

The Religion of Humanity

Cincinnati, June 21.—"The Religion of Humanity." This was the subject of the sermon of Herbert S. Bigelow, at the Vine Street Congregational church, today.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Jesus.

"He's true to God who's true to man."—James Russell Lowell.

These words of the Hebrew preacher and the American poet carry the same message, said Mr. Bigelow.

What is the distinctive service which Jesus has rendered the world? His fame cannot rest upon the profoundness or originality of his thought. He was essentially a Jew.



HERBERT S. BIGELOW.

The most quotable things he said had been said in substance by the prophets before him. In what respect did he differ most from the teachers of his time? Read the story of his life with the question in mind and the answer will be plain. He is unique because of the emphasis which he placed upon the humanities as contrasted with the forms and doctrines of religion.

Do we love our fellowmen? Do we wish them all well? Have we universal good will? Are we willing to fight for their rights? Do we make their wrongs our own? Are we friends of the stranger, of the naked, of the sick, and the prisoners? Is our heart with the emancipators? Do we feel it to be the supreme mission to preach the gospel to the poor; to preach the gospel of justice and hope for the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives; and liberty for the bruised and oppressed children of toil?

That is enough. That is religion. That is the badge of discipleship. To reduce the elaborate doctrines of theology to that simple formula of good will to man, and to exalt deeds of loving kindness above the worship of the temple, that is the service which Jesus rendered the world.

To the people of his time he said: "You who worship the letter without the spirit; you who have embalmed truth in the tombs of deserted temples; you who have divorced religion from life; you poor, fettered, formal souls, break the yoke of the past, declare your independence of dogma and creed, come out from the shadows of authority, stand up like men in the majesty of your own souls, know that wherever reason is respected, wherever freedom is courageously asserted, wherever human needs are served,

Wherever through the ages arise The alters of self-sacrifice— Where love its arms has opened wide Or man for man has calmly died,

there is religion pure and undefiled, there is One greater than the temple."

A week day spent in honest, earnest work is holier than the Sabbath of the Pharisee. The fittest place to worship is at the altar of human need. No man is saved until he becomes a savior. A redeemed soul is one that is inspired with aspirations for the public good.

I was standing on a street corner waiting for a car. Beside me were two young men. There came along a squat little man, with red face and large stomach. He wore the collar of some religious order. On his vest there was displayed a gold cross. The two young men looked at the wheezy cleric, then looked at each other and laughed. Why did they laugh?

I suppose they were struck with the

incongruity between that stomach and the cross.

These young men got their car. "All about the awful accident!" cried a newsboy. They bought a paper. They looked over the same page and read. Two men had been working in a boiler. One was white and the other colored. The white man had a family and the colored man was single. Some one, forgetting that the men were there, opened a valve which sent a rush of scalding water into the boiler. Both men sprang for the ladder. "Go first. You're married," cried the colored man. The white man escaped. His black comrade perished.

The two young men, after reading the story, looked at each other. They did not laugh this time. They were scbered. They were moved by that sublime sacrifice. Neither would they have laughed at the cleric, if they could have felt that he would have given his life, or even sacrificed a dinner, now and then, for the sake of truth and humanity.

In the city of Cleveland, last winter, a man was taken to the pest house and died of smallpox. This man's neighbor was very poor. But not so poor as the widow. So the neighbor made a home for her and tried to comfort her in her sorrow. In a few weeks the widow died in child-birth.

The neighbor and his wife called on the director of charities. They told their story honestly as investigation proved. They did not ask the director to help them to any charity. They merely wanted to save the body of the widow from a pauper's grave. They could not pay for a grave. But they wanted to arrange to buy it on the installment plan.

They not only did this, but they adopted the baby. What are the libraries and universities of our millionaires compared to the benefactions of these heroic poor who bury the dead and feed the helpless out of their pitiful store?

To many it would seem strange to speak of the sacrifice of the black man in the boiler as an act of worship. When we speak of religion we think of stained glass windows, and eloquent sermons, and gold crosses and catechisms. We do not think of the poverty which shares its crust with widows and orphans. Ah, how suffering humanity ought to love those heavenly words: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.

The religion of humanity! Would you know what it is; what it hopes for and what enthusiasms it kindles in the hearts of men? Listen, then, to these words of the revolutionists who died in the streets of Paris:

"Citizens, do you picture to yourselves the future? The streets of the cities flooded with light, the green branches upon the thresholds, the nations sisters, men just, the old men blessing the children, the past loving the present, thinkers in full liberty, believers in full equality, for religion the heavens, God priests direct, human conscience become the altar, no more hatred, the fraternity of the workshop and the school, for reward and penalty notoriety to all, labor for all, law, over all peace, no more bloodshed, no more war, mothers happy."

PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH

IS A HEAVY PATRONYMIC FOR A KING TO CARRY TO A THRONE, BUT

THE SERVIAN SKUPTSCHINA

Has Perpetrated Him Upon the World As Successor to the Murdered Alexander.

In the annals of the last ten days has been recorded a cold-blooded assassination. The king and queen of Servia, together with a part of their private bodyguard, were killed by revolutionists with unpronounceable names. The parliamentary body of the kingdom promptly elected Prince Peter Karageorgevitch as ruler. The people of Belgrade appear to have regarded the horrible crime with utmost complacency and the

WORLD LOOKS ON AMAZED that the twentieth century should witness a regicide so grossly cruel and barbarous. And this leads one to remark that crowned heads in Europe are far from safe. The world has progressed rapidly, but the divinity which hedges about a king is a poor protection to the life of the monarch. King Alexander and Queen Draga seem to have inspired no respect or

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Karl Marx Edition, matter all contributed by socialists, July 23, 1903. Keep within a thousand words if possible.