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✠ **In Memoriam** ✠
President McKinley

A Memorial Address in the
"Old First" Presbyterian
Church in the City of New
York, on September 19th,
MDCCCLXIX ~ ~ ~ ~
By Howard Duffield, D.D.

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“God’s Way.”



“*The Lord reigneth—let the earth rejoice.*”

“*The Lord reigneth—let the people tremble.*”

THE BOOK OF THE PSALMS
xcvii: 1 — xcix: 1.

There is one Throne which can never be moved. The wasting of Time cannot affect it. The assaults of men cannot disturb it. Human institutions, the most venerable and the most admirable, are “such stuff as dreams are made of.” Giant empires move across the earth like a procession of ghosts. The dust of forgetfulness quickly gathers upon the trappings of royalty. The loudest trumpetings of fame die quickly away in the silence of the tomb. But “from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.” Not one fervor of the infinite love is ever chilled. Not one glance of the divine wisdom is ever dimmed. Not one fibre of the Almighty power is ever relaxed.

The Lord reigneth—let the earth rejoice!

There is one Sovereign whose administration cannot be interrupted. Pain, evil, death, and the wrath of wicked men are subordinate and subservient to His sceptre. Wrong seems untrammelled. Justice is trampled in the street. Nobility, purity, and innocency become the prey of villainy and brutality. The mystery of suffering and the shadow of death lie heavily upon the heart of God’s children.

“Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.”

Whatsoever a man, or a nation, soweth that must they also reap. Whatsoever a civilization breedeth that must it also answer for. The vilest outcast and the proudest people alike must plead at this tribunal. We must all answer at this judgment seat, where tears are counted, the cry of blood is heeded, sin bears its fruit, and events march to their goal.

The Lord reigneth—let the people tremble!

(RECAP)

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At the threshold of the sepulchre where the poor, torn body of the President has just been laid so reverently to rest we

“ Fall upon the world’s great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.”

The cloud frowns. The face behind it glows with light. We tremble. We trust.

God gave this nation a great man to lead it for Him. The choicest gift of God to the world is a noble manhood. The nerve centers of the Book in which He has revealed Himself are biographies. When He seeks to uplift and enrich an individual or a community He issues a Scripture written in living characters,—His word becomes flesh and blood. God specially trained and gifted this man for his large and arduous task.

God blended in his ancestry two great racial traits which in combination yield notable and masterful character. United in him were the canniness, the persistency, the religiousness of the Scot, together with the bright ideals, the native polish and the enthusiastic fire of the Celt.

God caused him to pass his childhood in an humble home, where he felt the wholesome pinch of economy and learned the definition of self-denial. In his earliest years he was not screened from contact with the world woe, but tasted its bitterness, learned to rise superior to it, became imbued with longing to minister to it. At the outset he discovered that life was discipline not pastime, and that the truest nobility attainable by man was to make the way of others smooth, their cup less bitter, and to plant flowers in this thorn-sown earth.

God gave him a religious parentage, a father who was ever loyal to the King of Kings, and a mother who was never far from the side of God. At his mother’s knee he was taught those matchless prayer sentences which our Lord taught to His disciples. As that mother’s loving hand softly smoothed back the curls from her child’s brow, and as she gazed with fondest yearning into his clear, deep, uplifted eyes, she could not, even with the prophetic vision of maternal affection, look across the years, and know all that

those holy words which she was teaching him to lisp in childish accent would mean to him, when the darkest hour of his life should strike. Unutterable would have been her gratitude could she have realized that she was kindling the light, which would scatter the gloom from that steep and shadowed path, by which in the long after time he made the descent to death.

God early led him into fellowship with the church. Young Hannibal beside the altar vowing his youthful life to the destruction of his country's foes, is not so significant a figure as the Ohio lad, in the morning of his days, in a quiet Methodist prayer-meeting, responding to the mysterious call that went pealing through his soul, and rising to avow himself devoted for all his years to the honor of God and the good of men. In that simple worship place he learned an old hymn freighted with a secret, which the masters of music could not have taught him, a hymn that in the strange, sad after time should ring out clear and sweet above the discordant clamors of the earth, and should blend its simple notes with the opening melodies of the chorus of heaven.

