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THE

Welcome Home

AND

* CAMPAIGN + SPEECHES *

OF

JAMES G. BLAINE,

*In which is a Full Discussion of
the Questions of*

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE
AND THE LABOR PROBLEM.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S

SERMONS ON

THE LABOR QUESTION

*“This Labor Question is one of the most important
issues of the Campaign.”*

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

“The earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”—*Genesis* 1:2.

OUT in space there hung *a great chunk of rock and mud* and water and shell. Thousands of miles in diameter, more thousands of miles in circumference. A great mass of ugliness, confusion, and distortion, uselessness, ghastliness, and horror. It seemed like a great commons on which smashed-up worlds were dumped. It was what poetry and prose, scientist and Christian agree in calling chaos. Out of that black, rough, shapeless egg our beautiful world was hatched. God stood over that original

ANARCHY OF ELEMENTS

and said : "Atlantic Ocean, you go right away and lie down there ! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there ! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there ! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there ! Mont Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there ! Mississippi, you march there, and Missouri you marry it there !" And He gathered in His Almighty hands the sand and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places ; and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa, and another America, North and South.

SOCIAL CHAOS THREATENED.

That original chaos was like the confusion and anarchy into which the human race ever and anon has a tendency to plunge. God has said : " Let there be light of law, light of justice, light of peace, light of love !" " No ! No !" say anarchic voices, " let there be darkness, let there be cut-throatery, let there be eternal imbroglio, let there be chaos."

Such a social condition many are expecting

because of the overshadowing contest between Labor and Capital ; there has not been an intelligent man or woman during the last two months who has not asked the question, "Shall we have bloody revolution in this country?" I have heard many answer the question in the affirmative ; I answer it in the negative.

THE CHURCH AS PEACEMAKER.

There may be and there have been terrific outbursts of popular frenzy, but there will be no anarchy, for the Church of Christ, the mightiest and grandest institution of the planet, shall, laying hold of the strength of the eternal God, come out, and putting one hand on the shoulder of Labor, and the other on the shoulder of Capital, say, "I come in the name of the God who turned chaos into magnificent order, to settle this dispute by the principles of eternal justice and kindness ; and now I command you, take your hands off of each other's throats." The only impartial institution on this subject is the Church, for it is made up of both capitalists and laborers, and was founded by Christ, who was a carpenter, and so has a right to speak for all laborers, and who owns the earth and the

solar system and the universe, and so can speak for the capitalists.

As for myself, as an individual I have a right to be heard. My father was a farmer and my grandfather, and they had to work for a living ; and every dollar I own I earned by the sweat of my own brow, and I owe no man anything, and if any obligation has escaped my memory, come and present your bill when I descend from this pulpit, and I will pay you on the spot. I am going to say all that I think and feel on this subject, and without any reservation, asking your prayers that I may be divinely directed in this important series of Sabbath morning discourses.

That Labor has grievances I will show you plainly before I get through this course of sermons. That Capital has had outrages committed upon it I will make evident beyond dispute. But there are right and wrong ways of attempting a reformation.

When I say there will be no return to social chaos, I do not underrate the awful

PERIL OF THESE TIMES.

We must admit that the tendency is toward revolution. Great throngs gather at some points

of disturbance in almost all our cities. Rail-trains hurled over the rocks. Workmen beaten to death within sight of their wives and children. Factories assailed by mobs. The faithful police of our cities exhausted by vigilance night and day. In some cases the military called out. The whole country asking the question, "What next?" A part of Belgium one great riot. Germany and Austria keeping their workmen quiet only by standing armies so vast that they are eating out the life of those nations. The only reason that Ireland is in peace is because she is hoping for Home Rule and the triumphs of Gladstonism. The labor quarrel is hemispheric, aye, a world-wide quarrel, and the whole tendency is toward anarchy.

But one way in which we may avoid anarchy is by letting the people know

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

We must have the wreck pointed out in order to steer clear of it. Anarchy is abolition of right of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and

death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defence, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means hell let loose on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foothold in America take a good look at the dragon.

