

regions, the only philosophy they ever get. He stands out in many communities as the sole representative of education applied to moral life. His philosophy may be, probably is, a lie, but the people will cling to it until they find some one else who is intelligent enough and interested enough to give them a superior analysis of life in a way that they can understand. To them the preacher will be important until they become intelligent enough to see how little of life's secret he knows and how imperfectly human he is.

WHAT THEOLOGUES DISCOVERED IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY THE REV. AMOS I. DUSHAW.

HARRY, the favorite student of the Semitic department, had one absorbing passion, and that was to become a professor of textual criticism. But occasionally he would also take his canoe and paddle out into the ocean of higher criticism, so that he could not only reconstruct the text from a grammatical point of view, but could also rearrange the books of the Bible from a historical point of view.

He knew far better than did the Hebrews of 2500 years ago, who wrote the Song of Moses, the Ten Commandments, or for that matter any of the books, chapters, and verses of the Old Testament. To become thoroughly proficient along his line, he not only studied Hebrew grammar, but he also studied most faithfully Syriac, Chaldaic, and Aramaic.

Many a night he burned the "mid-night oil" in ciphering out the hieroglyphics on some newly dug-up Tell-el-Amarna clay tablet. He was one of the seminary's idols. He expected to continue his studies for a season at the great universities abroad, the Sorbonne, Leipsic, and Berlin.

He was destined for a professorial chair.

William, or Bill, as he was called by his classmates, was an entirely different kind of a student. He was a favorite of the president of the seminary, and particularly of the wives of the professors.

Harry was a worker; Bill was a shirker. Harry loved his work; Bill wanted to get through as quickly and as easily as possible. He never aimed high in scholarship. Harry was working his

way through the seminary, as he did through college, and he needed every dollar the seminary gave him for his living and his books.

Bill cared little for the minimum financial assistance which the seminary could legally and honorably give him. His parents gave him all the money he needed and wanted. Harry shone in the classroom; Bill shone at the "At Homes." Harry was married to his work; Bill was expecting to get married the day following his graduation.

Bill possessed a glib tongue, a graceful figure, rosy cheeks, mild blue eyes, a soft voice, and was always well-clad. At the prayer-meetings and other functions, he generally quoted quite freely Tennyson, and also Mrs. Browning to the extreme delight of the ladies.

Bill was destined for a fashionable church.

Jack was entirely unlike Harry and Bill. He possessed neither the love for dead languages, as Harry did, nor the sweetness of Bill. He was of a rough and manly exterior, honest in his work, passing his examinations above the average, and had a big heart.

He did his work, asked for no favors from the faculty or from their wives, had no fiancée, and never shone at the "At Homes." At such times he generally preferred a glass of tea with some of the boys on the East Side. Before taking up the study of theology, he had worked in one of Pittsburg's steel-mills, and he still carried a union card.

What was he destined for?

About 9 p. m. on Saturday, Harry had just finished the review of the Hebrew verb, when Bill entered.

"What! Still plugging away at that Hebrew?" said Bill.

"Just got through with it. How is it that you are here to-night? I thought you are generally away, from Saturday until Monday," replied Harry.

"So I am, but I am home to-night, and I am mighty glad of it. I must confess that during the three years of my seminary life I have been somewhat of a recluse. I know absolutely nothing of the foreign settlements of this great city. So far as I am concerned, I might just as well have studied in a village. However, I dare say I am not the only pebble on the beach in this respect."

"I guess you are right, old man," replied Harry. "I am in the very same boat. I have been four years in the city, and I have never seen those foreign sections either. I have been too busy plugging away at these dead languages."

"You see," said Bill, "I preached every Sunday out of town. Then I had to attend the numerous receptions given by the Presi-

dent, and other members of the faculty. And of course, I had to do some work in the seminary too. And last, but not least, there is a girl to look after."

"Glad to say that I have no girl to look after. I am married to my work."

"Let's quit work to-night, Harry, and spend the rest of the evening in taking in the sights of the lower parts of the city. Let's visit Jerusalem. You know that I am interested in the social problem. I have taken a special course at Columbia in economics and sociology, under Giddings. It appears to me that I ought to see for once, at least, how I can apply my theoretical knowledge to practical problems. As for yourself, you are a shark in Hebrew. Perhaps you would like to practise on a real Hebrew."