God schooled him in patriotism upon the field of battle. The greatness of our inheritance from the fathers, and the sanctity of our nationality, he learned by the price which brave and noble men were ready to pay for it. What is meant by the honor of the flag, was revealed to him by the fierceness and peril of war. The bright and exalted path of American destiny shone before him, as he saw the bannered stars of Old Glory flash through the smoke of battle. The splendor of those principles of equal rights and simple righteousness—white as the light which they shed, crimson as the life blood by which they must be maintained—were characterized for him upon the up-lifted flag in blazoned stripes of white and red. In the solemn school of war, he learned that it was a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's native land. Fearless and devoted to the noble cause for which he fought—from carrying a musket he came to wear the shoulder straps. The commission of his official rank declared that he was promoted for gallant and heroic conduct upon the field of battle. It was signed by the hand of him whose mantle of martyrdom he was afterward to wear.

God gave him the love of a true woman's heart. In the casket of heaven what gem so priceless, so flawless as that of an unalloyed and holy affection! Life became an unbroken honeymoon. The fragrance of the orange blossoms was never spent. The chime of the nuptial bells never ceased to echo in these wedded hearts. Marriage to them became clothed with a truly sacramental sanctity. No knight ever had a more chivalrous heart than he, who for all these years illustrated the splendid chivalry of a strength which is strongest and most untiring in the ministries of tenderness. The cares of State, the clamors of the people, the exactions of public office could not for one instant divert his thought from the queen of his life.

There was but one hunger which went unsatisfied in his home. His great warm father heart longed to lavish itself upon the sweet petal-like graces of unfolding childhood. But God did not let his little ones tarry with him long. Perhaps the unsatisfied longing kept him all the more simple and childlike himself, and made more real and deep and tender the filial tie that bound him to his Father in heaven. How the man loved little children! A light came into his eyes when he looked upon them. A glow suffused his face when he heard their prattle. He stopped in his walks to speak with them. He gave them the flower from his buttonhole. Almost the last act before he was shot was to caress a little child. The secret of this trait is not far to find. Beside the place where his body is resting there are two little graves. The hand of Death filled for him one great cup of satisfaction. Death rent away the veil, and gave him to see those

"Angel faces smile,
Which he had loved long since and lost awhile."

God led him up to the halls of Congress. There he became a student of the measures which unfold national life and mould national character, which lay the foundations of a nation's prosperity and blaze the path of a nation's destiny. In the forum of parliamentary debate he was schooled in the arts of thought and of expression, by contact with the veteran leaders of the nation's policy. Of native right he rose to the front rank. He gravitated into the seat of leadership. He voiced and shaped undertakings of vast scope and moment. He

learned to pierce to the deepest roots of a people's greatness and to scan the wider and more splendid horizons of national possibility. He grew skilled to feel and to interpret the pulse of the popular will. He mastered the science of winning the right without exercising the brutalities of force, and of defeating opposition without the creation of bitterness. One of his nearest comrades testifies that he invariably carried his points by the calm incontestability of his logic, never using a word which stung, and abjuring whatever phrase might rankle.

The orbit on which he moved at length carried him into the White House. An era of unique significance and perplexity greeted him. Its complete parallel is only to be found in the days of Lincoln. He bent his shoulders to supreme and crushing responsibilities such as have burdened few men, with a profound sense of their significance; and administered his exalted office as the representative of a great people, and the trustee of his God. Undreamt of complications arose. Problems for whose solution there was no precedent uttered their challenge. Collision with the nations of the wider world became inevitable. War clouds darkened the sky, and lowered and muttered. A tidal storm of untempered enthusiasm surged against the dyke of the calm and peaceful Presidential purpose. The barbed and envenomed arrow flights of a pitiless and monstrous abuse made him their target. Coarse lampoons degraded the public prints. Caricature ceased to be comical and became scurrilous. The dignified, necessary, and healthful discussion and criticism of governmental principles and administrative policies, sank into an outpouring of virulent and indecent personal abuse. Editors railed like gutter snipes. Newspapers were defiled with the vocabulary of the slums. The President was stilettoed in the daily press. The noble, gracious personality of the man was wantonly, treasonably, murderously assailed by the rabid license of reckless men. The noble freedom of speech, guaranteed by the American Constitution, was perverted to mean that curs, smitten with hydrophobia, must be permitted to wreak death unmuzzled. Amid the violent perturbations of the brooding storm, the President maintained a quiet unruffled, a patience inexhaustible, a courage without a tremor—a simple, unwavering, outspoken

