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SOLVING THE PROBLEM

—DR. M. C. B. MASON



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SOLVING THE PROBLEM

A SERIES OF LECTURES

By the late

Rev. M. C. B. Mason, A. M., Ph. D., D. D.

Former Secretary of the
Freedman's Aid Society

Compiled by Mrs. M. C. B. Mason
205 East Fiftieth Street
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To
The Youth of the Negro Race
To whom the Orator so
unselfishly gave the
best years of
his life

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INTRODUCTION

DURING the several years that Dr. Mason was engaged in filling Chautauqua engagements, the writer came to know him as one of the most dependable as well as one of the most able men upon the Chautauqua platform. He did his work so efficiently and with so little disturbance as far as his office affiliation was concerned that we did not come to know as much about him as we would have otherwise. I think, therefore, that it is best, in connection with this little appreciative introduction to insert here a very short biographical sketch in order that we may have this record of Dr. Mason's life in connection with the record which this book contains of his spoken word.

"Dr. Mason was born in the little town of Houma, La., in 1859, started in school at the age of twelve and so rapid was his progress that in three weeks he had entered the third grade. His advancement continued until subsequently he finished his college preparatory. At the age of 19 he married Mary E. Wright. He was made postmaster of his home town and was principal of the public school. Soon after this he entered the ministry and in 1877 was pastor of Haven Chapel, New Orleans, and Thompson and Mallalieu Chapel of the same city. This time he graduated from the New Orleans university receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts and later Master of Arts. Later he filled the Pastorates in a number of churches of the South. In 1891 he was called to a position of Field Secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society by his life long friend, Bishop J. C. Hartzell. He was elected assistant corresponding secretary of the Freedman's

Aid Society in 1893 and in 1896 was elected corresponding secretary for the General Conference and was the first Negro ever elected to such an honored and responsible position in the Methodist church. He held this position successfully for sixteen years until 1912. In 1912 he was elected the National Organizer of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, still holding his conference relation with the church. As a pulpit orator and lecturer he was without a peer upon the American platform. He is the author of the 'Gospel Message' and several works on applied psychology. He was a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, a member of Phi Beta Kappa Society and has traveled throughout this country and Europe. When he passed away at the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, he was surrounded by the foremost surgeons of America. His death was like the fading of a sweet and tender flower."

In view of such a record it is unnecessary to add any verbal eulogies. Dr. Mason did a great work for the Negro in America. It was a work that will have an influence through all time to come and it is peculiarly appropriate that his record should be placed in permanent form so that all who are interested in the cause for which he worked may obtain the inspiration and the good which came from those spoken utterances.—A. L. Flude.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION SOLVING THE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

[Christian Education Solving the Problem in the South was first delivered in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1892, at that year's session of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was this address which placed Dr. Mason in the mind of the church as the leader of her great educational system. It was this same address, at least in the main essentials, which, during the twenty years of his activity as Secretary of Freedman's Aid Society, served as the orator's appeal to the Christian philanthropy of the North. How well it was received is attested by the two million dollars which passed through Dr. Mason's hands into the development of the Southern Educational work during all those years.—Ed.]

The Negro has been often discussed—yea even sometimes dissected. Regarding him as a mere prodigy or a freak of nature, many, in attempting to solve what is popularly called the Negro problem, have advanced theories as vague, as unreasonable, as absurd as are their own conceptions of the Negro. Consequently, he has been placed in all moods and tenses at one and the same time: Irretrievably past, multitudinously present, problematically future; instinctively passive, kleptomaniacally active; indicatively subjunctive, subjunctively indicative, submissively imperative, infinitively ubiquitous—in heaven, in earth, in—the lower regions.

In approaching the discussion of so important a

subject in this presence, I must confess to a serious embarrassment. I am not here to instruct you. I must not, I do not assume that role. A few months before Lincoln was elected to the Presidency, I was born a slave on a sugar farm in the state of Louisiana. In 1857, my father purchased his freedom, paying for himself \$1,350. Immediately thereafter, as a carpenter, shoemaker, engineer and a repairer of watches and clocks, and with what little assistance my mother could give him, he set about for the purchase of her freedom. Before he had fully succeeded, the war broke out and the Emancipation Proclamation did the work, and that more effectively than he could, if I may judge by his experience, for, although he had worked for seventeen years by day and by night to secure the money with which to purchase his freedom, yet the Proclamation did for him virtually what it did for us all, because his papers were not legally made out and his right as a free man was constantly questioned. One scene on that plantation I shall never forget. I was barely five years of age when it occurred. It was on a bright day in spring, and the slaves gathered in the neutral ground between the two rows of cabins around the old well. The procession was led by my father and the old plantation preacher, Father Solomon, as we called him. When my mother walked down the steps of our little cabin home, she was weeping bitterly. I followed her to the crowd, holding on to the skirts of her dress, weeping simply because she did. The services were short. A song, a prayer, a few words of exhortation and the people went back to their cabins weeping as before. I did not know what it all meant, but I learned afterward that it was a sort of memorial service held when the

news of the assassination of the martyred President had reached us.

In the early '70s, we moved from the farm to the little town of Houma, fifteen miles away, where on the next morning I entered school and learned the alphabet on the first day. Subsequently I attended the school of higher grade, and in 1888 graduated from the regular college course of the New Orleans University (one of the schools of the Freedmen's Aid Society), receiving my diploma, not because I knew so much, but in order rather that they might get rid of me.

Born with such hereditary influences and reared under such unfriendly environments, I must not assume to instruct you. If, however, as a good Methodist in the presence of good Methodists, I am permitted, I will tell my experience.

All fair-minded persons, I think, will agree that in the study of this subject now, one of the most important before the American people, one must divest himself of any prejudice for or against any people of any race, of any color, and, if you please, of any section. As for myself, I thank God I have reached the place where no bitterness or revenge or resentment or prejudice against any man of any race finds a place in my heart.

I think it will be conceded also, that the fair and just solution of the race problem in America, rests mainly upon the Christian Church, and indeed, the Protestant people. Our Roman Catholic friends have boasted again and again that in countries where Catholicism rules there is no race problem. Whether or no this position can be maintained, is not pertinent. The fact remains that here under the rule of Protestantism this question is hers, and with it she must deal. To state

it in another way, the whole civilized and semicivilized world is watching Protestantism in America. A disciple of Buddha stated in Boston recently that Christianity took one day, the Sabbath, to preach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and took the remaining six days of the week to preach against it by their actions toward men.

To the credit of Protestantism be it said that the most remarkable movement of all the centuries for the uplifting of any people was that movement, begun more than thirty years ago, for the uplifting and enlightenment of the newly-emancipated freemen. Never before in the history of the Christian Church had there been such a remarkable movement—the expansion, as it were, of the mind and spirit of Christ through human hands and human hearts. And this movement, my friends, was remarkable not only because of the breadth and depth and earnestness of that Christian spirit which borned it, and which during all these years has maintained and supported it in its unselfish devotion to the uplifting of the poor and the oppressed, but it was remarkable also because it came as an immediate response to the sore and distressed condition of the people, the earnest and pressing demands of the nation, and the urgent call of Almighty God. For scarcely had the dark and dismal clouds of a nation's war passed away, scarcely had the roar of cannon, the din of musketry been hushed, when another army, mightier in the task assumed than the victorious army of the Potomac, turned toward the South with the spelling book and the Bible in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

These early beginnings were dark days. Necessarily so. The conditions which for more than two hundred

and fifty years prevailed in the South made them so, and the South, blinded by the misconceptions of the past, was neither ready nor willing to receive these new evangels of peace. Consequently, our work was misunderstood, our motives questioned, our teachers ostracized, hissed, insulted, mobbed. But these men and women, the avant-couriers of our educational work in the South, believing that their call to work and labor was not simply a call of the church, but believing what was infinitely greater, that their call to work and labor in the South was a call of Almighty God, stood to their posts. And today, after more than a quarter of a century of hard, heroic, successful work, our schools and academies are dotted all over the South, and many a spot where the boys in blue and the boys in gray met in deadly conflict, has been reconsecrated by Christian philanthropy and dedicated to the cause of Christian education, and many buildings, lifting their heads to the skies, speak for a new day, a new era, and promise better things.

And now I ask what was the condition of these people as we found them thirty years ago, when this work was begun. I call attention, Mr. Chairman, to this fact, because I believe that no clear conception of what the Negro is and what he may be can be secured unless we keep constantly before us the condition in which we found him thirty years ago, when this work was begun. And not, sir, for the purpose of bringing forward past unpleasantness—God forbid. God forbid that any man, of whatever race or color, in church or state, shall bring one discordant note to mar the harmony and good feeling now, more than ever, existing between the North and the South. But I call attention to this fact,

in order that we may see and seeing appreciate, and appreciating understand, and understanding come to some comprehensive idea of the task assumed, of the success already achieved, and of the great work yet to be done. What then, I ask, was the condition of these people as we found them thirty years ago, when this work was begun? In the very beginning of this discussion, I make this proposition, viz., that never before in the history of the world had there been such a spectacle as was witnessed in the condition of the emancipated freedmen thirty years ago, when this work was begun. And I follow up that proposition by one like unto it, viz.: That never before in the history of the world, had any nation treated her emancipated freedmen as our nation treated hers a generation ago, after the surrender at Appomattox. Our Bible tells us that, about three thousand years ago, when Israel went out of Egypt, she took with her the earrings, breast-pins, the finger-rings and other pieces of gold of her former masters to be at least some compensation for the more than four hundred years of service which she had rendered to Pharaoh and his people. More recently, when only a few years ago Russia, barbarous Russia, turned her serfs loose, she gave every one of them three acres of land—some compensation for their services—three acres of land—a tangible means of preparation, as it were, to get them ready for the unexperienced duties of life just before them. More recently still, only a few years ago, when Brazil turned her slaves loose, she gave every one of them something—something for their services—something, I repeat, as a morning star of hope with which to prepare them for the new, unexperienced duties of life just before them. But, my

friends, it remained for Christian America, after two hundred and fifty years of the most successful slavery that the world has ever seen, viewed from the standpoint of the master, two hundred and fifty years during which all over that Southland, the strong arm of my fathers cleared its forests, disemboweled its hills and tunnelled its mountains, two hundred and fifty years even, when the nation did not count him a man, when the nation had upon his limbs, his ankles, yes, as it were, upon his very soul itself, bars of iron and chains of steel, yet he took time to throw off the shackles and chains long enough to go into every war of the nation's life, to fight for the nation's supremacy. For be it ever remembered, that yonder more than a hundred years ago, when the British redcoats came to bring us into subjection to taxation without representation, the first patriot band that marched across Boston Commons was led by a Negro and his blood was the first blood shed in that great struggle for freedom and independence. Two hundred and fifty years in the most critical period of his history, tested and tried as no man has been tested and tried, so far as I have been able to read the world's history; tested and tried as to whether or no, when the opportunity was given him, he would wreak vengeance upon inoffensive women and children left in his care, while his master was in the war fighting to make slavery the corner stone of this republic. But in that critical moment he stood an example for all the world. He stood with one hand on the door knob of his master's mansion for the protection of his master's wife and child, while, I repeat it, his master was in the war fighting to rivet the chains of slavery more closely about him—one hand on the door knob of his master's mansion and the

other with welcome to the Union soldier. And if there is a Union soldier in this audience he will bear me out in the assertion that a black face was always a friend to the boys who wore the blue. And yet, after two hundred and fifty years of such loyalty to the nation, devotion to God, submission to the powers that be, the nation turned him loose without a cent for his two hundred and fifty years of service, with no tangible means of preparation by which to get himself ready for the stern and responsible duties of citizenship so suddenly thrust upon him. Poor, ignorant, demoralized, degraded, slavery left him. Without a home, without a foot of land, without a name, without the true sense of manhood, with ragged clothes, destitute, freedom found him.

Such was his condition when this work was begun—begun, I believe, and the more I study it, the more I believe it—begun, not because the Negro had become so popular, but because the Christian church, certainly that part of the Christian church whose eyes had not been blinded by the misconceptions of the past, came to the conclusion that so long as she made any pretention to be the visible representative of Jesus Christ upon earth, so long as she claimed to be the city on the hill, giving light to all the inhabitants around, so long as she claimed to be the follower of Him concerning whom it was said, "He went about doing good," so long as this was her claim, then she must of necessity do the very work the Master would have done had He been here in person in the world. The Christian patriots, I believe, also Mr. Chairman, had a hand in this work. They had come to study this work as never before, and they said, see here, here is a man put down, down into

the life and thought of the nation, who has made for himself and for us a history unique in the development of our national life. Unlike the Indian, smarting under his wrongs, he went into every war of the nation's life, sandwiched between his white brothers, with his gun on his shoulder, fighting for a nation in which there was not enough genuine manliness to place upon his humble brow the mark of its most humble citizen—in every war save the war of 1845, which, as you will remember, was gotten up, not for the purpose so much of defending our national domain, but by the slave oligarchy of our country to secure more territory upon which to carry on the nefarious business of buying and selling human beings, and the Negro showed his good sense by not going into that war to make more territory upon which to enslave himself and his children. Ah, said the Christian patriot, we had need of him in the past, and he has always helped us; we may have need of him in the future. Let's give him a chance. Instead of discussing questions of superiority and inferiority, the superiority of the one, and the inferiority of the other, without having given the so-called inferior even an opportunity to show his inferiority—let's give him a chance; let's put him in the race, and let him run, and if by some act of creation, or, if you please, by the lack of it, he is unable to keep up with the crowd, let him run anyhow, for the very running will do him good. And so out of these two fundamental ideas, this work had its origin and its beginning.

Now, after all these years of struggle and sacrifice and endeavor, what has been done? What are the results? What is the accrued interest? What has been accomplished, not merely in the erection of buildings,

but what has been done in the permanent uplift of the people? Can any good come out of Nazareth? There was never a time in the development of this work when this question, "What has been done?" has a more important bearing than today, and to my mind, it is pertinent to the whole subject under consideration. Fortunately, some things that were regarded as empty experiments thirty years ago, are now settled forever, and all questions concerning the mental ability of the Negro have actually become ancient history, for he has graduated with highest honors from the best institutions in the land.

He stands on Iona's banks, watches Thales, and finally wrestles with Kant, Hamilton, and Reid, masters in metaphysical thought. He is a son of Euclid, a disciple of Newton, and even deigns to teach the intricate problems of the masters. He travels the boundless fields of literature, studies the rise and decline of nations, observes their strength and weakness and learns the order of divine government. He breathes the air of old Rome, sits at Cicero's feet, and is charmed with his mighty eloquence against Cataline. He communes with Plato, ponders with Aristotle, and converses with Socrates. In poetic fields, he roves with Gray, Cowper and Goldsmith, travels in imagination with Shakespeare and Milton, and reasons with Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke. He measures the heavens, counts the stars, and in all these fields of varied art and scientific inquiry, he is not only already holding, as his most intimate friends, the masters of thought in all ages, but he is himself a contributor, an author. His histories are on the shelves, his contributions fill the public press, and his textbooks, not only in his own

language, but in Latin and Greek, French and Spanish, are in the schools. So that, in the short space of time he has had for intellectual achievements, he has accomplished something, at least, and with him as with any other race the old Latin proverb holds true: "*Nihil tam difficile est, sed studio efficere potest.*"—"Nothing is so difficult but that by study it may be solved."

There are hopeful signs ahead, for just in proportion as honest people are coming to see and understand the Negro, the best as well as the worst, just in such proportion are they giving up these preconceived notions concerning him, and are realizing that human nature among all classes of people is the same the world over. Even in the South, there is a gradual growth for the better, and the old hide-bound notions of bygone days are giving way to this new era of common sense and fair play.

The Negro must demean himself carefully. Upon him more and more responsibility is shifting. Yesterday, his friends could answer for him; today, he must answer for himself. Personal purity and individual worth must by him be regarded as of greater moment than the mere claiming of rights and privileges. The question now is, not what shall be done with the Negro, nor, if you please, what will the Negro do with us, but rather, what will the Negro do with himself, his opportunities and obligations growing out of them. And upon his answer to this question depends, in a marked degree, the place he is to occupy in the future life and thought of the nation, and the strength and permanency of our work in the South.

