The Cross Of a New Crusade

Dr. McGlynn

"Thy kingdom come."
Edward McGlynn

THE CROSS OF A NEW CRUSADE

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK

Tuesday Evening, March 29, 1887

BY

DR. EDWARD McGLYNN

"EDWARD McGLYNN."
"His face had that beauty which comes
from a lifetime of love for men."
ERNEST CROSBY.

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DR. McGLYNN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION

INTRODUCTORY.

Edward McGlynn, born in New York, educated in her public schools, which he often defended from the attacks of their enemies; pastor for twenty years of St. Stephen's congregation of more than 20,000 members, which he made the greatest of Catholic parishes; of profound learning, of marvellous beauty and sublimity of thought, regardless of consequences to self and with wondrous eloquence, pleaded the cause of the weak—of the disinherited—pleaded for the doing of justice as the highest form of charity. "I began to feel life made a burden," he has said, "by the never end-"ing procession coming to my door of men and women and children, beg-"ging not so much for alms as for employment, and felt that no matter how "much I might give them, even though I reserved nothing for myself, even "though I hopelessly involved myself in debt, I could accomplish nothing. "I began to ask myself, Is there no remedy? Is this God's order that the "poor shall be constantly becoming poorer in all our large cities the world "over? I was compelled out of sympathy for those right at my own door, "as well as for thousands of the starving people of the native land of my "father and my mother, to ask myself these questions, to study a little po-"litical economy, to ask what is God's law as to the maintenance of His "family down here below."

Dr. McGlynn believed, and acted in the belief, that "God has made ample provision for the needs of all men during their residence upon earth, and that involuntary poverty is the result of human laws that allow individuals to hold as private property that which the Creator provided for the use of all."

It was a man of this temper, of this spiritual build, that stepped forth on the stage of the Academy of Music on March 29, 1887, to deliver his address on the "Cross of a New Crusade," before an assemblage extraordinary in numbers and enthusiasm.

The more immediate causes for the making of the address, briefly stated, were:

American citizens, members of various trade and labor bodies, held a number of conferences during the summer of 1886 and decided to enter politics as a Labor party. They invited Henry George to be their candidate for Mayor. He consulted with friends, foremost among them Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, who strongly advised him to accept. Mr. George

finally consented, but on condition that at least 30,000 voters request him to do so, and pledge themselves to vote for him. More than that number so pledged themselves; Mr. George was nominated on September 23, and then began that remarkable campaign of 1886.

A most significant mass meeting of indorsement of the nomination had been extensively advertised to be held in Chickering Hall on October 2. It was called by citizens other than members of labor unions, clergymen, professors, doctors, lawyers, business men. Dr. McGlynn was to be one of the speakers; he was also one of the citizens who had signed the call.

While the suggested candidacy of Mr. George was under discussion, Archbishop Corrigan, in a letter dated August 21, had written to Dr. McGlynn:

"I hope you will think over your relations with Henry George (according to newspaper reports) . . . and leave aside anything that would seem even to coincide with socialism."

When Mr. George heard of this letter he expressed his willingness to explain his views to the Archbishop, and Dr. McGlynn gave him a letter of introduction which contained these words about Mr. George's works: "All his writings show that he is utterly opposed to socialism, communism and anarchy," and then he continued:

"I, in view of my rights and duties as a citizen, which were not surrendered when I became a priest, am determined to do what I can to support Mr. George; and I am also stimulated by love for the poor and oppressed laboring classes, which seems to be particularly consonant with the charitable and philanthropic character of the priesthood, by virtue of which it has gained everywhere its greatest triumphs."

With this letter, dated September 20, Mr. George called upon the Archbishop, who told him that his council had been summoned to meet at noon to suspend Dr. McGlynn, and the same day (September 29) Archbishop Corrigan wrote to Dr. McGlynn:

"As your bishop, I now forbid you in the most positive manner to attend the proposed meeting in Chickering Hall on Friday night, or to take part in future in any political meeting whatever without permission of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide."

Dr. McGlynn addressed the Chickering Hall meeting, and for the making of this address was suspended by Archbishop Corrigan for two weeks.

The time of the suspension had lapsed, and the campaign had passed into history.

The N. Y. Tribune had been publishing a series of noteworthy articles, "Prisoners of Poverty," by Mrs. Helen Campbell, in which she related her

actual experiences amid the misery, squalor and degradation of the conditions of tenement life in New York.

The Tribune sought, obtained and published Dr. McGlynn's opinion of these articles in the form of an interview in its issue of November 26. Of this now famous interview, for which he was for a second time suspended, Dr. McGlynn has said in an address:

"I was suspended from my ministry and from the administration of the church of which I was pastor by Archbishop Corrigan, because, as he alleged, of my insulting language against the Pope in an interview as reported in *The New York Tribune,* in which report there was nothing about the Pope, not even the remotest allusion to him or his teachings, but justice rather than charity was asserted to be the remedy for the poverty of the masses.

"I justified myself against the Archbishop's extraordinary charge in a letter to *The Tribune,* of which the Archbishop publicly stated that, if I had withdrawn what he calls the main statement of *The Tribune* report, 'no censure would remain.' This main statement is described by the Archbishop as a 'declaration that the true and only remedy for social evils lay in the abolition of private ownership of land and in the restitution to all men of those rights in the soil that are now unjustly monopolized by a few. The phrase 'no censure would remain' means, in ecclesiastical language, that the suspension would have been removed. All this shows plainly that I was suspended, and my suspension continued, because I taught and failed to retract the economic doctrine that the natural bounties belong to the community and their rental value should be taxed into the public treasury.

"Shortly after my suspension a cable dispatch from Cardinal Simeoni of the Propaganda ordered me to proceed to Rome forthwith, and six weeks later, on Jan. 16th, 1887, a second cable dispatch to the Archbishop from Cardinal Simeoni said: 'Give orders to have Dr. McGlynn again invited to proceed to Rome, and also to condemn in writing the doctrines to which he has given utterance in public meetings, or which have been attributed to him in the press. Should he disobey, use your own authority in dealing with him.'"

The two suspensions, the removal from his church, and the unparalleled fidelity of his parishioners, had stirred the whole city, and when it was announced that he was to speak, his friends prepared to give him a reception long to be remembered.

Never, perhaps, did the Academy of Music contain a larger multitude of people nor witness such enthusiasm, as when, on March 29, 1887, Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn came upon the stage to deliver his lecture on "The Cross of the New Crusade." People had waited in the bitter wind an hour for the doors to open, and at a few minutes past eight the great building was full to overflowing and large numbers were turned away.

It was, in fact, a McGlynn demonstration of the most ardent character.

From the moment of his first appearance upon the stage to his last words at the end of an address nearly three hours in length, the audience was constantly breaking out in deafening cheers and cries of approval. The Academy had rarely seen so animating a scene before. The speaker and the audience seemed oblivious of the flight of time.

Slowly and faintly came the words at first, and then, as the subject grew upon him, the eloquence of the preacher was manifest. Strong words came freely, a glow of enthusiasm lighted up his countenance, and a thrill of sympathy went out to his listeners until, when he cried, "And now, last of all, I would appeal to all you men and women to take up the cross of this new crusade," a mighty shout went up as if the vast audience accepted his trust. SYLVESTER L. MALONE.

