

the fruit of heart-breaking years of struggle for the country's good.

Another sure haven to which our humorists steer when destitute of inspiration is the theme of the so-called "blue laws." Here is material for endless columns of funny stuff, caricaturing the saner Sabbath that sensible people advocate. The humor takes some such subtle form as this, clipped from a late paper: "No home brewing shall be planned, etc., on Sunday. But all persons having any on hand should call up the Blue Laws enforcement committee; the members carry their own cups and are good fellows when they have it."

When both blue laws and "dry laws" fail, there are still other sources. Did any one ever go to a certain highly patronized type of show without hearing some jest concerning the minister, Sunday school scholar, etc.? In the fact that this brand of humor is so very elementary lies its chief danger. It appeals most strongly to those in formative years. We of maturer judgment can detect the spurious from the false in current notions that have crept into our "Time to Laugh" columns, comic supplements and movies.

We know that every married man is not open to be "vamped" by the first pretty girl he meets; that it is not considered the usual thing for husbands to hoodwink their wives as far as possible, and vice versa; that there is nothing especially amusing in smart youngsters playing pranks on their elders.

Are we willing to let our young people get such distorted ideas of life? And as people of the church are we successfully prepared to counteract that influence?

It is surely wrong to suppose the newspaper to be, in general, pitted against the religious press, or the preacher against the humorous lecturer. But could we suggest that if there were a little less space given to "chasing the blues out of the news," and more to chasing some sound common sense in, it might be of benefit in solving some of our social problems?

If Christian leaders indirectly countenance this exaggerated misrepresentation of our highest principles and institutions, we may consider ourselves in a great degree responsible if we see the bootlegger continue to prosper, the red Sunday growing in favor, and marital unfaithfulness on the increase.

THE SANCTUARY

THE ADVOCATE PULPIT—XII

INTRODUCING THE PREACHER

The twelfth in the series of sermons which The Christian Advocate will print this year is by Bishop Mouzon of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

NOTE—THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE prints this sermon both on account of its intrinsic interest and value, and because it is an expression of opinion from one whose position, character and attainments give him a place of leadership in his section. The wide circle reached by this paper will be enlightened by this view from a representative Southern Christian. It is scarcely necessary to say that Bishop Mouzon's opinions are not at every point those of the editor of this paper.—EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



BISHOP MOUZON

BISHOP MOUZON was born in Spartanburg, S. C., and educated at Wofford College. He entered the ministry in 1889 and has been a preacher in his native State and in the Southwest for thirty years. He was teaching theology in Southwestern University in 1910 when he was elected bishop. He resides at Dallas, Texas, and is dean of the theological department of the Southern Methodist University there. He has taken a prominent part in the work of the Joint Commission on Methodist Unification.

Tulsa's Race Riot and the Teachings of Jesus

A Sermon by BISHOP EDWIN D. MOUZON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on the Sunday following the race riot

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8. 12.

"**T**ULSA'S Race Riot and the Teachings of Jesus"—this is a startling association of phrases. And yet if we are Christians, we must dare to put these phrases down side by side, and look at the riot which has disgraced our city in the light of the teachings of Him who is the Master of our thinking and the Lord of our lives. If the Christian preacher has any message at all, he must not hesitate now to speak out his deepest convictions touching the application of the ethics of Jesus to such conditions as these in the midst of which we find ourselves. For the teachings of Jesus are of supreme authority. "Never man

spoke like this man." Concerning God and man's duty to man, Jesus speaks the final word. He is the supreme Judge of men. He is the moral ideal incarnate. Before His bar we all must stand, not in the last great day only, but now and always. This very day we stand before the judgment bar of Christ. Standing, then, before the judgment bar of Christ, what have we to say about the things which have happened here in Tulsa, and which have been written about in every newspaper in the civilized world?

It should be known that the relation between white people and colored people in Tulsa has not been different from what one will find in other towns and cities where there are large numbers of colored people. The majority of colored people in Tulsa are just like colored people elsewhere—neither better nor worse.

The majority of white people living here are just as fine people as can be found anywhere in America. Tulsa is a typical American city. There are very few foreigners here. One seldom, if ever, hears any language other than English spoken here. Tulsa is neither a Northern city nor a Southern city. Vigorous, enterprising men are here from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kansas, as well as from Missouri and Texas and the Old South. This is not a city where one would expect to find prejudice against the colored man as such. And there has been as little race prejudice here as one will find almost anywhere in America.