I believe in the Negro and I believe in the justice and fair play of the American people. The answer, already

given by those whom we have touched and uplifted in the purity of their lives, and in the unselfish devotion to the work of helping to uplift others, is encouraging, reassuring, yea, inspiring justice and tolerance on the one hand, individual worth and character on the other. This will settle our questions and settle them right. And I believe it will be done. I believe in America. I believe that here on this virgin soil, to which all races and colors and nationalities and kindreds and tongues have come—the versatile and unconquerable Anglo-Saxon, the fiery and intrepid French, the broad-minded and liberty-loving German, the silent, yet indomitable Italian, the tender-hearted and forgiving Negro—they are here, the best of them, the worst of them—God sent them here, except my people, and you hurriedly sent for them—I believe that here in America, dedicated to a broader liberty than our fathers even thought, we shall settle, on the side of righteousness, many of the problems which have come upon us as the result of this all complex civilization; and that here upon this virgin soil we shall develop an ideal type of manhood, broad and deep, cultured and refined, thoroughly unselfish, altruistic, magnanimous, breathing the spirit of Christ, imbued and saturated with His life. When that grand consummation shall come—and may God hasten the day—when that grand consummation shall come, we shall have peace, permanent peace, and a claim to that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

"I do not undervalue other great poets. There are Dante, and Milton, and Keats, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Browning, on the other side of the sea; and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Bryant, and our own Dunbar, on this side of the sea—all stars of the first magnitude. But they are to Shakespeare as the evening twilight is to the splendor and grandeur of the midday."

THE ORATORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Shakespeare is our great poet, but Shakespeare is not only our great poet, for, as Walter Savage Landor says, "Shakespeare is not our great poet, but the World's" and Landor, ladies and gentlemen, is correct, for Shakespeare traverses all lands, is acquainted with all people and speaks a various language, the language of the heart. In thus giving preeminence to Shakespeare, I do not undervalue other great poets. There are Dante, and Milton, and Keats, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Browning, on the other side of the sea; and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Bryant, and our own Dunbar, on this side of the sea—all stars of the first magnitude. But they are to Shakespeare as the evening twilight is to the splendor and grandeur of the midday. None of them can compare with Shakespeare, save, perhaps, Robert Browning, and Browning excels Shakespeare only in the quantity of his productions. In no other respect does he even equal him.

But, ladies and gentlemen, Shakespeare is not only a great poet; Shakespeare is also a great orator. If oratory be as Webster defines it to be, namely, the power of convincing and moving men, then verily, Shakespeare is a great orator. If you were to ask me, my friends, to name the world's six greatest masterpieces of oratory, I would reply without hesitation: Demosthenes' *Against the Crown*, Cicero's *Against Cataline*, Burke's *Against Hastings*, Webster's *Reply*

to Hayne, Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, and Shakespeare's *Mark Anthony Over the Dead Body of Caesar*. And Anthony's oration is counted among scholars as by far the finest piece of forensic oratory in the English language.

Perhaps nowhere in all Shakespeare's writings does his many-sided genius appear to better advantage than in *Julius Caesar*. Indeed, his art here is so perfect, and his genius so transcendent that his creatures, Brutus and Mark Anthony, speak with a personality so much their own that we are disposed to give credit to Anthony and Brutus, the creatures, rather than to Shakespeare, the creator.

In this great tragedy, *Julius Caesar*, Brutus, and not Anthony, is the central figure. Primarily, the study is to show the bad results that will inevitably follow when even a good man commits a bad deed with the hope that good will come out of it, and in working around this pivot, as the central thought, Shakespeare shows us also what little confidence can be placed in the general crowd. Brutus is a man of unblemished honor, gentle and noble in the highest degree, and is the most perfect creation of Shakespeare, but for one great error in his life, namely, that he permitted himself, through the dreadful work of his brother-in-law, Cassius, to lead the conspiracy against Caesar with the understanding that good would come out of it. But when Caesar was dead, Rome had three tyrants instead of one, and the whole state was thrown into a bloody civil war. Cassius, the shrewd, disreputable politician as he was, knowing that the conspiracy would not succeed with men of his stamp, persuaded Brutus to join them in order to save the nation, and Brutus's first error was

that he listened to him. The only way to keep out of the influence of a bad man like Cassius is to keep him always at arm's length. When Brutus says to Cassius:

“Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.”

which shows that he was slowly and surely coming under the influence of Cassius, and Cassius, with that lack of sincerity always characteristic of his kind, seeing that he had the great man in his clutches, replies:

“I am glad that my weak words have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.”

Brooding over the impending crisis so much that he was unable to sleep, Brutus, on the point of yielding, says:

“Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of the dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.”

You know the story. Brutus enters the conspiracy as its very soul and life. Caesar is assassinated and at once the populace is aroused. Here Shakespeare's

genius is manifold. He places in the mouth of Brutus, as an excuse for his crime, an oration in some respects even greater than the one he gives to Mark Anthony. Brutus goes upon the stand with the crowd surging around him, and Shakespeare makes him say:

“Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, to him I say, that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer, not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.”

“None, Brutus, none.”

“Then none have I offended.”

The crowd is now with Brutus, and is ready to tear to pieces any man who speaks against him. Mark Anthony, Caesar’s friend, by permission of Brutus,

against the advice of Cassius, mounts the stand, faces the audience and says,

“Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar.”

The quarrel which took place between Brutus and Cassius was inevitable; two men with such diverse natures could not live together in peace and harmony. Brutus soon found out Cassius's infamy and with the frankness and directness, characteristic of a man, told him so. Cassius, not a whit changed, pleads innocence and persecution as is so often done by bad men to secure sympathy. Hear him:

“For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.”

At last the inevitable comes, and Cassius and Brutus die on the field of Philippi by their own hands. How pitiable to look into the grave of this good man, whose

fatal error was committing evil that good might come out of it. And this is the lesson that Shakespeare teaches us, the calamity, the inevitable calamity that comes to the good man who associates with evil men; committing evil deeds and surrendering his better judgment to the mistaken idea of all the centuries—that good can come out of evil. He was a good man, but lost his opportunity at the crucial moment. Let us satisfy ourselves by saying with Anthony:

“This was the noblest Roman of them all;
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’ ”

Shakespeare's oratory is not only evident in *Julius Caesar*, but in *Lear*, in *Othello*, in *Richard III*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in his two great masterpieces, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

Unfortunately, our age is one of comedy and not of tragedy. Today, the people want entertainment, not instruction, and this spirit is so abroad in the land that people come even to the church, not for worship or instruction, but merely for entertainment. And woe be unto the preacher who does not satisfy their silly proclivities. Consequently, the Shakespearean drama is dying out, and there is no room for such interpreters as Booth, or Keen, or Mansfield and other great students of Shakespeare. People want comedy, and comedy they must have. It's *Way Down East*, *The Girl of the Period*, *Happy Hollow*, or *A Trip to Coon Town*.

Macbeth and *Hamlet* materially differ. There is no comedy in either, save in the grave digger's scene in *Hamlet* and flashes here and there in *Macbeth*. It is

tragedy from beginning to end. The main difference between the two tragedies may be characterized as follows: Macbeth is a soldier, Hamlet a student; Macbeth is action, Hamlet, inaction; Macbeth sweeps forward with resistless fury and executes, Hamlet meditates and lingers with indecision. *Hamlet* is, no doubt, Shakespeare's masterpiece, and, with only one exception, is the greatest creation of universal literature.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I raise this question: What is Hamlet? In other words, what is the central idea that Shakespeare brings out in this, the greatest of all his tragedies? To answer, or attempt to answer, Mr. Chairman, this question in an offhand way, would reveal, on the one hand, my supreme egotism, and, on the other, my unbounded ignorance, and to neither one of these charges do I readily plead guilty. What is Hamlet? What is the lesson Shakespeare teaches us? Was he sane or insane? These are questions the student of literature, as well as the world's foremost literary critics, have been trying to answer.

What is singular and perplexing is the fact that the differences of opinion are as numerous and diverse as the stars in the heavens. I submit, therefore, in all candor, that it would be supreme egotism on my part to give a positive answer in the face of these facts and conditions. Since, however, fools will dare to tread where angels fear and tremble, I make bold to say, as the result of a few moments which I have been able to give to this great character study, that I have concluded for my own satisfaction, at least, that Hamlet is the tragedy of unrequited evil in the world. In other words, Hamlet is the man who is trying to get even with people who have wronged him, and fails utterly, as in all such

cases a man must fail. Hamlet has been criticised for his treatment of Ophelia. Conscious always of the wrongs that are done against womanhood, I am, nevertheless, of the opinion that Ophelia was more guilty than Hamlet was negligent. In the first place, Hamlet had a great problem to solve, and to the solution of that problem he gave himself with unstinted devotion. On the other hand, Ophelia was constantly toying with herself, pretending she did not love Hamlet so much, when she really loved him to destruction. And Ophelia has many successors in the day in which we live. How pitiable it is to see a woman loving a man and acting as if it were supreme modesty on her part in pretending not to do so. The fact is, Hamlet did not understand Ophelia; he did not understand his mother. Who can understand a woman?

In the second place, Hamlet has been criticized for not going forward and wreaking vengeance on his uncle for the murder of his father. To that criticism I reply: Hamlet was a gentleman, he wanted to be sure, absolutely sure, that his uncle had committed the crime, and as to that he was never absolutely sure. I admit the ghost appeared to him and told him his uncle committed the deed, but rather perplexed him more than it helped him, for Hamlet knew that, if he were arrested for the crime, he could not put the ghost on the witness stand in a court of justice as evidence in his favor. And that, I submit, ladies and gentlemen, is a good deal better than some people handle the evidence that ghosts and spooks and mediums and fortune-tellers give them. In that famous soliloquy in which Hamlet questions his destruction, Shakespeare most clearly reveals to us his hero; and may I not say, ladies and gentlemen, that

this is another evidence of Shakespeare's genius. He makes his people talk to themselves, and that is always the key of the revelation of character.

“To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.”

Here it is, ladies and gentlemen; this is the explanation Hamlet gives to us. It is not death, but conscience. With Hamlet, conscience is regnant, conscience is always on the throne.

As a man of lofty ideals, of loyalty to duty and conscience, Hamlet is a success. But Hamlet lacked one essential element of character-building. He had lofty ideals and high conceptions of duty. He was thoroughly conscientious, but he left God out of his problem. The curtain between him and God never rose. And Hamlet did not even touch it with the tip of his fingers. If, in his patience and his waiting for the truth, he could have kept his hand on God, he would have been supremely triumphant. But the awful result is before us. A man trying to get revenge upon his enemies while innocent people are hurt, and he himself dies in the

struggle. Standing here on the banks of Elsinore, what an awful sight there is before us. Polonius, the courtier, dead. Ophelia, beautiful Ophelia, whose character was as pure as the sunbeam sparkling in the sky—Ophelia—dead. Laertes, fighting for his sister's honor—dead. The envoy—dead. The queen—dead. The king—dead. Hamlet—dead. And as I stand by the side of this dead college student, and hear him give his last request to his friend, Horatio, I lift up my eyes toward the heavens, and there, in bold letters, I read: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

HEREDITY, OR SOUR GRAPES

“This, then, is the message I bring you, namely, that hereditary influences, good or bad, environments friendly or unfriendly, helps or hindrances, all these to the contrary notwithstanding, you are the builders of your own character, the architects of your fortune. Verily the kingdom of heaven is within you.”

HEREDITY, OR SOUR GRAPES.

“The kingdom of heaven is within you” is a pregnant, philosophical maxim as well as a profound evangelical truth. It is but another statement of the fact that every man has within his own grasp opportunity, achievement, success, and that a man rises or falls in the scale of life, not by the wish, or desire, or caprice of others, but as the result of his own choice, desire and will. In other words, a man is what he is, not by what he has inherited from others, but by what he has won for himself in the every-day, hand-to-hand conflict with life’s struggles and difficulties.

No subject touching physical, intellectual and moral development of the human race is deserving of a more careful study than heredity. It concerns every man, woman and child in the universe, and it is unfortunate that such a subject, to which all are so closely related, has had such multi-form representation and such varied treatment. A great physical and moral truth, it has been distorted and twisted to serve the whims, the conceits, the weaknesses of mankind during all the ages. The favorite weapon of the pretentious, a ready substitute for brains, a frequent apology for failure to do or dare, it has been the Don Quixote of all the centuries. Against these false interpretations, thanks to the common sense of our day, there is a constant protest, and none so loud and certain as against the man who, without personal fitness or individual worth, claims pre-

eminence on account of his ancestry. To such a one the words of Campbell are pertinent:

“Boast not these titles of your ancestors;
They are their possessions, none of yours.”

And to the man, who, failing to do his best, lays the blame upon his ancestry, we say with a prominent writer,

“Unfaithful servant thou; thy talent buried shouldst have been put at usury. Thy Lord is just, upon thee and thee alone shall condemnation come.”

And now, ladies and gentlemen, without any attempt at philosophical niceties, what is heredity? I reply, heredity, succinctly and briefly stated, is the influence exerted by the parents upon the physical, the intellectual, and moral qualities of their children. To put it in a little more familiar way, I am about to quote the words of that old Jewish prophet and philosopher when he says: “The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the teeth of the children are set on edge.” That such an influence is exerted by parents upon their offspring all are agreed. It is only as regards the relative strength of this law in the final settlement of character and destiny, that difference of opinion arises. When we pass from the individual to the race, the subject is more complex, and the opinions more numerous and diverse.

It is not my purpose at this hour to enter into an elaborate and exhaustive discussion of this subject. I may be pardoned if I go only so far as to illustrate, enlarge and emphasize the message which I bring to you today. The influence of heredity upon the physical man is apparent. We see it every day. Nothing is more common than, “She looks like her mother,” “He

is the very image of his father." Now this similarity in appearance, voice, etc., may go back to the grandfather, great-grandfather, or even to the third and fourth generation, but it is there, and we at once recognize it. It is upon this hypothesis, you may remember, that Huxley attempts to establish his theory of the ascent of man. For instance, he shows that man has a muscle near the seat of the ear which was formerly used to move that organ, which, during the years of his development, has become useless, but in other animals, as the horse, the dog and the monkey, is still used for the purpose of moving the ears.

Occasionally there comes upon the stage of action a man who goes back to his kinsman in the past and with this muscle well developed moves his ears. I adjure you, my friends, do not turn your back upon your royal ancestors. It is not, however, the physical man with which you are to deal, for these bodies are after all but the dusty frame of the house in which we live. It is the moral and intellectual man with which we have to deal, and it is here that the real man appears. That heredity influences the moral and intellectual qualities of the man is an assured fact. It must be so. It could not be otherwise. It is the very constitution of things and is most essential in the reproduction and creation of the species. In preparing Israel for its great work this idea was emphasized by Jehovah at the very beginning.

"I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," was not merely a fiat of the Almighty, but was the result of that law, the most prominent in our physical, intellectual and moral development. The

necessity of a pure body, to say nothing of morals and intellect, is, therefore, an absolute necessity upon the part of the parents to produce like results on the part of the children. And may I not be permitted to emphasize this fact, for no law of our physical being is more necessary than this, and in the solving of our many sociological problems this law in most instances is at least a basis for the solution.

It is a matter then of the greatest possible importance, not only that the laws of heredity be understood, but that they be strictly and closely followed. I do not hesitate to say that there are thousands of misplaced people in the world trying to do the things for which they have no bent nor inclination, and constantly failing simply because they have paid little or no attention to the laws of heredity. Accordingly, there are petty and unsuccessful lawyers who would make good shoemakers, quack doctors who would succeed admirably in raising hogs, and jackleg preachers who would make greater success in hoeing cotton and plowing corn. For instance, a young lady called at my office recently, telling me what a fine, accomplished musician she was, and woefully lamenting the fact that her talents were not appreciated and she could not secure employment, and in a moment of great enthusiasm she said, "Sir, I can play any kind of an instrument, and on a piano I can play with both hands crossed just this way," and when I heard her play—for she insisted that I should witness her performance—I thought her hands were crossed all the time, for I never heard such a wrangle, jangle, and inharmonious mingling of notes in all my life. Now, I wanted to speak plainly and openly to that woman and tell her that there was no music in her. I

really wanted to give her a piece of my mind, but you know I could not do that, for a gentleman can never speak plainly and tartly to a woman except it be the one he has married.

The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, it takes generations to make good musicians. In Beethoven's family the strength of heredity is clearly seen, for his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were all famous musicians. In Mendelssohn's family there were nine famous musicians, going back as far as the fourth generation. In Bach's family, the great German musician and composer, the influence of heredity was most potent, for here there were 129 musicians of eminent rank, going back as far as the eighth generation.

