, hunger. I have seen men in the blossom and flower of their manhood fade and droop, after but a short experience in warfare, and wither and stagger into the grave, or, worse still, into a living death. I saw and counted the graves into which the slaughtered of war had fallen, but very many more did I see and count in which lay those who were slaughtered by the hardships and miseries of a soldier's life during war-time.

It was at one of these graves back of Santiago, that I first perceived most vividly the beginning of the end of war. It was there that I keenly realized that civilization and warfare cannot go hand in hand, that where the one is the other cannot be. Where civilization is warfare cannot be. Accustomed to the advantages and refinements and comforts of civilized life, man's physical as well as moral nature gradually acquires that tenderness that frees it from the coarseness of the brute, and fits it for the godlike. Only by surrendering the highest blessings of civilization, only by returning to the barbarities of the Dark and Cruel Ages, can man continue to be a fighting animal. But there is little danger of his returning to the miseries out of which he has lifted himself amid infinite difficulties, and after ages of struggle. He has tasted of the fruit of the tree of civilization, and his eyes have been opened. And he will not close them again. He will continue to progress, and the further he will advance the wider will stretch the gap between him and the bloodshed and sufferings and miseries of war, until the latter will finally sink out of his horizon altogether, until all around him he will behold the fulfillment of the long dreamed of and long prophesied era of Universal Peace, of International Good Will.

And what stronger proof of a dawning Brotherhood of Man can we have than that which was furnished us last summer, in the *Huis ten Bosh*

Proven also by recent Peace Conference.

(House in the Woods) at the Hague, at which twenty-six of the greatest powers on earth, through their one hundred and ten representatives, deliberated how they might eventually effect a disarmament of the nations, how in the meantime they might adjust international difficulties by means of a Permanent Court of Arbitration, and how, if war must yet continue a little while longer, it might be stripped of as much needless cruelty and suffering and misery as possible?

I have been one of those who, when the Czar's Appeal to the Nations of the Earth for a Peace Conference first appeared was very sceptical as to its results, even suspected some diplomatic ruse that might give Russia time and means to complete and equip her trans-Siberian railway, or give her some other advantage over her rivals. But that was before I had carefully studied the real text of the Czar's first and second Manifesto, before I had measured the character and caliber of the chief men who represented their respective nations, before I had followed the deliberations, and had pondered upon the conclusions they had arrived at. Great as had been my surprise that such an appeal should have gone forth from a Russian Czar, still greater was my astonishment that the sessions and results of that Peace Conference should have awakened such little enthusiasm, that its close should not have been celebrated all over the earth as a World's Festival of Peace. For the time may come when that Conference in the *Huis ten Bosh* may rank among the greatest achievements of the Nineteenth Century, among the greatest events in modern history, may be celebrated as the first real Assembly of the Parliament of Man.

Not because of any great thing the Conference has already accomplished, or may accomplish in the immediate future, but because of the seed that has been planted, and has been planted carefully, and in good soil, and under a favorable sky, and that is bound to grow, and receive the best of care while growing, and finally bloom and blossom, and ripen godly fruit. Our country was far from free when the Liberty Bell rang out independence to the tyrannized colonies. It had to fight many a bloody battle still, and suffer yet many a cruelty, before it could believe in its independence, and feel itself free, and reap the fruit of liberty. So with the Peace Conference at the Hague. Many a war will yet be waged, many a battle will yet be fought, before there will be Peace among all the nations, before there will be Good Will among all men.

But a beginning has been made, and a good beginning too. It was not diplomacy, it was humanity that spoke, and spoke from the depth of the heart, when the mighty nations there assembled declared, that the necessity for international peace has within recent years been more than ever confirmed, that the enormous expenditure for armaments exhaust the financial strength of the people, cripple their industrial and intellectual growth, inasmuch as they divert labor and capital from their natural spheres to spheres

That Conference will rank as *First Parliament of Man*.

Not because of good already done but for good to be achieved.

Beginning of end of war already made manifest.

where they are unproductively consumed. "Hundreds of millions," as the Czar's Manifesto declares, "are expended for terrible engines of destruction, which, though to-day regarded as the last work of science, will to-morrow lose all value because of some new invention in the same field. National culture, economic progress and the production of wealth, are paralyzed or checked in development.