Look at Paris, where for a few days it held sway, the gutters red with blood and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses, the Archbishop shot as he tries to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or bludgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders. No; there is too much good sense dominant in this country to permit anarchy. All good people will, together with the officers of civil government, cry "Peace!" and it will be re-established. Meanwhile, my brotherly counsel is to

THREE CLASSES OF LABORERS.

First, to those who are at work. Stick to it. Do not amid the excitement of these times drop

your employment, hoping that something better will turn up. He who gives up work now, whether he be railroad man, mechanic, farmer, clerk, or any other kind of employee, will probably give it up for starvation. You may not like the line of steamers that you are sailing in, but do not jump overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Be a little earlier than usual at your post of work while this turmoil lasts, and attend to your occupation with a little more assiduity than has ever characterized you.

My brotherly counsel, in the second place, is to those who have resigned work. It is best for you and best for everybody to go back immediately. Do not wait to see what others do. Get on board the train of national prosperity before it starts again, for start it will, start soon and start mightily. Last year in the city of New York there were 45 general strikes and 177 shop strikes. Successful strikes, 97; strikes lost, 34; strikes pending at the time the statistics were made, 59; strikes compromised, 32. Would you like me to tell you who will make the most out of the present almost universal strike? I can and will. Those will make the most out of it who go first to work.

My third word of brotherly advice is to the

nearly two million people who could not get work before this trouble began, and who have themselves and their families to support, to go now and take the vacated places. Go in and take those places a million and a half strong. Green hands you may be now, but you will not be green hands long. My sentiment is full liberty for all who want to strike to do so, and full liberty for all who want to take the vacated places. Other industries will open for those who are now taking vacation, for we have only opened the outside door of this continent, and there is room in this country for eight hundred million people, and for each one of them a home and a livelihood and a God!

PLENTY OF ROOM.

So, however others may feel about this excitement, as wide as the continent, I am not scared a bit. The storm will hush. Christ will put His foot upon it as upon agitated Galilee. As at the beginning, chaos will give place to order as the Spirit of God moves upon the waters. But hear it, workingmen of America! Your first step toward light and betterment of condition will be an assertion of your individual independence from the dictation of your fellow-

workmen. You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man, or any body of men, tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work, when you shall work, or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to a labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization, let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand or foot or head or heart.

I belong to a ministerial association that meets once a week. I love all the members very much. We may help each other in a hundred ways, but when that association shall tell me to quit my work and go somewhere else; that I must stop right away because a brother minister has been badly treated down in Texas, I will say to that ministerial association, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Furthermore, I have a right to resign my pastorate of this church and say to the people, "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-by." But I have no right, after I have quit this pulpit, to linger around the doors on Sunday mornings and evenings with a shot-gun to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to take my

place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor in this pulpit I become a criminal, and deserve nothing better than thin soup in a tin bowl in Sing Sing Prison. Your first duty, oh laboring man, is to your family! Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right. When we emerge from the present unhappiness, as we soon will, we shall find many tyrannies broken, and Labor and Capital will march shoulder to shoulder.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

This day I declare the mutual dependence of Labor and Capital. An old tentmaker put it just right—I mean Paul—when he declared: “The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee.” You have examined some elaborate machinery—a thousand wheels, a thousand bands, a thousand levers, a thousand pulleys, but all controlled by one great water-wheel, all the parts adjoined so that if you jarred one part you jarred all the parts. Well, society is a great piece of mechanism, a thousand wheels, a thou-

sand pulleys, a thousand levers, but all controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. The professions interdependent, all the trades interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent, so that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill, and the man who breaks cobble-stones at the foot of the hill, affect each other's misfortune or prosperity. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace, get their own faces scorched and blackened. No such thing as independence. Smite society at any one point and you smite the entire community.

IDENTICAL INTERESTS.