"I do not particularly care to see too many of those Jews. I see enough of them in Columbia. However, if you can get a good guide, I'll oblige you with my company."

"I think Jack will make a good guide if we can get him. I believe he knows every nook in the city. I heard him give an interesting talk on that part of the city. Furthermore, I think he, too, is interested in sociology. I meet him occasionally in Giddings's class, with his long hair and apparent disdain of conventionalities. He reminds me of an anarchist. So he would be just the one to conduct us through the lower regions, like Virgil conducted Dante through Hades."

"You surely do not think you are going to take me to Hades to-night?"

"Well, for us modern theologues, there is no such place. But come, let's call on Jack."

When Bill and Harry entered Jack's room they found him straightening up his table, which was covered with all kinds of sociological and socialistic literature.

"Hello gentlemen!" exclaimed Jack when the two friends entered. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I suppose you are through with your work for this week?" inquired Harry.

"I cannot say that I am. I was trying to find out how many Isaiahs there were, but I have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion."

"Why seven, of course," replied Harry, hardly able to control himself.

"Seven! Great Scot! Didn't you advocate a three-Isaiah theory at the last meeting of our seminar?" answered Jack.

"But that was two months ago," answered Harry, ready to defend his latest view. "I have made a more thorough investigation of the text since then, and what is more, Cheyne supports me."

"I am glad he does. But to tell the truth, I am tired now, and I would rather drop this subject for the present and take it up some more convenient season. Perhaps we will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that there were sixty-six Isaiahs."

"And what are you doing, Bill?" inquired Jack. "I thought you are generally away on Saturday."

"So I am, but I stayed home to-night because I promised to take dinner to-morrow with my fiancée at the President's home."

"You did!" exclaimed Jack while a smile of sarcasm overspread his face. "No one girl for me, old fellow. Fellows, I hope you will excuse me. I am now going down-town for a square feed."

"Will you show us the down-town sights to-night?" asked Bill. "You know that I am interested in the social problem."

"No, I was not aware of that."

"Didn't you see me in Giddings's class?"

"What if I did. Is that any evidence that you are interested in such prosaic themes? However, I shall be glad to take you along with me. But remember if your modesty is shocked that you will not blame me for taking you there."

"Certainly not," answered Harry and Bill.

Half an hour later, the three theologues found themselves on the sublime Bowery and Houston Street.

Jack stood for a moment, faced the two theologues, and said:

"Gentlemen, I do not take part in many of your social functions and prayer-meetings in the seminary. Will you now kindly permit me to preach to you a sermonette before we launch into one of the most crowded sections in the world?"

"I know that our 'Prof' in pastoral theology decidedly objects to the word sermonette. Gentlemen, this street is one of the dividing lines in this great city. To the west lies Rome, and to the east lies Jerusalem.

"Two thousand years ago, they battled for empire. Jerusalem both lost and won. It lost the controlling interest in politics; but it won the controlling interest in religion. It dethroned Jupiter, Mars, and Venus and in their place substituted Jehovah, Christ, and Mary.

"The Pope is only a guardian of another phase of Judaism. The Pope and the orthodox rabbi are the foes of higher criticism. Compare Romanism and Judaism, and you will be surprised how much they resemble one another. The same God, the same old

Bible. They both have tradition, which they prize more highly than truth.

"Both have fast-days, saints, and purgatories. The Pope commands not in the name of Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Aurelian, or Seneca, or Virgil; but in the name of Simon Peter.

"Had it accepted Paul for its patron saint, Rome's history would have been entirely different. There is one thing sure, we would never have had a Martin Luther, nor a Reformation. Paul is the demolisher of fast-days, holy days, saints, purgatories, and popes. He is the eternal Protestant.

"Paul spells death to Judaism, Romanism, and stand-still Protestantism. Simon was always a Jew. He never ate pork, and observed the day of rest on Saturday. The Bowery is, therefore, the dividing line between two aspects of Judaism, and in proportion as each discards its views of Judaism, it drops its arms, buries its daggers of religious venom in the soil of indifference. They clasp hands, smile, and say to each other, 'What fools we were.'"