On the other hand, the effects of heredity are seen in families of criminal record, for it is important to note that genius for crime is just as much inherited as it is for music, art or mathematics. The case of Max Jukes, that noted criminal of New York, is a pertinent illustration in this particular, for here heredity works most destructively. Jukes, as has been noted, was a confirmed criminal and drunkard, and from his descendants, after careful computation, in 75 years there were found to be 200 thieves and murderers, 285 invalids and lunatics, 90 prostitutes, 300 consumptives, and the crimes committed by members of this family cost the state of New York \$1,650,000.

Recent statistics in Prussia show that out of 10,676 lunatics, 6,469 or 75 per cent were traced directly to heredity, the mother or the father, or both, having been thus affected. The superintendent of an insane asylum in the state of Ohio, in his last report, says that 30 per cent of the patients admitted to the insane

asylum were there due directly to heredity. And yet in view of all these startling facts, a sentimental young woman, highly regarded in the community in which she lived, married a few years ago a young man whom everyone knew to have insane tendencies. The result of her foolish act was that their first two children are now in the insane asylum. Here it may be seen at once that the parents are "eating sour grapes and the teeth of the children are set on edge." Now, this act I submit, ladies and gentlemen, was a crime—a crime against the state, a crime against humanity, a crime against the child, for every child has a right to be well born. Certainly the parents owe that much to them. Usually when a child is bright and intelligent the parents are ready to acknowledge that it is due to the influence of heredity, but when as in the case of the children just referred to, they declare it to be a special dispensation of Providence. It naturally follows that when parental responsibility is more thoroughly recognized, children will be as they should be, better born.

I affirm here, however, that heredity is not decisive in the character of the child. I go one step farther and declare unto you that the history of the world reveals the fact that most of the world's heroes, by dint of perseverance, by individual personal effort, have lifted themselves up out of an hereditary influence that was humble, obscure, mean, an environment unfriendly, narrow, debasing, into purity, strength, and magnificent manhood and womanhood, the heritage of all the ages. I appeal to the experience of the ages, but permit me to say, my friends, that while I appeal to the experience of mankind, I am not by any means a disciple of Hobbes. I am not an empiricist nor a

Hobbesian in philosophy, but I recognize, nevertheless, the importance of the knowledge which experience has given us; for while we do not receive the fundamental and eternal principles of the true, the beautiful, and the good through experience or the sciences, yet is it not true that these eternal principles which come to us by intuition receive their interpretation and value through experience? I therefore appeal to the experiences of mankind. I am not unconscious of the fact that hereditary influences among the vulgar and unscientific are given credit for all things, good and bad, physically, mentally and morally. I am but reminded of the reply which the wooden-legged man gave to his friend, who, when asked why he was thus deprived of one of his limbs, replied without the least hesitation, "Sir, my father was a wooden-legged man, my grandfather was a wooden-legged man, therefore, I am a wooden-legged man." This is about as ridiculous as the story now in vogue of the stingy man who, thinking that his hen was devoid of all knowledge of hereditary influences, fed her partly with bran and sawdust, hoping that she would neither detect the sawdust nor her progeny be influenced thereby, but imagine his surprise when, after setting his hen on thirteen eggs, twelve of them hatched out with wooden legs, and the thirteenth was a wood-pecker. The proposition which I have made then, these ridiculous claims to the contrary notwithstanding, stands true, and heredity is by no means decisive as to character and destiny. It is Chapman, I think, who speaks and speaks truly when he says,

"Our birth is not our own act; honor upon trust
Our ill deeds forfeit, and the wealthy sums,

Purchased by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly,
But what our actions make us worthy of."

We are then, after all, what we are by what we make ourselves. Our fortune is in our own keeping. We may by unswerving devotion to the true and the good, laugh heredity to scorn and overcome, or we may invite its tendencies and succumb. Therefore, the man who is determined to succeed, no difficulties can stop, no obstacles can overcome, for God, truth and holy ambition, linked to a human soul, can overcome heredity, for now as of yore, the kingdom of heaven is within you. This then, young ladies and gentlemen, is the message I bring you, namely, that hereditary influences good or bad, environments friendly or unfriendly, helps or hindrances, all these to the contrary notwithstanding, you are the builders of your own character, the architects of your fortune. Verily the kingdom of heaven is within you.

The law of our physical being is that we must at all times and under all circumstances contend for the mastery. It is marrow for the bones, and meat for the muscles. This is true, not only in our moral and intellectual development, but here the law works more directly and the results are more clearly manifest. To those of us who have had and are still having to contend with difficulties inherited and acquired, I bring you this message of cheer, for if you are determined to be a man, your thorn in the flesh but keeps you awake, and, like Paul, strengthens you by giving you a real enemy to fight. Such has been the heritage of the world's greatest heroes. Count yourself fortunate for an opportunity to be numbered with them.

And what a company, of all races and nationalities and tongues! Abraham, Moses, David, Homer, Samuel, Socrates, Milton, Cromwell, Washington, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Franklin, Lincoln, Garfield, Douglass—but why prolong the list—the room is already full, and still they come. What an army! How humble their birth, how remarkable their victories! Moses was born of slave parents, and hid in the bulrushes. John got his training in the wilderness. Lincoln was born in a log hut. Douglass was born in a slave cabin, and Jesus of Nazareth was born in a manger. These are heroes, truly. Even their names inspire us, and the influence of their lives lingers with us like twilight on a summer's eve. In the fight over heredity and environment there were in our own country two typical Americans, who, against great odds, won their way to manhood and recognition. I refer to Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. Abraham Lincoln was a green spot in a desert, a root out of dry ground. His native soil was not indigenous to the growth of man. A whole generation had not made a single man who could be called great. Slavery had choked the avenues, poisoned the atmosphere and greatness seemed impossible. This man was equal to the emergency. He made the soil rich by his sweat and his tears. He made the cabin a college by industry and pluck and climbed so high an altitude that he found pure air and grew in spite of his environment.

Such a man was Lincoln. So humble in his birth, that a great orator took an hour and a half to prove that he was of legitimate parentage, and yet this man from obscurity of rank and poverty of birth stands among the foremost of our nation's greatest heroes. Strange to say, he is lowest when we first get a glance at him.

He is lying flat on his stomach on the dirt floor of his cabin with his borrowed book, and that page gets its only light from the fagot of a pine knot. And yet from this humble beginning he grew to be such a scholar, such a master of good idiomatic English, that one of the finest, if not the finest prose poem in the English language is his address on the battle-field of Gettysburg. I anticipate you. I hear you say that his success was due to chance, to luck, to accident. I deny it. Properly speaking, there is no such thing as chance or luck or accident in the realm of ethics and morals. It is absolutely unthinkable. Friendship can do much for us, but friendship cannot make men. A man who comes to the front before his maturity, by the aid of his friends, will fall at the first critical moment and will never be able to rise again. The test of character comes not in the warmth and glow of prosperity, but at the parting of the ways, when we must walk alone. So with Lincoln. His glory was in his loneliness. He had his Gethsemane. He trod the wine press alone, and there was none to help him. His test was the Civil War; his glory its consummation. These were ominous times. Duty and distrust were everywhere felt. Shouts from the South were met with murmurings from the North. At this critical time came this man. This providential man, if you please, but providential only in the sense that he had prepared himself for the occasion and was ready when the gong sounded. His very presence gave strength and confidence. It is inspiring to see him, standing calm and unperturbed, meeting the clash of public sentiment, holding the reins of government in his hands, conceding and yet not receding, giving up nonessentials in order that the one purpose in his mind, the salvation of the Un-

ion and the freedom of the slave, might be subserved. Misunderstood and criticized; called incompetent by his cabinet, a weakling by his party, a coward by the North, a knave by the South, a traitor by the abolitionist, and yet, with a hand steady and firm, he held the reins of government until the time was ripe for striking the blow which saved the Union and broke the shackles of four million slaves.

And Douglass, who is he? If the legitimacy of Lincoln's birth was in doubt, Douglass' was not, for verily he was conceived in sin and born in iniquity; but he put heredity under his feet, and all that was unfriendly was shaken from him as easily as a lion shakes the dust from off his mane. His first lessons were on a shingle in a Baltimore shipyard, and day by day this slave boy slipped his shingle book under his jacket, and night by night hid it under his slave couch, until he arose step by step up out of nothing into the strength and purity of a manhood recognized the world over. It was a hard fight, but he won, and his victory was not that his golden tongue of pathos touched the hearts of the liberty-loving world in behalf of his slave brother—no, it was not that—it was not the orator, it was the man—pure, heroic, unsullied—and like most great men, his greatest victory was in his death. When he first came to Rochester, it was as a runaway slave. When he last came to Rochester, he was the honored guest, and the little children from the schools, without regard to race or color, both black and white, spread flowers upon his bier as plentifully as the falling drops of rain on a summer's day.

Of the many great characters of literature, there are two whose shadows stand as far above their contemporaries as Mt. Blanc's above the humblest hill!

For literature today,⁵ ladies and gentlemen, as ever, must have a hero. There is no book of fiction or romance which has not its hero, and the songs that live with us the longest, and whose music is the sweetest, are not the lyrics, but the epics. The world loves a hero, and everybody is trying to find one. Even the dime novel has a hero. He is a hero if he is only a kissing hero—nevertheless, a hero.

In *Les Misérables*, written by that master of French writers, Victor Hugo, we find the greatest hero ever carved in prose throughout the world's history. Victor Hugo was a student of life as it is. He never painted life out of its natural order. He became the voice of the struggling poor the world over, and to him we are all indebted. Hugo's hero is Jean Valjean. (I call him Jean Valjean, not "John Valjohn," for if Don Quixote is now correctly called Don "Kehote," then surely "John Valjohn" is Jean Valjean.) Jean Valjean is a study in heredity. Born of poor parents, he never received a day's schooling in his life. At nineteen, his father and mother are dead, and he lives with his widowed sister, and helps to care for her children. Work gives out. There is no bread in the house, and going by a bakery one evening, he breaks a pane, thrusts his hand through the aperture, takes a loaf of bread, is overtaken, tried, convicted and sent to the galleys for five years. Before he has been in prison three years, he tries to escape, and three years more are added to his sentence, making it eight. A second attempt to escape, four more years are added, making it twelve. A third attempt, five more years are added, making it seventeen, and when this man first finds himself free, his five year sentence has been lengthened to nineteen, and he comes out with

malice in his heart, and with enmity against all mankind, and the yellow tag on his coat is but an emblem of the hatred in his heart. He seeks employment, but no one will hire him, or, if he is hired, when the yellow tag is seen he is immediately dismissed, and so this lost wanderer goes from place to place until finally he reaches the town. The hotels discard him, and every door is shut in his face, until he reaches the home of the Bishop. Here he finds a friend.

If Victor Hugo has brought upon himself the wrath of Catholicism because of his revelations in Notre Dame, he shows the strength of the priesthood in the good Bishop of Brenvem. Here he is given a place at the table and a good bed in which to sleep, but the instinct of selfishness is in his heart, and with vengeance in his hand he arises at midnight, goes into the sleeping room of the Bishop and, as he lays with one hand out of the bed, the other peacefully upon his chest, and a ray of the moonlight from the window lying as sweetly upon his face as a dewdrop upon the rose, his heart fails him, for he cannot touch this Angel of Mercy, but he takes the silver and is away. He is captured, but upon the plea of the good Bishop, is forgiven. But the enmity is still in his heart, and you cannot see the evilness of this wretched man until you see his treatment of the little peasant boy—and who is happier than a fourteen-year-old boy when he has made his first money? This boy comes along, throwing up his little piece of silver, clasping it in his hands as eagerly as a miser does his thousands. Jean Valjean under the shadow watches him, and when the silver falls to the ground he steps out and puts his big foot upon it. Though the little brokenhearted fellow appeals to him

again and again to give him his money, his heart is hard and callous. In despair the little fellow goes away, and his cries die away like distant echoes of a mournful dirge.

At this moment, a new thought comes into Jean Valjean's mind, and, with money in hand, he turns after the youth, and cries at the top of his voice, "Gervaise!" but the boy does not answer. The shadows pass and he goes out of sight, but the next morning at the rising of the sun, passers-by say that he was seen on his knees at the Bishop's house. This was the beginning of a new life. Jean Valjean was born again, and from this moment, ladies and gentlemen, he began to repair the injuries he had done. He was not taking away, he was giving. He had almost forgotten that he lived, so thoroughly was he trying to live for others. Fantine—and who can call the name of this unfortunate woman without a shudder of horror and grief—Fantine was, like many an unsuspecting girl, lured away, until coming to her consciousness she felt a new life within her own. She was a mother, and as society always does, Fantine was thrown aside, but her betrayer was feted as a prince and a gentleman. She works in Jean Valjean's factory, for he is now the mayor of the city. He has changed his nature, and he has changed his name. He is no more Jean Valjean, he is Father Madeline. Her child is left with a family, and then begins the fight of this mother not for her life, but for her child. Fantine was an outcast, but she could love her babe. They send for money, and she sends all the money she has, and they send for money again and again. She is thrown out of employment, and now she has no money, and she still loves her child. Passing by the hair-dresser's one evening, she overhears some one saying that her hair is beautiful,

and she goes back and offers it for sale, and every strand of hair is clipped from her head, that she might get money for her child. Again they send for money, and meeting one of her friends in the street and inquiring how she might make a few francs, she laughs as only a pained heart might laugh, and the dentist is heard to say that she has beautiful teeth. So she slips away from her company and has every tooth pulled from her mouth that she might get money for her child. She is insulted upon the street—the cowardly man who insulted her was released. She is condemned to six months in prison, and as the chief of police is about to carry out the sentence, our hero appears and demands that she be released. He takes her to his home, gives her his best room, calls his servant to wait upon her, and when she dies, for her life has been given away in sorrow, she makes one last request—that he look after her child.

The prosperity of our hero now suddenly changes. The theft of money from the peasant boy and the silver from the Bishop are on record against him. He had gotten out of prison one year before his time was due, and a man bearing his name and his likeness has been captured and is about to be sent back to prison. Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the test of character. This man, the mayor of his city, the wealthiest man in all the community, starts for the court and reaches there just in time to hear the judge about to pass the sentence, and he, with magnificent heroism says, "I am Jean Valjean, let this man go," and he goes back to prison. When he returns he remembers that he has promised Fantine to look after her child, and he starts to Mt. Mercel, where, in the home of the Thinardiers, Cosette is living—living did I say—dying, for a treatment worse than

that meted out to any slave had been hers. She is beaten and bruised, and at ten o'clock at night sent out to the spring, a mile and a half from the town, to get a drink of water. She has a piece of money to buy bread for the family, and, as she stoops down, the money falls in the spring. She arises, tottering, with her half pail of water. A hand in the darkness is laid upon her shoulder, and she is not afraid. It is the hand of an angel, and that angel is Jean Valjean. His ransom of this girl, his close watch over her, his constant evolution of himself, out of self into her own life, is, indeed, beautiful; for, ladies and gentlemen, Jean Valjean becomes not a father only, but a mother, and when a man becomes a mother, he is genuinely a hero.

Jean Valjean is the greatest hero literature has ever painted. Homer had a hero, but what was Ulysses compared to this man? Virgil had a hero, but he sulked in his tent. This man was giving himself that others might live, and when Cosette left her home with Marius, he had dreams of her as pure as the streams that trickle down the mountains, and when he sees her no more, he goes to the chest and takes out the little clothes, the same dress he first found her with on that night in the wilderness, and he cries out, "Cosette! Cosette! Cosette!" A knock is heard at the door. Cosette truly comes, and as she stands by his side with one hand in hers, and Marius, one hand in his, Jean Valjean enters the pearly gates and leaves the "gates ajar."

LINCOLN,
THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"To be honest, industrious and true, to be useful and intelligent citizens, to make ourselves absolutely necessary to the life of every community in which we live, to acquire property and lands, to keep out of the saloons, out of the police courts, to be sober, industrious, to be patient, to be bold, to endure and to be in our virtuous lives a standing argument for the wisdom of his action by which our liberty was secured."

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Genius is unanswerable and inexplicable. Who can tell how Shakespeare, the profligate horse tender, in ten years became the world's greatest poet; how Napoleon, the unknown Corsican, became the world's greatest military leader; how Moses, the slave boy of Egypt, became the world's greatest lawgiver and philanthropist, how Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, became the world's greatest statesman and emancipator?

Surely, my friends, genius is always unanswerable and inexplicable, for somehow Lincoln seemed to have combined in himself all the elements of greatness in the men of genius who had preceded him, for he had the wisdom of a Socrates, the statesmanship of a Washington, the diplomacy of a Pericles, the unselfish devotion of a Moses, the lofty vision of a St. Paul, and, in his relation toward his fellow men, who can doubt but that he had much of the spirit of the Man of Galilee?

