

soul. An ossified creed would mean an ossified church. And ossification is death. To confine the spiritual experience of a church within the confines of one creed, and give the creed "fixedness of interpretation," would be to forbid the church to grow in grace and in the knowledge of its Lord; it would be to put it in a metallic coffin, screw the lid down, and bury it alive. Happily, the spiritual life of the Church is too strong for such entombment. Whenever it is attempted, there is always an angel to roll the stone away, and the living comes forth to life again.

The whole history of the Church is itself a refutation of this claim that "fixedness of interpretation is of the essence of the creeds." Every new creed is a new affirmation by the Church that former interpretations of creed require change in order to meet the new life. The Nicene Creed does not purport to represent a faith different from that embodied in the Apostles' Creed, but gives to it a new interpretation. The Creed of Pius IV. does not claim to affirm truth newly discovered by the Roman Church, but gives a new interpretation to its ancient creed. The "Synodical Declaration" adopted by the Anglican Church in 1873, neither in form adds to nor subtracts from the Athanasian Creed, but gives to it a very different interpretation from that which it bore in the Middle Ages. What, indeed, are such vigorous defenders of "fixedness of interpretation" as the "Churchman" and the "Observer" for, but to give new interpretations to ancient creeds and so commend them to modern doubters? Otherwise, why not content themselves with printing a weekly edition, one of the Thirty-nine Articles, the other of the Westminster Confession? No! "Fixedness of interpretation" of the creeds in the Church is as impossible as fixedness of interpretation of the constitution in the State. Each new generation has a faith in common with previous generations, and may therefore well use the same creed. But each new generation has also its own spiritual experience, and therefore must either form a new creed or find liberty of expression in its interpretation of the old one.



A Lenten Thought Calvary

If the sin of the son, lost in a far country and sunk to the companionship of swine, had spent itself in the corruption of his own nature and the waste of his own life, it would have been tragic enough; but it had a wider sweep: its shadow lay like an impenetrable cloud upon the father's house. When the son sins, the father suffers; and the most terrible anguish which follows wrong-doing often falls on the innocent. For sin is not only selfish and debasing; it is brutal. It strikes those who love us most deeply and tenderly; its foulest blow is for the incorruptible father brought to shame by the son's dishonor, for the stainless soul of the wife tortured by the husband's impurity, for the faithful friend flouted and betrayed. If by any tempted human soul the face of the sin which beguiles him were once clearly seen, he would turn from it with unutterable loathing. For no man sins unto himself; he sins against all other men and against God. In corrupting himself he corrupts the world, and the blackness of his offense dims the brightness of heaven itself. This is a terrible thought, but if the parable of the Prodigal Son is the exposition of the relation between man and God, it must be true. If the wrong-doing of the son deals its deadliest blow at the unoffending father, then the sin of man must bring infinite sorrow to the heart of God. He who doubts this need only turn to Calvary. Under that cross the meaning of sin becomes clear; for upon it sin put the Son of God to

death. Sin not only corrupted the world; it threw its awful shadow over God himself. For heaven and earth are not separated, as we often think; they are the common home of one great family, and the wandering of one son away from that home brings grief and shame into the very presence of the Father. The family is bound together by love, purity, truth; whoever violates these disrupts the home and divides those who are of one blood. He who sins defiles his home, corrupts his brethren, and darkens the household. For sin not only works its terrible devastation in the soul; it becomes objective and flings its black shadow far and wide. The sin of Lancelot not only defiled his knighthood at its source, but broke the power of Arthur and held an open door to the heathen hordes so long held back by the flashing of stainless swords. In the awful scene on Calvary the mask is torn from sin, and it stands there a murderer; the Son of God dies at its hands!



Editorial Notes

—The "Churchman" revives an old name for religious liberty—namely, "rebellion." That is what it was called in the days of Laud.

—The letter in another column from General C. T. Christensen, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, advocating international bimetalism, shows that all the practical and successful financiers are not believers in the single gold standard, as they are in some quarters erroneously supposed to be.