Relief will come to the working-classes of this country through a better understanding between Capital and Labor. Before the contest goes much further it will be found that their interests are identical ; what helps one helps both ; what injures one injures both. Until the crack of doom there will be no relief for the working-classes until there is a better understanding between Labor and Capital and this war ends. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor is an adjournment of our national prosperity.

Every speech that Labor makes against Capital is an adjournment of our national prosperity. The capitalists of the country, so far as I know them, are successful laborers. If the capitalists in this house to-day would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, here and there a stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of New York and Philadelphia, so far as I know them, were book-binders or printers on small pay. The carriage manufacturers of the country used to sandpaper the wagon-bodies in the wheelwright's shop.

PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS.

Peter Cooper was a glue-maker. No one begrudged him his millions of dollars, for he built Cooper Institute and swung open its doors for every poor man's son, and said to the day laborer: "Send your boy up to my Institute if you want him to have a splendid education." And a young man of this church was the other day walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and he saw two young men putting flowers on the grave of Peter Cooper. My friend supposed the young men were relatives of Peter Cooper, and decorated his grave for that reason.

“No,” they said, “we put these flowers on his grave because it was through him we got our education.” Abraham Van Nest was a harness-maker in New York. Through economy and industry and skill he got a great fortune. He gave away to help others hundreds of thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the scene when I, a green country lad, stopped at his house, and after passing the evening with him he came to the door and came outside and said: “Here, De Witt, is fifty dollars to get books with. Don’t say anything about it.” And I never did till the good old man was gone. Henry Clay was “the Mill-boy of the Slashes.” Hugh Miller, a stone-mason; Columbus, a weaver; Halley, a soap-boiler; Arkwright, a barber; the learned Bloomfield, a shoemaker; Hogarth, an engraver of pewter plate, and Horace Greeley started life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket.

The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists, and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would

shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.

WHO THE COMBATANTS ARE.

The combatants in this great conflict between Capital and Labor are chiefly, on the one side, the men of fortune, and, on the other hand, men who could get labor, but will not have it, will not stick to it. It is the hand cursing the eye, or the eye cursing the hand. I want it understood that the laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where is their investment? In the bank? No. In railroad stock? No. Their muscles, their nerves, their bones, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are the highest kind of capital. The man who has two feet, and two ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers, owns a machinery that puts into nothingness Corliss's engine and all the railroad rolling stock, and all the carpet and screw and cotton factories on the planet. I wave the flag of truce this morning between these contestants. I demand a cessation of hostilities between Labor and Capital. What is good for one is good for both. What is bad for one is bad for both.

CO-OPERATION.

Again, relief will come to the working-classes of this country through co-operative association. I am not now referring to trade-unions. We may hereafter discuss that question. But I refer to that plan by which laborers become their own capitalists, taking their surpluses and putting them together and carrying on great enterprises. In England and Wales there are seven hundred and sixty-five co-operative associations, with three hundred thousand members, with a capital of fourteen millions of dollars, doing business in one year to the amount of fifty-seven millions dollars. In Troy, N. Y., there was a co-operative iron foundry association. It worked well long enough to give an idea of what could be accomplished when the experiment is fully developed.

You say that there have been great failures in that direction. I admit it. Every great movement at the start is a failure. The application of steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but after awhile the world's chief successes. I hear some say, "Why, it is absurd to talk of a surplus to be put into this co-operative association, when men

can hardly get enough to eat and wear and take care of their families." I reply, Put into my hand the money spent in the last five years in this country by the laboring classes for rum and tobacco, and I will start a co-operative institution of monetary power that will surpass any financial institution in the United States.

TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

Again, I remark, that relief will come to the working-classes through more thorough discovery on the part of employers that it is best for them to let their employés know just how matters stand. The most of the capitalists of to-day are making less than six per cent., less than five per cent., less than four per cent., on their investments. Here and there is an anacconda swallowing down everything, but such are the exceptions. It is often the case that employés blame their employer because they suppose he is getting along grandly, when he is oppressed to the last point of oppression. I knew a manufacturer who employed more than a thousand hands. I said to him: "Do you ever have any trouble with your workmen? do you have any strikes?" "No," he said. "What! in this time of angry discussion be-

tween Capital and Labor, no trouble?" "None at all—none." I said: "How is that?" "Well," he said, "I have a way of my own. Every little while I call my employés together and I say,—'Now, boys, I want to show you how matters stand. What you turned out this year brought so much. You see it isn't as much as we got last year. I can't afford to pay you as much as I did. Now, you know I put all my means in this business. What do you think ought to be my percentage, and what wages ought I to pay you? Come, let us settle this. And," said that manufacturer, "we are always unanimous. When we suffer, we all suffer together. When we advance, we advance together, and my men would die for me." But when a man goes among his employés with a supercilious air, and drives up to his factory as though he were the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and the moon in his vest-pockets, moving amid the wheels of the factory, chiefly anxious lest a greased or smirched hand should touch his immaculate broadcloth, he will see at the end he has made an awful mistake. I think that employers will find out after awhile that it is to their interest, as far as possible, to explain matters to their employés. **You be**

frank with them, and they will be frank with you.

Again, I remark, relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community where wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulchre or in the judgment.

An engineer in a New England factory gets sleepy, and he does not watch the steam-gauge, and there is a wild thunder of explosion, and the owner of the mill and one of the workmen are slain. The two slain men come up toward the gate of heaven. The owner of the mill knocks at the gate. The celestial gate-keeper

cries, "Who is there?" The reply comes, "I was the owner of a factory at Fall River, where there was an explosion just now, and I lost my life, and I want to come in." "Why do you want to come in, and by what right do you come in?" asks the celestial gate-keeper. "Oh," says the man, "I employed two or three hundred hands! I was a great man at Fall River." "You employed two or three hundred men," says the gate-keeper, "but how much Christian grace did you employ?" "None at all," says the owner of the mill. "Step back," says the celestial gate-keeper; "no admittance here for you." Right after comes up the poor workman. He knocks at the gate. The shining gate-keeper says, "Who is there?" He says, "I am a poor workman; I come up from the explosion at Fall River; I would like to enter." "What is your right to come in here?" asks the shining gate-keeper. The workman says, "I heard that a shining Messenger came forth from your world to our world to redeem it; I have been a bad man; I used to swear when I hurt my hand with the wheel; I used to be angry; I have done a great many wrong things, but I confessed it all to the Messenger that came from your country, and after I confessed it He

told me to come up here; and that you may know I have a right to come, there is His name on the palm of my hand; here is his name on my forehead." Then there is a sound of working pulleys, and the gates lift, and the workingman goes in. There was a vast difference between the funerals at Fall River. The owner of the mill had a great funeral. The poor workingman had a small funeral. The man who came up on his own pompous resources was shut out of heaven. The poor man, trusting to the grace of Jesus Christ, entered. So, you see, it is

A DEMOCRATIC RELIGION.

I do not care how much money you have, you have not enough money to buy your way through the gate. My friends, you need to saturate our populations with the religion of Christ, and wages will be larger, employers will be more considerate, all the tides of thrift will set in. I have the highest authority for saying that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. It pays for the employer. It pays for the employé. The hard hand of the wheel and the soft hand of the counting-room will clasp each other yet. They will clasp each other in

congratulation. They will clasp each other on the glorious morning of the Millennium. The hard hand will say, "I ploughed the desert into a garden;" the soft hand will reply, "I furnished the seed." The one hand will say, "I thrashed the mountains;" the other hand will say, "I paid for the flail." The one hand will say, "I hammered the spear into a pruning-hook;" and the other hand will answer, "I signed the treaty of peace that made that possible." Then Capital and Labor will lie down together, and the lion and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and there will be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYÉS.

“If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.”—*Gal.* 5:15.

“Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—*Phil.* 2:4.