honesty of adhesion to the determination to make each step right. To his mind the Chief Magistrate was the people's Chief Executive, who was to lead the nation by the force of persuasion rather than by a domineering dictation, by the subtle potency of sympathy rather than by the crude display of authority. The true leader of a people is not driven to the vulgar and ostentatious assumption and proclamation of leadership. The unyielding tenacity of his purpose was veiled under kindness of spirit and urbanity of demeanor, as Scotch granite lies under the heather. A gentle and inexhaustible patience cloaked the spinal strength of his independence. Strong enough to keep silent under attack, he was careless of self so that the nation prospered. Of singular self-reliance, he listened unweariedly to all, and then acted alone. Masterful of self, he could wait until the clock struck. The deed was sure to come at the right minute. Strong men felt the magnetism of his ripe and masterful character, and were grappled to him alike by his intellectual force and his personal charm. In all the stress of tempest, the man on the bridge never lost sight of the compass. He never deflected from the charted course. Sun and stars hidden, he sailed by dead reckoning. The fog lifted. The storm voices died away. The skies cleared. The Ship of State was found sailing upon a larger mission, and bound for a nobler port, than those who launched her dreamed of. By expert piloting, sectionalism had disappeared, and the blue and the grey marched shoulder to shoulder beneath the Stars and Stripes. America took her seat in the Congress of Nations. The peoples of the earth did homage to the lofty impulse that dominated our diplomacy. Islands in far-off seas responded to the fructifying energy that had come to pervade our national life. China, the oldest of nations, leaned upon the arm, and followed the voice of the youngest of them all. The ties which bound us to the old home were multiplied, and became tender and strong. The diplomatic service was raised to its highest efficiency. At the Cabinet table gathered a group of choice and forceful men. Throughout the whole earth our honor shone. Above us hovered the white-winged angel of Peace with unspeakable benedictions.

A solitary cloud for a moment flecked the sky. There fell

the sudden shadow of a domestic calamity. An ovation was in progress. Lines of party, lines of geography, even the lines of prejudice and malice, seemed obliterated as the President journeyed through the land. The feeling of satisfaction and congratulation seemed unanimous. Suddenly at the whisper of the death angel, his wife and he turned aside, and walked the mystic frontiers of eternity together. Then the President learned the hollowness of all earthly good, when weighed in the balance with the comradeship of a loving heart. The plaudits of a world were of little worth to him, if silence fell upon the lips he loved. Lonely honors to him, were only miseries. They two walked those solemn frontiers, heart to heart, as they had ever walked the sunny paths of life. In that hour of human helplessness, together they drew closer to that other Friend, with whom they both had companied so long. They learned afresh to lean upon the supporting and enfolding of those everlasting arms, upon whose strength they were again, so soon, to rest. He failed them not in that hour,—nor afterward.

A few short weeks ago the President joined the nation in celebrating the triumphs of peace. A rejoicing people had collected the magnificent results of inventive skill, the fruits of noble industry, the treasures of a princely commerce. He shared their exultation in these beneficent tokens of a notable past, these pledges of an enlarging and enriching future. With prophetic voice and in felicitous phrase, he outlined the gathering of the nations into closer fellowship, the lightening of the burdens which oppressed the peoples, the on-coming of "the federation of the world, the parliament of man," the on-going of the nation upon its upward and shining path. On that bright September afternoon he seemed the very culmination of manly virtue, the supreme embodiment of all that is finest in the American tradition—the lofty patriot, the wise diplomat, the able leader, the warm-hearted and winsome friend, the noble, gentle, Christian man.

