

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### IN NO STRANGE LAND.

"The Kingdom of God Is Within You."

O world invisible, we view thee;  
O world intangible, we touch thee;  
O world unknowable, we know thee;  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air,  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars;  
The drift of pinions, would we harken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many splendorèd thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water,  
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!  
—Francis Thompson in the London Atheneum.

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#### THE MISSION OF A LIBERAL CHURCH.

The Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, in the  
St. Louis Mirror of April 15, 1909.

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I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day or night; ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Jehovah hath sworn by his right hand and by the arm of his strength, Surely I will no more give thy grain to be food for thine enemies; and foreigners shall not drink thy new wine, for which thou hast labored; but they that have garnered it shall eat it, and praise Jehovah; and they that have gathered it shall drink it in the courts of my sanctuary.

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.  
—Isa. 62; 6-10.

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"What's the use?" Some of us say this all the time, all of us say it some of the time. Those who say it all the time show that they

have not been born of the spirit that loves the truth and is capable of enthusiasm and sacrifice. But the men who are most devoted and who work the hardest for noble ends will sometimes fall into despair, and though they may despise themselves for it, they will succumb occasionally to the blackest doubts. These men, perhaps, are guilty of excessive zeal and their doubts may be nothing more than the natural remorse of intemperance. Sobriety is commendable, even in a reformer, and the soul grows weary, like the body, and requires rest. But no man who has been born of the spirit, no man who has once seen the light of some great truth, no man who has once heard in his heart the clarions of a noble cause, will long be cast down.

I have been voting all my life with the minority. The horns on election night are seldom music to my ears. Early on election nights I leave the streets to the misguided children whose boisterous joy seems to me like the dirge of the Republic. Next day I cannot bear to look at the papers. But after the first twenty-four hours, I revive sufficiently to begin to explain just why it happened and how no other result was to be expected. On the second day I can turn the elections returns around, as the fortune teller does the grounds in the cup, and read in them the sure sign of victories to come, and in a week I am making plans for the next campaign. Sometimes, you will hear me say it, or you will read it in the papers, that I am going out of politics. But never believe it. In party politics I have lost all faith. As to who fills the offices, I am utterly indifferent. But elections register, in their crude way, the progress of public opinion. They are the scores in that great game for which no man can lose his interest when once he has felt its fascination. Elections are the bulletins of the battles fought in that campaign which never ends, the campaign between the yoke and the cross, between the greed that makes slaves of men and the love that dies to set them free.

Does it pay? We never ask this question, except when we are beaten. Shall we surrender because a battle is lost? Shall we desert the standards because victory does not light on them? I am no soldier of fortune. It is not for vulgar victory that I fight. It is the justice of the cause for which I enlisted, and if the battle goes against it, that makes me love it all the more. Let them blow their horns on election night. I know that they celebrate their own defeat, not mine. The only defeat I can suffer at their hands is to permit their folly to shake my faith.

It is said of Bolivar, the great liberator, that when he came to die, he exclaimed: "I have sown in the sea." That is a melancholy confession. It cannot be true of any man who labors with high motives and a steadfast purpose. I have a friend whose father died in a camp of the Union army. In a postscript to the last letter he wrote, he said

that his tent-mate was whistling "Home, Sweet Home," and then he added: "If I were home with Maggie to-night, I would let the Union go to the Devil."

That is the way we all feel, some of the time, and that is the way we would feel all the time, if we could be satisfied with the husks of material comfort. But it is the sign of man's divinity that he must have more than this. We live in the vision and the dream. Enthusiasm is the breath of the soul. To strive for something that is above him, to fight for something that enlists his devotion—that is the nature of man.

You may at times lose heart. You may even try to become less than you are. You may say to yourself: "Come, nuzzle in this trough; fatten on these husks; eat your fill and then wallow in this hole!" If your manhood were swinehood, you could do that. But you cannot do it. Pigs eat and are content. Men are happier to be hungry and aspiring than surfeited and degraded.

Do you say you have done with the work of reform? That you are going to look out for self awhile? A man is not required to love his neighbor more than himself. It is an unbalanced altruism that leads a man to unreasonable sacrifice. Love yourself as much as you love your neighbor and do good with moderation. That is well. But when you plan to cast the ideal out of your heart, and to renounce your enthusiasm, and to live for self alone, you cheat yourself. Happiness is not won that way.

Be not deceived. Loyalty to the cause of humanity is loyalty to yourself. You can never surrender that cause. What you may surrender is the integrity of your own soul. Assuming, then, that we are men and women who find social service a necessity, we come to the question—What is the value of the Liberal Church as an agency for social service?

The Liberal Church—this name is not truly descriptive. To call ours a liberal church seems like calling the others illiberal. To do that, would be to prove that we ourselves were not liberal.

The contrast is not between the liberal and the illiberal nor between the orthodox and the unorthodox church. We are all orthodox according to our own standards.