"To say that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn's address at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening was a remarkably intellectual performance is to do it imperfect justice. The address is entitled to rank with those great orations which at critical times and from the mouths of men of genius have swayed the course of public opinion and changed the onward movement of nations."—Editorial, *N. Y. Sun*, March 31, 1887.

THE CROSS OF A NEW CRUSADE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I stand to-night upon a not very familiar platform. It is true that I may have appeared once and again on this or similar platforms to plead what may not inappropriately be called a political cause. I have spoken occasionally to promote great public interests—of charity, of virtue, of temperance and of law. Yet scarcely one among you needs to be told to-night that I have been exceedingly more familiar with another place, and with another platform, and for many long years—it was twenty-seven years last Friday—I have been ministering before Christian altars and preaching from Christian pulpits. And if I am not permitted to-day to preach the truths that I preached only because I knew them to be truths, and to minister before altars before which I reverently bowed only because I believed them to be the altars of God, and to administer the holy sacraments, of the sanctity and beauty of which I preached, and the frequent receiving of which I inculcated only because I believed them to be Christ's appointed medicine to man, I shall not so stultify myself as to permit any one to say that, because of this suspension from the faculty of preaching in Christian pulpits and ministering before Christian altars, I have changed one tittle or jot of my belief in these truths (a storm of applause) or lost any of the reverence that I cherished in my heart of hearts from my youth for the beauty of the house of God and the place where His glory dwelleth.

And if I shall not be permitted to preach those truths from those familiar pulpits, I shall preach them as best I may wherever I may be permitted; and, while I shall not be guilty of the indiscretion or of the indecorum of obtruding upon a promiscuous audience the sacred and peculiar dogmas or the holy mysteries of the church that I love, yet, so help me God, wherever I stand, upon a political platform, whether I discourse of political economy or of great public interests, I shall never say anything contrary to the great leading truths of Catholic theology.

And while I do not admit that it is the province of the Christian church to minutely control—because of her custody of great general religious truths, and because she is the depository of priceless graces to men—the political interests of nations, or to define to them the complicated, the knotty, and what would almost seem the insoluble questions of policies, of politics and of political economy; yet, at the same time, I cheerfully give permission to whomsoever will to denounce me as a traitor to what I myself hold most precious, if on any platform I shall ever say

a word against the truth that I have once taught, and that I shall teach, so help me God, as long as I shall live. For I cheerfully acknowledge that, while I may not obtrude upon a promiscuous audience the truths of the Catholic church that are not common to all in that audience, I am never free and desire no freedom to sin in the least tittle against any of her holy teachings. But I think I can safely say, without undue assumption—and I say it with great modesty and diffidence—that I know enough of my theology to know what are the defined doctrines of that church, and surely, dear friends, you will not charge me with assuming too much if I say that I know my little catechism; and in order to justify what I have said as to my diffidence and modesty in making this assertion, I would add that the theology of the Catholic church cannot be so difficult, so abstruse, so almost impossible a science that men who have been supposed to be studying it for years can unconsciously, as it were, sin against any of its great and leading tenets. For this theology is but the science of revelation; it is but the science of revealed religion, and it is a part of the teaching of this theology that the dogmas that are taught by the church of Christ must necessarily have their origin and their sanction in the teachings of Christ himself and of His blessed apostles, and that any doctrine that the church would define as a Christian dogma—as a dogma of the church—would come just so many years too late as the number of years that had elapsed from the day that the Book of Revelation was closed, if it were not in essence and in substance in the original deposit of the revelation of God, whether in the written book or in the spoken word through Christ and His apostles.

It was well, perhaps, to say so much, lest any one among the less intelligent or the wilfully perverse should make bold to say that in announcing a lecture on "The Cross of a New Crusade" I dared to come to say a word against the church of Christ, and that I should be so fatuous and so unhappy as to dare to raise my hand against the very ark of God.

The cross of the new crusade is not raised in hostility to the cross of Christ. The very thought of a crusade and of the honored badge of a crusade—the holy ensign of the cross—is entirely borrowed from Him. The crusades of old, that brought a good thing, and with it a new name into the world, were inspired by tenderest reverence for the cross of Christ and affection for the places, even on the sea sands, on the mountain side, and at the city gates, where He had walked and slept and suffered and taught and died. It was the enthusiastic love of the cross, and of the magnificent teachings of the cross, that fired the hearts of men and made them undertake and carry on for centuries the old crusades.

It was a man of God—a hermit—consecrated by peculiar sanctity of life, profession and practice to the service of Christ, who became the preacher of the holy war that took for itself the name of a crusade. The crusade was to ransom from captivity the tomb of Christ; to redeem thousands and tens of thousands of Christian men and women who were enslaved under the hated ensign of the Saracen invaders; to emancipate individual men and women in countless multitudes from horrible chattel slavery. It was to restore to Christendom the possession of the places that had been made sacred by the life, the tears, the music of His voice, and the expiring cry upon the cross of Him who gave name to Christendom.

These crusades that lasted for centuries accomplished no small portion of success, even while they seemed to be a failure. In spite of the jealousies, the shortcomings, the crimes, the internal dissensions of the crusaders, in spite of their permitting themselves too often to be diverted from the one holy purpose that at first actuated them, they accomplished a wondrous good for the future of Europe, for the salvation of Christendom, for the revival of literature and science. They saved Europe from a thralldom as bad as that under which the Grecian empire went down and is suffering to the present day. It was a man of God, a hermit, who became the preacher of the holy war. Under his miraculous preaching his hearers took on a nobler sense of the dignity of Christian men and women and of the magnificent unity of Christendom. They forgot for a time their selfish cares; the noble for a little forgot to oppress the serf, and the serf for a little to curse the noble; the merchant for a little while gave over the sordid pursuit of gain, and the husbandman left his plow in the furrow.

The saintly hermit, coming like a being from some other sphere, with austere countenance, with haggard looks, bearing in his own person marks of the hardships of the Saracenic slavery, fired the heart of Europe. God spoke through him. Kings, popes, prelates, priests, knights, soldiers, and the husbandmen and the merchants of the cities recognized in him, as if by a common consent, a messenger of God, and all rushed, as it by an instinct of the Holy Spirit, to make war for the redemption of the sepulchre of Christ, to ransom the Christian slaves, to redeem the Holy Land.

When the first crusade was proclaimed at the Council of Clermont the happy thought—no doubt inspired—seized upon the multitude of making the Cross of Christ, no matter of how rich or cheap material it might be, the badge of the holy war.

And so women rent their garments, and men took off their raiment, and making strips of them formed crosses with which to deck the breasts of the soldiers of the cross. And it was this

badge of the cross of Christ, the ensign of the holy war, that gave to all our modern languages the word crusade.

