

kind of treatment then the Gospel can be preached with assurance that the seed will fall on good ground.'

"It is perhaps not surprising that our oldest missionary organizations have not yet caught up with the procession, and that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is utterly opposed to the new system. But this need be no obstacle. A modern missionary society can be quickly organized and 'financed' by the expansionists—say, the McKinly-Hanna Syndicate Board for Thrashing Savages into Accepting Christianity."

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'The Torquemada-like savagery of this follower of "the meek and lowly Jesus," Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, is only surpassed by the cowardice of the men of his caste in the other sects who dare not denounce him because, probably, their salaries depend upon the millionaire and other republicans who form the bulk of their congregations, and would not approve of their antagonizing "the policy of the President." The preaching of religion in this country is therefore largely a question of politics and money. But what else can be expected? Dr. Wayland Hoyt is only a Christian, after all, from whom nothing else can be expected. Is not his god the great Jehovah, the awful one named Jah? The same who taught his chosen one Jacob how to cheat his father-in-law by the cross-breeding of stock of a particular kind; and who incited and commanded the descendants of his chosen one to plunder, kill, and utterly destroy, to hew in pieces, "to thrash the natives" *a la* Wayland Hoyt. It would be difficult to find in history expressions of more devilish ferocity than those of the Philadelphian Rev. Doctor. What would good old William Penn say could he return to the scene of his labors among the Indians, since wiped out by Christians of the stamp of Wayland Hoyt? But still more what would "the Christ" whom this reverend savage wants to send out over the field strewn with the victims of American Christian brutality, say?

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But, after all, what has one to expect? Is not the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt one of the extreme productions of our capitalistic Christian civilization, and the righteous man at Washington another? Discussing this subject last night with a former supporter of President McKinley, my friend said that he was "a man of weak moral fibre." To this I assented, and ventured to remark that perhaps he might more properly be described as a man without any fibre at all, moral or otherwise, but simply a man of putty moulded to the will of those whose tool he is; and they are men without moral fibre or consciousness. To this has the great American republic come at last. As Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, says in his ode to Columbia,

"She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime."

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Clerical literature runs into some curious veins on occasions. Here is a sample from a Parish Magazine written by a Southampton (Eng.) vicar:

"Primitive and Apostolic Christianity was a cross-bearing, suffering, troublesome, self-denying, enduring, costly thing.

For instance, one could scarcely imagine Jesus Christ smoking a pipe with His friend Lazarus, or St. Paul and Lydia dancing a waltz together, or St. John and St. Peter spending hours over 'three-penny nap!' But how many so-called Christians of to-day would rather abandon Christianity altogether than abandon these 'innocent indulgences!' This means that the 'innocent indulgences' are our master."

The vicar is deficient both in logic and a sense of humor. The sacrifice should not be all on one side. If his parishioners are to give up their harmless dances, soothing smokes, three-penny nap, and other innocent amusements, he too should be ready to follow the example of his master and give up his comfortable parsonage, his cosy fireside, and take to the road preaching the gospel to those who would listen to him, and, when he could get nothing better to eat, living on the ears of corn picked in the fields and sleeping with a stone for a pillow. But this would be asking too much, besides that, in Christian England, he would be hauled up by a pompous police-constable before the bench of country justices and sent to prison to pick oakum for vagrancy and petty larceny.

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From a circular sent to me from England I learn that there are now no less than 180,000 Jews in London, and that a fund has been started to convert them to Christianity. Of all wasted money I do not believe there is greater waste than in using it in trying to convert the race of Israel to the general application of the ethical principles on which theoretical Christianity is founded. It is repugnant to them in every sense, and they are as refractory as adamant to the principles it inculcates. It is time and money wasted to try and convert a Jew; he only becomes a bad Christian and a worse Jew. If the object, however, of the raisers of the fund is to furnish some loafing Christians with occupations justifying the payment of salaries, why then I say, let it go on if there are fools ready to shell out the money. But I cannot understand a Jew acting as a decoy-duck or stool-pigeon to bring his co-religionists into the Christian net. The ethics of the Jewish faith are, as I understand them, the same as those of other religions, therefore a good Jew is as good as a good Christian, neither better nor worse; it is in the practice of them that the Jew fails as do other religionists. The Jew in addition commits the fatal error of reserving his practical ethics for his own race, and letting himself out on the Gentile in compensation, and this is as true of the members of the race who have been domiciled in so-called civilized countries for generations as of the newly arrived refugee from Jew-baiting Austria or Russia. It is only a few years ago that there were only some 50,000 Jews in the United Kingdom, now according to latest statements there are over 300,000, with constant additions from Russia; and in London anti-Semitism has manifested itself on several occasions. The Christians had better take the beam out of their own eye before trying to take the motes out of those of their Jewish brethren.

New York, April 6/99.

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