THE labor agitation will soon quiet. The mills will again open, the railroads resume their traffic, our national prosperities again start. Of course, the damage done by the strikes cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers more than the capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different

STAGES OF ANARCHY.

God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and

Brooklyn Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare head of American labor.

The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination—the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempts to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect—to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England. In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the rail-tracks, in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and crip-

ple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

A KING THREATENED BY A MILLER.

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it because it was the old homstead, and he felt much as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence, and the king with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck the officers of State—said to the miller: “Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won’t sell it I’ll take it anyhow.” The miller said: “Your Majesty, you won’t.” “Yes,” said the king, “I will take it.” “Then,” said the miller, “if your Majesty does take it I will sue you in the Chancery Court.” At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his

infamous demand. And the most imperious outrage against the working classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and opposition to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to the law will accomplish it.

THE WIDENING CHASM.

But gradually the damages done the laborer by the strikes will be repaired, and some important things ought now to be said. The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employé wider and wider. In olden time the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm, worked side by side with their employés, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are those here who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm.

All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employé wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employé feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the

capitalist feel : "Now, my laborers are only beasts of burden ; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, the bridge of sympathy is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said : "Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like, says to his men : 'Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage was yours. Adieu, noble spinners ; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above.'"

Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I put the trowel to one of the abutments to-day, and I preach more especially this morning to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to all who are in the house.

THREE BRUTAL PRINCIPLES.

The outrageous behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months—behavior infamous and worthy of most condign punishment—may have in-

duced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say to you whom I confront face to face, and those to whom these words may come, that all ship-owners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people. Now, there is not a man in my audience who would consent to go out into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

THE RATE OF PAY.

First of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable.

The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When an employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to a principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employè takes none, or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever.

You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

BIBLE INJUNCTIONS.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages." Leviticus: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."

So you see it is not a question between you and your employé so much as it is a question between you and God,

Do not say to your employés: "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young

men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

BENEFICENT EMPLOYERS.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employé. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employés. Such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty, if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employés, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employés, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyance and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless those female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down.

Then, I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. Some time ago—whether it has been changed I know not—there were one thousand grocer clerks in Brooklyn who went to business at five o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. Now, that is inhuman. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the Mercan-

tile Library, to the reading-rooms, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the ten or eleven hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen.

But, above all, I charge you, O employers! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employés. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see *Jack Sheppard!* A man that comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evenings in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement, is the young man for your store.

THE GUARDIAN OF EMPLOYÉS.

Do not say of these young men: "If they do their work in the business hours, that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse

than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand. Say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" and "Good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds. One of my earliest remembrances is of

OLD ARTHUR TAPPAN.

There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employés together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon.

Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and "Fletcher's Family Devotions" and Wesleyan Hymn-books, and he gathered his employés together every morning, and having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and the employés. Do you wonder at that man's success, and that though thirty years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions. God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

SIR TITUS SALT

had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were thirty-five hundred people present, and in his after-dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I cannot look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work-people

without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the nobleman at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work-people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well-paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and if my life is spared by Divine Providence, I hope to see contentment, satisfaction, and happiness around me.”

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employés. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between ten and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket, satin-lined,

fanned by cherubic wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot, and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

LOOK AFTER THE FOREMAN.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—but you are also to see that your boss workman, and your head clerks, and your agents, and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and in the lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but not now. Alas! for some of the cash boys and the messenger boys and the boys that sweep the store. Alas! for some of them. Now, you capitalist, you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see

those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

BE MERCIFUL.

And, then, I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them, without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall Street, having thirty years of reputation for honesty, have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence, do not call in the police, but take him home, tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once who will never do wrong again. Ah! my friends, I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if He had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then, if in moving around your factory, or

mill, or barn, or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of fortune will turn, and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the workhouse, and your son will die on the scaffold. If in moving among your young men you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him : " Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him, at least, a week to get over that which he will never get over.

A BRAVE GENERAL.