In that very hour this full chalice of rare and priceless life was poured out like a libation. He had finished his work. It only remained for him to receive his crown. A cruel hate, a strange hate, a hate as of beasts or of devils, not of human kind, sought to fell him to the earth, and strip him of

his renown. It rather availed to lift him to his height, and to clothe him with his truest royalty. The death blow fell. The habit of the man took control. None can play a part at such an hour. Instantly the custom of life leaps to the driver's seat, and takes the reins. He did what it was usual for him to do. Mark his chivalry—"Do not alarm Mrs. McKinley." Meditate upon his charity—"Do not hurt the man." Note his courtesy—"I am sorry that the Exposition has been shadowed."

No need to tell the story of those days during which the world stood sentinel by his bedside. None who lived through them can forget until life has fled, the swing of the pendulum out into the glowing light of hope, and the sudden backward swing into the gloom of the grave. The anguished nation fell upon its knees before God, and prayed that He would bestow upon the President the tokens of His favor. God heard the voice of the pleading. He gave, what for him, and all the world was divinely best. For surely when long ago God gave to His dear Son, Gethsemane and Calvary, He gave the very best He had to give.

One of the most impressive of recent paintings is entitled, "The Two Crowns." A warrior, in the saddle, is cased in gleaming armor. Flowers carpet his victorious path. The smiles of beauty speak a thrilling greeting. The plaudits of his countrymen make toil and peril seem as nothing. The trumpet blasts of fame fill his veins with fire. The light of victory bathes his face. A crown of gold encircles the war-dinted helmet. But just beside his path stands a cross. Upon it is the pathetic figure of one rejected by the world, betrayed to death by a kiss, dying in darkness and loneliness, but wearing too His crown—a crown of thorns. The utmost of earthly triumphs pales before the grandeur of renunciation, the sublimity of sacrifice, the sovereignty of him who suffers for his fellow men. As those darkened days moved by, the President faced this supreme problem, and learned this final lesson set to mortals. (None had more to live for than he—honor and usefulness and gracious comradeship, a sweet home, a united, devoted people, and a task of statesmanship which promised benediction to the world, but through the gathering shadows of that fateful week, the vision of the coronation with thorns

seemed to be shaping itself with ever clearer definition before the gaze of this man, touched with death at the high noon of earthly success. By the grace of God, he rose superior to mortal weakness. He accepted the investiture of grief without a murmur, praying as he submitted to the surgeon's knife, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." He greeted the uplifting to sacrifice, with a song, "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." Without the sick-room, the world was praying the Gethsemane prayer, "If it be possible let this cup pass." From within the sick-room, came the solemn thrilling note of the Gethsemane triumph, "It is God's way. Thy will, not ours, be done." O grave, where is *thy* victory? Thanks be to God that gave to *him* the victory! "Conqueror?" Nay, he was more than conqueror through Him that loved him.)

So he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." So he took his place among the immortals. So, in the well-chosen phrase of his only living predecessor, "He died with honor, and with no fear of the judgment of God."

The world well knew a prince of men had fallen. Magnetic currents of sympathy streamed around the globe. Monarchs of the West and kings of the East bowed in common mourning. Czar and Kaiser led great nations to the altar place of sorrow. In stately cathedral, and humble meeting-house, and out under the open sky, hushed groups gathered with hurt and humbled hearts. Mighty cities were draped in black, and on the door-posts of remote and hidden cabins was the badge of mourning. Old enmities were forgotten. Words of sympathy came from the Queen of Spain, whose empire in the western land we had wiped away; and from Aguinaldo, who was a prisoner for what he believed to be his loyalty to his native land. Ancient and mighty barriers disappeared. The Church of Rome celebrated high mass for a Protestant, and a Cardinal pronounced his eulogy. The bell of Westminster Abbey was tolled, the service for the dead was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the British court went into mourning for one who was not a Briton. Men uplifted their faces toward God and felt after Him through the darkness, not only in churches but in mosques and idol temples. The cry of the world went up to heaven in strange tongues, and ascended at heathen

shrines, for one who was a Christian. The flags of every nation were half-masted. Solemn salutes were fired at Gibraltar. Services were held in St. Petersburg, and Constantinople, in Bombay, and Peking.