And so the cross of a new crusade need not be any material emblem, but it stands for the acceptance by men and women, by whomsoever will hear, of the call, the trumpet blast, that invites them to forget themselves, to set aside their wretched strifes, to utterly renounce the injustice in which they may have been engaged, and to take on a new enthusiasm of humanity in believing, in working, in battling, in suffering, and, if need be, in dying, for the right, for a great truth that I shall not be guilty of the indiscretion of calling a new truth, for a truth that, like all great truths, must in its germ and in its essence be as old as God himself in eternity, and as old as the world, or the race of men in time. And so it is a new crusade, to which you are invited, for the proclaiming, the propagating, and the enforcing of an ancient truth—a truth that is eminently consonant with the great truth of Christianity itself—and, properly understood, resolves itself into the very essence, the very core of all religion as taught us by Him, who spake as never man spake before or since, and in homely accents, and in simple parables, taught the poor, the lowly and the oppressed the comforting doctrine, so full of truth and light, of the fatherhood of one God and the universal brotherhood of man.

This new crusade then, while, to use a modern phrase, there is nothing sectarian about it, is necessarily a religious movement. And permit me to say, and I am not at all singular in the saying of it, if it were not a religious movement you might at the very outset count me out of it; for I think that any cause, any movement, any object that enlists the thought of men and the affections of the hearts of men must have a religious inspiration, a religious justification and a religious consummation, or the cause is not worth wasting our breath, our time and our strength upon. It were useless to prate about truth and beauty and goodness and justice and humanity, and the brotherhood of man, if this truth and justice and goodness and beauty, and this universal brotherhood, found not their source and their centre, their type, their ideal, their justification, in God himself.

That all great causes must necessarily be religious was not hidden from the sages of pagan antiquity any more than it is hidden from us. For whatever fires the heart of man—in the sense in which the heart of man means affection, love, forgetfulness of self, enthusiasm for something outside of self—in this sense whatever fires the heart of man must come from a source that is not only outside of man, but above man.

When we talk of justice we must mean something more than a mere abstraction, or else we are talking most unphilosophically. There must be a standard of justice. There must be a

standard of truth. There must be somewhere an ideal beauty, an ideal holiness, an ideal justice, an ideal truth, and that ideal must be above all men and angels. It must be a source from which all men and angels shall in their measure partake of truth, of holiness, of beauty, of justice. And that for me is God. God is the perfect justice, the eternal, the infinite, the absolute purity, goodness and truth.

And what distinguishes you and me from, as modern scientists would have it—and I have no quarrel with them to-night—the ancestral ape is simply this, that some time, somewhere—if we have had an ancestral ape—God took that brute thing and made it stand erect in His own image. How? Not in the mere physical frame. That is but a clod of earth at best, as the Scriptures tell us, but because of the capacity with which that brute animal became endowed of looking up to heaven, and piercing with the eye of thought its furthest depths, and saying "Our Father who art in heaven"; because that brute thing became capable not only of knowing the truth, but, still better, of loving with intelligent affection purity, truth and goodness; because that brute thing became a moral being knowing how to distinguish between right and wrong, conscious of a law graven on its heart more effectually by the finger of Him who gave to it a moral and intellectual being than a law written upon tablets of stone given by any earthly lawgiver, telling of justice, of duty, of obedience to rightful authority, of respect for the image of God in one's self, of pure and holy living, of respect for the rights of others, by a consciousness of duty to give to every one what belongs to him, to do to others as we would have others do to us. This capacity to know the perfect truth, to love the perfect good, has its other phase in the capacity to admire and to be ravished by the perfect beauty. The fancy that is given to that brute thing is a wondrous faculty, now largely material, borrowing its images, even as the language that expresses our thoughts borrows its images, from material things, their shapes, their sizes, their motions and their relations, but still a spiritual thing that has the subtle alchemy to transmute these gross things into wondrous images that give us more than a glimpse of the unseen beauty of God himself; the capacity of art, the wondrous power of the sculptor to chip off what hides the sleeping beauty in the block of marble—the marvelous capacity of the artist to take of the clays of the earth, and from them to mix pigments that shall make a mere canvas a thing of priceless loveliness; the capacity of that creature of apish ancestry to so twang the strings of metal or of catgut that their vibrations shall be so measured, so proportioned, that they fill immortal souls with dreams as it were of some better land from which they have come, and of anticipation of those things of which the apostle

has said, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive the good things that God hath prepared for those who love Him." And so wherever there is a man who is not entirely dead to the beauties of music, wherever there is a man who has at least a little music in his soul, wherever there is a man who is not such a clod as not to find something noteworthy in the wondrous canvas of a Raphael or of a Titian, wherever there is a man—I care not how imbruted, low, criminal—who has at least some sense of justice, there is a nature that is bearing testimony to the great truth that there is a God of justice, of truth, of beauty, and holiness. And therefore it is that I repeat that, when we talk of justice, of truth, of humanity, all those who are not entirely unphilosophical must feel that the religious core of the cause they advocate is there, or that the cause would not be worth the talking for. It would be a solecism, a mistake, a blunder; it would be a contradiction in terms to keep talking and prating magniloquently about these things if we persist in, I shall not say denying, but even ignoring the great religious truths that must necessarily underlie them.

And now, therefore, this is—if I need one at all—my excuse for having stepped forth from the pulpit to stand upon other platforms, and to talk of justice, of truth, of charity, of love (applause); to talk to men who, perhaps, sad to say, have learned to hate with a peculiar intensity the church of which I was but an humble servant, to talk to men who thought, or thought they thought, that there was no God. I felt that it was not amiss to take reverently, as if from the very ark of God, the precious truth and bring it out and scatter it broadcast among men, fearing not that it should ever be soiled or contaminated by coming into closer contact with the minds and the hearts of any of God's children. And I felt, if I needed justification, more than justified in this, by the thought of the example of Him who taught wherever men would hear Him, whether in the courts of the temple or by the wayside, or from the boat of the fisherman or on the summit of the mount; who taught the multitude, and never ceased to teach in homely parables the truths of God; taught to scribes and Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes; taught to priests of the temple, and to disciples of John, as well as to those whom he called his disciples, the great truths that are most precious, most simple, and most universal, of the essential relations of the minds and the hearts of God's children to their Creator, to their Father, to their God.

The reason why I have felt it almost a sin to refuse any invitation that came to me to speak for any great public cause of truth or justice or morality was just that. I feel that it is amiss for us to hide whatever light may be given to us under a bushel, but that rather should we let our light shine before men, that

men seeing may be attracted by the beauty of truth, and may perchance desire to know more of it, and may come in from the highways and the byways, and from halls where meetings are held that are political or social, or whatsoever you will, to learn more of that better way, to inquire if there be not other truths, if not so essential yet most important in guarding, in building up, in strengthening and making perfect the great essential truths of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

And now if you will permit I will let you into a little secret, and I am somewhat comforted in this indiscretion of telling you the secret, because I observe with some gratification that there are quite enough of you here to-night to keep the secret. The secret is this: It is my opinion—of course that does not add any great weight to it—but the secret is that it is my opinion that the Christian church would speedily gather in the whole world into the flock of Christ if she would preach more generously and more self-sacrificingly to men and women and children wherever they will listen to her, and would carry out with all her wondrously potent influences the blessed lesson of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. I may quote the authority of a gentle spirit, who, in a discussion in which I took part before the Nineteenth Century Club not very long ago, while he spoke on the agnostic side of the question under discussion—which was the alleged failure of agnosticism—yet said most tenderly beautiful things about the character of Christ, and professed the most tender reverence for that character, and told this great truth to the nominally Christian men and women who filled that hall: "If you and all Christians would but carry out the precepts of your Master, very speedily there would be but few agnostics in the world." And what emphasized the lesson coming from such a source was the fact that he was neither by race nor training a Christian; he was a scion of the great old Hebrew race who spoke thus reverently and beautifully and truly of Him whom we call Lord and Master.