—A correspondent writes us that we were mistaken in saying that ex-Queen Liliuokalani is a pagan. Christian or pagan, she undertook to initiate a revolution by a *coup d'état*, and suffered the fate which sometimes overtakes revolutionists in defeat and deposition. For that she has only to thank herself and her unwise advisers.

—We are informed that, instead of a medal or cross, the Japanese Government proposes to distinguish its heroes on their return from China by presenting them with watches, on the cases of which will be inscribed the particular service rendered. Why would not this be a sensible reform for nations supposedly more practical and advanced?

—A great many people will be interested in the announcement that Mr. John Fiske is to give a course of lectures on "Lessons of Evolution in Relation to Man" at the Berkeley Lyceum, in this city, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at half-past four, beginning Saturday, April 6. The tickets for the course are \$5, and may be obtained from Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, 42 East Forty-first Street.

—On Wednesday morning of last week the newspaper-readers of the metropolis were puzzled as to which of two portraits was the accurate one of Señor Dupuy de Lôme, the new Spanish Minister to Washington. The "Tribune" gave us a venerable, gentle-looking man, somewhat resembling the late George Peabody; the "Advertiser," a young, spruce individual, with very black hair and pointed beard. We have not had such an embarrassment of riches since the "Sun" printed the portrait of M. Faure, the tenor, for that of the new President of France.

—The system of traveling libraries instituted by the University of the State of New York ought to be imitated everywhere, since everywhere communities exist unable to obtain good reading-matter except by such means. The plan is a simple one. One hundred selected volumes from the University's duplicate collection, or from books specially acquired for the purpose, may be obtained on loan for six months by any community conforming to certain easy conditions. The last report shows that eleven thousand volumes had been sent out in this way. Seventy-five hundred had been returned without damage. The rest of the books were still out, and of them only one volume was reported missing, for which the price had already been covered back into the treasury.

—Our esteemed contemporary the New York "Observer," which the "Churchman" admirably describes as "the old, conservative Presbyterian weekly," has surprised its readers and the world by a sudden development of humor. In a recent number it declares that the "Evangelist" and The Outlook have been exciting rebellion among the Episcopal clergy, "and, in so doing, show a very low order of morality. . . . Benedict Arnold was not guilty of any worse treason than is thus commended by these newspapers." The appalling crime of which The Outlook was guilty was that of advising its readers to accept the interpretation put upon the Pastoral Letter by Bishop Potter rather than by the "Churchman"! This light and crisp note of fun in the "Observer" adds immensely to the variety and charm of its pages; but what a shock it must give to the "subscribers of forty years' standing"!

admirers forever after. If he knew that a group of children were gathered before his window on a warm summer night when he was singing to his violin, he was sure to give them what he knew they were waiting for—"Nelly was a Lady" or "Old Kentucky Home"—coming to the door and bowing his acknowledgment of their hearty applause. Nobody could sing "Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny" as he could. He had a rich baritone voice and a correct ear, and it was something to hear him sing in the latter years of his life from "The Seraph," the very same old singing-book which he had slipped into his bundle when he skipped out of Maryland for freedom. There was another book in his library that had had much to do with his destiny—"The Columbian Orator," the identical book he had bought with his carefully hoarded pennies when a slave boy, that he might learn something to speak at the Sabbath-school exhibitions of the free negroes, which he attended by stealth, and where he was beginning to shine as an orator. That "Columbian Orator" contained a dialogue between a master and a slave (a Turkish master), and he, as a boy, delighted to repeat the long, big-worded soliloquy of the slave—"... All nature's smiles are frowns to him who wears the chains of slavery."