Then came that marvellous hush at the burial hour. Every step stopped. Every word hushed. Every hand hung still. Every brow was bared. No wheel turned. No wire clicked. The cable beneath the sea ceased to whisper. Great cities held their breath. The heart of the nation ceased to beat. Minute guns boomed. Requiem bells tolled. The melody of an old hymn drifted out upon the silent air. It seemed as though the planet itself had paused, as though the sun were standing still, stricken into rest, as in the old Hebraic story. In the Book of the Revelation it is written, "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." But in no chronicle has record ever been made of such a silence upon the earth. The eloquence of that stillness can never be put into words. Speech cannot interpret all it meant.

"Hush! The Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears:
'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'
He is gone, who seem'd so great.
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And with his mighty compeers leave him.
God accept him. Christ receive him."

The President has left a threefold legacy.

To his Successor the President has bequeathed a legacy of loyalty. We honor our martyred Chief most unfeignedly when we rally to the support of his friend, so solemnly summoned to complete his work. An intense patriot, open as the daylight, brave to a fault, hewing fearlessly to the line, generous, chival-

rous, a thinker and an actor; a swordsman and a penman; no stranger to the world of letters, nor to the field of battle, nor to the realm of diplomacy; wedding the maturer culture of the East to the youthful vigor and sinew of the West; a gentleman, a Christian, one who knows the measure of his task, who would lay down his life to serve the nation he is called to lead, who leans for aid and guidance upon the God of his fathers—be grateful that such a man has been given for such an hour. Optimistic, he is no visionary. Impetuous, he “roughrides” his native strenuousness. Full-blooded, he drives his enthusiasms with a curb bit. Sensitive to the situation, he has met the demand of a most trying hour with dignity, propriety and force. Stand by him. Pray for him. Give him all honor. Severely repress seditious utterance. Ostracize the man of incendiary tongue. Repudiate the sheet which bemoans the Chief Magistrate, whether it be a journal of the yellow-dog breed, or of the whited sepulchre sort. Discuss fearlessly and searchingly the measures he may propose, the spirit in which he works, the lines along which he seeks to lead the nation, but let his personal character be ermined with something of the reverence which belongs to his exalted office. To slander the representative of the people is to clothe the State with dishonor, and to render the commonwealth contemptible. Inspire our youth with a contempt for those who seek to win for themselves a cheap renown by assailing those whom the nation honors; and with abhorrence for those who reap a financial revenue by fanning the turbulent and ignorant passions of the people. Panoply the President against the wanton assaults of misrule by the outspoken sympathy, and the unsleeping loyalty of a loyal citizenship.

To the Nation the President has bequeathed a legacy of responsibility. The blood of murdered Presidents utters a thrice-repeated cry to this people, to give over the complacent preenings of national pride, and sadly, humbly, zealously, to gird themselves for the unearthing of those forces which in our overlauded civilization so persistently create assassins. Companies of miscreants are gloating over the national grief. They revel at the thought of the universal heartbreak. They re-

joice because Old Glory is swathed in black. They hail the dastard murderer as a pattern hero.

As for the assailant of the President—let him pass. Let his name be written in water. Let newspaper and people unite in a conspiracy of silence that shall refuse publicity to its hateful syllables. Insane for notoriety, let him be wrapped in the shroud of an impenetrable oblivion. But let none forget that this creature is the type of a class, the symbol of a depravity which must be dissected to its ultimate fibre, the resultant of baleful volcanic forces which must be squarely faced, thoughtfully studied, accurately measured. The murder of its President compels the nation to some definite and radical dealing with anarchism. The pistol shot by which he was so foully slain was a point blank challenge to the forces of civilization from the motley hosts of disorder. The pistol barrel was not leveled at a private individual, but at the head of the nation. The dastard who pressed the trigger was the apostle of an unholy crew, who had no thought of slaying a simple citizen, but who covet the ruin of the State, and, aflame with the hatred of all good, burn to wipe out of existence every noble principle and uplifting influence for which America stands.