And I may say that during a certain political campaign that may, perhaps, be considered to have passed into ancient history —I believe it is actually nearly three or four months ago—not a few men said to me that they were attracted to the movement in which I took a humble part by the religion that they found in it; by the fact that it was opening to them a new vista; that it was bringing them back to God; that it was making them feel ashamed, as it were, of the bitterness that they had cherished in their hearts against the very name of God, because God had been presented to them as a monster, as an ogre, as a being who made laws that necessarily resulted in the poverty, the degradation and the crime of a very large portion of His children; of an alleged father who did not know how to provide for his children, and

who gave certain privileges to a chosen few of the children to impoverish, to degrade, to enslave, and to rob the greater part of their brethren.

When they began to hear of a man telling that God was the father who by beautiful laws of justice, by simple universal economic laws, had provided admirably for His children, had provided a table so long and so wide and so well supplied with all manner of good things that there never could be too many at that table—never the slightest fear that the poorest and weakest need be crowded away from it—a man who came to preach, not so much a new political economy as to teach the old and the best political economy, that the more mouths that come into the world the more hands come with them to feed the mouths; and that the larger and the denser the population, all the better for the country, because all the better the facilities of production and exchange; a man who taught them that Malthusianism, taking name from an alleged Christian minister, was a blasphemy against the Most High; and that while God's children come into the world with diversity of gifts, of physical strength, of intellect, of heart and fancy, yet they all come stamped ineffaceably with the same image of the Father and the King, His and His alone the image, and His the superscription, and that, therefore, in spite of these inequalities of stature, or of wit, or of weight, or of brain, or of fancy, there is an essential equality that far transcends all these inequalities, the essential image of God in the capacity to know the truth, and to love the good and to do the right, and therefore an essential equality of all men as against all other men under the common, beneficent, just, wise and merciful rule of an all-loving Father.

And I confess that from very early years, as a boy and a very young man, and a very young clergyman, I was tormented by these problems. I have been blessed, or cursed, as you will, from my earliest childhood with a decided enlargement of the heart. From a very early day I wondered and pondered and I tormented myself with the question, Why is there so much misery in the world? Why are there so many barefooted and ragged children? Why are there so many seeking bread and seeking it in vain? Why are there so many who look upon what we are told in the Scriptures is in some measure a curse—the curse of labor—look upon it as a priceless boon, and crave with intensest earnestness the mere chance to work even for a wretched pittance, as if in the very work itself they found something wonderfully good and beautiful and comforting? I wondered and tormented myself with the question why it was that so many who toil not, neither do they spin, are dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and are actually sated with the good things of this world, and find life itself a bore. And while they

are thus sated with the good things of the world they begin to ask themselves: Is this pleasure? Is life worth living? Is the game worth the candle? And not a few of them say in the bitterness of their souls as they grow old, "It is a pretty tiresome thing, after all, for a man for seventy years every day to be pulling on and off his stockings." That disease of mine of enlargement of the heart had a great deal to do with drawing or driving me into the priesthood of the Catholic church; because there I saw a ministry consecrated to the preaching of the highest truths, to a life of renunciation for the sake of the brethren, to the doing of gentle deeds of Christlike charity; and I repeat, and I shall never tire of repeating, that I find justification for loving every social cause, every economic cause, every political cause, whose object is the diminution—rather let us say the abolition—of poverty, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the refinement and the civilization of these images of God all around us—a cause in which I must sympathize, and for which, as far as I can, I must speak and labor; and I never for a moment fancied on that, to me, most sacred day, when, full of reverence, I bowed before a Chritsian altar, to receive the consecration of Christ's priesthood, that I was to rise from that prostrate attitude any the less a man, any the less the citizen. I felt that the priesthood of Christ gave to manhood and citizenship a new grace and dignity, that in a spiritual sense it gave new loftiness to the man's stature and made him capable of being more unselfish, if he would not be recreant to the best interests of humanity—of aiding the poor, of comforting the afflicted—that it enabled the man, not entirely unaided by supernatural lights and graces, to do something in his time to make the world appear more beautiful and more comfortable for the children of men. If we read history aright we shall see that all the great triumphs of the cause of Christ came where the Church sent out her missionaries to be the friends and fathers of the people, to teach them art and literature and science while teaching the priceless truths of religion.

The missionaries of Christ went out with the self-same spirit, lowliness, poverty and self-renunciation as the Master himself had gone out to teach man by example as well as by word how good a thing it is to deny ourselves, to labor, to do, to suffer and even to die for our brethren. The church did a great work when she began to teach to the downtrodden; when she taught the abject slave that was crushed beneath the chariot of a Roman conqueror that he was all of a man, and not only taught him that he was the child of God, but also taught the proud Roman emperor upon his throne that he was only a man who one day must stand wretched and miserable and naked before the throne of Him whose majesty he had outraged by oppressing even the least of the brethren who bore in their natures the image and

impress of the King. The Christian church gained a magnificent patrimony, upon which it has been banking for centuries, and the allegiance of all the nations of Europe, by sending out her priests with the great lesson for men's hearts that it was to the poor and lowly and oppressed that they were sent, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

It was when they went out from this Christian church with the divine injunction to gather up the waifs and strays and fragments of humanity, the blind, the poor, and foundlings and insane, to gather up from the wayside all that suffer from tyranny and heedlessness, to gather them up with tenderness and reverence, even as they gathered up the sacred particles of the sacrament of Christ upon the altar, lest they should suffer profanation—it was when they went forth with such lessons in their hearts that they conquered the world.

They never went to apologize to the Roman emperor. (Thunders of applause.) They never went to seek an interview. (Applause.) They went on with supreme cool indifference to preach the Gospel, to gather up the fragments of Christian humanity in the persons of the poor. (Applause.) The Roman emperor gave orders that their heads should be cut off. And these Christian ministers, strangely enough, seemed to enjoy having their heads cut off. They actually at times foolishly went out of their way to have their heads cut off, and sometimes bounded unnecessarily into the arena to proclaim themselves Christians, when they could just as well have kept out of the way and kept their heads upon their shoulders. Why did they enjoy having their heads cut off? Why? They did not fear men as long as they followed the teaching of the Master. That man who has a great truth in him, in his head or in his heart, can preach the truth a hundred times better with his head cut off than with his head on his shoulders.

I think I can gather from your applause and from your cheering that you think you discover in that last remark of mine something of a parable not entirely inapplicable to myself.

I assure you that when I started out with the sentence I had not the slightest intention of making any personal application. At the same time if this very respectable jury finds in it any applicableness to my case I shall not be guilty of the indiscretion of questioning the verdict.