Such a man was Abraham Lincoln, the man of the hour, concerning whom it might have been said as it was said of John, "He was a man sent from God." And it is inspiring to see this man—this Divinely called man, if you please—standing yonder at Washington during those terrible days of the '60s, holding firmly and steadily and patiently the reins of government. Always conceding, but never receding; constantly giving up nonessentials in order that the one great purpose of his life, namely, the safety of the Union and emanci-

pation of the slave, might be conserved; called incompetent by his cabinet, a weakling by his party, a traitor by the abolitionists, a tyrant by the South, yet he held on firmly, steadily, patiently, "with malice toward none, with charity for all"—he held on till the hour of God's providence came, when, with one stroke of his pen, he saved a nation and emancipated the slave.

Lincoln did not spring into greatness by one bound. His growth was steady and constant. Born in a log cabin, he struggled against poverty and hardships, against difficulties and discouragements, and arose in spite of them all, out of ignorance and obscurity into knowledge and power and influence. Taught his A, B, C's by his stepmother, he at once began the work of self-culture by the faithful use of a few standard books. These were the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Aesop's *Fables*, and a short history of the life of Washington. These classics he read and reread until he had fully mastered them, and, as it were, with hooks of steel he fastened the essentials into his very being. Stretched out at full length on the dirt floor of his cabin home, with the light of a pine knot for his lamp, book in hand, he kept up the work of preparation. He learned his first lessons in arithmetic on a wooden shovel, wiping it off and scraping it to make more room for new figures when a new lesson was given him. In this manner, with only three or four months in school, amid poverty and distress, he kept at the work of getting ready, until he had trained and disciplined his mental and moral powers beyond that attained by many a college or university graduate.

Here is an evidence of his innate strength and power. He was willing to pay the price, to fight against

the most stupendous odds, if only he could prepare himself for a life of highest usefulness. In all these stirring events of his early life, when he was subjecting himself to such systematic and rigid preparation, nothing is clearer than that his aim was not to further personal ambition for office or power, but to make of himself an efficient servant for his country.

It is important here to note that in this formative period of Lincoln's life, the ethical and moral side of his education was not neglected. He learned to distinguish clearly between the right and the wrong, the good and the evil, and the clearness of this moral perception was the basis for the declaration of those principles which made him in the truest sense the greatest statesman of his age.

It is the clearness of perception which marks the difference between right and wrong which makes Lincoln an inspiration to every struggling youth of every race to high and lofty service, to be and to do his best. For it was by manly and heroic effort, by constant and rigid self-denial, by strict adherence to the truth, by absolute obedience to conscience and duty, that he lifted himself up out of morbid mediocrity, out of ignorance and self-conceit, into a broad and refined manhood that immediately won for him the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

Lincoln's successful fight over environment and inherited ignorance gives us a study in heredity. His mother could not read, and his father was not only ignorant, but was stupid and slothful, and the Kentucky neighborhood in which he was born, and where he spent his early days, was not only without educational advantages, but was absolutely devoid of the

educational spirit. Against these great odds, Lincoln began his fight. His native soil was not indigenous to the growth of men. A whole generation had not made a single man who could really be called great. Slavery had choked the avenues, poisoned the atmosphere, and greatness seemed impossible. This man, however, was equal to the emergency. He was a green spot in the desert, a root out of dry ground. He made the soil rich by his sweat and tears; he made the cabin a college by his industry and pluck; and climbed so high an altitude that he found pure air and grew in spite of his environments. Studied side by side with Lincoln, Hugo's great creation becomes a living reality, and reveals the fact that men, if they would but fight, can overcome heredity and grow out of ignorance and poverty and malice and envy, into intelligence and power and tenderness and love.

Lincoln's first attempt for political preferment was doomed to failure. In 1832, his father having moved to Illinois, he was appointed by the governor of that state captain of a company in the Black Hawk War. Unlike some of our more fortunate public men, his company did not engage in a single combat, and he came back home with no blazing war record to give him political prestige. His manly qualities, however, had won for him the respect and esteem, not only of his company, but of all who came within his limited acquaintance. Accordingly he was nominated for the state legislature but was defeated. The singular incident about the contest which marked Lincoln as the coming man was, that although defeated, he received every vote in his own county, the vote of the other counties in the district, where he was not well known

electing his opponent. Defeat, however, neither discouraged nor dismayed him. The two years following he kept up his work of studying men and books, supporting himself in the meantime by keeping a country store, and with better success as a surveyor, until his horse and his few rude instruments were sold for debt. These failures, both in political and business life, coming so close together, would have completely soured and discouraged the average man. Not so with Lincoln. His greatness was here manifest, and he went on in the even tenor of his way, with that cheerfulness and good humor that made him the center of admiration by friend and foe alike.

At the next election, when he was twenty-five years old, he triumphed signally, and was elected to the Illinois legislature by a large majority, and was continued in this position for eight consecutive years. Still anxious to acquire knowledge, he borrowed such books as he could and in this way qualified himself for the bar. As a lawyer he attracted attention far and wide, and his clearness of statement, his rugged honesty, his dogged fearlessness, and his uncompromising fair play made for him a great reputation as a lawyer and political debater, and soon he became the most effective speaker in the entire West.

Lincoln had early begun to hate the institution of slavery. When, as a flat-boatsman in New Orleans, he saw the accursed auction block separating husband and wife, mother and child, his righteous soul was stirred to its very depths, and out of his indignation at this terrible spectacle, he declared, "If I ever get a chance at that thing, I will hit it and hit it hard, by the eternal God."

Here as a member of the Illinois legislature he began the fight against slavery, which was ultimately to end in its entire overthrow and utter annihilation. At the very moment when Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston for his abolition sentiments, and Lovejoy was slain by a mob for printing a paper against slavery, Lincoln showed the courage of his convictions, with only one man to stand by him, by entering his protest in the Illinois legislature, that the institution of slavery was founded both on injustice and bad policy.

In 1846, Lincoln was elected to Congress, and thus came for the first time in the arena of national politics. He continued his fight against slavery and brought in a bill for gradual emancipation in the District of Columbia, with compensation to the slave owners for their slaves thus emancipated. This concession on Lincoln's part to pay the slave owners for their slaves who should be set free was characteristic of the honesty and fair play of the man, and made his future position on the slave question absolutely impregnable, and rallied the nation to his support when he subsequently signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

The slavery question was now one of absorbing interest and rapidly forging to the front as a burning issue in national politics. In order to get the real situation before us, a casual review of the history of slavery in America may be necessary if not interesting. In 1619, one year before the Mayflower landed in Massachusetts, a Dutch ship landed at Jamestown with a carload of slaves. Their importation continued until 1808, when the constitutional prohibition against it took effect. During all these years, from 1619 until

1808, covering 188 years, the number of slaves by importation and birth had vastly increased in the South, and although the traffic had slightly increased in several states of the North, the number of slaves there was not large enough at any time to threaten the peace of the community, or to become of any political significance. Evidently the leading members of the convention at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States did not believe in slavery, and supposed that after 1808, when the further importation would cease, slavery would gradually die out and become entirely extinct. Washington, in his will, freed his slaves and expressed the hope that some plan might be adopted by which slavery could be abolished in this country, and Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, speaking of the institution of slavery, at one time said: "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just and that his justice cannot sleep forever." Other leading men, like Franklin, Adams and Patrick Henry, were all opposed to it.

The invention of the cotton gin in 1792 had made slavery very profitable in the South, and she was determined that the system should be perpetuated. Accordingly, a compromise was secured, by which, first, the time of the prohibition of the importation of slaves should be extended twenty years; second, a provision for the return of runaway slaves; third, the existence of slavery in the states recognized as a basis of representation in Congress. This compromise was a great victory for the slave-holding states, for it gave a new impetus to the slave trade, made the institution of slavery constitutional, and put the South in the saddle by virtue of the increased representation which she thereby se-

cured. From that very moment, slavery became a political power, and the South, not content with its victory, used every possible means to maintain it where it then existed, and to extend it in other sections of the country.

The conscience of the North was slowly rising against this iniquity, and parties began to organize for its overthrow. The slave oligarchy, crazed by its power, threatened even at that early date to leave the Union if their demands were not complied with. To satisfy them and to save the Union, compromise after compromise was made, but all of them were broken by the South and her friends. The Missouri Compromise, however, proved to be the measure which finally broke the backbone of slavery. This compromise, as you remember, was made in 1820 on the admission of Missouri as a slave state, with a distinct provision that slavery should never thereafter be admitted in the Northwest Territory. This compromise was ruthlessly overthrown and broken in 1854, and at once the slumbering passion of the North arose with a mighty protest; slavery was declared to be a public nuisance, and the Republican party was organized with the declaration of principles that slavery be confined where it then existed, and should not be permitted under any circumstances to be extended in the Northwest Territory or in any other section of the Union.

The crisis had now come. The North, for so many years quiescent, was now aggressive. Lincoln again came to the front as one of the leaders and most effective speakers of the new party. Its first campaign was made in 1856, with John C. Fremont as the nominee,

and, though defeated, it received a surprisingly large vote and carried several states.

The one event which brought Lincoln into national prominence was his debate with Judge Douglass in 1858. Douglass spoke in favor of the extension of slavery or "squatter sovereignty" as it was then called. Lincoln spoke for the restriction of slavery and against its extension in Kansas, which state was then applying for admission into the Union. The debates drew great crowds and became at once of national significance. Judge Douglass was a man of the schools, highly cultured, eloquent, and of commanding appearance; Lincoln was without the preparation of the schools, thoroughly lacking in refinement and the conventionalities of society, but his statements were clear and forcible, his logic irresistible and his powerful arguments carried conviction everywhere. What now was the essential difference between Lincoln and Douglass? Douglass plead for the Constitution; Lincoln plead for justice and fair play. Douglass was on the side of that which was expedient; Lincoln was on the side of that which was just and righteous. Lincoln believed fully in that principle of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." On this doctrine of equal rights and fair play he staked his case and ultimately won.

In the very beginning of the debate Lincoln struck the keynote of the whole question when he said—I quote him verbatim: "The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the begin-

ning of time and will ever continue to struggle. One is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: 'You work and toil and earn bread and I will eat it.' "

Upon this basis of right against wrong, of freedom against slavery, Lincoln made his fight. He foresaw with the eye of a prophet and a statesman, that union and liberty, freedom and slavery, could not exist together, that one or the other must finally fall. It was upon the enunciation of this great truth that Lincoln gave expression to that immortal sentence that completely overwhelmed Douglass and made Lincoln preeminently the man of the hour. "Under the operation of the policy of the compromise, the slavery agitation has not only not ceased but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis has been reached and passed. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will prevent the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

This argument struck the deathblow to "squatter sovereignty" and the extension of slavery. Lincoln, as it has been facetiously said, lost the senatorship but gained the presidency. The nation was now stirred to its very depths. At this critical time several events

occurred which added fuel to the flames. It seems as if Almighty God with long-suffering patience was at last permitting the slave power to dash itself to pieces and grind itself into powder. The Fugitive Slave Act, by which slaves were dragged through the streets of Boston, shook that ancestral stronghold of freedom to its very foundation; the Dred Scott Decision of the Supreme Court, which declared that a Negro had no rights which a white man should respect, showing that the slave power had at last gotten hold of the Supreme Court, the very fountain of justice; the attempted murder of Senator Sumner by a Southern slave holder; the attempt to force slavery into Kansas; the execution of John Brown, and the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, all these events stirred up the sleeping conscience of the North and sounded the death knell of slavery.

At the Chicago convention of 1860, Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. It was a great victory for the man from a log cabin over Chase, and Stanton, and especially Seward, whom everyone supposed would receive the nomination. The Democratic party was hopelessly divided, and, strange to say, the division was made by the masterful work of Lincoln in his debates with Douglass two years before. Accordingly four parties were in the field, the regular Democratic party, headed by Breckinridge of Kentucky; the Popular Sovereignty party, a split from the Democratic party, headed by Douglass of Illinois, Lincoln's recent antagonist; the Constitutional Union party, headed by John Bell of Tennessee, and the Republican party headed by Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. After one of the most stirring and bitter campaigns in the history of the country, Lincoln was triumphantly elected, receiving 180 out of 303

electoral votes. The crisis was now on. Lincoln, fearing assassination, journeyed secretly to Washington for the inauguration and easily eluded the friends of secession, who threatened to take his life. The scenes at the inauguration were strange and pathetic. Douglass, his famous rival, held his hat, Chief Justice Tanny, of Dred Scott fame, gave the oath of office, Seward, Chase and Stanton, chosen members of his cabinet and former candidates for the presidency, were about him, and with these surroundings he plead for peace before the seceding states should return, and pledged himself to see that the laws were faithfully executed.

No ruler in all the world's history ever faced such perilous conditions as confronted Lincoln when he assumed the reigns of government. The situation was not only grave, it was, indeed, alarming. South Carolina, the home of nullification, became the mother of secession and opened fire on the nation's flag at Fort Sumter. South Carolina, it would seem, has a peculiar history, for, from Calhoun to Tillman, she has been an eyesore and a nuisance in our national life. State after state seceded until all the slave-holding states, with a few exceptions, had gone out of the Union. Jefferson Davis, then United States Senator from Mississippi, resigned his position to accept the presidency of the rebellious states, and it is a strange coincidence of history that a Negro, in the person of Hiram R. Revels, was elected to take his place and became the first Negro United States Senator in the history of the republic.

In this hour of severest trial Lincoln's cabinet was either openly against him or apparently indifferent. Four of them, Chase, Stanton, Seward, and Cameron, had been recent candidates for the presidency. When

Lincoln faced his cabinet for the first time, not a man who sat before him was a personal friend or had any real sympathy for him as an individual. Every man of them thought himself superior to him and did not hesitate to let him know it at every possible opportunity. To add to the gravity of the position trouble arose with England over the forcible seizure of Mason and Slidell. Under these perilous conditions, with his own country torn, disordered, belligerent, with his cabinet suspicious and fault-finding, and facing hostilities with a powerful foreign foe, Lincoln assumed the presidency and undertook the stupendous task of saving the nation, and emancipating the slaves. He was, however, equal to the emergency. Calm, patient, diplomatic, with boundless compassion and heroic self-denial, he worked by day and by night for the closing of hostilities and for the preservation of the nation.

No one will doubt that for this special work God had been for many years preparing him. Day by day he mastered the problems as they came before him. His endurance, his fertility of resources, his courage, his even temper, his tender-heartedness, his comprehensive grasp of the difficult questions of diplomacy—these essential evidences of a great ruler surprised his friends, dumbfounded his enemies, and made him complete master of the situation.

Lincoln's desire to save the Union at all cost and all hazard lost him almost the entire support of the abolition element—indeed, many of them became his bitterest enemies. Unable to see the width and breadth of his statesmanship, they called him a traitor to the cause of the freedom of the slaves and an enemy to his country. To Horace Greeley, who was constantly

chiding him for not issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, he wrote:

"If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and by leaving others alone, I would also do that."

Here was statesmanship of an unusual order. Lincoln knew that the one great central idea around which all the patriotism of the North might in the end declare allegiance, was the preservation of the Union. This secured, slavery in the very nature of the case would be ultimately abolished.

During these critical days when the mighty heart of great Lincoln was bearing such a load, there were two distinguished citizens, among other patriots, who came forward to aid and cheer him. I refer to Henry Ward Beecher and Frederick Douglass. Beecher's services at this time in England were invaluable. England wanted Southern cotton for her mills and was afraid if slavery was abolished her interests would suffer. Accordingly, she was about to recognize the Southern Confederacy with Jefferson Davis as president, which in itself would have been a death blow to the Union cause. In a series of addresses in the great cities of the Empire, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, at first the audiences hissed and insulted him, but Beecher stood his ground for fair play and noninterference. He secured a complete triumph. England saw the error of her ways and made a complete somersault, the result of which was to gradually weaken and discomfit the Confederacy. Frederick Douglass at home performed a task equally as important. He

fired the North with his eloquent pleas for the emancipation of his brethren and the preservation of the Union, and did yeoman service in the organization and equipment of colored soldiers, who fought so bravely for the Union and the overthrow of slavery.