We speak of a Liberal Church because that is the adjective popularly used to indicate the kind of church we have in mind. But in the popular mind, the Liberal Church may signify merely a church that does not insist upon the theological tenets that are commonly regarded as essential. What we have in mind by a Liberal Church is not merely one that ignores the theological tests that are commonly insisted upon, but one that substitutes social aims for theological opinions and regards the kingdom of heaven on earth, which can come only through social betterment, as rightfully the supreme concern of religion.

It is still gratifying to some to hear the theology of the churches assailed, and a church may call itself liberal and fill its pews with illiberal people who listen with delight to a caricature of other people's opinions. This is not what we have in mind by the mission of a Liberal Church. It is doubtful if there is any longer any great need for a church to combat the alleged heresies of orthodoxy. There is a more constructive work to do.

Social redemption is rightfully the supreme concern of religion. Let us not turn aside from this work to quarrel with any man about his religious opinions. All we need to do is to take orthodox Christianity at its word. There is enough truth there, if it were really taken seriously, to save the world. Therefore we do not ask men to accept a new faith. All we ask is that they practice their old one.

But it is contended that it is the special mission of the church to seek the regeneration of individual hearts, and that social betterment will flow naturally from these regenerated hearts, as the river from its source. Conversely it must be admitted that if men are not socially redeemed, they have not been individually saved. If social redemption does not follow this work of individual regeneration, that would seem to show that the regeneration has never taken place. If individual men are really converted to Christianity, then a society made up of these individuals would, of necessity, be a Christian society. But if men, who are members of the same church and all saved in the same way, can still live as we know they do live, some of them surfeited and some starved, some masters and some slaves, then we must conclude that their conversion somehow did not go to the root of the matter.

The difficulty seems to be right here. Individual salvation is a matter of the heart. Social redemption is a matter of the head, and the heart. If you desire a bridge built, you will not advertise for fifty Christians. You will want fifty structural iron workers. You might insist upon their being Christians, but in addition to that, they would have to be trained for their work. Likewise, if you want a Christian society you must have men capable of solving the problems of society in accordance with Christian principles.

For instance, here is a Christian who believes in high protection, a big navy, and in capital punishment. He abominates woman suffrage. Injunctions against labor unions are his delight, and he honestly believes that wealth and virtue go together and that sympathy for the poor is misplaced, for the most part.

You say at once, "He's no Christian, he's a hypocrite." But this is not so. His trouble is that his political thoughts have not been Christianized. He has not been educated to appreciate what is meant by a Christian society.

Here is a preacher who announces in the news-

papers that it is no trick at all to live a Christ-like life. This preacher has gone into the real estate business. He assures us that it is easy to be a real estate man and a Christian too, and that he makes land trades every day as Jesus would. What this preacher means, of course, is that he can make money without lying to his customers. He is not to be criticized for making money, and if a man wants to go from the pulpit into real estate, that is his affair. The two careers are not so far apart as they might seem, for some preachers and all real estate men "deal in futures." But the testimony of this preacher is impressive as showing how oblivious good Christians may be to the un-Christian character of the social institutions which they take for granted. Suppose we put the matter to this preacher somewhat as follows:

Ninety per cent of the people of Cincinnati pay twenty million dollars a year to the other ten per cent, not for the use of the houses they occupy, but besides the house rent, which they should pay, they pay twenty millions a year to one-tenth of the population for the privilege of staying here on this particular portion of the globe. Now let us ask this preacher: Who made this land on which Cincinnati stands? He cannot say that anybody made it. He will have to say that God gave it. Then let him tell us: Did God love the ten per cent so much more than the ninety per cent, that he gave all the land to them; and is this an exemplification of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, that God should compel the many to pay the few twenty millions a year for the privilege of staying here?

Or let us put the matter in another way. Let us ask the preacher to tell us what gives the ground on which Cincinnati is built, a rental value of twenty millions a year? He can answer that question if he will stop to think what a man would pay for any of this land if there were no water here and no light, no police and no schools, no pavements or sewerage or any of the utilities provided by a city government. It is the maintenance of these utilities that gives value to the land. This is what the ninety per cent pay for when they pay their twenty millions of ground rent to the other ten per cent. But who maintains these utilities? It costs ten millions a year to keep these things up, and the same people who pay the twenty millions of ground rent pay the ten millions in taxes. Now let us ask the preacher: If the expenditure of ten millions in taxation enables ten per cent of the population to collect twenty millions in ground rent from the rest, why should not those who collect the ground rent pay the taxes? Would such an arrangement accord with right reason and equity? Has one as good a natural right to the use of the ground as another? If so, then should not every man pay to all the rest the full annual value of any particular piece of ground that he is permitted to possess? Would it not be better for