Later on Mr. Douglass bought a house with much larger grounds on the woody hillside south of the city—a neighborless place, its only roadway at that time the private road leading to his door. It was there that John Brown visited him, full of his project of raiding the border slave States and of establishing a refuge for fugitives in the mountains, and there that he laid his plans, often demonstrating, to the delight of the Douglass children, each detail with a set of blocks, making long tramps alone over the hills when he had a hard problem to solve. Mr. Douglass was absent from home much in those days, a great part of his time being spent in Washington and in lecturing and attendance upon conventions.

Frederick Douglass had his education in four great schools, graduating from one to the other in natural sequence and with honors—Methodism, Garrisonianism, Journalism, Political Campaignism. Had not the great mass of the slaves been religious, had they not been held in check by their strong emotional religious feeling, surely slavery would have been terribly different from what it was. And so, had not Frederick Douglass been a Methodist, had the deepest springs of his nature been unlocked by some other force, might they not have found an outlet sweeping him to disaster rather than salvation? It was in the Methodist prayer-meetings that he found that he could speak so that every one would listen to him, and that few, if any, could speak as he could. He was innately religious—it was his temperament; his underlying characteristic was a reverent faith in the Unseen. Irreverence always shocked him. Religious cant—or, as he would call it, *irreligious cant*—was his aversion. He subscribed to no creed, having tolerance for all. He knew the Bible better than most men; he read it more; his readiness in quoting texts never failed him; that was one secret of his old-time telling assaults upon a slave-defending Christianity. He has been heard to say in his later years, "I have no uneasiness about the hereafter. I am in the trade-winds of God. My bark was launched by him, and he is taking it into port." Again, "Perhaps I should have made a good Roman Catholic. I have a kinship with that Church, I think sometimes; but one must be born with it, nurtured in it, or always an alien." Once, when urged by an overzealous Churchman to join the Episcopal Mission at the foot of Cedar Hill, he mused some time in silence. "I can't forget," he said, softly, "that your Church would not baptize slave babies. The Episcopal Church was consistent there, as it is in everything, but it left me out." He was the warm friend of Robert G. Ingersoll, their acquaintance beginning, if my memory is right, long before Ingersoll was known to the world, and when he opened his door one night to Frederick Douglass, who otherwise would have walked the street, the hotels refusing him admission. "I was a stranger—more than negro—and he took me in."

"One of the hardest things I had to learn when

fairly under way as a public speaker was to stop telling so many funny stories. I could keep my audience in a roar of laughter—and they liked to laugh, and showed disappointment when I was not amusing—but I was convinced that I was in danger of becoming something of a clown, and that I must guard against it." His keen sense of the ludicrous saved him from many a mistake; his quick wit in repartee could effectually silence his antagonists. Under it all was the deep minor key of his prevailing melancholy—that depth of feeling he seldom suffered to master his outward cheerfulness.

As "a graduate from slavery, with his diploma written on his back," the Garrisonian platform gained much in enrolling him under its banner; and he found upon it, perhaps, the single door for advancement beyond the menial calling by which he had barely earned his bread. As a Methodist exhorter he had learned to speak so fluently and well that it was no wonder that many who heard him in the anti-slavery meetings had doubts if he had ever been a slave, and said so openly.

Public speaking and the drill of conventions fitted him for journalism as nothing else could have done. Again his horizon was widened, and he was brought into fuller touch with men of the world and public affairs. Only ten years out of slavery, and seated in an editorial chair! Who, then, was so qualified in his peculiar way for "stumping the North" in Presidential campaigns? From Fremont to Harrison, great was his service to the Republican party.

It has been said that the career of Douglass would have had its fitting and glorious ending on the scaffold with John Brown. He never thought so. His heart was never fully given to John Brown's scheme; he had discouraged it; had thought it visionary and impracticable; and yet his complication with it nearly cost him his life. He was always open in saying that he did not boast of having much martyr-stuff in him—that is, when he could just as well live for his cause as die for it. The intensity of his emotional nature, when aroused, had given him a habit, in denunciation, of shutting his jaws tightly together at the close of his sentences. Once, when speaking before a large audience, he actually crushed his upper front teeth, but so perfect was his self-control that he betrayed nothing in his delivery or facial expression, but finished his address before leaving the platform.