"Meanwhile, in proportion as the armaments of each power increase, do they less and less fulfil the object which the governments have proposed.

"Economic crises, due in great part to the system of armaments *à outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this accumulation of war material, transform the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples bear with more and more difficulty. It seems evident that if this state of things continues it will inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, of which the horrors are terrible, even in anticipation.

"For all nations it is a supreme duty to-day to put an end to these constant armaments, and to seek means for warding off the calamities which threaten the whole world."

So significant a declaration as this, by so powerful a ruler as the Czar of all the Russias, at a conference of twenty-six of the greatest nations of the earth, represented by some of their wisest statesmen, means much, very much, means the beginning of the end of war, and of the frightfully and uselessly expensive armament, employed for the settlement of international difficulties, that can be much better and much easier settled by a Court of Arbitration, at an infinitely lesser cost of money, and without any brutality and misery at all.

So much does this declaration mean that, in consequence thereof, a Court of International Arbitration has already been unanimously agreed upon, which is to be located permanently at the Hague, and is to be composed of representative statesmen of all the signatory Powers, and is to be presided over by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Holland. In accordance with the terms of the Conference that their conclusions shall become binding as soon as nine Powers shall have ratified them, this International Court of Arbitration will probably enter upon its work soon, as nearly all of the twenty-six Powers have already indorsed it. It will inaugurate a new epoch in the history of civilization. It is not as yet to be an obligatory Court of International Arbitration; it is still to be left to the option of the nations whether or not they wish to avail themselves of its peaceful service. But one nation after another will gradually seek it for the adjustment of minor difficulties, until the ease, and inexpensiveness and impartiality of such an international tribunal for the attainment of justice by the world's wisest statesmen, by the Justices of the World's Supreme Court, will commend itself to the conscience of the nations, and gradually invite their bringing before it, for its adjudication, their more serious quarrels. And the day will come when man will wonder

By establishment
of International
Court of Arbitra-
tion.

how he could ever have been so stupid, so brutal, as to employ cruel and costly weapons of war and its deadly and harrowing miseries, for the settlement of international or internecine difficulties, when he had at his disposal the judgment and impartiality of wise men for the establishment of Right and Justice.

And this is not all the Conference did. 'Recognizing that war will and must yet continue awhile—since habits and traits of tens of centuries cannot be obliterated at once, no matter how wise the resolutions or how willing the spirit—it discussed and decided upon measures looking to the lessening of slaughter and to the increase of humanity, even amid such inhuman work as war. There is to be restriction in the use of explosives, prohibition of the hurling of projectiles from balloons, extension of the work of the Red Cross Society to the navy, protection of the unarmed population of belligerents, humane and honorable treatment to prisoners of war, inviolability of all beneficiary establishments—religious, educational and otherwise—found on disputed territory, and yet other humane measures,—all looking to the ending of the barbarities of war, and eventually to the ending of war itself.

At the entrance of the Hall of the *Huis ten Bosch*, in which the Conference's deliberations were held, there is an old painting by one of the old Netherland masters, representing Peace entering the room to close the Temple of Janus, to shut the portals of war. Was it preordained that that noble painting should, many, many years ago, have been made to decorate this now famous hall? The proverb says "man proposes, and God disposes;" and experience often proves that what God pre-ordains, man, whether he wants to or not, must bring to pass. It is manifestly the will of God that war shall at last come to an end. He has declared it in the promptings of our heart, in the yearnings of our soul, in the ever growing interdependence among the nations, in the ever nearer approach of the nations to each other, made possible by space-annihilating inventions, by ever closer-knitting bonds of commercial and educational and religious interests. And the will of God will be done. There will be peace on earth and good will among men. Man has made the start, God will finish it. What the Talmud teaches respecting repentance, namely, "If my children," sayeth the Lord, "open the doors of repentance but a little, I, even I, will open it wide for them," that will apply with equal force to International Peace. We have opened the doors of peace a little. War is passing out; universal good will is entering. God will open it wider and wider. There will be "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good-will among all men." "Nations will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." "Man will sit under his vine and fig-tree, with none to hurt, with none to destroy, with none to make him afraid."

By restriction
and prohibition
of brutality.

The door of
peace is opening
wide.