Now, dear friends, what I have said thus far is something of an explanation and of a justification of the part of a Christian minister, of a Catholic priest, feeling it not amiss, thinking it even a duty to leave his sanctuary, to put off his gown, and even in secular attire, and before what may be called secular audiences, to discourse of justice and of truth; and it will be a sad day for the world when the strange and unnatural divorce shall

have full sway between the church and society, between the altars of the church and the family altars, between the teachings in the church and the teachings in the school, in the market place, in the highways, and in the byways—and by this I do not mean for one moment to insinuate, but the very reverse—I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that ecclesiastical authorities shall control politics and commerce and the development of nationalities, but that there shall be so truly religious a spirit permeating the minds and hearts of men that wherever they go they shall feel the unspeakable comfort of knowing that in the great causes they are promoting they have the sanctions and benedictions of sweet religion.

The crusade that we have chosen to call a "new crusade" is for the enforcing of one of those great truths of which I have already spoken to you—the truth that, with diversity of natural gifts, God has given an equality of essential rights to all His children just because they are His children; that for every mouth He sends into the world to be fed, He sends, with rare exceptions, a pair of hands to feed it; that He has made us land animals, and not fishes or birds, and therefore He has made us to live upon the land and not to fly in the air or swim in the water, and that because He has made us land animals, and because He has made us at all, He has given us the right with these two hands somehow or other to root, to scratch and to dig for a living in order to feed these mouths; and that any man or set of men, who shall by law or in any other way deny, impair, diminish or restrain the equal right of every human being to the possession of the general bounties of nature, the sunlight, the air, the water and the land, is guilty of blasphemy against the goodness of the universal Father. They are perverting under the name of law the right of men; they are desecrating the holy name of law to sanction a monstrous injustice. Under the name of right they are doing a horrid wrong; under the pretense of guarding the best interests of society they are opposing the very germinal principle of rightly ordained society. They are guilty of the monstrous crime of making hundreds of thousands, yea, millions, of God's creatures feel that this life is a wretched mistake, or worse than that—the joke of some most hateful fiend rather than the gift of an all-wise and all-loving Father.

It was not for nothing that He who came to save the souls of men did so much to minister to the relief of their bodily wants. He healed their diseases; He raised their dead; He cured their distempers; He bore their sorrows; He felt compassion for the multitude; lest they should faint by the wayside, He miraculously supplemented the laws of nature and fed them with miraculous loaves and fishes in the wilderness. He did all this, because doing it He knew full well that the bodies

of men as well as their souls are the creatures of God, and that their bodies and the capacities of those bodies are but signs and symbols of the spiritual things within, even as all the vast universe of God is but His garment, is but the sign and symbol and the thin veil that surrounds Him, through the rifts in which we catch on every hand glimpses of God and of heaven.

The heavens are telling the glory of God. There is a greater heaven here, vaster and more wondrous than the physical universe, in the intelligent mind and the affectionate heart of the least of God's creatures. All the multitudinous and multifarious beauties and glories of the physical world are not equal to the dignity and the sanctity of the mind and the heart of the least of God's children; and therefore it is that Christ tells us that at the very peril of our souls we must look after the bodies of these little ones; we must feed the hungry; we must comfort and, as far as we can, heal the sick; we must provide shelter for the homeless; we must look after the weak, the blind, the halt, and the insane. Is all this a mistake? No; it is a part of true religion, because it is the sign and the symbol of spiritual things. It is because of the proper care of the bodies of men, of the proper feeding of those bodies, of the proper sheltering of them, that we make it possible for human nature to expand as a beautiful flower under the influence of genial warmth and refreshing breezes and showers, and so the lilies and flowers of every virtue may the more readily expand if the mind and the heart of the child are able to look up and to feel that God the Father has not been entirely unmindful of the wants of the child.

This is the word of an apostle of Christ: "This is true religion —to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." So it is necessarily a part of true religion to insist on what is essentially the equality of man, regardless of the comparatively trifling differences in their gifts and acquirements. This is the political economy, the teaching and reducing of which to practice are the core and essence of this new crusade. All men, inalienably, always, everywhere, have a common right to all the general bounties of nature; and this is in perfect and beautiful keeping with the other law of labor that every mouth has two hands with which to feed itself, a necessary corollary of which is that these hands must have equal direct or indirect access to the general bounties of nature out of which to make a living. That is the whole of the doctrine of this new crusade in a nutshell, that the land as well the sunlight, and the air, and the waters, and the fishes, and the mines in the bowels of the earth, all these things that were made by the Creator through the beautiful processes of nature, belong equally to the human family, to the community, to the people, to all the children of God. The law of labor requires that these

natural materials shall be brought into such relations with men that they shall afford to them food, raiment, shelter; for the erection of works not merely of utility, but of ornament; that out of these materials the children of men shall have equal, indefeasible rights to pluck, to catch, to delve, in order not merely to satisfy the necessities of the animal body or to keep it from the inclemency of the blast, but to do more than this—to make the very shelter itself a thing of beauty, to make the home a kind of temple in which there may be a family altar; to erect great public works that shall serve not merely purposes of utility, but shall educate the eye and the fancy, and shall gladden the habitations of men during their brief temporal abode; to add something to the mere garments that shall clothe and preserve the body from the inclemency of the atmosphere; to make even the raiment of man a work of art; to give a charm and a grace and a dignity even to the mere feeding of the animal. All men then have this right; and it is a part of the gospel of this new crusade that while we may make much allowance for the ignorance in which these great cardinal truths are too often forgotten, the barbarism and the slavery in which, because of might, right went under and stayed under for centuries; while we may be very indulgent to the errors and even be willing to forgive in some measure the crimes of the past, we hold aloft the banner upon which is inscribed this truth, that ever and always in the past, the present and the future the earth and the fulness thereof were given by God, and therefore should belong to all the children of God.

The crimes and the horrors of history are chiefly due to the forgetting of that great truth, because of the sordid passions of the few, who, being stronger of mind and swifter of foot and more cunning of brain, used their gifts to enslave and to rob their brethren. But might never has made, and in the Book of God never can make, right. You may find it prudent to surrender your purse to the highwayman, but you shall never find it in your hearts to think that that surrender gives him any right to hold it. And you may, perhaps, think it a discreet thing, if a man with a big sword in his hand stands ready to cut your head off if you want to speak a certain word, to keep your mouth shut and not speak that word until some other day. But at the same time, if that word happens to be the truth, the man with the sword ready to cut off your head does not make it a falsehood.

Now, what are we going to do about it? We have the cheek to start out to change all that. A French doctor, a quack, was called by a patient, and the patient was troubled with pretty much the same disease that I am troubled with, I believe, or thought he was, enlargement of the heart, and he said: "Doctor,

I am afraid that my heart is in a very bad way." The doctor began to thump here, on the right side. I need hardly inform this very intelligent audience that the heart is on the left side. So the doctor, being a very ignorant quack, got thumping on the wrong side, namely, the right side, and he thumped a little and he said: "Oh, no; I don't think there is much the matter with your heart," and the poor patient said in a kind of dubitative way, "Why, doctor, I used to think the heart was on the left side"; and the quack, quite equal to the situation, said, "Oh, yes, but we have changed all that."

Now, there is a man living in this town, and there is a party of respectable numbers living in this town, and there is a priest or two, or several, I believe, in this town that have the cheek to think they are going to change all that. "But it is a pretty big job, isn't it?" Yes; we don't deny that it is a pretty hefty job. "It is pretty respectable work, isn't it?" Yes. Why, don't you think it is rather creditable in a lot of fellows to have the cheek to tackle it, anyway? "Do you expect to finish the job during your brief lifetime, considering that you are already troubled with enlargement of the heart?" Well, we will do a fair share of it, and we may live to see a good many things if we live a few years. "What are you going to do?"