Just this it is that makes the situation all the more serious. For if this thing happened in Tulsa, it may happen anywhere else. The Tulsa riot is a tragedy of more than local concern. It is an affair of national interest. It is indicative of a condition which calls for careful study by all patriotic and Christ-loving people. What happened here has happened elsewhere—in Chicago, in Springfield, in East Saint Louis, in Washington. If this thing had happened in Savannah, Ga., or in Houston, Tex., it might be charged up to Southern prejudice against the Negro. But happening in Tulsa, it calls for some other explanation. And it will happen in other cities, and again and again, unless we get at the root of the matter and cure this social disorder at its very source. This is the most serious problem which confronts our American civilization—more serious to us than the Irish problem is to England. There has never been anything like it in history—two vigorous races, as unlike as white people and colored people, living side by side. There are no precedents to guide us. Many of our wisest statesmen have confessed that they see no possible solution. But I believe there is a solution. I will not despair since Christ has died. I will not lose hope while Almighty Love sits on the throne. The religion of Jesus Christ is the solution, and the only solution, of this as of other serious social and economic problems which baffle the wisdom of the wisest. Therefore, I am calling you to look this race riot squarely in the face in the light of the teachings of Jesus.

No Place for Agitators—Black or White

IT should be said before we go further that agitators, whether white or black, do not help the situation. They only make it worse and continually worse. And there are many agitators abroad today, who have no constructive program to propose and who only add fuel to a flame which is already burning too hot.

There are many colored agitators at work. One must read the colored magazines and newspapers to see what colored people think, and what they propose. Some of these periodicals burn with hate against the white man. There are Negro leaders who hold steadfastly to the principles of Jesus, and are laying a foundation upon which our colored people may build for all time—men like Booker T. Washington, and his worthy successor, Robert R. Moton. There are others who have no constructive program.

And there are white agitators at work also—and possibly never more than today. One views with deep concern the reorganization of the Ku-Klux-Klan. There is no excuse for this secret and masked

two commandments sum up all the law and the prophets and the teachings of Jesus.

The mob is wrong. The mob is always wrong. The mob is a wild beast. In the midst of the mob, the individual is no longer a man; he is just the horns or the hooks, the teeth or the claws of a senseless wild animal. The civilized man disappears in the mob, and the primitive savage asserts himself. The intelligence of the mob is the intelligence of the lowest member of the mob; the passions of the mob are the passions of the most vicious member of the mob multiplied by a hundred; the morals of the mob are the morals of the jungle. The mob is never to be defended; it is always to be condemned. Never excuse the mob; never apologize for the mob. The mob must disappear from the life of America. If lawlessness on the part of Negroes is bad, lawlessness on the part of white men is much worse. For more is to be expected from white men—standing as they do with long centuries of civilization and of Christian education behind them.

The situation was unusual here in Tulsa. White men did not start the riot. Negroes started it. A rumor became current that a young Negro was to be taken from jail and lynched. Numbers of white men heard the rumor and gathered about the jail to see what might happen; they were without arms. At no time was there any evidence that a mob of white men intended to break into the jail and kill the accused Negro. The rumor that a lynching was planned reached the Negroes in "Little Africa" also. According to the testimony of Negroes, the office of "The Star," a Negro newspaper, was made their rallying point. Here they assembled their arms and ammunition. Then they began to come in crowds, armed, some of them with high-powered rifles, into the city. They were in a bad mood. They refused to go home. Somehow a shot was fired. Then the white men broke into stores and armed themselves. The city and county officials were incompetent, or cowardly, or both. For a time a thousand armed Negroes had the city at their mercy. Under such circumstances there was nothing left for white men to do but to stand for the defense of their homes and the protection of their lives until help arrived.

Toward morning somebody applied the torch. That was not necessary; that ought never to be done. After that, the mob had its way. It was no longer a matter of white men protecting themselves from angry Negroes. It was a case where the lowest element in Tulsa's population broke loose and burned and robbed and killed. Then civilization broke down in Tulsa. For the time being what had happened in Belgium and Armenia took place right here in our midst, and our city and our State were disgraced. Let us not blink that fact. Let us confess it and be ashamed of it.

Tulsa's Disgrace

5. And this leads to my last suggestion: Let us, who are citizens of Tulsa, take each his full measure of blame for this disgrace.

The disgrace came in where the lawless element in Tulsa broke loose. Long ago we should have rid our city of these lawless people, black and white.

"Little Africa" was almost without law. No effort had been made to enforce the law in "Little Africa." Everything that ought not to be, was there. Lawless colored men were there, and lawless white men also. Here was a powder magazine waiting to blow up when some sparks might fall into it. And there were lawless white men aplenty in Tulsa. In old Indian Territory days lawlessness was to be expected. In the wild, mad days when the oil fields near Tulsa were first opened up, the crowds of bad men and women flocked to Tulsa. That was to be expected. But those days are behind us. Tulsa is no longer a wild oil town. Tulsa is one of the finest cities of its size in America—a city of churches and schools equal to the best—a city of great business establishments and handsome homes—a city with as fine a class of citizens as can be found anywhere. But we had permitted men and women of the worst sort—left over from the wild and lawless days—to remain in Tulsa. Tulsa had become a haven of rest for crooks and criminals. And beyond doubt, this is what has disgraced us. These are the people who are responsible for the burning and looting and killing.