He never became a student, even when the victory of his cause had been won, and he had the leisure for study. Composition was never easy for him, unless his soul was stirred in its depths; nor was public speaking, unless his tongue was on fire. His literary lectures upon subjects foreign to his personal experience were largely disappointing. "The Honorable Frederick Douglass" was never the orator that "Fred Douglass" had been in the old pre-emancipation days. He sometimes said in his old age that he had outlived his cause. "Never did I dream, in my most hopeful moods, when I was pleading for my brothers in bonds, that I would ever see the end of American slavery."

He liked a good novel—of the stirring kind. Dumas was one of his favorites, and of "The Three Musketeers" he never tired. Nothing pleased him more, upon his arrival in Port-au-Prince, than to be told by the Parisian Haytiens that he bore a strong resemblance to Victor Hugo.

was in the audience, and when it was sent that none of the speakers be permitted to speak, he walked rapidly upon the platform, stood before the mob for a moment or two, and eyed it calmly. Then with a voice over which none but Douglass possessed, he began to speak. He talked the mob into silence, and compelled it to listen to his speech. That is only one instance of many occasions where Douglass showed his mastery over men who sought to interrupt public meetings.

The first time I ever saw Douglass was somewhere in the forties, probably about '45. I was a boy living with my father on his farm in the town of Mendon in this county. It was rumored about that Frederick Douglass and

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IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES

Attending the Laying of Douglass Monument Corner Stone.

Eloquent Address Delivered by the
Hon. John Van Voorhis, the
Speaker of the Occasion.

State Officers of the Masonic Order
Participated in the Exercises—To
Be Unveiled in September.

The corner stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of Frederick Douglass was laid at the triangle opposite the Central depot at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The exercises were those customary where the Masonic bodies conduct the services.

At 3:30 o'clock Eureka Lodge, the colored branch of the Free and Accepted Masons, left the headquarters of the lodge in the Durand building and accompanied by the Estella Chapter, No. 7, of the order of the Eastern Star in carriages and headed by the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, marched up Main street and down North St. Paul street to the scene of the ceremonies. These were participated in by the following well-known Masonic leaders: Grand Marshal M. R. Poole, E. R. Spaulding, Leon J. Dubois, Grand Secretary Benjamin Myers, Master Architect William Oscar Payne, Grand Treasurer M. L. Hunter, Deacons Benjamin Simms and R. L. Kent, Deputy Grand Master T. H. Barnes, Senior Grand Warden E. Evans, Junior Grand Warden H. A. Spencer.

The trowel used by Grand Master E. R. Spaulding was a handsome silver one with an ivory handle and was presented to Mr. Spaulding by the members of Eureka Lodge at a meeting held last night. The presentation speech was made by Benjamin Simms and responded to by the grand master.

The address of the afternoon was delivered by Hon. John Van Voorhis, who spoke in part as follows:

The citizens of Rochester were proud of Frederick Douglass, and proud that he made this city his home. Considering what he was and what he did for our country and for mankind, he was pre-eminently our first citizen. It is fitting that the corner stone of the monument to be erected to his memory should be laid under the beautiful rites of Masonry. And yet Frederick Douglass was not a Mason. He belonged to no orders. Sublimar themes engrossed his whole attention. He knew no brotherhood but the universal brotherhood of man. He had a mission to perform. That mission was to elevate the republic in the eyes of mankind by wiping from it the stain of African slavery. That mission was to emancipate millions of slaves. To accomplish that mission he devoted his entire time and the energies of his great genius. He lived to see that mission successfully accomplished. He lived to witness the emancipation of 4,000,000 of slaves. He lived to see the stigma of slavery which had attached to this republic in the beginning entirely destroyed. Monuments of bronze and marble may be erected for him here and elsewhere, but his greatest monument will be found in the history of his time. As an emancipator he stands by the side of Abraham Lincoln. It was largely his work that made the emancipation proclamation possible. He visited every free state and every city and village therein and spoke from more

platforms than any other man in our generation. He taught the people the wrongs of slavery and prepared them to stand by Lincoln when he made his famous proclamation. There is not time to do Frederick Douglass justice on this occasion. Many of our able men preached against the wrongs of slavery. Among them were Freeborn G. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and Garrett Smith, all great orators, but Douglass was the chiefest of them all.