Such organized iniquity is a sad fungus growth upon advancing civilization. It is a phenomenal incarnation of malefic force. Hypocrites, such claim to be the champions of the people, while there is nothing of which they are in such desperate terror as the fierce, hot wrath of the indignant multitude. Cowards, they clamorously defy all law, but face to face with the penalties of lawlessness, they cringe and sneak behind every screen of legal technicality. Their watchwords are falsehoods. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" they cry,—and by "Liberty" they mean freedom to murder; and "Fraternity" they preach with pistol, knife and dynamite; and the only "Equality" which they recognize is an equality of diabolism. The poison of asps is under their tongues. The Iscariot is their patron saint. The symbol of their brotherhood is the hand-clasp of a lying friendship, with a pistol to the heart. Yet our civilization breeds them. The heart of the Republic has become their snug nest. The genial sunlight of Ameri-

can freedom warms this reptilian energy into its acutest activity. No list of monarchs is crimsoned with so gruesome a percentage of murders, as the list of the American Presidents. Men who have voted for seven Presidents have seen three of them shot down like dogs. At Buffalo the spirit of anarchy was revealed in all its revolting nudity. The victim was no Nero-nian tyrant, but a cultured and kind-hearted gentleman who, more than most men, had promoted the general good, and far more than most men, had won the people's heart. Anarchy is not Socialism, which aims to secure the common welfare by the enthronement of the spirit of co-operation as the sole governing principle of society. Anarchy is not Nihilism, which seeks by peaceful propaganda to demonstrate the inequity of all governmental institutions. Anarchy is a reckless defiance of all restraint, a recognition of no rule but the tyranny of whim and passion, an obedience to no authority but the sovereignty of an abnormal and unbridled wickedness, a greed for inflicting pain and wakening horror, an insatiable lust for death, a demoniac ecstasy of evil. Men possessed of such a spirit are ethical paralytics—calloused to all righteousness. Their nature is insensible alike to the probings of conscience, and to the finger touch of reason. For such there can be no clemency. Pity there may be—there cannot but be. But no morbid sentimentality, no philandering concerning moral perverts, no philosophy of criminality which resolves iniquity into a synonym of insanity, no pathos of lunacy, can alter the fact that when mania takes the form of a rooted, subtle, organized effort to kill and to destroy, it must be obliterated. Men who deliberately train themselves to become viperous invite the viper's fate.

The time of mourning is not the day of reckoning. Tear-dimmed eyes cannot see things in true proportions. The arm trembling with anger cannot plant the heaviest and surest blow. By and by the shadows will lift. Shock will cease. Poise will return. Tone will be regained. Thought will become calm. Energy will become tense. In such an hour, let the rooted and invincible determination of an outraged people majestically assert itself. Let an intelligent, universal, overwhelming hostility to all who teach and practice anarchism

—an hostility passionless as the sunrise, and resistless as the tide—eliminate from civic life these enemies of humanity, as silently as the dawn drives away the midnight, as mightily as the ocean marches up the shore.

Antagonism to anarchy, to become effective, must be far more than a spasm of revenge, or an outburst of panic alarm, or the irruption of an indignation, natural and irrepressible, but in its essence as lawless as the lawlessness by which it is provoked. The intoxication of hate, the passion for blood, the leap of the beast upon its prey,—leave to the anarchist an undisputed monopoly of these things. “Don’t hurt him!” cried the dying President. Men must be made to realize that hunting down anarchy is not merely paying “hurt” with “hurt,” not a vendetta of blood for blood, but that the anarchist must cease to be because the earth cannot be sweet, and safe, and decent while he continues to exist.

In such a crusade the entire intelligence of the nation should be concentrated. The stake is too solemn to be imperilled by partisan manipulation. The interests are too vast to be dwarfed by sectional treatment. Unless America is content to become the mother of assassins, her citizenship as a unit must very patiently formulate, and very fearlessly execute, measures which shall extirpate all those who within her borders, by word or act, cultivate the thirst for blood and conspire to deal out death. Then shall the slaying of her Presidents be expiated. Then shall the blood of the choicest of her sons become the seed of her glory.