Who is responsible? What did I say? *We ourselves are responsible.* We must take our own full share of responsibility in this matter. For we permitted such people to go on with their lawless practices in Tulsa, and we have not demanded that the law be enforced in this city.

The only foundation for prosperity anywhere is in morality. It is the moral character of a people that gives value to property and makes life safe. We have overlooked that. We have been very busy about other things. Some of us have been busy making money—we have made thousands and millions. We have been too busy with important business interests to pay attention to the election of the right kind of men as city and county officials. We had no time for politics; we had more important things to attend to—this is the way we were living. And now we have awakened to the fact that our failure to concern ourselves about the moral welfare of the city has cost us millions of dollars, and will hurt us in a business way for many years to come. When will our business men wake up to the fact that it is the moral character of a people that gives value to the dollar?

And we, the Christian people of Tulsa, must bear our part of this burden of guilt. Some of us have not made any proper connection between our religion and the affairs of everyday life. Our religion has been a thing apart from life. We have thought of it as having to do with eternity rather than with time. And so we have read our Bibles, we have said our prayers, we have come to church; we have paid our part of the expenses of keeping the Church going. But we have failed to make any connection with life. Our religion has been a form of selfishness. We have sunk into miserable individualism. Let this tragedy shake us out of our heresy of thought and this tragedy shake us out of the one bundle of life. We are of life. We are bound up in the one bundle of life. It must members one of another. Religion has to do with life. It must be carried into business; it must be carried into civic life. Our patriotic duty is our Christian duty. Just so far as we fail to

concern ourselves about the morals of the city in which we live, just so far do we fail to be what Christians ought to be. Let us remember that we are the city government. If our officials have winked at crime, it is because we ourselves have winked at it. If our officials have tolerated criminals in our midst, it is because we ourselves have tolerated them. These officials are our servants; we set them up, and we can put them down. They are very sensitive to public opinion. Public opinion is almighty. We ourselves have failed to create public opinion sufficient to give us a clean city government. Let us repent of our sins and resolve to make this fair city a safe place for men and women to live in.

Once more, I remind you of the words of Jesus—"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Here only, in obedience to the teachings of Jesus, is the path of light. In disobedience to Him, there is darkness, confusion, ruin. Let us dare to follow Jesus. If we build on His teachings we build on the rock, a house which rain and floods and wind cannot destroy. "And every one that heareth these words, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

The Beatitudes

By David Keppel

VI

We are still following the progress of repentance. The "blessed" man has grown strong by the "filling" of his hunger and thirst after righteousness; and now rises up to fulfill righteousness among his fellow men.

But he soon finds that all men will not return, nor even appreciate his righteousness. Jesus himself forewarns us that this will be so. He says, "Men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

How shall the righteous man react to such treatment? Shall he, in strict justice, repay the injury which he receives? Sometimes he may find himself in position to resent and retaliate. Shall he do so?

Not so. In this very Sermon on the Mount Jesus says, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." That is to say, Be merciful.

"Blessed are the merciful," for they alone can enter the kingdom of heaven. Jesus himself tells us that the most well-chosen prayer will be of no avail to the unmerciful. "For," he says, "if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

When the merciful man enters the kingdom he finds himself in the atmosphere of mercy. He is merciful, and obtains mercy. He forgives his offending brother not seven times but seventy times seven, and God forgives him just as often as he repents. He forgives his fellow servant a "hundred pence," the king forgives him "ten thousand talents."

Blessed are the merciful in the possession of this sweet, strong grace!

But there is a further reward; the merciful shall obtain mercy. This is true even in this world; and it shall be true when we all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Our Lord Jesus foretells one scene there. A group find themselves, evidently unexpectedly, on the right hand of the King. They are doubtless astonished to be addressed by him, thus: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." "When," they ask, "did we do all this?"

May we imagine one of that group, dazed with happy surprise to find himself, a stranger and Samaritan, welcomed into the kingdom of the Messiah of the Jews. "Do you remember," asks the King, "one day when you were coming up from Jericho to Jerusalem with a load of wine and oil; how you stumbled upon a poor Jew, a stranger to you, who had fallen among robbers, who stripped him of his clothing, and left him half dead? And do you remember how you went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and put him upon your own beast and took him to the inn, and nursed him there all night, and provided for him? Well," said the King, "inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of my brethren, you did it unto me." He had been merciful, now he obtains mercy.

Eaton, N. Y.