There was no chance to criticize Douglass except on account of his complexion, and educated and cultivated people never

did that. The prejudice against color does not exist in other countries as it does here. If Frederick Douglass had been an Englishman he would have been awarded a niche in Westminster Abbey. He was not to be blamed for his complexion; the Almighty created him that way. Shakespeare makes the Prince of Morocco, a black man, say:

"Mistake me not for my complexion,
The shadowy livery of the unburnished sun."

In listening to Frederick Douglass upon the platform, or in private conversation, no one thought of his complexion.

In his heyday he was the most magnetic orator who ever stepped upon an American platform. Although not able to read or write until twenty years of age, he became a great scholar and handled the English tongue most admirably. Wherever he was to speak crowds were there to hear him. Whenever he would stop speaking the crowd was anxious for him to continue. He never wearied an audience, but invariably left his audience anxious to hear more.

In private conversation he was a master. He always had something interesting to say, and said it in a most interesting manner. Wherever Douglass went the best people thronged around him and treated him with the greatest courtesy. Learned men like Lincoln, Seward, Chase and Sumner were proud to meet him. The argument based on complexion has no effect with such men. It is only among the ignorant and the vulgar that the complexion of Douglass was ever alluded to in an unfavorable manner. He was a man of great dignity of character. He had the power of talking into submission the most unruly audience, and the most threatening mob.

I remember one occasion in our City Hall. Ira Stout had been convicted of murder and was awaiting execution. Certain kind hearted people who did not favor capital punishment called a meeting at the City Hall with a view to ask the governor to commute the sentence of Stout to imprisonment for life. The Rev. Samuel J. May, a very eloquent pulpit orator from Syracuse, was advertised as the orator of the occasion. When the time came, there marched into the hall an organized, angry, shouting and stamping mob. The mob filled the greater part of the hall. When Mr. May arose to speak, not a word that he attempted to utter could be heard, so great was the noise of the howling mob. Again and again Mr. May attempted to speak, but at last gave it up. Other persons present sought to get the attention of the audience, but were shut off by the mob. Frederick Douglass was in the audience, and when it was apparent that none of the speakers would be permitted to speak, he walked deliberately upon the platform, stood before the mob for a moment or two, and surveyed it calmly. Then with a voice of power which none but Douglass possessed, he began to speak. He talked the mob into silence, and compelled it to listen to his speech. That is only one instance of many occasions where Douglass showed his mastery over men who sought to interrupt public meetings.

The first time I ever saw Douglass was somewhere in the forties, probably about '45. I was a boy living with my father on his farm in the town of Mendon in this county. It was rumored about that Frederick Douglass and