Employers, urge upon your employé's, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen, a brave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was an infidel. One day Ziethen, the venerable, white-haired general, asked to be excused

from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia, when Frederick the Great, in a jocose way, said: "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The venerable old warrior arose, and said: "For your Majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battle-field, and for your Majesty I would be willing any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and my Saviour." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen, forgive me, forgive me!"

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion! and I thank God there are many men as brave as Ziethen. Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O shipowners! into what harbor will

your crew sail? Oh, you merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? Oh, you manufacturers of this United States! with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves. Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of His disciples.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PHYSICIAN.

One summer in California a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of dis-

ease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy.

On one of the islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day he came to the authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law: "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy, and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are farther gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of the lepers." They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of the lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh, that was magnificent self-denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of Him

who exiled Himself from his home in heaven to this leprous island of a world, that He might physician our wounds, and weep our griefs, and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprous world into a great blooming, paradisical garden! Whether employer or employé, let us catch that spirit.

HARDSHIPS OF WORKINGMEN.

“So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil.”—*Isa.* 41:7.

YOU have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand, and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it, until the work be done. And so the prophet describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. “So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil.” When they met, they talked over their work, and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which were an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought if men in bad work can

ENCOURAGE EACH OTHER,

ought not men engaged in honest artisanship and mechanism speak words of good cheer?

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest, and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get other occupations and professions. I suppose, when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money markets, he says, "Oh, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done, the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind, and healthy in soul, but I can't sleep;" while, at that very moment, the mechanic is wishing he was a banker or a merchant. He says, "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up my children in a very different sphere from that in which I am compelled to bring them up." Now, the beauty of our holy religion is that

GOD LOOKS DOWN UPON ALL

the occupations and professions, and while I cannot understand your annoyances and you cannot understand mine, God understands them all. He knows all about the troubles of these men mentioned in my text—the carpenter who encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, and the gold-beaters.

I will speak this morning of the general hardships of the working-classes. You may not belong to this class, but you are bound as Christian men and women to know their sorrows and sympathize with them, and as political economists to come to their rescue. There is great danger that the prosperous classes, because of the bad things that have been said by the false friends of labor, shall conclude that all this labor trouble is a “hullabaloo” about nothing. Do not go off on that tangent. You would not, neither would I, submit without protest to the oppressions to which many of our laborers are subjected.

ANARCHISTS REPUDIATED.

You do a great wrong to the laboring classes if you hold them responsible for the work of

the scoundrelly Anarchists. You cannot hate their deeds more thoroughly than do all the industrial classes. At the head of the chief organ of the Knights of Labor, in big letters, I find the following vigorous disclaimer :

“ Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor have no affiliation, association, sympathy or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cut-throats, and robbers, known as Anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of anarchy and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielding, Most, and all their followers, sympathizers, aiders, and abettors, should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools.”

You may do your duty toward your employés, but many do not, and the biggest business firm in America to-day is Grip, Gouge,

GRIND AND COMPANY.

Look, for instance, at the woes of the womanly toilers, who have not made any strike and

who are dying by the thousands, and dying by inches. I read a few lines from the last Labor Report, just out, as specimens of what female employés endure: "Poisoned hands and cannot work. Had to sue the man for fifty cents!" Another: "About four months of the year can, by hard work, earn a little more than *three dollars per week.*" Another: "She now makes wrappers at one dollar per dozen; can make eight wrappers per day." Another: "We girls in our establishment have the following fines imposed: for washing your hands, twenty-five cents; eating a piece of bread at your loom, one dollar; also sitting on a stool, taking a drink of water, and many trifling things too numerous to mention." "Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaw is picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Woman's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where

she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, 'I hear you are going to leave me?' 'Yes,' she said, 'and I have come to get what you owe me.' He made no answer. She said: 'Are you not going to pay me?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I will pay you,' and he kicked her down stairs." I never swore a word in all my life, but I confess that when I read that I felt a stirring within me that was not at all devotional.