"Look here," inquired Harry. "If we visit Rome, is there any danger of being stabbed in the back?"

"None whatever. We have several Italian students in the seminary, and you know that they are gentlemen. They are a hard-working people, and mind their own affairs. The great majority are as honest as the rest of us. Listen attentively for a moment:

"Some in America tell us that the Republic is endangered by Roman aggression. It is not true. The Republic is endangered by the greed which occupies a front seat in many of our Protestant churches. The great magnates are Protestant, with some exceptions of course.

"American indifference and the public school are giving the death-blow to all religious-bigotry. There are myriads of Catholics in America to-day who would not only refuse to shed blood in order to establish Rome, but would fight to keep Rome where it belongs.

"The zealous Roman claims 12,000,000 followers. How about the other 78,000,000? But, should the Protestant wing, out of business interest submit to Rome, remember there is another element in our population to be reckoned with. I mean the element that dethroned Rome once before. Friends, a word in closing. To the east lies Jerusalem, the eternal foe of priestly rule, and the champion of political freedom. Which side shall we now visit?"

"Jerusalem," they both exclaimed. And they turned into Rivington Street.

"Look at the masses!" exclaimed Bill when he saw Rivington Street, as crowded as sardines in a box. Everybody seemed to be in an awful hurry. No one desired to be left behind his fellows, so there was a constant, never-ceasing pushing ahead, while the shouting of pedlers rent the air. "Where in the world did they all come from?"

"This is a very pertinent question," said Jack. "They came here because of Christian love. The Christian State and Church of Holy Russia loved their souls so much that they did all they could to injure their bodies and rob them of their property and of all hope.

"They are the victims of a religion which we think is superior to every other religion, the religion of love. However, the Jew has yet to discover this. Even in our advanced and liberal churches, we do not find an overabundance of love for the race that gave to the world the Bible.

"Now that you are in the Ghetto for the first time in your life, you are in touch with real, live Jews. Hitherto you were mostly in touch with dead Jews, with Jews who lived several thousand years ago. Now is your chance to find out if all Jews are Shylocks, and grasping Jacobs.

"Let me put this thought in your minds: materially-minded people do not sacrifice home, wealth, and life for principle, as the Jews have done, since the day that they left Egypt."

"Are we safe here?" inquired Harry.

"Safer than you ever were on Fifth Avenue. Saloons do not thrive here. Let us enter this 'Wurst-store' and get something to eat."

"But surely you do not expect us to eat in that outlandish-looking place!" exclaimed Bill, the sociologist. "Do you speak their language?"

"I do. Now do not be afraid. No one will hurt a poor theologian here. Furthermore, now is your opportunity to gather material for your Ph. D. thesis. You might also gather material for a sermon on the social habits of the Jew. You will not have to eat anything that does not agree with your taste."

They knew that there was plenty of sarcasm in Jack's last utterances. They knew that he was ridiculing their superficiality in their treatment of the subjects suggested.

The delicatessen-store which the theologians entered was crowded with patrons. It seemed that the whole of Europe was represented there. They spoke English, German, Yiddish, Russian.

Polish, and Hungarian. They appeared to be very cheerful, as they sat around the tables eating, drinking, smoking, playing cards or dominoes, and discussing politics.

They sat down, and soon formed the acquaintance of some of the boys. In fact, Jack had been here before, and he was personally acquainted with the proprietor of the store, and with some of his customers.

Before very long, the theologues were engaged in discussing sociology and religion. Harry soon discovered how little Hebrew he really knew, although he had devoted several years of his life to the study of Hebrew syntax.

As for Bill, the sociologist, he was surprised how little he knew of sociological subjects. Not until then did he realize that Marx was not dead yet. A young Jew related his experiences in Odessa, when the Hooligans, incited by the Russian rulers, attacked and ruthlessly murdered many innocent people, chiefly women, children, and old men.

"You Christians," said he, "will have to stop wrangling over your religious convictions and seek to apply your boasted sublime love and teachings to those who differ from you in religious belief. How ridiculous it is for you to send missionaries to us! Live noble and exemplary lives; let your actions speak louder than your words, and seek to win us to your faith through superior living."