all the people to pay their ground rent into a common treasury than for some of the people to pay it to the others? Would not this be a good way to make common property of that which is produced by the community, the annual value of the ground? And if this payment of ground rent into the common treasury made it possible to remit the ten millions now collected in taxation, and also to provide better parks and schools and amusements, and to do many other things that cannot now be afforded, would not this be a mercy? Moreover, would not the remission of the entire tax burden relieve industry of many clogs and hindrances? Would not the freedom of trade from the penalties of taxation greatly stimulate wealth production? Would not the transference of the tax burden from the house to the land make land cheaper as well as the house, and relieve the congestion in our cities and help to drain off the slums, giving employment to idle hands, multiplying homes and increasing the independence and hope of the people? If all this would be just, if it would be merciful, if it would help the fatherless and the widows, if it would help to heal the broken-hearted, if it would bring release to the captives, if it would set at liberty many who are bruised, if the accomplishment of these things would be the herald of good tidings to the poor, then is it Christian to neglect them? And if we neglect these things, are we really doing altogether as Jesus would do, even though we tell our customers no lies and conduct an honest real estate business?

It is not so simple after all to be a Christian. It requires some thought to build a Christian society. The head as well as the heart needs saving. It was not said: "Ye shall get converted once and that will make you free." "Ye shall know the truth, and that will make you free." Here then, is a work for the church to do. It is to teach men to turn to social account the Christianity they already have.

This mission of the church is suggested in the striking metaphors of the reformer Isaiah. Notice that the redemption of the city is the burden of his message. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day nor night."

That is the mission of the church—to maintain a watch upon the walls. "Ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers, take ye no rest and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." That is the goal. To make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

The metaphor represents man as struggling with God to enforce a covenant. Isaiah said that God had sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, to do certain things for the people.

Notice what these things are. "Surely I will no more give thy grain to be food for thine enemies; and foreigners shall not drink thy new wine,

for which thou hast labored; but they that have garnered it shall eat it, and praise Jehovah; and they that have gathered it shall drink it in the courts of my sanctuary."

"Go through, go through the gates," cried the Prophet; "prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the people."

This is the program. A standard is to be raised for the people; the standard of social justice; and this cause is to be persisted in until the countryside is clothed with equity and the city is a praise in the earth.

The mission of the Liberal Church is the cause of the kingdom of God on the earth. It is the noblest aim that man can have. It is the purest passion that the heart knows. It is the highest purpose, the sublimest hope of prophet's vision or poet's song.

To make social betterment the chief concern of religion is no surrender to materialism. The equitable distribution of wealth is the least of the blessings to be sought. But for man to do justice to man, that is infinite spiritual gain. What is more radiant than justice? What is more beneficent than liberty? This is religion pure and undefiled—for a man to feel himself fettered by the wrongs of others, and to find his own freedom only in the emancipation of the world.

To make social betterment the chief concern of religion is no attempt to save the world by machinery, or to dispense with the spiritual dynamics of redeemed and inspired men. It is not proposed that society shall raise itself by its boot-straps. We acknowledge that before society can be redeemed the souls of men must be saved. But the salvation of individuals will never bring social redemption unless this salvation involves a passion for brotherhood and an apprehension of social equity. We are saved individually when we want justice for others. We are saved socially when we know how to get it. The heart must be aglow with the social fire. The mind must be illumined with economic truth. To invoke the spirit and to teach the way of social progress—this is the mission of the church that the world needs.

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### THE TIME TO STRIKE.

My God, I am weary of waiting for the year of jubilee;  
I know that the cycle of man is a moment only to Thee;  
They have held me back with preaching what the patience of God is like,  
But the world is weary of waiting; will it never be time to strike?  
When my hot heart rose in rebellion at the wrongs my fellows bore,  
It was "Wait until prudent saving has gathered you up a store";

And "Wait till a higher station brings value in men's eyes";  
And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair shall argue your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are caught in the selfsame net;  
One waits to master the law, though his heartstrings vibrate yet;  
And one is heaping up learning, and many are heaping up gold,  
And some are fierce in the forum, while slowly we all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the bones are not yet dust  
Of those who broke the shackles, and the shackles are not yet rust  
Till the masters are forging new ones, and coward lips are sealed,  
While the code that cost a million lives is step by step repealed.

The wily world enchantress is working her cursed charm,  
The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us head and arm;  
The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of "whether" and "if" and "still,"  
And the subtleties of logic inhibit the sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have practiced, lo! these years;  
Can it be what has passed for prudence was prompted by my fears?  
Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing, if such a choice I must have,  
Between being wise and craven, or being foolish and brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by the strong,  
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the howling throng,  
Whenever the right pleads clearly while the lords of life are dumb,  
The times of forbearance are over and the time to strike is come.

—William Herbert Carruth, in "Each in His Own Tongue: And Other Poems." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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### THE BELIEF OF UNBELIEF.

A Fragment From One of the Utterances of O. B. Frothingham.

What do we not owe to those who have had the courage to disbelieve! and how tenderly we should bear them in mind! The men who bore hard names through life, and after death had harder names piled like stones over their memories! The men who wore themselves down with thought! The men who lived solitary and misunderstood, who were driven by the spirit into the wilderness, who were called "infidels" because they believed more