The first thing is to keep talking just the way I am talking to-night, at all times, in season and out of season, to any crowd that will listen to us who are supposed to belong to the labor party.

There are laboring men and laboring men. There is a broad distinction between the kinds of laboring men. There are those who labor with their hands and those who work with their jaws. And one may work very successfully and accomplish many good things with the jaws. This class of men have been called by the handworkers—facetiously and somewhat contemptuously—jawsmiths. I have never done much with my hands, so I suppose I may consider myself as belonging to the jawsmiths; and, after all, I think the truth is imparted more by talking than by writing. Writing is all very well in its way, but there is a touch of magnetism about the human voice, about the expression of a man's countenance, that makes the spoken word much more effectual than the written. The best example of this is in the teaching of our Lord and Master. He taught by word of mouth. The command was to go and preach—to go and teach. So I want you to have respect for talking.

Then the next thing is to write; to circulate the truth by books, newspapers—any way that we can manage to dovetail it in; to wedge it in, to smuggle it in, to get it in in any way. Now, if you can convince the majority of the people, especially of the ungentle sex, of this doctrine, of what they have got to do,

then we are going to teach the majority of the ungentle sex by the exercise of the right of suffrage to change their institutions so as to undo the wrong and to bring man closer to God.

Cardinal McCloskey, the Lord rest his soul, by means of a message from Rome, about four years ago, got word that there were some heretical doctrines being preached, and he sent to me to inquire what all this was about. He had got a copy of a report of a speech of mine, and, although it was two months old, it was news to the good cardinal. "Why," he said to me, "here, you want to divide up Manhattan Island into little bits, and give each of us one of the bits." I said: "Oh, no; there is no such meaning there." And then I proceeded to explain to him just what we want to do, as I shall now try to explain it to you. Take this whole island of Manhattan—what is it worth? Without the houses and buildings—just merely for agricultural purposes—not much; but for the sake of its capacity for building houses on it—say a thousand million dollars. Why is it worth that? Simply for its capacity to keep men and women and children from falling through into the centre. All these people of New York must sit, lie down, work, eat and suffer upon Manhattan Island.

What is it that gives this peculiar value? It is the aggregation of population; it is the density of population; it is the necessities of the million and a half of people here; it is because of the peculiar, subtle something—this ethereal, immaterial something—that this aggregation of population gives it. It is because of the touch of shoulder to shoulder, because of the nearness of man to man, because of the wondrous multiplication of the productive powers of men and of the miraculous multiplication of the powers of exchange between man and man that are created by this density of population that this ground of Manhattan Island takes on this peculiar and this enormous value. Now, who has the benefit of this? It is individuals who have inherited from grandfathers a few acres of land. It is our dense population which gives it its value. To whom does this belong? To those that made it. It belongs to society, it is the outcome of society; it is the very shadow of society that follows society just as the shadow follows the man who walks hither and thither. Take away the aggregation of the people and Manhattan Island will be worth less than the $24 for which, I believe, at one time it was purchased.

How are we going to give back to the poor man what belongs to him? How shall we have that beautiful state of things in which naught shall be ill and all shall be well? Simply by confiscating rent and allowing people nominally to own, if you choose, the whole of Manhattan Island, if it will do them any good to nominally own it; but while they have the distinguished

satisfaction of seeming to own it we are going to scoop the meat out of the shell and allow them to have the shell. And how are we going to do that? By simply taxing all this land and all kindred bounties of nature to the full amount of their rental value. If there isn't any rental value then there won't be any tax. If there is any rental value then it will be precisely what that value is. If the rental value goes up, up goes the tax. If the rental value comes down, down comes the tax. If the rental value ceases, then the tax ceases. Don't you see? It is as clear as the nose on your face.

"So you don't, then, really want to chop up Manhattan Island into little parts and give every fellow a little bit?" Well, do you think I look like a fool? I flatter myself, although I am a very modest individual, that I am not altogether a fool; or that, if I am fool, I am not an utterly condemned fool. And so, therefore, I don't want to do anything so preposterous as that. What good would it do you or me to have a square foot of land on Manhattan Island? We could barely stand upon it. If each of us had his square foot or two of Manhattan Island, what in the world should we do with it? We would be, for all the world, like St. Simon Stylites on his column.

Suppose that all of this respected audience were joint owners of a painting of Raphael or of an enormously valuable race horse.

Now, wouldn't this respected audience be a very foolish audience if it should unanimously agree to divide that valuable painting of Raphael into about 5,000 pieces and give every man, woman and child a part? What would be the value of that wonderful race horse if we should cut him up into about 5,000 pieces and give a bit to every man, woman and child of this respected audience? Why, even if we were hippophagi, which means horse eaters, I don't think we would find much value in that little bit of a race horse. Don't you see, we can put our race horse to some better use than cutting him into 5,000 pieces? How? By saying: Now, which one of this respected audience is a horse fancier? How many of you have very long purses—say $100,000—that you don't know what to do with? Suppose we put this race horse upon the platform at auction and knock him down to the highest bidder, and suppose that race horse is sold for $75,000 or $100,000, and then that is distributed to all the members, don't you think that would be a more reasonable proceeding? I do, and I am sure that your silence gives consent and you agree with me.

That is what we mean by taxing and appropriating rental value. We would simply tax all these bounties of nature, where there is a scramble for them, to the full rental value. In a new community, where the people are few, land is comparatively

limitless; there is no such thing as rent; the land is pretty equally distributed; there is no choice; it would be a senseless thing for men to quarrel about it; there is land enough for all. What is the law of rent? Where there is competition for a larger or choicer portion of the common bounties, for a portion of land that is nearer a river, that is next to the junction of two great rivers, that is near to a great city, for a corner lot, say at the corner of Broadway and Wall street, or at Broadway and Twenty-third street, there rent exists. And how is the competition for the use of such land to be decided? Simply by allowing it to go to the highest bidder. Thus would be provided, through the exercise of the taxing power, a fund for the common treasury, a munificent fund growing with the growth of population and civilization, supplied by a beautiful providential law, a simple, economic law that works with the same simplicity and the same regularity as the law of gravitation itself—a magnificent ever-increasing fund to supply the wants of increasing civilization and increasing population.

This magnificent fund would go to support all public burdens; it would do a great deal more than is done at present by the tax levy; you would have larger, more beautiful and more numerous parks; you would be able to sweep away the greater part of the wretched rookeries that, under the name of tenement houses, are a sin and a shame, and a blot upon the fair name and fame of this beautiful city, and instead of those the best class of houses will be built, and we will have parks, with trees and flowers and the singing of birds, to make glad and beautify this island and God's children, and will thereby add enormously to the value of the surrounding land; and then it would no longer sound Quixotic to talk of building free rapid transit railroads on solid foundations, on which trains could travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour for twenty, thirty or forty miles into the suburbs, to give homes to all the people, from which they could come and go every day, and in which they could enjoy some of nature's life, by which they could get the sun and the air, green fields and flowers. This is no fancy sketch; it is entirely feasible, and in every view it could be brought about if a majority of citizens, convinced of the truth of this doctrine, would carry it into practice and deposit their ballots in the ballot box in favor of this thing.