He then continued:

"It was in the afternoon and thirty-five of us were working in a carpentry shop, when a boy rushed in, his nose bleeding and several gashes in his scalp, and exclaimed, 'Thousands of Hooligans headed by officials and priests carrying icons, while the masses are singing the national hymn, are destroying Jewish property, and one of them hit me with stones, because I would not bow down to the icons. They are coming this way.'

"They had practised those tricks too often on us. But of late we were always prepared for them; prepared to sell our lives dearly; and we sent many a cowardly man to hell with our bombs. The mobs learned to fear us. Now the authorities brought the flag and icons to their assistance.

"We instantly stopped work. A leader was appointed, who was the brainiest and bravest of the fellows. We then asked those who were afraid to leave the company and hide somewhere. At the same time we gave warning that if any showed the white feather while facing the foe, he would be shot by us. Opposite our shop was a hardware store where arms and ammunition were sold. To

this place we all rushed and armed ourselves with revolvers, while we took all the cartridges we could carry.

"The owner of the store was a Russian, but he only pretended to object to what we were doing, for in reality he was in sympathy with us. We also had eleven bombs. Thirty-three of us, armed with revolvers, marched out into the street and took our place on one of the corners. The other two were ordered to take their places on the roof, and their work was to drop bombs upon the mob, at signals given by the captain.

"In the meantime about forty others joined us. These we armed with clubs and knives, and they were ordered to shout with all their might, as soon as they were ordered to do so, so as to make the enemy believe there were many of us.

"We were simply practising the tactics of Gideon.

"We waited for an hour and still they did not appear, but we held our places. While we waited there in silence a messenger approached us with a note from the university students, requesting us to send them several bombs. This we gladly did, because in this struggle with tyranny, they were with us.

"One of the men on the roof gave us the signal that the mob was approaching. Soon we heard their melodious voices, singing 'God save the Czar.'

"'Attention! Prepare your arms!' the captain called out. 'We must not let the mob come too near us. If they do, our doom is sealed. We are sorry to have to fire on the flag; but it is in defense of our lives. Boys, remember there is no surrender.'

"The mob was now in sight. The officials were dressed in their newest uniforms while the priests were blessing the people. They were now about two blocks away from us. We were silent, almost breathless. In an instant we recalled all the misery caused us by such mobs in the past. We recalled the Kishinef massacre. Some of us had lost our dearest relatives and friends there. Now we resolved to die, but in dying we knew that many of these brutes would go down with us.

"'Don't fire until I say so,' was the captain's order. 'Our cry will be, *Remember Kishinef!*'

"The mob was now only a block away; the suspense in which we were held was terrible. The mob was still singing the national hymn. Now they were only half a block away from us, and within deadly reach of bomb and shell.

"'One! two! three!' the captain exclaimed in an undertone, while at the same time he waved a crimson flag. A bomb was

dropped from the roof upon the mob, while at the same time we discharged our revolvers, and the crowd behind us yelled with all their might, 'Hurrah! Remember Kishinef!' We emptied our revolvers, refilled them, and emptied them again.

"For a little while we saw no people. They were hidden in the smoke caused by the terrific explosion of the bomb. But we did hear the cry of pain, and the panic caused in the ranks of the mob. When the smoke cleared away, another bomb was hurled at them, and we kept on firing and shouting.

The mob trampled on each other, in their endeavor to escape from this fire of hell let loose upon them, and the cry of the wounded and dying rent the air.

"We did not stop firing until the mob was clear out of sight. Then we saw what we had done. The pavement was torn up and bespattered with blood. The wounded and dying who were not carried off were carried by some of us to the nearest drug-store.

"Half an hour later, another signal was given by the sentinel on the roof. A mob was approaching us from the opposite direction. This mob had not yet learned of the fate of their comrades. The men on the roof then, carried their bombs to the part of the roof from where they would have to be hurled.

"Again we heard, 'God save the Czar!' Again a bomb was dropped upon them, while we discharged our revolvers and yelled like the demons of hell. I guess the poor deluded Russians must have thought so, anyway. Again there followed the same panic and confusion. We were saved for the present.