To the Church the President has bequeathed a legacy of opportunity. The passing of the President has accentuated the very truth to inforce which the Church exists. The light streaming from his death chamber illuminates the fact that the crown of life is character, and that the true greatness of a nation consists not in its corn, and gold, and timber, and coal, and iron; not in ever-widening territory; not in constantly increasing commerce; but in the production of a manhood that can live purely, die quietly, and face unflinchingly the light of the judgment day.

“What know we greater than the soul?
On God, and Godlike men we build our trust.”

Whatever remedies may be devised by the civic intelligence for the thwarting of lawlessness, the hand of the Church holds the medicine which alone reaches the germinal centers of existing unrest. Legislators and publicists must devise schemes of repression and extermination. To the Church belongs the nobler task of transformation. It is hers to sweeten the bitter waters by cleansing the fountain. Anarchy is depravity. The spiritual protoplasm from which it takes its being is atheism. In ultimate analysis it is beyond cure save by the exercise of a divine energy. Now, as never before, must the Church utter its heaven-taught gospel of peace on earth, good will to men. It must proclaim the infinite and omnipotent grace of God "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." It must recognize and rely upon the supernatural energy of that message which penetrates deeper than the intellect, and lays its compelling hand upon the immortal spirit. The cross of Jesus Christ can solve the insoluble, achieve the impossible, and conquer the invincible. The might of the divine mercy can transform these Ishmaelites, bitter at heart and with their hand against every man, into fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of faith, and promoters of that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Society must thunder its anathemas in accents reverberant with Sinaitic thunder. The Church must add the proclamation of redemption in the love-laden tones that sound from Calvary. She must herald with a fresh and peculiar urgency her cry of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"—a "Liberty" which emancipates from the latent anarchism which lurks in every breast, from hate, and envy, and greed, and evil speaking; an "Equality" that recognizes no caste nor rank, that neither grovels to wealth, nor patronizes poverty; a "Fraternity" which links in one organized effort for the uplifting of the world, the cultured and the unlettered, the lofty and the humble.*

*This conception of the Church's duty and opportunity is not the mere assumption of the professional theologian. In an address, delivered September 28, 1901, that able jurist, and keen-eyed student of social conditions, the Hon. Eugene A. Philbin, the present District Attorney of the City of New York, makes the following statement:—"The country is seriously considering the question of anarchy. Different remedies are suggested, but there is only one thing which can make anarchy impossible, and that is religious education. The only way is to teach young people the Christian life."

The hour demands that the Church should cast off the trammels of worldly ambition and motive, should cease to measure its successes by social and financial standards, and give itself with an absolute devotion, and enthusiastic abandon to saving the sinful, healing the distressed, and giving asylum to the outcast. Let the Church boast its inclusiveness, not its exclusiveness. Let it study the needs of the poor, and listen with strained ear to the bitter cry of the outcast. Let it be open-doored, open-handed, open-hearted. Let it be planted nearby the masses in their endless toil. Let it touch every angle of human need. Let it proclaim welcome for all, sympathy for all, hope for all, a message of the love of God for all.

This hour of man's extremity is the hour of the Church's opportunity to rise to the very summit of her appointed ministry. The situation can only be adequately met by the word God has given her to speak, and the work which He has set her to do. Indifference to the will of God, which is spiritual anarchy, is the prolific tap-root of all earthly disorder. In this fateful hour let us renew allegiance to the King of Kings. In the keeping of His laws is the wellspring of national prosperity. In the revering of His will lies the secret of a people's as of an individual's happiness. Let the land look to the hallowing of His Sabbaths. Let the people look to the revering of His most holy Word. Let each one of us openly avow our dependence upon Him, and honestly consecrate our lives to His service. Then, as in the olden time, there may again be heard the anthem of the happy nation, "The Lord is our Judge! The Lord is our Law-giver! The Lord is our King! He will save us."

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