One of the greatest beneficial consequences of this just and necessary reform, of this restoration to all of what belongs to all, would be this: The artificial value that is now given to land, even beyond this enormous value which we have just discussed, would cease; the giving to individual men what God never intended they should have—the absolute ownership of land—would cease. If there was no individual ownership in

land then there would be no such thing as speculative value in land. Then no man would be such a fool as to pay rent to keep land fenced in from year to year, preventing everybody else from doing anything with it. That man, if he nominally owned it, must pay the full rental value of it. Even if he were a fool, he would soon see there was no fun in that kind of thing, and he would give it up and let somebody else take it. You see what would be the result. There would be a consequent increase in the building trades; houses would spring up all over the city of New York, and the tenement houses would be depopulated, and the owners would be glad to sell them cheap to the city, so they could be destroyed to make breathing places for the people.

Capital will then find nothing to invest in except human labor and its products. Don't you see the general demand for human labor that will result? In every society there is capital, and it is the instinct of men not to keep capital lying idle if they can use it, and the only manner in which they can use it is by producing something, so that there will be a steady demand for labor. But a more steady demand for labor comes from something else. It comes from the law of hunger, of cold, of the need to have some soft spot to lie down and sleep, and so whether capital employs labor or not, you may be sure, if labor gets a chance, it will employ itself. The average man is not going to lie down and die of hunger if he can get any kind of a fair chance to dig in the soil for food; the average man is not going to perish by the winter's cold if he can get a chance to provide himself shelter; nor to freeze if he can get access to raw materials to make clothes for himself. And so, in this beautiful condition of things there will always be a demand for labor, and then it will be strictly true and proper to say to any able-bodied man or woman that comes begging: "Why, you are not sick—why should you beg?" "I can't find work." "Oh, that is not true; in this community there is always enough work for all; there is always a demand for labor exceeding the supply."

And that leads us to another beautiful consequence—high wages. Oh, that is a grand thing for us labor people. How does that come about? Why, by a reversal of the terrible law that at present makes wages always keep tending down. Why? Because with the increase of population comes this increased value of land. Don't you notice how great fortunes are accumulating here, as they have accumulated in England and elsewhere? They are becoming amassed more and more in the hands of a few.

Now, all this will be changed; it will necessarily have to be changed by this beautiful and simple law that we have just spoken of. These enormous fortunes will be distributed, and wages will become higher. Why? Because then it will be the

capitalist that will have to be running around after the laborer and begging him to be kind enough to work for him, and not the laborer that shall be running after the capitalist and begging him as if he were a divinity to give him a chance to live.

So, then, we laboring men shall enjoy this unutterably comforting spectacle of reversing the present order of things by seeing not seven poor devils of workmen running after one lord of a capitalist and begging him to employ them, but the seven poor devils of capitalists running after one workman and begging him to work for them. And he will put on lordly ways and feel that he is the lord of creation, the joint owner of the soil, and that he has something in his muscular and sinewy arms, in his well-preserved health, preserved by chastity, sobriety and healthy muscular exercise, that the poor capitalists have not; that he has got something more precious that these capitalists can't do without, and so he dictates his terms, and he says, "Now, how much will you seven people bid for my labor?" And one poor capitalist says, "Well, for a starter I will say $3 a day." "No, no," "$3.25," "$3.50," "$4," "$4.50," "$5," and finally, when the capitalists begin to thin out in that competition, he knocks himself down to the man who will give him five, or six, or seven dollars.

What will be the proper wages resulting from that competition of the seven capitalists for the labor of that one man? Do you know what the wages will be? Just precisely what they ought to be, exactly; neither one cent more nor one cent less. How does that come about? By that law that works just like the law of gravitation. What are economic wages? In the very essence and nature of things what are wages anyhow? They are what the workman produces by his labor out of the materials to which he has legitimate access. What he has put into that raw material is his, and he sells it to somebody else, and for what should he sell it? for a perfect equivalent. And so the wages of the man will be an absolute and perfect equivalent for what he has done, for this transmutation of his nerves, of his brain, of his sinews, of his time, into something new and strange, rich and rare, that he has developed out of that raw material, and so economic wages will be a perfect equivalent for the time and muscle and so on that he has put into that thing and that will determine itself as a matter of course, just as water finds its level. Directly or indirectly in a true system of economic government every man shall have absolutely his own, a free field and no favor, but absolutely justice to all, favoritism to none.

But in addition to these natural wages that this man shall get for what he has produced will come his magnificent share as a joint stockholder or owner in the common estate. He will

be getting through the common treasury the use and the benefit of a rental in things that the mere man in the barbarous, rustic state has little or no conception of.

This leads us to that other consequence of this law of God that, instead of being afraid of having too many children in a family or too many people in a city or too many people in a country, we shall be asking God to send us more of these good things, and we shall be saying we shall never have enough. Some of you gray-bearded gentlemen in this audience here are old enough to remember that there used once to be a common notion in this country of ours that we couldn't have too many people, and we used to think that every man that came into this country—every able-bodied man—was worth $1,000 to $1,500 to the country. In the southern portion of this country, not very many years ago, a man used to be supposed to have a well defined value. A man was worth his $1,000, his $1,200 or his $1,500, wasn't he? And every able-bodied man, every able-bodied woman, every healthy child that comes into this country, whether from Heaven or from Europe, is money in the pocket of the country. Why? For the reason that we have just explained, that density of population, thick population, creates this subtle something, this immaterial something, that adds so enormously to the value of all natural bounties. Do you not observe that it is only where there are dense populations that you can have anything like civilization? Have you reflected upon the fact that the very word civilization comes from the same root as city—*civitas*. The very words *civitas* and *civis* are supposed to come from a word which means "coming together," and it is logically, historically and philosophically true, as well as etymologically.

Coming together—you are coming together, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, helping one another. That is civilization—facility of exchange. It has got to be a simile that there is nothing easier than falling off a log, but it might equally pass into some kind of a proverb that it is a mighty hard thing for any one man to move a big log, and hence the word that has some popularity in this civilized society, "log-rolling," where one man could not budge the log, but where four or five men coming together can take up that log and run away with it. That is the value of coming together. Within two or three or four square miles in this city you can practically go from Greenland to Patagonia, and from China to India, because you will find in shops within this territory all the products of every clime, civilized and uncivilized, of the whole globe. Is not that a magnificent advantage, that you can practically go to India and get your spices, or to the land of the Esquimaux and get your furs, or to Newfoundland and get

your codfish? You can get all that kind of thing within two or three or four square miles on Manhattan Island. It is the bringing of these things here to this island that gives it that enormous value that we were speaking about. Here civilization will increase by density of population, and it is a crime against this economic law to be talking about the danger of overpopulation.

And that is in keeping with that other—forgive the remark—rot about overproduction. Overproduction of good things! Overproduction of houses! Overproduction of clothes! Overproduction of food! "What fools these mortals be!" Overproduction! It is underconsumption, not overproduction.