UNDERPAID WOMEN.

By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice, that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory

to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the mill-stones of His wrath, and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice! There are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting

away. At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come!

THE WORKING-GIRLS OF NEW YORK

and Brooklyn. These engaged in head work, these in flower-making, in millinery, paper-box making; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets

for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread.

I speak more fitly of woman's wrongs because she has not been heard in the present agitation. You know more of what men have suffered. I said to a colored man who, in Missouri, last March, came into my room in the morning to build my fire: "Sam, how much wages do you people get around here?" He replied: "Ten dollars a month, sir!" I asked: "Have you a family?" "Yes," said he, "wife and children." Think of it—a hundred and twenty dollars a year to support a family on! My friends, there is in this world

SOMETHING AWFULLY ATWIST.

When I think of these things, I am not bothered as some of my brethren with the abstract questions as to why God let sin come into the world. The only wonder with me is that God don't smash this world up and start another in place of it.

One great trial that the working-classes feel is

PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.

There are athletes who go out to their work at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and come

back at night as fresh as when they started. They turn their back upon the shuttle or the forge or the rising wall, and they come away elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory bell taps for six o'clock, the hard-working man wearily puts his arm into his coat-sleeve and starts for home. He sits down in the family circle, resolved to make himself agreeable, to be the means of culture and education to his children, but in five minutes he is sound asleep. He is fagged out—strength of body, mind, and soul utterly exhausted. He rises in the morning only half rested from the toil. Indeed, he will never have any perfect rest in this world until he gets into one narrow spot which is the only perfect rest for the human body in this world. I think they call it a grave!

Has toil frosted the color of your cheeks? Has it taken all spontaneity from your laughter? Has it subtracted the spring from your step and the lustre from your eye until it has left you only half the man you were when you first put your hand on the hammer and your foot on the wheel? To-morrow, in your place of toil, listen, and you will hear a voice above the hiss of the furnace and the groan of the

foundry and the clatter of the shuttle—a voice not of machinery, nor of the task-master, but the voice of an all-sympathetic God, as He says, “Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Let all men and women of toil remember that this work will soon be over. Have they not heard that there is a great holiday coming? Oh, that home, and no long walk to get to it! Oh, that bread, and no sweating toil necessary to earn it! Oh, these deep wells of eternal rapture, and no heavy buckets to draw up! I wish they would put their head on this pillow stuffed with the down from the wing of all God’s promises: “There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

Do you say, “We have sewing-machines now in our great cities, and the trouble is gone?” No; it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child, and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be, and how she ought to put her trust in God. “Oh,” she said, “I have no God; I work from Monday

morning until Saturday night and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good ; and when Sunday comes, I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray and then I got up, saying to my husband, ' My dear, there's no use of my praying ; I am so distracted I can't pray ; it don't do any good ! ' Oh, sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from him ! Oh, if I were only ready to die ! ' May God comfort all who toil with the needle and the sewing-machine, and have compassion on those borne down under the fatigues of life.

Another great trial is

PRIVATION OF TASTE

and sentiment. I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting and sculpture and music and glorious sunsets and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not to be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way

into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women, who are born artists, and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture and every sweet song and every musical instrument. Oh, let me cheer such persons by telling them to look up and behold the inheritance that God has reserved for them !

A HEART-BREAKING PICTURE.

Then there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life that were well described by an English writer. He said : “ To be a poor man’s child, and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance. To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel forever banished from a mother’s tenderness

and a sister's love. To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore. To see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not to be able to get the best advice. To think that the better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe. To be obliged to let her die. To come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking. To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them. To have no mourners at the funeral, and even to have to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin. To see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone."

But I have no time this morning longer to dwell upon the hardships and the trials of those who toil with hand and foot, for I must go on to offer some grand and

GLORIOUS ENCOURAGEMENTS

for such; and the first encouragement is, that one of the greatest safeguards against evil is

plenty to do. When men sin against the law of their country, where do the police detectives go to find them? Not amid the dust of factories, not among those who have on their "overalls," but among those who stand with their hands in their pockets around the doors of saloons and restaurants and taverns. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life. There are but very few men with character stalwart enough to endure consecutive idleness.