In the hour of Lincoln's greatest need, the churches of the North came to his rescue. In the homes of the people, on the streets, and even on the railway trains, they prayed audibly and openly for the president and for the success of Union arms. An incident is told of the meeting on a railway train of a Quaker woman of the North, who was praying for the Union, and a Confederate woman of the South, who was praying for the success of Jefferson Davis and his cause. The Southern woman remonstrated with the Northern woman, saying that she was praying to God for the success of the Confederate army, and how did she expect God to answer her who was praying for the success of the Union army, to which the Quaker woman immediately replied: "The good Lord does not pay any attention to thee, for he thinks thee is joking."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Philadelphia in 1864, sent a delegation to Mr. Lincoln, pledging him their prayers and hearty support. To this delegation, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"In response to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements; endorse the sentiment it expresses; and thank you, in the nation's name, for the sure promise it gives.

"Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might, in the least, appear invidious against any. Yet, with-

out this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the rest, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to Heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church—bless all the churches—and blessed be God, Who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.”

As commander in chief of the army, Lincoln's resources were taxed to the very utmost, but even here in this trying ordeal he was preeminently the man of the hour. Forced to make important changes from time to time, he was, nevertheless, always true to his generals. When he found that Grant was a man that would fight and would ultimately bring the war to a triumphant close, he gave him the right of way and stood by him without reserve. Once when Grant's critics urged Lincoln to remove him as commander of the army, charging him with drinking too freely, Lincoln in his droll humor, although always a temperance man himself, replied: "What does Grant drink?" "Whiskey," said the man. "Well," said Lincoln, "just find out what particular brand he uses and I will send a barrel to my other generals."

The adroit, diplomatic manner by which he handled the question of emancipation showed the breadth and depth of his splendid statesmanship. An error at that time would have been fatal to the preservation of the Union as well as the freedom of the slave. He waited patiently while both friends and foes slandered and abused him; waited till the Union was ready; waited till the psychological moment; waited till the hour of God's

providence came, when he resolutely fulfilled the promise he had made many years before when a humble flat-boatsman in New Orleans. And when the hour had fully come he struck the fatal blow which emancipated the slave and blotted out forever from the face of this Union that iniquity of all iniquities, human slavery.

This act was the great statesman's master stroke. By it he discomfited the Confederacy, rallied the patriotism of the North as nothing else could have done, saved the Union and made effective the proclamation which he had issued. It came not a moment too soon, for from that moment defeat was turned into victory, and Grant and Sherman kept the rebels on the run till Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Lincoln's second inaugural address, like his Gettysburg speech, is a classic. Besides, it reveals the innate strength and courage of the man when face to face with duty. In that remarkable sentence in which he declares he will push the war to a successful close, Lincoln said: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, but if God will that it continue till all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and till every drop of blood drawn with a lash shall be paid with another drawn with a sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

At length the hour came. Lincoln himself knew that it was near. Speaking to Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he said: "Whichever way it goes, I will not last long." On the night of April 14,

1865, only forty days after he had been inaugurated, while in Ford's theater, the assassin's bullet felled the great man to the earth, and he passed to the Great Beyond the next morning at seven o'clock. His work was done, his course was finished, he had kept the faith, and he went to his eternal reward. For God had let him live long enough to see the close of the war and the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution.

Standing here tonight, my fellow citizens, on this one hundredth anniversary of his birth, what is the lesson he leaves us? To be honest, industrious and true, to be useful and intelligent citizens, to make ourselves absolutely necessary to the life of every community in which we live, to acquire property and lands, to keep out of the saloon, out of the police courts, to be sober, industrious, to be patient, to be bold, to endure and to be in our virtuous lives a standing argument for the wisdom of his action by which our liberty was secured.

Lincoln, thou art not dead. The assassin's bullet did not strike thee; it touched only the hem of thy garment and bruised and shattered the house in which thou didst live. Thou art living still, living in the lives of thy countrymen, yea, in the life of the world, and inspiring now, as thou didst then, to sublime courage and heroic self-denial. Verily, as some one has facetiously said: "Thou art the tallest white angel of a thousand years."

THREE GREAT MAXIMS FROM
THREE GREAT TEACHERS

“Here, then, is the highest aim of life, the only rational interpretation of man’s existence. Not only to know thyself, not even to control thyself, but with heroic courage to deny thyself. To this supreme height struggling manhood has been ever climbing and, however difficult the task, the highest culture of all the ages has ever been striving.”

THREE GREAT MAXIMS FROM THREE GREAT TEACHERS.

All truth is not confined to revelation. The inspired writers of the "Sacred Canon" have given us all the essential truths of God, of man, of the life that is, and of the life that is to be. But they have not, on the one hand, given us all truth, nor on the other hand, are they the only source from which truth can come. Consequently, outside of revelation as well as within revelation, there have been from time immemorial, earnest, honest, seekers after the truth. And, in every instance, their work has not been in vain, for they have been amply rewarded, not only in finding the truth, but also in the good it has done for them and their fellow men.

To be an honest seeker after the truth is man's greatest work. To be earnest followers of the truth is a race's greatest achievement. I beg you, therefore, my friends, to remember that a race's greatest triumph consists not in the enthronement of some physical or material ideal, but in the enthronement of the truth, holding intensely, not to the seen, but rather to the unseen. On this point, the history of races and nations is clear and decisive. It has been truly said that every important people of antiquity began to decline as soon as they had achieved a great physical or material triumph on which they had set their affections and pride. This was true of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans and even Israel, God's chosen people, for the erection of the Temple marks the passing of Hebrew glory and greatness.

In the very nature of the case, the Negro race will be no exception to this rule, and I would be recreant to my sacred trust if I did not warn you that the great danger of our race at this crucial moment of its history is in its anxiety to advance the material rather than the ethical and moral.

In the year 464 before the Christian era, there was born in the city of Athens a little boy whose parents named him Socrates. He at once got the distinction of being the homeliest child in the city, and what is stranger still, his mother, unlike most mothers, who think their children handsome when everybody else thinks just the opposite, found unusual delight in the fact that her child easily took the premium as the homeliest of all his associates.

Liberally educated in the principal studies of the day, music, geometry, and astronomy, Socrates was fully equipped for any service to which he might devote himself. For a while, he worked with his father as a stone mason, but soon gave it up, and, without pay or remuneration, became a public school teacher and debater. Barefooted and sometimes bareheaded, he soon became a central figure in the life of the city and became the teacher of Athens' most celebrated youths. His one great maxim, the foundation and essence of all his teaching, was, "Know thyself." In his own life and conduct he surrendered himself to this maxim vigorously and unsparingly, and always with the consolation that, while others called him wise, he always found himself ignorant. How much embarrassment could be saved for you and for me if our wise men of today would only use the Socratic method.

In his quest after the truth he spared neither body

nor mind. This great maxim of the great teacher, "Know thyself," is as pertinent today as ever, and upon the doors of every school should be written as the very beginning of the student's life, this important truth, "Know thyself." It is unfortunate that most people do not know themselves. They leave that job for you and me to find out. A father brought his son to Princeton, during the day of President McCosh, and the old Scotchman humorously said to the father, "We have every facility here for helping and inspiring your son; the best library, laboratories, the most profound instructors. All these we can offer to your son, willingly and cheerfully, but if he has not common sense and does not know it, Princeton cannot help him, and may God have mercy on him!" A wise man may think he knows everything, but a child may startle him. A gentleman, a professional scholar and logician, noticed a little boy one day as he was fishing in a pond. In a moment the little boy fell overboard and the gentleman ran to his assistance and, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting him out. Immediately turning to the lad, he said, "My boy, how did you come to fall in?" When the boy quickly responded, "I did not come to fall in, I came to fish." This injunction of Socrates is by no means an easy task—to know one's self, one's weaknesses as well as one's strength, to grow out of one's self until one becomes bigger than himself, bigger than his prejudices. This, my friends, is the great task that is before us, to follow Socrates in the fundamental and essential declamation of his philosophy, "Know thyself."

Marcus Antonius Aurelius, born in Rome in 121, has been truly called the highest representative of Roman civilization. Indeed, from the very beginning,

Aurelius seems to have been a veritable miracle within himself. Born of wealthy parents and heir to the imperial throne of Rome, he turned away from a life of dissipation and corruption, so characteristic of the public men of his day, into one of personal purity and unselfish devotion to the highest interest of his people. His *Meditations*, written at odd moments during his busy career as emperor, are real gems of rare moral and ethical truths. Lofty in ideals, boundless in compassion, and breathing withal a superb heroism, they are second only to the sublime teaching of the New Testament. The marvel is that paganism, surrounded by an atmosphere lacking every essential of decency and rational living, could have produced such a man as Marcus Aurelius. Montesquieu, the great French critic, in speaking of Aurelius said, "He produces such an effect upon our minds that we think better of ourselves because he inspires us with a better opinion of mankind."

During his reign of twenty years, Aurelius made many extraordinary services to the empire. Among his many good works were these: The founding of schools for the education of the poor; the endowment of hospitals and homes for orphans; the creation of trust companies to receive and distribute legacies and endowments; the complete reform of the system of collecting taxes; the diminution of absolute power possessed by masters over their slaves; the adoption of the principle that merit, as distinguished from rank or political friendship, alone justified promotion in the public service; and the admission of women to equal rights to succession to property from their children. In this relation we should remind ourselves that what we call the new and modern doctrines, civil service reform and women

suffrage, were both supported by Aurelius nearly two thousand years ago. Summed up in one life statement, the message which Marcus Aurelius brought to the world was not only "Know thyself," but "Control thyself."

To Aurelius, therefore, the fundamental idea to be impressed upon the student was not so much how to solve problems and master trades, but preeminently to master one's self. This great maxim of the great teacher, "Control thyself," was not only fundamental, but absolutely essential, and this important truth is as necessary today as ever; for the education that truly educates, not only emphasizes but demands self-control as its most important factor in the education of the youth and the development of character. One writer has truly said that the most difficult thing for a man to do is to take care of himself in an emergency, in other words, to have absolutely the power of self-control. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to "Know thyself," but of greater importance to "Control thyself." And Marcus Aurelius calls us to the highest and best that is in us when he bids us as men and women worthy of our highest estate, to be able to exercise the power of self-control. The supreme test of a man, therefore, is not what he knows nor what he thinks he knows, but what ultimately he really is, and, when in an emergency, what he is able to do with himself, his passions, his lusts, his appetites.

The teaching of Marcus Aurelius was but another statement of that great Biblical truth, "He that controlleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." To reach this height of development, we must be willing to pay the cost and never shirk the task that is

before us. On this point, Marcus Aurelius said, "Long as thou art doing thy duty, heed not warmth nor cold nor even impending death; even in the very act of death, which is, indeed, only one of the acts of life, we shall do well what now remains to be done." In other words, if we are to reach the point of self-control, we must be willing to pay the cost and face duty without complaint, without murmur and without subterfuge. Most people remind me of the Irishman, who was perfectly willing to be regarded as the leading gladiator of his community, but readily sought a subterfuge when the opportunity came to him. Sitting down one day in a large company, with pen and paper before him, apparently not noticing what was going on around him, he was constantly writing, using up many sheets of paper in the performance, when suddenly an elderly lady in the company turned to him and said, "Patrick, what are you writing?" when he immediately replied, "I am writing down the names of the fellows I can lick." She looked over the list and saw her husband's name and said to Pat, "Why, have you my husband's name written there? I know you can't lick him." "Sure I can," said Pat. Just then the lady's husband walked up and asked Pat what all this was. Pat said, "I am writing down the names of all the fellows I can lick, and your name heads the list." "Well, you certainly can't beat me," replied the man, taking off his coat and preparing to sail in. "All right, then," said Pat, "I'll scratch your name off the list." You cannot scratch out and erase duty if we are to reach the sublime height of self-control.

Important, however, as are these two maxims, "Know thyself," by Socrates, and "Control thyself,"

by Marcus Aurelius, this is not all of life. This does not, after all, explain life's deeper meaning. To know thyself is good, to control thyself is better. But the rounded, symmetrical manhood must have something more. He must reach the supreme end of living, the highest aim of what man is and of what man is to be. As a living example of this great aim of life, of this rounded, matured manhood, there comes a great teacher whose coming marked the beginning of the Christian Era. He came not only in the likeness of a man, but in every respect, a real man. Subjected to life's sorrows and troubles, with man's sufferings and infirmities, liable to man's dangers and temptations, he was, in himself, the highest example of what a man could be and what a man can do for his fellow man. The meaning of his whole life, the sum and substance of his teachings, may be merged into this one maxim, the highest aim of life, "Deny thyself." And he was, in himself, the living embodiment of this great thought, He was its source, its very life, for he left Heaven, giving up the glory which he had with the Father before the world began—and who has been able to tell in what that glory consisted. He gave up the glory which he had with the Father, wrapped himself in a little piece of bleeding clay, became poor, that through his poverty we might be made rich, and, in his submission to this humiliation without murmur or complaint, revealed at once to the world his matchless courage, his sublime heroism. He said, "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself." Here, then, is the highest aim of life, the only rational interpretation of man's existence. Not only to know thyself, nor even to control thyself, but with heroic courage to deny thyself. To

this supreme height struggling manhood has been ever climbing and, however difficult the task, the highest culture of all the ages has ever been striving. This is what we mean by the hero in life as depicted by the hero in literature. For the hero in literature is but the becoming of the hero in life. To this achievement, the world's greatest writers have been inspiring us, so that in every language, the songs that live with us the longest are not the lyrics, but the epics. Thus, Tennyson is greater than Burns, and Wordsworth is greater than Thompson, and Victor Hugo than Balsac and Voltaire. For these men have been telling us the glory and magnanimity of living, not for ourselves, but for others. When this great maxim of the world's greatest teacher shall be followed, there will be no labor problem and no race problem, but the world will be one great brotherhood, from which selfishness, conceit and arrogance will be entirely blotted out and the reign of righteousness, truth and justice shall prevail forever.

THE BLACK PLAGUE

With an improved sanitation, improved education, improved ventilation, the mortality of the Negro race will decrease, so that future generations will be able to say of the Negro, that he is the only dark-skinned race of the world who has been able to live side by side with the Anglo-Saxon, look up in his blue eyes and live and grow and thrive in spite of the prejudices and discriminations against him."

THE BLACK PLAGUE.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: At a public reception held in Birmingham, England, sometime since, in honor of a company of American tourists, Sir Angel James, the chairman, in addressing them, said: "Your home work, gentlemen, is paramount at present at least to all others. The object of your zeal must be your own country. You must cultivate the waste places of your homestead or they will be overrun with briars and thorns." This, Mr. Chairman, is a remarkable statement, and may well serve my purpose in calling your attention to these waste places in our racial life—places made waste, desolate, bare, almost blighted by the withering hand of the "Black Plague."

The progress that the Negro has made since emancipation is without a precedent in the world's history. Strange though it may seem, yet it is nevertheless true, that the ten millions of Negroes in America during the last fifty years have actually made greater progress in material and mental development than the fifteen million white peasants of Europe who have had fifteen hundred years ahead of them. The fifteen millions of European peasantry for all these years have to their credit today nine hundred millions of taxable property, while the ten millions of Negroes in America in fifty years have secured seven hundred millions. But this, ladies and gentlemen, does not give the actual facts, for the Negro has been so closely associated with his white

brother, both in the North and in the South, that he has found out many years ago that it is by no means a test of good citizenship for one to put in his property at its full taxable value. So that, if you want to get what the Negro has secured during these years, you must take the figures I give you and multiply them by two, by three, by five and that will only approximately give what he has done for himself since emancipation. It will, therefore, be seen that while the submerged population of Europe, aggregating fifteen millions, has secured nine hundred millions in fifteen hundred years, or sixty dollars per capita, the ten millions of Negroes in America in fifty years have secured seven hundred million or seventy dollars per capita. In other words, the Negro in America in fifty years has over ten dollars per capita ahead of the white peasants of Europe, who have had fifteen hundred years ahead of him.

In the realm of the intellectual, the progress of the Negro is still more evident. In 1870 the illiteracy among the Negroes as revealed by the census was seventy per cent. That is to say, in 1870 there were seventy Negroes out of every hundred who could not read nor write. In the census of 1910, just forty years afterwards, the illiteracy among the Negroes was thirty per cent. In other words, under the most difficult circumstances and discriminations, with the public schools, especially in the rural districts, almost a farce, the Negro has completely reversed his illiteracy in forty years. For while in 1870 there were seventy Negroes out of every hundred who could not read nor write, in 1910, forty years afterward, there were seventy Negroes out of every hundred who could read and write. If you carry the comparison further you will find that while the illiteracy

among the Negroes in America, who have enjoyed only a half century of freedom, is thirty per cent, the illiteracy among the peasantry of Europe, who have always been free, is from twenty-five to forty per cent greater. For instance, the illiteracy in Spain is forty-four per cent, in Italy, the land of music, painting and oratory, forty-three per cent, and in Russia, forty-eight.

