

to get so far down in our colonial history as the year 1776!

WHO ARE THESE WHO KILL KINGS?

For The Public.

Who are these who kill kings?
They are those who seek death
While the careless kill time
And forget what God saith.

Who are these who kill kings?
They are those who lack bread
While the idle feed high
And malign the great dead.

Who are these who kill kings?
They are those who born wrong,
Rot beneath their hard work,
Hence can never grow strong.

They are those who lose hope,
They are those whom wrong brings;
'Twas for such that Christ died;
These are they who kill kings.

W. D. McCRACKAN.

HOW THE DEVIL QUOTES SCRIPTURE IN DEFENSE OF POVERTY.

An extract from a sermon delivered in the pulpit of the Vine Street Congregational Church, Cincinnati, Sunday evening, March 25, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

Poverty, that state of destitution from which there is no honorable escape, is slavery. Like chattel slavery, such poverty is the creation of human law. The preachers who quote Scripture to prove that such poverty is a divine institution are only doing what was done commonly a generation ago—they are quoting the Bible in defense of slavery.

Slavery exists whenever one man is protected in the ownership of another man's labor. When chattel slavery was abolished the planters still owned the plantations. The negroes were compelled to work on those same plantations. They were compelled to take what their former masters would give them. Except for the fact that they are usually free to change masters, and are not so liable to personal violence, it is a question whether they are much better off now than before the war. No man is obliged to feed them now. No man is obliged to keep them in sickness and old age. No man is obliged to give them work. If the freedman's wage is the least bit greater than the keep of the slave, the slave was sure of his keep, but the freedman is not sure of his wage. How many are compelled to bend their neck to the yoke and perform in hopelessness the slave's task for the slave's pay—a bare living!

But what part is the church taking in the great work of the hour, the abolition of economic slavery? Listen to some of the representative men of the church:

Dr. Talmadge says: "I think that when an entertainment that will scatter \$100,000 is given, the man who can't see that \$90,000 of it will reach the poor needs a pair of spectacles."

If we were not living under a form of slavery by which it is impossible for women to make clothes for their own children without the permission of their masters, it would never occur to us that there could be any profit in seamstresses spending their labor upon elaborate costumes that could serve only a moment of vanity. It only illustrates how insane our life is that waste should seem profitable.

No man ought to need a pair of spectacles to see that no man who depended upon some form of honest labor of hand or brain could afford to squander \$100,000 on a night's revel. This wealth belonged to the laborers of New York, and it was neither justice nor charity to allow them to redeem a portion of their own property by earning it the second time.

I would not dictate to a man how he should spend his money, if it is his. But I would not call robbers philanthropists, even though they chose to spend their plunder in riotous living.

A woman came into the free clinic of one of our hospitals showing signs of distress. The physician inquired what was the matter. She replied: "A gentleman kicked me." We are being robbed by gentlemen. They break no law. But even though the oppression they practice is legalized, the wine that flows at their revels is the blood of crushed and broken hearts, the spoil of the poor is in their houses, and their gold drips with the tears of bondmen.

But what of our industrial order has the elements of slavery in it? The Rev. Dr. Holland, of St. Louis, says: "Enough that signs of remaining bondage are not now; that in so far as the bondage remains it is necessary and good, both for the bondsman and the society that binds him." When would chattel slavery have ceased if men had acted on the assumption that in so far as bondage remains it is necessary and good? What a pity Jesus did not know of the modern doctrine that in so far as evils exist they are necessary and good! He might have taken things easy; he might have gotten a sinecure under Caiaphus, and let evolution reform the world.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler says that the best cure for the perils of a growing plutocracy would be the multiplication of men like Cornelius Vanderbilt.

A prominent clergyman of our city said recently that we should have the

poor with us always, because Jesus said so, and that the rich and the strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak and the poor. Charity tells the rich to bear the burdens of the poor. Jesus tells the rich to bear their own burdens. The poor can take care of themselves if you give them a chance. They bear their own burdens now, and a good share of the burdens of the rich besides. How many mothers there are who do the rich woman's work in the daytime and who go home at night to bear their own burdens, to clean their own home and suckle their own young! The poor build the rich man's houses, cook his meals, supply his table, nurse his children, fight his battles. And yet the rich man's preacher continues to indulge in pulpit pleasantries about the helpless poor who need the protection of the rich.

The greatest enemies of mankind are the priests who flatter men that they may please God by anything less than the performance of complete justice. In this last as in all former struggles for liberty.

The solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Breaks the bondman's heart for bread,
pours the bondman's blood for wine.
Then let, O God, thy servant dare
Thy truth in all its power to tell,
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

THE REAL ENEMY OF LABOR.

To many capital has power, not only to grant or withhold employment, but to exact and oppress labor, a power that needs God's grace to restrain it. Capital has no such power; never had, never can have. Capital is labor's faithful henchman, ally, partner. Capital is labor's seven-league boots, telescope arms and multiple fingers. Capital is labor's creation and dependent. Withhold labor and capital pines away and dies. Labor can subsist without capital. Capital cannot exist without labor. The oppressor and exactor is not capital but a certain devilish force that will task the united grace and energy of pulpit and pew to exorcise it.