Charles Lenox Remond would speak against slavery, on a Sunday afternoon, in the Quaker church at Mendon Center. It was a great novelty, and I with others went there to see the performance. The old Hixite Quakers were conservative then and their managers had decided not to allow Douglass to enter their church, and to accomplish that result they locked up the church and nailed up the gates to the grounds. But the younger men of the church—Quakers only by birthright—opened the gates, confiscated a lumber yard near by and made a platform on the church grounds with seats for an audience, and upon that platform Douglass and Remond spoke to an enormous crowd. I cannot remember ever to have heard such denunciation of slavery and its abettors as Douglass poured forth to that audience. He paid his respects to the Quaker authorities who had denied him free speech by locking up the church. It was such an occasion as had never been seen at that Quaker church before and never since. The impression that I got of Douglass at that time was such that I never afterwards failed to go to hear him when an opportunity offered. Those who only heard Douglass speak in his old age can form no conception of the power of his oratory in his earlier years. He was invited to speak everywhere; before senators and legislators; before lawyers and judges; before scholars and men of learning; before doctors of divinity and religious organizations, and I believe it is a fact that he never in his life made a poor speech. He was invited by the Assembly of the state of New York to give an address in the Assembly Chambers in the presence of the governor, lieutenant governor, the judges of the Court of Appeals and the members of the state government. The chamber was packed to its utmost and the oration was a great success. Directly in front of Douglass sat that distinguished New Yorker Thurlow Weed, with his hand behind his ear so that he might catch every utterance which came from the lips of the orator. It mattered not where Douglass went; in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, he spoke to immense audiences with the same success. In Ireland he was introduced to an immense audience by the then greatest orator of Europe, Daniel O'Connell, as the black O'Connell of the United States.

It is no wonder that the citizens of Rochester meet to honor the memory of Frederick Douglass and to erect a monument to him. He has honored Rochester as no other man has ever done.

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

The monument will be unveiled on September 20th.

THE DOUGLASS MONUMENT

Preparations Being Made for the
Unveiling, September 14th.

Ceremony to be Witnessed by Sur-
viving Members of the Dead
Orator's Family.

Occasion Will be Seized Upon to Pay a
Fitting Tribute to the Memory
of Douglass.

The impressive ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Douglass monument on Douglass square, immediately south of the New York Central depot, are to be held Wednesday, September 14th. The date has just been decided on after consultation with the surviving members of the Douglass family.

The occasion will be one of great significance throughout the country. Colored people generally and those who sympathize with the movement for their advancement, will seize upon the occasion as a jubilee for the colored race and also as an occasion to pay a just compliment to Douglass, the great champion of the colored men. There will be speechmaking and orators of distinguished talents will be on hand to lend their words to the praise of the colored orator.

Much work has fallen upon the shoulders of the Douglass monument committee. They have had their hands full in securing the right kind of speakers for the occasion. There will be present Gov. Black of this state, ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback of Louisiana, T. C. Dancy, collector of customs at the port of Salisbury, North Carolina, T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age, the leading paper published in the interests of the colored race in this country, and all the surviving members of Frederick Douglass' immediate family, including his widow, children and grandchildren.

The demonstration will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning. There will be a monster parade of the various organizations of the city. The parade will pass through the principal streets of the city and will come to a stop at Douglass square, where the ceremony of unveiling will take place. The exercises will be very simple. Two little girls, one dressed in white and the other in red will assist in the ceremony. The statue will be unveiled by Miss Gertrude Thompson. The divine benediction will be invoked by Bishop Alexander Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

There will be services at 2 p. m. at Fitzhugh Hall. Addresses will be delivered by Gov. Black, Miss Susan B. Anthony and ex-Gov. Pinchback of Louisiana. A violin selection will be rendered by Joseph Douglass of Washington, D. C., a grandson of Frederick Douglass. Editor Fortune of the New York Age will read a poem.

The monument will be presented to the city by Charles P. Lee and will be accepted by Mayor Warner. Invitations have been extended to the Common council and the park commissioners to occupy seats on the platform.

The entire family of Frederick Douglass is expected to be present at the unveiling. Mrs. Douglass, three children and three grandchildren are living. Charles R. Douglass, the eldest son, is an employee in the pension department at Washington. The other son, Louis H. Douglass, is a Washington real estate dealer. The only daughter, Mrs. Rosa Douglass Sprague, also resides in Washington. Joseph Douglass, a son of Charles R. Douglass, is a prominent violinist at the national capital. The other two grandchildren are Misses Fredericka and Rosa Sprague.

The statue is said by persons competent to act as judges to be a splendid likeness of the dead orator. It is being cast in Philadelphia and will be set in position by September 1st.