I have purposely and intentionally, Mr. Chairman, with malice, prepense and aforethought, called the attention of the audience to these facts, in order that we may have a just and proper regard for the unparalleled progress which the race has made during the first fifty years of our freedom. But are we not in danger of neglecting some fundamental principle upon which races are built and developed? Are we not in danger of substituting ephemeral, trivial non-essentials for the weightier matters of the law? What of the alarming death rate of Negroes, especially in the large cities of the nation, North and South. To say that we do not believe it, is child's play, for if there were no statistics taken, experience and daily observation would confirm the unwelcome yet awful truth, that Negroes are not only dying more rapidly than they should, but that there is no good reason for sending so much of such material for a race problem in the heavens above us or in the earth beneath us.

Seriously, Mr. Chairman, it is doubtful whether we have studied as often as we should the problems that confront us, with that earnestness, honesty and heroism which the gravity of the situation demands. On the other hand, are we not too often afraid of facts when they seem to expose our conceit and insult our pride? My only apology, if any apology is necessary in bringing to

your attention this afternoon some phases of the social and physical conditions of the race, is the gravity of the situation that confronts us and the urgent importance of taking immediate steps to remedy it. The figures which I quote have been carefully compiled, both from the national census, the state and city boards of health, from special studies under the auspices of Columbia University, the University of Pennsylvania, and our own institutions, Hampton Industrial Institute and Atlanta University. It might be well to say in passing that the special sociological studies from Columbia University and the University of Pennsylvania were made by colored students, so that the results may be regarded as without bias or prejudice against the race.

The social conditions of the American Negro are twofold: First, those which he makes for himself; and secondly, those which are imposed upon him from without, while the latter affects his physical status, and must not be overlooked in a study like this. It will be readily agreed that the conditions which affect the physical status of the Negro most, and are essential to his well being, are those which he makes for himself rather than those that are imposed upon him from without.

The Atlanta University, in a pamphlet recently published, makes startling and alarming revelations of the social and physical condition of Negroes in cities. The cities covered are Atlanta, Baltimore, Charleston, Memphis and Nashville. In these cities, the average death rate of the whites during fifteen years ending in 1905, was twenty-one per thousand. Among the colored the average death rate was thirty-six per thousand. This means that the death rate of the Negroes in these cities for fifteen years shows

an average of seventy-four per cent greater than among the whites. Practically the same conditions hold true in Atlanta, Memphis, Charleston and New Orleans, with the exception that the Negro death rate in New Orleans, Charleston and Savannah is much higher than elsewhere in the South.

In the city of Nashville the death rate for December, 1913, and for January, February, and March of the present year is as follows:

For December, Whites 62, Negroes 69.

For January, Whites 77, Negroes 92.

For February, Whites 73, Negroes 77.

For March, Whites 112, Negroes 117.

That is to say, during the four months mentioned, the average death rate among the whites was 14.9 per cent; among the colored 29 per cent, or more than twice the amount than among the whites. When we take into consideration that the population of Nashville at the present time is 110,364, of which 73,832 were whites and 36,532 were Negroes, these figures are alarming in the extreme. For if the death rate among the Negroes was normal, in March of the present year, when there were 112 deaths among the whites, there should have been only 56 among the colored, whereas there were 117, or three times as many as there ought to have been. The same comparison will hold true with the three months just referred to.

From the United States Census Bureau we find that the average comparative death rate in Jacksonville covering a period of ten years, from 1893 to 1903, was, for the whites, 25.3 per cent, colored 35.3 per cent; from 1904 to 1913, whites 16.2 per cent, colored 24.5 per cent. It is important to note that the mortality

among the whites decreased in Jacksonville in ten years, from 25.3 per cent in 1893 to 16.3 per cent in 1913, or a decrease of 33 per cent; among the colored from 35.3 per cent in 1893 to 24.5 per cent in 1903, or a decrease of 31 per cent. So that while the Negro is still dying at a more rapid rate than he ought, yet it is some encouragement to note that in the last ten years his rate of decrease has been larger than among the whites—in fact, this decrease in the death rate of the Negro in Jacksonville has been gradual for a number of years. Last year, with a total population of 67,209 in Jacksonville, 32,998 of which were whites and 34,211 colored, there were 511 deaths among the white, or a death rate of 15.6 per cent, and 772 colored, or a death rate of 22.5 per cent. While the Negro population in Jacksonville still exceeds the white population, slightly, the excess of Negroes over whites has been steadily decreasing. This, however, has been due more to white immigration from the North than to Negro mortality.

The disease which is the main cause for the large death rate among our people is apparent to any student of social conditions among us. According to the health statistics and general observation, pulmonary consumption is largely responsible for the high death rate among the colored people. During the year 1903, there died from pulmonary consumption in the city of Nashville, 124 whites and 177 colored. During the year 1904 only 91 whites and 159 colored. During the year 1905, 82 whites and 218 colored. That is to say, in three years the white death rate from tuberculosis was reduced from 124 to 82, a reduction of 44 per cent, while during the same period the colored

death rate increased from 177 to 218, an increase of over 23 per cent. Alarming as these facts are, they are not the whole truth, for as previously stated, the whites outnumber the Negroes in Nashville two to one. So that in 1905 when there were 82 deaths among the whites from tuberculosis, there ought to have been only 41 colored, whereas, there really were 218 or more than five times as many as there ought to have been. It will thus be seen that tuberculosis is "The Black Plague" among us. In Memphis, during the same period, deaths from tuberculosis among the colored people increased 98 per cent, in Atlanta 97 per cent, in New Orleans 135 per cent. From this fact, it will be seen that pulmonary consumption is the "destroying angel" among us. Yet, I am told that before the war this dreadful disease was virtually unknown among the slaves. In Charleston, S. C., where mortality statistics were kept before the war, it appears that from 1822 to 1848, the colored death rate from consumption was less than the whites. Since 1865, it has been considerably greater.

The question arises, how do we account for this change? Is it because the Negro is inherently more susceptible to pulmonary disease or is it because of his changed environment? In other words: What is it that held consumption in check before the war, and now gives it a free lance among the Negroes, so that it has become the Negro's "Black Plague" and "Destroying Angel"? I propose, Mr. Chairman, in the next few moments to adjust myself to a careful answer to this question.

In thus attempting to find a correct answer to this question, I am aware, ladies and gentlemen, that it is by

no means an easy task. It is unfortunate that you cannot approach the discussion of any question concerning the Negro, whether political or religious, or even physical, that has not been obscured, entangled and made difficult by the unreasonable and illogical prejudices against the race. Unfortunately, we find them in this very question which we are trying to study this afternoon. For there are certain statisticians with their prejudices, who have been trying to make us believe that the large death rate among the Negro is due to the fact that his body is inferior to that of other races. This idea of the inferiority of the Negro is rather a pet phrase for some of our friends. We have often heard of the inferiority of the Negro's intellect, but we are not prepared for this new theory of the inferiority of the Negro's body. If this new theory of the inferiority of the Negro physically has no more foundation than the theory of the inferiority of the Negro mentally, we may readily say it is an ebullition of American Negro-phobia. For no theory regarding the Negro has met such disastrous defeat as the theory of the thick head and brain measurements.

Sociologists are now telling us that the Negro is deficient in chest development and respiration. A careful study of the whole question, however, reveals the fact that the differences in chest development and respiration are so small, that they have no real bearing on the question under consideration. On the other hand, statistics from the United States Army show that a larger per cent of Negroes are accepted on the basis of physical ability than whites, and, vice versa, the larger number of whites are rejected for physical disability than Negroes. If this means anything, it means that

under normal conditions, the Negro is somewhat ahead of his white brother. Perhaps Jack Johnson is a pertinent illustration. Why then is this alarming death rate among Negroes? Why is consumption no longer a white but the Black Plague?

After careful study for several years of the whole question, I am brought to the conclusion that the reasons are threefold: First, bad sanitation, poor ventilation and the lamentable fact that the Negro too often interprets freedom to mean license and in his mad attempt to show himself a free man, he makes his body pay the cost.

In the matter of sanitation, the Negro is always the chief sufferer, especially in towns and cities. For the most part, he is forced to live in unsanitary portions of the city, and the conditions are sometimes made worse, when his section of the city becomes a dumping ground for the city's garbage and other refuse matter; for this reason, the country Negro is longer lived than the city Negro. The unfortunate fact is that a large number of Negroes are leaving the pure, invigorating air of the country, where they thrive in God's outdoors, to come to the city, only to be thrust in its allies and narrow streets, with poor sanitary conditions, to die for the lack of pure air and better sanitation. To remedy this evil, two things ought to be done: First, our white fellow citizens ought to see that it is to the city's interest to provide good housing and pure sanitation for all its citizens, and therefore, should give to Negro districts, the same decent sanitation that is provided for other sections of the city. When this is not done, Negroes should protest, and a protest should be made, not only by those who are affected, but by those who are not

affected as well. In the second place, the Negro should be encouraged to stay on the farm. The slogan should be, not "Back to the farm," for already nearly seventy per cent of the Negroes of the country live in rural districts, but "Remain on the farm." In order that this may be done, special attention should be given to our people in the rural districts, so that the country should become attractive and inviting. The fact is that the country has been too often neglected, and people come to the city because church and school privileges are highly inadequate. This should not be so.

Neat and attractive churches should be built, strong, sensible preachers should be secured, and the three or four months' school term should be lengthened by private subscription, and, wherever possible, made consecutive. In this way, the Negro in the rural districts will not only have a chance for spiritual and mental culture, but will remain on the farm and stay away from the temptations and dangers of city life, where so many of the young men and women have been utterly ruined by its dissipations and corruptions.

The question of better ventilation in homes, churches and schools among our people is a more difficult question than it at first appears. For if there is anything in this world that the average Negro is afraid of, it is pure air, and sunshine. He is as afraid of an open window for good ventilation as he is of a spirit, or ghost, or a spook.

And, strange as it may seem, he goes from one extreme to the other with the rapidity which an electric spark does, either too little or too much. When he is in the home or the church, as a rule, he has too little ventilation. When he is in the railway coach, he invariably

has too much; for if the windows are not lifted, even if it be winter, he will see that they are lifted, in order that he may look out of the window at things he has seen all his life or just to bid his sweetheart good-bye. I am not so sure, Mr. Chairman, but that there are more people poisoned by poor ventilation than there are by bad sanitation. As a rule, the average Negro will have a hot house filled with impure air, and the average Negro section's main business, it seems, is to keep things in this abnormal condition. If you ask him for more ventilation, he feels that his dignity has been insulted, and he proceeds with malice, prepense and aforethought, to give you more than you need by pulling down all the windows and literally putting you all out of doors, and then walks off with great satisfaction as he murmurs to himself, "You want more air and I will give it to you." On the other hand, if some one complains of the draft, he will carefully close all of the windows, thus putting you all indoors and to the bad, from the standpoint of ventilation. I have no doubt that at this very point, pneumonia and tuberculosis are often developed—from the church and room being over-heated—for the Negro likes warm places, over-heated, poorly ventilated. Many go out into the raw air. Pneumonia and consumption are inevitable. Our people in their homes, churches and schools should see that good ventilation is an absolute necessity for physical development and the maintenance of bodily health. In addition to this precaution, our ministers and our teachers should discuss these matters in the churches and school rooms and occasionally some one of the able physicians among us should be requested to give public

lectures and addresses on this matter that is so essential to our racial betterment.

In the third place, the notion of freedom and liberty which many of our people have is not only a detriment to the physical development of the race, but to its moral and ethical development as well. We all believe in self-government; it is upon this basis that the Declaration of Independence was formulated and it was upon this foundation that our nation was built, but the test of the race, as well as an individual test, is not its rights and privileges, but what use we, as a race or an individual, are making of them? Keeping late hours in unventilated rooms, standing on the streets late in the evening with insufficient clothing, are all elements of death that enter into this problem. One strange thing about our race is that, with all our superstition, in that we fear death as no other race does, yet, in the last analysis, we take more chances with death than any other race does. The thousands of Negroes who have sickened and died by indifference on the one hand and by taking all sorts of concoctions on the other hand, are beyond computation. Those who have gotten beyond help and have actually died without calling in a physician are an inconceivable number. In my own experience as a minister and public man of affairs, I have many times actually forced individuals and families to call for the advice and help of a physician, when sometimes the individual had gone so far that no human hand could give a remedy. There is no necessity for such indifference of medical aid and advice, since, in addition to the white physicians who, for the most part, have been true to the ethics of their profession, there are scores of well-trained physicians of ability in our own race who are easily ac-

cessible and ready to serve, even when remuneration is not always in sight. These reasons, after years of experience, I believe to be mainly responsible for the large death rate among us, and for the prevalence of pneumonia and consumption, which are destroying our race like the Black Plague of Egypt.

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I don't despair, for while the situation is not inviting, it is by no means hopeless. I am an optimist, Sir, and an optimist of the most pronounced sort. I am an optimist, not only in regard to the death rate of the Negro, but in regard to the development of the Negro in general. I am not a pessimist, Sir. I am an optimist. As the old colored brother down here in Tampa said a few days ago: "Brother and Sisteren, I'se not a pesimist, I'se a possumist."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am an optimist, and my optimism is based on solid ground. In the first place, the death rate of Negroes in certain sections of the country is smaller than the whites in other sections of the country, showing that the moral question of the race has nothing to do whatever with the question of vital statistics. The death rate of the Negroes in Chicago and Philadelphia is twenty per cent lower than the death rate among the whites in Savannah and New Orleans. The death rate of Negroes from tuberculosis is lower in New York and Pennsylvania than among the whites in Charleston and Atlanta. This shows that tuberculosis is not a racial but a social disease, and if Negroes will heed the warning and follow more closely the laws of health, the disease can be practically eliminated as the Black Plague. With an improved sanitation, improved education, improved ventilation, the mortality of the

Negro race will still decrease, so that future generations will be able to say of the Negro, that he is the only dark-skinned race of the world who has been able to live side by side with the Anglo-Saxon, look up in his blue eyes and live and grow and thrive in spite of the prejudices and discriminations against him.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO

“Men are born, not made. The essential qualities that distinguish the man are always found in the child. Education, training, environment may help to bring out and strengthen these qualities, but their roots always spring from indigenous soil. Hence, misfortune, poverty, and the many hindrances of life cannot destroy the man who has the elements of genius and true greatness imbedded in his nature.”

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Men are born, not made. The essential qualities that distinguish the man are always found in the child. Education, training, environment may help to bring out and strengthen these qualities, but their roots always spring from indigenous soil. Hence, misfortune, poverty, and the many hindrances of life cannot destroy the man who has the elements of genius and true greatness imbedded in his nature. Mere circumstances cannot decide the character. For this reason, while Napoleon was a student of charity, he was, at the same time, the most independent of men.

That he soon became conscious that he was endowed with unlimited energy, untiring zeal and an extraordinary genius which carried him to the forefront of warriors and statesmen, is very evident. Conscious of this power, he concluded at a very early period in his life to become the ruler of all Europe. As far back as 1795, before he married Josephine de Beauharnis, when Barsas promised to help him, he said in derision to Josephine, "Do they think I need protection to rise? Some day they will need mine. My sword is at my side. With it I can go far," and he did.

With this inordinate ambition, and with a genius as extraordinary as his ambition was inordinate, he started out with the gigantic scheme for the conquest of Europe, and soon had kings and queens bowing before him like crouching slaves before their masters.

It is not my purpose at this time to enter into any elaborate discussion of the many-sided life of this strange and wonderful man. It is necessary, however, that we bring before us the main epochs in his history in order that these may serve as a background for the events and occurrences at Waterloo. Indeed, Napoleon at Waterloo cannot be studied with any advantage, unless we take at least a glance at Napoleon in his efforts to make all the kingdoms of Europe but the outposts of his all-inclusive empire.

The young soldier first came into prominence at the siege of Toulon. When the French Revolution was over, not only had the royal families of France and their associates been overthrown, but the Bourbons of all Europe were trembling and their thrones were tottering. In the very nature of the case, the crowned heads of Europe combined and endeavored to put back on the throne the King of France who had been dethroned by the French populace.

In thus attempting to strike a blow at the rising spirit of democracy on the Continent, the allied powers seized the French port of Toulon and held it in a desperate siege for weeks. The best and bravest generals France had could not cope with them. When all hope had been given up, and a cloud of despair was settling over the nation, this little beardless boy, who looks so strange in his big army boots that the young women ran behind him and derided him by calling him "Puss in Boots"—this man, a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity, came suddenly upon the scene, begged to be given a chance, and almost as if by magic, the army was marshalled and the powers were defeated. This exploit made Napoleon the idol of the French people. From this

time on until the sun went down on Waterloo, he held the destiny of Europe in his hands.