Let us discover this force and trace its genesis.

God, the Universal Father, giveth "to all life, and breath, and all things." Gifts all. Man can maintain the life that God gave him only by drawing sustenance from the earth. Land is among the gifts of God. But lo! we have wrested this gift and have perverted it into an article of merchandise. Land being everywhere in civilization withheld from use or offered at a price, labor in the primary in-

dustries, to retain its full earnings, must forsake civilization and betake itself to a spot distant from the benign influences of neighborhood. Or unable thus to migrate, it comes into the towns and cities, there to contend for employment with labor already located.

Land ownership, atheistic and inhuman, is the force mistaken for capital. It and it alone drives labor into submissively accepting a "fair living wage" so-called, or into thankfully accepting a wage based on the supply of labor.

The continuous, persistent act of simony in turning God's gift into something to be bought for money, is a crime of which society must repent—a crime it must cause to cease.

When this act of repentance is performed, then, and then only, can we ascertain easily what labor really produces. Labor restored to the free use of the earth can employ itself and retain all it produces, and its earnings while thus employed afford a standard by which to measure its wage when it decides to enter the employment of another.

Between society and peace and good will among men, between mankind and the kingdom of heaven on earth, rises the barrier—the monopoly of earth's resources. . . .

Men now buy land, not to use it, but to reap future profit as its value increases. Destroy this sordid hope, and men will hold land only to produce on it. Land develops value, when, and only when, men appear on it and stay, and labor, and act righteously. No one individual can give value to land. It is produced by the many, and therefore only to the many, to the public, to the community it righteously belongs.—James T. Barnard, in *Hamilton (Can.) Herald*.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

Extracts from notes on "The Man With the Hoe," made by the author, Edwin Markham, and recently published with the poem, illustrated, by Doubleday and McClure, of New York.

From boyhood till this hour I have wondered over the hoary problem that has been passed down to us from Job. Why should some be ground and broken? Why should so many go down under the wheel of the world to hopeless ruin as far as human eyes can see?

I had also been stirred by the faith of Isaiah, by his great faith in the coming of social justice when men "shall not build houses and another inhabit

them; when they shall not plant and another eat."

Then, too, I knew how the world's injustice had forced from Christ's strong heart that cry against the mouths that devour widows' houses, and that other cry against the feet that walk over graves.

Fourteen years ago I came upon a small print of Millet's picture of the Hoeman; and it at once struck my heart and my imagination. It was then that I jotted down the rough "field notes" of my poem. For years I kept the print on my wall, and the pain of it in my heart. And then (ten years ago) I chanced upon the original painting itself.

Millet's "Man With the Hoe" is to me the most solemnly impressive of all modern paintings. As I look upon the august ruin that it pictures, I sometimes dare to think that its strength surpasses the power of Michael Angelo. To me it comes wrapped around with more terror than the fearsome shapes in Dante. This Hoeman is on earth; he walks among us.

For an hour I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I stood there, the power and terror of the thing growing upon my heart, the pity and sorrow of it eating into my soul. It came to me with a dim echo in it of my own life—came with its pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur.

I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunned and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweat-shop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

The Hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the Toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunken up by the special privileges conferred upon the Few.

In the Hoeman we see the slow, sure, awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labor. Did I say labor? No—drudgery! This man's battle with the world has been too brutal! He is not going upward in step with the divine music of the world. The motion of his life has been arrested, if not actually reversed. He

is a hulk of humanity, degraded below the level of the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of eloquence. The Hoeman is not a remnant of prehistoric times; he is not a relic of barbarism. He is the savage of civilization.

The Hoeman is the effigy of man, a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift to his soul—a being with no time to rest, no time to think, no time to pray, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

His battle has not been confined to his own life; it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. He was seen of old among the brickmakers of Egypt, among the millions who lifted wearily the walls of Ilium, who carved the pillars of Karnak and paved the Appian Way. He is seen to-day among the stooped, silent toilers who build London and beautify her tombs and palaces.

These were some of the memories and agitations that pressed upon my soul as I stood in the presence of this dread thing—the Accuser of the world. So I was forced to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God. So the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the Humiliated and the Wronged. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand.

A certain few who obviously have not read Millet's letters are saying in the public prints that the Hoe-poem does not interpret the thought of the painter. They say that he saw only idyllic grace and beauty in his earthworn figures of the furrow. But here is the way Millet writes to his friend and biographer, Alfred Sensier:

My "Man With the Hoe" will get me into trouble with the people who do not like to be disturbed by thought of any other world than their own. But I have taken up my position, and mean to make a stand there. . . . I see the haloes of dandelions and the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well in a rocky place a man all worn out, who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. . . . Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry.

These are the words of Millet.

Again there are a few who say that the hideous Hoeman does not exist anywhere in the world. Do they hope to dispel this Shape by denial? Happy the day when a shrug of the shoulder can dispel this imbruted man—this Accusation.

But those who have eyes to see can