"At 4 p. m. of that afternoon, a messenger informed us that a large body of students were surrounded by two mobs; that they had used up the bombs we had sent them, and that now they needed our assistance. We instantly hastened to their assistance, and caught the mob in the rear.

"With a tremendous shout we made for them, hurled a bomb and also emptied our revolvers. The mob scattered pell-mell, and we after them. They all knew our yell by this time and they dreaded our bombs. We chased them to the great plain, the Kolikolo Polo, where we met another riotous mob, but here we were assisted by another body of students, armed with muskets. Before we got through with these Hooligans, we diminished their numbers by fully three hundred.

"We then returned to take up our old position. That evening, soldiers with rapid-fire guns were ordered out to attack us. The

Hooligans were both scared and useless now. We learned that that night thirteen hundred of them were killed.

"Late that night the soldiers started their rapid-fire guns in our neighborhood. They broke all the windows and killed many women and children, but we were not touched. Our captain ordered us to remain concealed behind the gates, and only to act on the defensive and at close quarters.

"We lost one man that night, because he disobeyed the order by seeking to join a second group across the street. He was killed by a stray shot. This was kept up during the night. By the following noon the military authorities had full control of the city.

"Four hundred and sixty were buried in the Jewish cemetery, mostly women and children. The Turkish and Greek consuls were there, and they wept like babes when they saw how frightfully mutilated the bodies were. It was evident that they were killed in cold blood by the mobs.

"Many babes were torn asunder, women had their breasts cut off, or had been disemboweled, while others had their eyes gouged out, limbs cut off, and nails driven through their brains. All these atrocious acts were blessed by the priests.

"There was a different sight on the Russian graveyard. There were no women and children among the slain, and there was no evidence of mutilation among those killed. But their dead by far outnumbered our dead. Had the soldiers kept out of the fray, there would have been no room for the Russian dead in their newest cemetery.

"But not all these Russians fought against us because they were our enemies. On the contrary, some of our best friends and supporters were Russians. All those who were not the hirelings of the crown were our friends. Many others were drawn into the mobs out of curiosity of following the flag, and singing the national songs.

"Those who were armed were so by the authorities, and filled with vodka by the authorities. Many of the latter, after they had sobered up, came over to us and begged our forgiveness, others out of remorse begged us to kill them.

"One Russian stopped a friend of mine in an out-of-the-way place and handed him his loaded revolver saying, 'Kill me, brother. I killed a family a few days ago, and now whenever I drink my tea or vodka it looks like blood.' My friend asked him to report his case to the rabbi."—

"Well, you certainly had a tough time of it in Russia," said Bill. "May I ask you why you finally left your native land?"

"Certainly! These friends of mine and I," he said, pointing to three fellows who were drinking tea with lemon, "were members of our thirty-five. The League for Defense advised us, for a time, to leave, because we were spotted by the officials. But our hearts are with our comrades, and as soon as peace will be restored in Russia, I, for one, will immediately return."

"And so will I!" exclaimed several voices.

It was now rather late, so Jack suggested to leave this place for the night. Both Harry and Bill were rather reluctant to quit the society of such enthusiastic fellows. Before departing, they both gave their names and addresses to their new acquaintances and urged them to call on them as early as possible.

Jack then led them out again into the crowded streets.

"Well, boys, what do you think of your visit to the Ghetto?" inquired Jack.

"I, for one," replied Bill, "am exceedingly sorry that I did not go there before to-night. Those Jewish boys were certainly interesting."

"And how about you, Harry? Will your visit to the Ghetto change your view of the Jew?"

"Confound it!" exclaimed Harry. "We theologues feed too much on theories. We are taught to consider one aspect of Jacob's character as being typical of the Jewish race. We are taught in the classroom that Shylock is the truest representative of the Jew. And yet, to-night, I listened to a story which reminded me so much of Judas Maccabeus. We are urged to love the dead Jews; but nothing is said to us about the living Jews.

"Now that I think of it Spinoza was a Jew, and so was Heine, and so was Neander, the church historian. The very tactics of these Odessa Jews reminded me of the tactics of Joshua, Saul, and of Judas the Hammerer. We have been taught to despise the Russian Jew. Why? I really do not know why."

"I will tell you why," answered Jack. "Because he will not become a Christian churchman."