How Napoleon ever conceived the idea of becoming the ruler of Europe is difficult even to contemplate. Suffice it to say that the man himself was thoroughly overwhelmed by his ambition for power and fame and never doubted his ability to reach the most giddy heights to which his ambition was ever driving him. Speaking to Josephine once, he said, "I had a dream last night, that I was in Asia. The English power had been beaten back, I myself was Emperor and had established a new religion." Strange to say, this dream became such a reality to him that he left almost at once for Egypt, where he attempted to set up a government of his own, with Mohammedism as its chief religion. In fact, this policy was essentially Napoleon's. He was all things to all men. This he himself admitted. At one time, speaking of his policy, he said: "I carried on the war of Vendee by becoming a Catholic; I established myself in Egypt by becoming a Musselman; I won over the priests in Italy by becoming ultramontane. If I governed Jews I should reestablish at once the Temple of Solomon."

The four important epochs in Napoleon's life may be summed up as follows: 1796-1800 as General of the army; 1800-1804 as statesman and lawgiver; 1804-1812 as Emperor; 1812-1815 his decline and fall.

During this first period, from 1796 to 1800, he had overrun and conquered Italy, driven out the Austrians; had planted the French flag in Egypt; and in his wild dream to conquer the East he had gone as far as Syria and Palestine. After this unsuccessful attempt in the East, he sailed from Egypt, outwitted the English

on the Mediterranean, and arrived in Paris, October 16, 1799, just time enough to take advantage of the popular uprising, and declared himself First Consul.

From 1800 to 1804, the second period, France was, for the first time since Napoleon drew his sword, at peace with her neighbors. The whole European continent, save England, was frightened and subdued by the sudden appearance of this man and his marvelous victories. England, dazed, wondered, and was sullen, but not aggressive.

During this era of peace, Napoleon, great warrior as he was, did his best and most permanent work for France and for Europe. He formed a new constitution, organized the finances, inaugurated home industries, instituted public works, cut down the taxes of the workingman and taxation in general, and, in fact, put France upon a firm basis of financial stability and the development of internal resources. He recognized the church and restored the Sabbath, which had been discarded and destroyed by the wild theories of the French reformers. He reconciled the "Emigres" by calling them home, paying them for the property that had been confiscated and destroyed during the French Revolution, and gave them official positions in the government. In this way he not only converted a powerful foe into a zealous friend, but these educated men gave him a trained body of judges and diplomats in place of the amateurs who had no practical experience.

In 1810, Napoleon had reached the zenith of his power—was virtually lord of lords and king of kings. The battles of Olmutz, Austerlitz, Friedland, and Jena had been fought and won, in consequence of which, kings and queens had been dethroned and territory

annexed to his realm. Napoleon himself was Emperor of France and King of Italy; his oldest brother, Joseph, King of Naples; Louis, another brother, King of Holland; his youngest brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia; and Eugene de Beauharnais, his stepson, Viceroy of Italy. All Europe was virtually in his hands. Too much power, however, had made him mad. His old-time genius was gone and the shadows of Waterloo began to gather around him. At this critical moment, Napoleon, instead of strengthening himself, weakened himself; he committed two great wrongs for which posterity will never forgive him. First, he divorced Josephine, the only woman who ever really loved him, and, perhaps it is fair to him to say, the only woman he ever loved. He divorced her without any just reason, literally broke her heart, in order to carry out his policy of subduing Europe. In this, the iron hand of justice was against him, for the King of Austria, whom he thought he had appeased by marrying his daughter, joined the allies against him, and his son, the issue of the new marriage, never reached the throne. Josephine was avenged even in her death, for her grandson, Napoleon III, son of Louis Napoleon and her daughter Hortense, was the only Napoleon who reached the throne of France after the fall of Napoleon I.

The second atrocious wrong that Napoleon committed was the ungrateful act of deposing the King of Spain in order to put his brother Joseph on the throne. Spain had been one of the most faithful allies of Napoleon, and in faithfulness to him her entire navy had been annihilated by Nelson at Trafalgar, and Napoleon paid her for her faithfulness by dethroning her sovereign and putting his brother in his stead.

Again the plan did not succeed, and, as might have been expected, Spain's friendship was lost.

The allied powers now gathered against him and disaster followed disaster, treachery succeeded treachery, and after the defeat of Leipsic and the capitulation of Paris, Napoleon gave up the throne, April 11, 1814, and retired to the Isle of Elba on the coast of the Mediterranean. He was not here long before his old ambition again seized him and he planned to make one more last effort to regain the throne of France, and with this end in view, he mapped out his escape. England, his old enemy, was mistress of the seas and was constantly watching him, but his audacity and courage completely outwitted her. One day, as he was escaping with six little boats, the English general, thinking it only a fishing party, called out, partly in jest: "How is the Emperor?" Napoleon immediately took up the speaking trumpet and answered back: "The Emperor is quite well, thank you." Five days after, he had marched with triumph to Paris, gathering an army as he journeyed, proclaimed himself again Emperor, and, with an army of 100,000, marched audaciously to meet the allied powers of Europe with one million soldiers. This was the impending shadow of Waterloo.

The plan of the allied forces was to concentrate at Paris. Napoleon's plan was to intercept them and cut Wellington's army in two. To the valor of the British soldiers be it said that Napoleon always counted them a foe worthy of his steel. It was a fearful crisis. Schwartzenburg, on the upper Rhine, commanded 260,000 men. Wellington and Blucher in the vicinity of Brussels, had over 100,000 each. The Russian army, hastening by forced marches through Germany, had

nearly 200,000. At the foot of the Alps, invading France from the South, was an army of 60,000 and from Switzerland, 30,000.

In addition to its landed force, the allies had the English navy at their back, then as now the mistress of the seas, and all the continental ports were blockaded. This formidable host from every point of the compass on land and sea was hurrying to meet Napoleon with only 100,000 men. To add to the impending crisis, some of Napoleon's greatest generals, who had helped him win his great victories, were no longer with him. Lannes, Bessieres and Duroc were dead. Marmont and Berthier had deserted and Oudinot and McDonald, having previously sworn allegiance to the allies, kept their word and were with his enemies. With sublime courage and superb heroism, the Emperor went forth to meet them. Only one thing cheered Napoleon. Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, who had been sent out against him, and who had promised that he would bring Napoleon back in an iron cage, on seeing his old general, had come over to him and pledged his support.

On leaving Paris, Napoleon said to his ministers: "Gentlemen, I depart tonight. Do your duty; the army and I will do ours."

On the morning of June 15th, Napoleon ordered Ney to take possession of Quatre Bras, a village about sixteen miles from Brussels and about six miles from Waterloo. "Concentrate," said he, "your men there. Fortify your army by defensive field works." Now what was Napoleon's plan? I will tell you. At this time Blucher was at Namur, Wellington at Brussels. By occupation of Quatre Bras, the 100,000 men of Well-

ington's army would be cut off from the 130,000 of Blucher.

On the evening of the 15th, as Ney approached Quatre Bras, night came on, and, believing he could easily reach the village early in the morning, halted his army and sent word to Napoleon that he had already taken the village. In the meantime, Napoleon had encountered Blucher and won a decisive victory, and had taken 10,000 prisoners.

That night, a great ball was going on in Brussels and Wellington was the chief guest. I had the pleasure of visiting this home where this historic ball was held. At midnight, a courier, almost out of breath, exclaimed to the startled pleasure-seekers, "The Emperor Napoleon with his army is coming." You can imagine the rest. Men yelled and shouted, women screamed and fainted, but Wellington, who was never excited, ordered his men to the scene of action. "Go," said he, "by regiments, by battalions, by squads, by twos, by ones, but go! Let no man wait for another." On the morning of the 16th, when Marshal Ney opened his eyes, Wellington himself, during the early hours of the morning, had possession of Quatre Bras. This failure of Ney's to take Quarte Bras was the first great blunder of the campaign. For had Marshal Ney brought up his forces to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, as Napoleon had ordered and expected, not one of Blucher's army would have escaped and Waterloo would not have been.

All day long of the 16th, Ney fought to get possession of Quatre Bras, but without success. When he perceived what irreparable loss his fault had occasioned, his anguish was awful, and in a moment of great exas-

peration, he said to General Labedoyere as the shot from the English batteries tore his ranks, "Do you see those balls? Would to Heaven they had all passed through my body."

When Napoleon heard of it, knowing that the neglect of Ney to take possession of Quatre Bras was no intentional wrong on his part, with great magnanimity, he did not stop to quarrel or complain, but sent Ney a friendly message, ordered Marshal Grouchy to harass the rear of Blucher, to be ready to join him at any moment, and at once united his own forces with Ney's, resolved to fight it off to the finish.

Night came on and stopped hostilities. It was the night of June 16th. The rain came down in torrents. At midnight, Wellington fell back from Quatre Bras on the plains of Waterloo, Napoleon pursued him, and on the evening of the 17th, the two warriors faced. The iron Duke and the indomitable Emperor growled at each other. It was too late, however, for battle, and, as Napoleon watched the setting sun, he said, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power Joshua had, to retard thy march for two hours."

As night approached, the troops of Napoleon, wet, tired, and worn, laid down in the mire and mud for rest and sleep. The Emperor, who had not slept a wink nor tasted food of any kind for eighteen hours, reconnoitered the field of battle on foot and personally posted his battalions. It was a dreadful night. Torrents of rain swept down like floods; terrific peals of thunder and flashes of lightning swept over the battle field. It seemed to be a prophetic utterance of the impending crisis. Speaking between the peals of thunder, Na-

oleon said, "The elements are with me; this little Englishman must have his lesson."

This dreadful night at length passed away, and the morning of the 18th of June dawned, lurid and cheerless. It was the Sabbath day. As I wandered over that battle field at Hougoumont, at Belle Alliance and Mt. St. John, then climbed the monument 150 feet, and looked over that field of blood and valley of death, I said to myself, "Why is it that such a gory and sanguinary struggle should have taken place on the Sabbath day?"

Mark two coincidences of peculiar force: The three most conspicuous men who took part in this wonderful battle, Napoleon, Wellington and Marshal Ney, were born in the same year, namely 1769. Notice another incident: Napoleon and Wellington had previously visited Waterloo and declared it to be a good place for a great battle.

Wellington's great army, variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 men, was admirably posted on the hill. Napoleon, with from 65 to 75,000, within cannon shot, was in the valley. Wellington had the better position.

If you would have a clear idea of the battle field of Waterloo, get before your mind a triangle with three equal sides. At the top of this triangle is Wellington with his army. At the extreme left-hand corner is the left wing of the French army, facing the right wing of the British. The French general, Reille, is there with Jerome Bonaparte. The extreme right-hand stroke of the triangle is the right wing of the French. Napoleon is there with Marshal Ney. The top is the hill of Mt. St. John, the key of the whole situation. On the left

center, is Hougoumont, and on the right center, is La Haye Sainte.

All agree that Napoleon's plan of battle was a masterpiece. His aim was to attack the English center, take Mt. St. John, break Wellington's army in two, drive the British half upon Hal, and the Prussian upon Tongres, seize Brussels, throw the English into the sea, the Prussians into the Rhine.

What would follow this is plain. Remember, also, that Napoleon was a master of artillery, that was his great strength, but the ground was wet, and the artillery could not move. Time, always omnipresent with Napoleon, forsook him at Waterloo. He had to wait for the sun to come out to dry the ground, but it gave Blucher a chance to come up. It was 11:30 when the battle began. When the first gun was fired, Napoleon said to Ney, "We have ninety chances in a hundred."

Napoleon ordered an attack on Hougoumont by Reille and Badium. At the same time, he attempted to break through Wellington's center. Ney pushed the French right against the British left. For many hours, the whole field was swept by an uninterrupted storm of balls, shells, bullets and grape, while ponderous artillery with sabre and sword trampled into the bloody mire amid the dead and dying.

At Hougoumont, the contest was furious. The Scotch Highlanders and the French Grenadiers fought and bled and died. In two hours, within this small enclosure, 3,000 men were dead. The French, thinking this wall around the orchard a battalion of soldiers, had fired into it for hours. When they saw their mistake, led by the invincible Reille, they climbed the walls

while the English cut off their hands and arms. 1,500 were thrown into the well, some dead, some dying.

After the battle, it was said, cries of distress were heard from this sepulchre of death. When I personally inspected this well, the only sign of battle was an old hen who, setting in the very mouth of the well, pecked me as I was attempting to secure a souvenir.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the field was one of devastation and death and the two generals were in great anguish; Wellington looking for Blucher, Napoleon looking for Grouchy. Wellington had two points of support, Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte. La Haye Sainte had been taken; Hougoumont was burning. Only one point was left—the center; Wellington had that. The English were in great danger. The Scotch Greys were no more. Ponsonby's heavy dragoons had been cut to pieces. The valiant cavalry of Wellington had given away before the immortal cuirassiers of Napoleon. Wellington, never disheartened, cried out to his men, "Boys, we must not be beaten. What would England say of us?"

Napoleon, at this very moment seeing the rear of Wellington's army give way, dispatched a courier to Paris to announce to the French people that the battle had been won. It is, ladies and gentlemen, a sublime spectacle, to behold these two invincible men, grimly facing each other on this field of death. Wellington, looking for Blucher with anxiety, but never flinching, stern, stolid, impassible, frigidly heroic, an iron soul wrapped in the physical encasement of English pluck and energy. Balls rained all about him. His aid-de-camp, General Gordon, had just fallen at his side. Lord Hill showed him a bursting shell and said, "My Lord,

what are your instructions and what orders do you leave us if you allow yourself to be killed?" "To follow my example," said Wellington.

Napoleon, in good humor, though stern and implacable, like Wellington, sat upon his steed like a sceptered hermit. He was brave to the point of madness, calm and indifferent to the balls and shells flying all about him. To a peasant who was constantly dodging, he said, "Look out, coward, you will get shot in the back."

Again the English line wavered and Napoleon, thinking it opportune, ordered the charge of Kellerman's cuirassiers, 2,500 strong. With drawn sabers, banners waving and trumpets sounding, they flew into the contest like arms of steel. Through smoke and shell, through grape and canister, on they went. Behind the crest of the hill, unknown to them, Wellington had a masked battery to meet them. They could not see the cuirassiers; the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened ever to the rise of this tide of men and horses. With musket to the shoulder, finger on the trigger, calm and imperturbable, they heard the rising of these 3,000 men, with stamping of steeds, striking of hoofs, clicking of sabers. All at once, when they reached the top of the hill, a frightful gorge was before them. Unable to check themselves, they plunged in amid shot and shell from the enemy. The catastrophe was frightful. The second rank pushed in the first, the third the second, the fourth the third; the horses, unmanageable, reared, threw themselves on their backs, fell upon their riders. Horses and riders piled upon each other, making a bridge of flesh over which the rear crossed. In this sunken road of Oharn, 2,000 men and 1,500 horses were buried.

Up to this time, this was the severest blow Napoleon had encountered.

It was now nearing five. Across the plain, a gray column was seen to move. Napoleon, thinking it was Grouchy, felt encouraged, but alas! it was Blucher, and now the indomitable man of destiny, certain that he had but one chance, called up the Imperial Horse Guard, who had never known defeat. Forward they went, conscious of their danger, proud of their record. With intricate step, with superhuman courage, amidst shot and shell, fire and smoke, they went. It was a monstrous sight. Napoleon lifted himself in his stirrups, watched the pride of his army—on—on they went, while the shot from the English battery mowed them down like grass before the scythe. Halting for a moment, like some giant struck with a deadly blow, they went forward. In a few moments, Marshal Ney had four horses shot under him, but he led his men on foot. The Emperor looked and they were enwrapped in smoke and mist. A moment more and the mist cleared away, and the old Horse Guard was no more.

The rout was complete and Napoleon attempted to throw himself in the midst of his enemies and die with his faithful soldiers. His body guard prevented him, and with broken heart and dejected countenance, he hastily rode to Paris. Blucher, attempting to make up for lost time, swept down upon the French, like some veritable butcher that he was. The wounded and captured were all put to death. Wellington, satisfied of his victory, rested and gave the pursuit to Blucher. The rest of the story is told in the sentence: Napoleon, again abdicated, spent five years of a life worse than death on the Isle of St. Helena, and expired in May.

1821, crying, "France, L'Arme, Josephine." Twenty years after, his ashes were brought to France and with great pomp and glory, he was laid to rest in the Des Invalides, which he had himself built for his old soldiers.