I see a pool of water in the country, and I say, "Thou slimy, fetid thing, what does all this mean? Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I used to earn my living." I say again, "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die accursed of God because I have nothing to do!" Sin is

AN OLD PIRATE

that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working-apron. Be encouraged by the fact that your shops, your rising walls, your anvils are fortresses in which you may hide, and from which you may fight against the temptations of your life. Morning, noon, and night, Sundays and week-days, thank God for plenty to do.

Another encouragement is the fact that their families are going to have the very best opportunity for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but

THE CHILDREN OF FORTUNE

are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming, by twelve years of age ; he finds out there is no necessity of toil, and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or stupidity. You see the sons of wealthy parents going out into the world, inane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless, while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical consti-

tution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of Church and State.

Who are the men mightiest in our Legislatures and Congress and Cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no. The mother put him down under the tree in the shade, while she spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until, after awhile, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. Akenside rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher-shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prideau used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker, and the son of every man of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power if he will only trust God and keep busy.

Again, I offer as encouragement that you

have so many opportunities of gaining information. Plato gave thirteen hundred dollars for two books. The Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep for one volume. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one copy of Origen. Oh, the contrast! Now there are tens of thousands of pens gathering up information. Typesetters are calling for "copy." All our cities quake with the rolling cylinders of the Harpers and the Appletons and the Lippincotts and the Petersons and the Ticknors, and you now buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew for fifty cents! There are people who toil from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night who know more about anatomy than the old physiologists, and who know more about astronomy than the old philosophers. If you should take the learned men of two hundred years ago and put them on one bench, and take twenty children from the common schools in Brooklyn and put them down on the other bench, the children could examine the philosophers, and the philosophers could not examine the children. "Ah!" says Isaac Newton, coming up and talking to some intelligent lad of seven years, "What is that?" "Oh, that is a rail-train!" "What is that?" "That

is a telegraph." "What is that?" "It is a telephone." "Dear me! I think I shall go back to my bed in the dust, for I am bewildered and my head turns." Oh, rejoice that you have all these opportunities of information spread out before you, and that, seated in your chair at home, by the evening light, you can look over all nations and see the ascending morn of a universal day.

TOIL A DISCIPLINE.

One more encouragement : Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for heaven. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and tell you that Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the workingman's Christ. You get His love once in your heart, O workingman ! and you can sing on the wall in the midst of the storm, and in the shop amid the shoving of the plane, and down in the mine amid the plunge of the crowbar, and on shipboard while climbing ratlines. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and every pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary ? He will give

you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of His eternal love.

And besides that, my friends, you must remember, that all this is

ONLY PREPARATORY—

a prefatory and introductory. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? "Oh," you say, "those are princes; they must have always been in a royal family; they dress like princes, they walk like princes, they are princes; there are none of the common people there; none of the people that ever toiled with hand and foot!" Ah! you are mistaken. Who is that bright spirit before the throne? Why, that was a sewing-girl who, work as she could, could make but two shillings the day. What are those kings and queens before the throne? Many of them went up from Birmingham mills and from Lowell carpet factories.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

And now I hear a sound like the rustling of robes, and now I see a taking up of harps as though they were going to strike a thanksgiving

anthem, and all the children of the saw, and the disciples of the shuttle are in glorious array, and they lift a song so clear and sweet I wish you could hear it. It would make the pilgrim's burden very light, and the pilgrim's journey very short. Not one weak voice or hoarse throat in that great assemblage. The accord is as perfect as though they had been all eternity practising, and I ask them what is the name of that song they sing before the throne, and they tell me it is the song of the redeemed working-people. And the angel cries out: "Who are these so near the throne?" and the answer comes back: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."