I am going to prove to you now that there is not any overproduction. You just pass the word around that all these things have been overproduced, the houses that have impaired the real estate market—have broken the market—and the glut of dry goods and silks and sealskins and groceries and things are going to be distributed free; that anybody that needs these things can come and have them for the mere trouble of taking them away. I want to know how long would that overproduction continue to distress our souls. Not very long, which proves to a demonstration that there is plenty of demand for these things. But the trouble is that the poor devils who are suffering cold for the want of sealskins and hunger for the want of groceries can't get at these things because they haven't the means with which to buy them.

So the trouble is not overproduction, but it is the unjust arrangements of society by which so large a portion of the people either cannot get work at all or have to work at starvation wages. And because when there is a so-called overproduction and underconsumption there comes commercial depression—stagnation in trade—a large portion of the people are thrown out of work and in their misery are willing then to work for lower wages—for anything that will keep them from starving and from perishing. Then there is a revival in trade. Then people say: "Now is a good time to get in the goods, because they can be got so cheap—because labor is cheap. Now is a good time to build, because labor is cheap." And so gradually there is a cessation of this commercial depression, and times begin to get a little better, and then they begin to get what is called good, and the moment the times begin to be good and business begins to prosper, then the man that is sitting there, neither working nor spinning, but eating and drinking, begins to say: "Ha, ha, times are good. Business is prospering. Real estate will go up." And so it does. Land will go up. There is a need for building more houses. There is a need for more factories, and land goes up, and so a large

and constantly increasing portion of the profits of both capital and labor go to pay the unjust rent to the landlord. But when we shall have appropriated to the common treasury the economic rent, all that condition must necessarily cease, and as men will be able to get steady employment or steadily to employ themselves, and will get the highest wages that the very law of wages itself will permit, they will not be so foolish when the wants of their bodies are admirably supplied as to work themselves to death, to continue to degrade themselves into mere working machines. And so, with the increase of general wealth, the raising of wages and the general wellbeing, will commence, voluntarily and naturally, a shortening of the hours of work. It doesn't require any law of the legislature, or any strike, or any rule of a trades union or any similar society to determine these things. Men will then be more free than they ever have been before to work or not to work as they please; to work long hours or short hours, as it suits best their tastes, their desires and their convenience. If a man wants to work, very good. If a man does not want to work there will be nobody to coerce him, and so we shall restore in a great measure individual liberty. We shall restore what hitherto has been singularly characteristic of our country, but is fast ceasing to be so characteristic of it—the magnificent individualism of Americans.

Let us be humble and acknowledge what is the truth, that the boasted superiority of the American people in their inventive genius is the liberality that has presided over the forming of all their institutions. Things that have been hitherto characteristic of American men and women, and of American civilization, were not due, are not due, so much to any superiority of ourselves bodily or mentally as to the magnicent opportunities that, under the providence of God, came to this new people from what used to be considered the boundless and illimitable resources of this wide continent. The peculiar inventiveness of the American people came from the need on the part of a few men to subdue a continent, to make locomotion from one end of it to the other possible within a reasonable space of time. But these characteristics, and the homely virtues that were also characteristic of the American people, were due not so much to difference of race as to difference of condition, and now with changing conditions many of these characteristics and characteristic influences and virtues have disappeared, and we are fast becoming assimilated to those older societies both in their criminal luxuries and in the horrible chasm that separates the rich from the poor.

And now, last of all, I would appeal to all you men and women to take up the cross of this new crusade. And, though

you will not impress upon your forehead and wear upon your breast any material emblem thereof, let at least the mighty controlling thought take possession of your minds, the divine enthusiasm seize upon your hearts. Take, then, the cross of this new crusade of justice and truth for humanity. Do what you can to help us in what we are trying to do, in the words of the great Christian poet of England, "To justify the ways of God to men;" to give leisure to God's children from the "carking cares," as the same poet says, from imbruting and ceaseless toil, from degradation and want, and the worse degradation of the fear of want; to give them plenty, so that they shall say with glad and loving hearts their grace—not a mere form of words, but grace before meat and after meat—and feel that it is not a mockery to say, "Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts which we are to receive from Thy bountiful hands"—a mockery too often over the cup of tea and dry bread which is the too common food and drink of the working women of this city to-day. Make room at the Father's table for all of His children.

Go, then, into the highways and byways. Not merely invite them, but compel them to come in and sit at the Father's table and feast and make merry and be glad in His presence. And give them leisure from this degrading, ceaseless toil to beautify their minds and hearts and worship their Maker, to glorify the Christ in humanity; to read books and to enjoy works of art, not depending for these upon individual charities, but with twenty or fifty art schools and Cooper Unions provided for out of the common treasury.

And when men's bodily necessities have been satisfied, when their minds shall begin to be cultivated, and they shall have begun to take on as a common thing the graces and refinements of culture and science and art, then you will have by the doing of natural justice, by the following of God's economic laws, a way prepared for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Then will blasphemy cease upon the lips of the children of men, and man will recognize the handiwork of his Creator. Shall we not make some attempt to prepare the way for the coming of that better day foretold by the Master of old, who, as he gathered around him the faithful few, foretold that the little flock should grow and spread until it shall take in all the kingdoms of the earth? Shall we not do our share toward hastening the time that was foretold by the Master when He taught us to look up and say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and then to say, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven"?

While, therefore, it is eminently proper for a Christian to teach the blessedness of suffering after Christ's example, and for His dear sake, to teach that there is a higher and better

something beyond all this, yet at the same time it is a blasphemy against the Maker thus continually to make light of the sufferings of the poor, and to be guilty of the folly of saying that it is a good thing to continue to foster, preserve and perpetuate poverty in the world. As if, forsooth, if we should abolish poverty our occupation would be gone! that there would be nothing for us charitable people to do—as if it would be right to carefully abstain from purifying the whole system and to persist in plastering a sore leg instead. It is by the doing of justice, by the inculcation of the law of equality, liberty and fraternity on earth that we shall prepare the way for the glorious millennial day when it shall be something more than a prayer, and in great measure a reality—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Take up, then, the cross of this new crusade, and I, for one, dare to say here, before this vast audience, that I have taken it into my head and heart, and never shall I see the day as long as I live that I shall pluck it out from the one or the other. It were a sad thing indeed to think that any man or set of men should forbid you and me to believe these truths of God, to teach them, to preach them, to love them with a religious enthusiasm or to sacrifice even our very lives in the noble work of making them cheap and common among men; and I stand here and say, without fear of reasonable denial, that all that I have said to-night is eminently consonant with the highest Chrisian truth and the best Christian justice, and that no condemnation of this truth has ever been heard from the blessed lips of Christ nor from the highest tribunal in His church. Nor is there any more danger or possibility of such condemnation of so clear and salutary an economic truth than there is of the condemnation of the proposition that two and two make four.

I will read to you as an appropriate summing up of many of the things that I have said a poem by Charles Mackay, entitled "Clear the Way:"

"Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day,
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, clear the way.
Men of action, aid and cheer them as we may;
There's a fount about to stream, there's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow, there's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray;
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way.

"Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unhidden glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?

Aid the dawning tongue and pen; aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper, aid it type; aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play,
Men of thought, men of action, clear the way.

"Lo! the cloud's about to vanish from the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay;
Lo, the right's about to conquer! Clear the way!
With the right shall many enter, smiling at the dawn,
With the giant wrong shall fall many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey;
Men of thought, men of action, clear the way."