As I leaned over the railing around his tomb and looked upon the silent resting place of this wiry, restless, ambitious man, my eye fell upon the inscription upon his tomb:

"Qu'il dorme en paix sans cette voute
C'est un casque bien fait, sans doute
Pour cette tete de geant."

And I seemed to have heard the French singing as they sang the day upon which he was buried:

"Premier capitaine du monde
Depuis le siege de Toulon
Tout sur la terre que sur l'onde
Tout redoutait Napoleon.
Du Nil au nord de la Tamist
Devant lui l'enemi fuyait
Avant de combattre il tremblut
Voyant su redingote grise."

AFRICA IN AMERICA AND
AFRICA BEYOND THE SEAS

"The question now is, not what shall be done with the Negro, but what will the Negro do with himself, his privileges and opportunities. Upon the answer to this question depends whether he shall be an insignificant figure in the world, or whether he shall become a permanent factor in its life and civilization."

AFRICA IN AMERICA AND AFRICA BEYOND THE SEAS.

We live in a day of missionary enterprise and enthusiasm. Christian missionaries are found upon all shores, and the white sails of Christian commerce are spread upon all seas. Upon no land has the Christian thought of our day been so intensely fixed as upon Africa. Her salvation is the central thought of every Christian church, the burden of every Christian nation. Never before in the history of mankind has there been such widespread interest in this old land of the Sphinx and the Pyramid as there is today. Not even when Pharaoh enslaved Israel and Moses demanded their deliverance, when Hannibal's army crossed the seas to contest the power of the Caesars, when Rome boasted of her civilization, and Cleopatra's barges floated the Nile, or when Christian culture and refinement in the days of Cyprian and St. Augustine sent a flood of light around her northern belt, and the world's scholars flocked to her great library at Alexandria, never before in the history of the world has there been such widespread interest in Africa as there is today. All the world, it would seem, recognizing her previous work for civilization and conscious of its indebtedness to her, is turning toward her with a helping hand for her uplift and evangelization. Robed in superstition and buried in ignorance today, she was not always thus. She was once the cradle of civilization, the mistress in the arts and sciences. Her sculptured maidens

in the British Museum, hieroglyphics on Egypt's pyramids, inscriptions on tombs and monuments long since buried, now happily resurrected, these silent witnesses from the dust bear unquestionable testimony of her wonderful greatness and intellectual advancement. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his great work on antiquity, in speaking of what Africa has done for the civilization of the world, says:

"For the last three thousand years the world has been mainly indebted for its advancement to the Indo-European and Semitic races, but it was otherwise in the first ages. Egypt and Babylon, Menes and Nimrod, both descendants of Ham, led the way and acted as pioneers of mankind in treading the fields of art, literature, and science. Alphabetic writing, astronomy, chronology, history, navigation, sculpture, textile fabrics seem all of them to have had their origin in one or the other of these countries." The inventors of any art are among the greatest benefactors of the race, and mankind at the present day lies under infinite obligations to the genius of these early ages. "Even Central Africa," says a noted writer, "boasted not only of its antiquity but of its intelligence as well." For if the legends tell the truth, while Orpheus was charming the forests into life and Hesiod was tracing the genealogies of the gods and weaving nature and time into song, and Homer was singing the wars of the Greeks and the wanderings of Ulysses, then the bards of Nigretia were celebrating the exploits of their heroes and publishing the record of their renown in the ears of listening kinds and admiring nations.

The contention, in our day, of the civilized nations for the partition of her territory for commercial advan-

tage, and the means and appliances necessary to the prosecution thereof, tend not only to revive her dormant life, but are indications of providential preparation for her salvation and enlightenment. And as intense as is this struggle for national supremacy and individual greed, more intense still will the church push forward with the insignia of the cross, and on the banks of her mysterious rivers and in the fastnesses of her benighted forests will yet be witnessed the greatest triumph of faith and self-denial in the spread of the Gospel and the redemption of her people.

The first Protestant missionaries sent to Africa were by the Moravians in 1736. The first missionaries sent to Africa on this side the ocean were by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1833. Thus the church which helped Wesley into the fullness of a conscious personal experience of the new birth led the way in the old world, and the church which Wesley founded led the way in the new world for the evangelization of Africa. In 1822, just eleven years before the first missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church reached Africa, the American Colonization Society, attempting to solve the vexed problem then before the American people, "What shall be done with the free Negro?" founded on the west coast of Africa a colony with Negro emigrants from America and named it Liberia. On board the first ship carrying this company of Negro emigrants, a Methodist Episcopal Church, with David Coker as pastor, was organized, and this small company became the nucleus around which all our work has centered and the basis of missionary work and operation among the natives. Great privations were encountered by these early missionaries, but the work grew rapidly, and in

1836, only three years after the first regular missionary arrived, the Liberia Annual Conference was organized with twenty-three members and probationers and a church membership of more than four hundred. In 1858, the same year that Livingstone was making his famous journey across the continent in search of the source of the Nile, Francis Burns, the first Negro Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was elected and ordained Bishop for Africa. In his election the church made no mistake. He was born in Albany, New York, in 1809, converted at fifteen, began to preach at seventeen, and, previous to his election as Bishop, had spent twenty-five years in Africa as a missionary. By that manly bearing and exalted Christian character which ever distinguished him, he overcame many of the prejudices of his day and became the first Negro teacher of a mixed school in his native state. In July, 1834, just one year after the founding of the mission, in company with Rev. John Seys, he went to Africa, joined the Liberia Conference, and was appointed principal of Monrovia Academy. In 1849, nine years before he was made Bishop, he was appointed presiding elder of the Cape Palmas district, which work he prosecuted with vigor and success. In 1863, twenty-nine years after he first landed in Africa, overcome by the duties of his office and exposure in traveling by foot down the coast and in the interior, his health failed and he came to America for rest and recuperation, but died in the same year, in the city of Baltimore, soon after his arrival. His body, at his own request, was taken back to the scene of his early labors and triumphs, and he sleeps in the missionary burying-ground, at Monrovia, by the side of Cox and other brave heroes who, like himself, died that

Africa might live. In 1866 John W. Roberts, another Negro, was elected his successor, and after nine years of unceasing labors, died during the session of the Conference in 1875. Bishops Levi Scott and Gilbert Haven visited the work subsequently, both of whom died from the effects of fever contracted there. At the General Conference of 1888, after a special season of prayer for divine guidance, William Taylor, the hero of many a missionary field, was elected and consecrated Bishop for Africa. With undaunted faith, almost superhuman endurance, and a missionary experience unparalleled in the history of the church, he still lives in a ripe old age to lead forth the hosts for the redemption and evangelization of the Dark Continent.

This work has steadily grown all these years, and the Liberia Conference now extends from Ports Roberts and Talla, its extreme northern point, to Cape Palmas, and from Cape Palmas up to the Carella river to Baraboo. The Congo Mission Conference, recently organized, extends north and south from Cabinda to Banana, and in the interior from Banana and Boma up the Congo to Kimpoko on Stanley Pool. And in the Angola country, from St. Paul De Loando through the interior to Purgo Andondo.

From 1834, when the first missionary appropriation was \$2,164, to 1894, the church has expended, including gifts to Bishop Taylor's self-supporting fund, \$1,103,864. As an indication of the permanent growth of this work we note that from 1881 to 1894 the African Conference gave \$53,273 for self-support, and from 1875 to the present year, \$2,665 for benevolences. In 1894 the church membership amounted to 4,103 with church property valued at \$73,538.

Among the many difficulties in the prosecution of missionary work in Africa is the unhealthy and deadly climate. The results of many missionary societies reveal the fact that white men cannot successfully labor in some portions of the territory. And the determined purpose of white missionaries in the very face of these facts to offer themselves to fight, if need be to die, that Africa might be redeemed, is one of the most positive declarations of the spirit of Jesus Christ in the world in our day and generation.

It is a fact tested by long and varied experience that Negroes become sooner acclimated and are better able to withstand the ravages of the African fever than the white man, and this, in addition to other reasons, places the burden, may I say the privilege, of African evangelization upon the Negro. For this very purpose I believe God has had him and still has him under preparation in this country for this work. Nothing is said here in favor of human slavery, and in this presence I am sure neither my words nor my spirit will be misinterpreted. I do not believe in the divinity of slavery. A system so cruel, so degrading, so inhuman, so barbarous was not God's. His hand never directed it; His eye never approved it. As well might I bow to the malicious wickedness of Joseph's brethren because of the results of his after life as to bow to that iniquitous traffic in human flesh because of the enlightenment that has come to the Negro in spite of it. The best that can be said on this question are the memorable words of Joseph to his brethren: "As for you ye meant evil against me, but God meant it unto good to bring to pass as it is this day to save many souls alive." In spite of this evil then, which God merely permitted, great good has

come. He has made the wrath of man praise him, and now in this country after these years of trial, of severe persecutions and unusual hardships, a constituency is arising, prepared in mind and heart to join with cultivated and consecrated men and women of all races to carry the light of the gospel to the Dark Continent, and when this remnant is fully awake to its privileges and responsibilities, earnestly and thoroughly consecrated to God and his work, we shall be ready to greet the rising sun of the twentieth century with the greatest movement for the evangelization of Africa the world has ever seen.

I do not plead here this evening for emigration to Africa. The time has not come, if indeed it ever will come, for the American Negro to emigrate to Africa. This is our home, this is our land, this is our country. The strong arm of our fathers cleared its forests, disembowelled its hills, and tunnelled its mountains. Their toil, their sweat, their tears, their blood have enriched its soil. Here our dead are buried. Here we are bound by the most sacred ties that ever touched or stirred or thrilled a human soul. We are American citizens, fully, completely—denied rights, it may be, granted to other citizens of the republic—yet citizens withal, citizens by birth, citizens by constitutional limit; citizens by special enactment; citizens, as these fields of the South, once barren and bare, now by our labor made productive, will attest; citizens because in every crisis of our nation's history, in every struggle for the perpetuity of the union of these states—from that memorable day when across Boston Commons the Negro Attucks led the first patriotic band against British oppression, and became the first martyr for American independence till the last

black soldier shouted victory and freedom at Appomattox—citizens because in every crisis of our nation's history we have borne willingly and cheerfully a citizen's duty. But the obligation, my brethren, for African evangelization is nevertheless upon us—the obligation by racial affinity, by providential preparation, by special adaptation, by divine command, is upon us. Our lot has been hard, but our preparation correspondingly great. Into our lives during the last thirty years have been poured treasures of silver, of gold, of life itself. The most unselfish movement of the centuries for the uplifting of a people has been put forth in our behalf. Our hearts have been touched, our thought directed, our souls burnished, and God now calls us into the mount of higher privilege, enlarges our vision, places before us the crying needs of our brethren across the seas, and calls out from His throne in the skies, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for me." To this call I pray God a thousand earnest, consecrated souls may individually respond, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" Not emigration, but evangelization.

Our white brothers and sisters, be it said to their credit, have done much for the evangelization of Africa. Filled with the love of God, moved by the spirit of him who in his first sermon at Nazareth announced his mission to be to the poor and unfortunate, they have willingly and joyously offered themselves for this work. From the very beginning, they were told, as they are told now, that the climate meant certain death to the foreigner; that white men could not live and labor there. But so intense was their interest, so deep their conviction, so determined their purpose, that they fought and died and conquered that Africa might be redeemed.

Melville B. Cox, the first foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, filled with missionary zeal, as he stood on African soil, said: "It is the height of my ambition and the highest vision of my life to lay my bones in the soil of Africa. If I can only do this, I will establish a connection between Africa and the church at home that shall never be broken till Africa is redeemed." His vision became too soon a reality, for four months afterward he fell, our first martyr for African evangelization, but left upon his grave an epitaph that for all these years has cheered and inspired the church: "Let a thousand fall before Africa is given up." Bishop Gilbert Haven, of precious memory, who did more than any other man in his day to contend against the spirit of caste and prejudice and to impress upon the hearts of men a Christianity that was essentially Christ's in spirit and life, fell asleep from the effects of a fever contracted in Africa, whither he had gladly gone in the course of his Episcopal work. Hundreds of others have fallen, but the work still goes on; and today, notwithstanding the unhealthy climate and deadly fevers, a mighty host—mighty in faith and love to God and humanity—is besieging her on all sides and marching through her gates for Christ and in his name.

The Negroes of this country, of all churches and denominations, are beginning to recognize their relation to the evangelization of Africa, and are satisfied that to longer remain indifferent to this work and leave it to God to use other means and other agents for the redemption of Africa, would be in every way criminal and wholly recreant to the most sacred trust committed to our care. And God is in many ways bringing this work to our thought and attention every day. The Metho-

dist Episcopal Church has the organization of the Society of Friends of Africa in the schools of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society by Bishop Mallalieu, the establishment of an African missionary training school at Nashville by Bishop Walden, the Foundation for Africa in the Gammon Theological Seminary by the Rev. W. F. Stewart—this foundation out of which has come this congress which has attracted the attention of the whole country, and which it is hoped will do permanent good—these are but providential movements, indices of divine direction that we may see and hear and feel, that our eyes may be open in order that we may not be disobedient to the heavenly vision.

In consequence of these providential movements, I rejoice that a deep and increasing interest in the redemption of Africa is daily possessing the civilized Negroes of the world. They are going from the old world and the new, from Europe and America and the isles of the seas, from Barbadoes, Intigna, Jamaica, Demarara—going to join the grandest army in the world, to work, to suffer, if need be to die, that Africa may be saved. In our own country, this awakening is most encouraging, this movement is most significant, and already across the seas some are hastening with the bread of life.

Finally, my brethren, a new era, with new ideas, with new and untried responsibilities, is upon us. New conditions and environments have completely changed our position. The day of mere sentiment, thank God, has gone by, never to return. We have reached the most critical period of our history and development in this country. A calm, dispassionate, critical, subjective study of present conditions, present obligations, and how to meet them, is the demand of the hour. This

age calls for a new statement of the problem before us, a resetting of the whole question. The question now is, not what shall be done with the Negro, but what will the Negro do with himself, his privileges and opportunities. Upon the answer to this question depends whether he shall be an insignificant figure in the world or whether he shall become a permanent factor in its life and civilization. Mere intellectual ability will not answer. Brilliancy unsanctified and unconsecrated to the highest possibilities of life fails and dies, as it deserves, by the sharpness of its own blade. Something great must be done, something wrought out by self-denial, by tears, by blood, by life itself—something great in its aims and purposes, great in its conception and achievement, thoroughly unselfish, altruistic, magnanimous—something that will challenge the attention and consideration of mankind everywhere. Let this be done, and a new day will dawn upon us; a new day for Africa in America and for Africa beyond the seas; a new day of moral, vigorous activity; a new day whose morn shall ever be bright, and whose sun shall never set.

Africa, there is hope for thee. All the world is turning toward thee, and thy children from the four corners of the earth have come to bring thee light. A great army, composed of every kindred, tribe and tongue, is gathering upon thy shores and he whom thou didst shelter under thy palms and banyans leads forth the hosts for thy salvation and redemption. Drops from the coming shower have already fallen, but all around the heavens about thee clouds enlarge and descend with impending blessings. Thy idols shall be broken, thy idolatrous temples destroyed, thy peoples transformed, and Jesus the Christ shall reign throughout thy borders.

Christian churches shall adorn thy hills and Christian school-houses abound in thy valleys. The rattling steam engine and the rumbling car of commerce shall be heard in all thy borders. Factories and mills shall dot the banks of thy rivers and steamboats and galleys float upon the bosom of thy waters. The music of the spindle and the tick of the telegraph shall be heard in all thy borders. Thy wonderful resources shall supply the world, thy storehouses once more feed the famished nations, and thy land become an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all mankind. All shall come and rejoice in thy salvation, and

“Shall drink at noon

The palm's rich nectar, and at eve

Lie down in the green pastures of remembered days,

And wake to wander, and to weep no more

On Congo's mountain coast, or Gambia's golden shore.”

“Joy to thy sacred realms, O Africa!

A sign is on thee that the great I Am

Shall work new wonders in the land of Ham;

And while He tarries for the glorious day

To bring again His people, there shall be

A remnant left from Cushan to the sea.

And though the Ethiop cannot change his skin,

Nor bleach the outward stain, he yet shall roll

The darkness off that overshades the soul,

And wash away the deeper dyes of sin.

Princes, submissive to the Gospel sway,

Shall come from Egypt, and Moriah's land,

In holy transport, stretch to God its hand;

Joy to thy sacred realms, O Africa!”

