

"ORDER" MORE PRECIOUS THAN JUSTICE.

Drastic legislation against anarchists will be a feature of the present session. All the big men who are anxious to pose as friends of "order" are rushing to the front with revolutionary suggestions for the suppression of one of the symptoms of social disease. No statesman is heard of who offers a constitutional remedy. Even the president, it is said, will preach the gospel of suppression. It is assumed by all these great men that "order" is more precious and more easily secured than justice. Yet our fathers did not think so. They did not hesitate to plunge the country into disorder for the sake of a principle. They defied the constituted authorities, they assaulted the king's representatives, they threw a cargo of tea into Boston harbor, they unfurled the flag of revolt and they waged a war for seven long years in assertion of their right to disregard order where it involved injustice. This is the point which our anarchistic friends of order ignore. They will not admit that they deny that there is any social injustice which breeds social disease and such manifestations of it as we have lately witnessed. It will be easy to pass laws for the suppression of anarchy. But these laws will not suppress it. They will only serve to intensify the frightful conditions which are breeding it. They will serve only to push the country farther along toward a despotism of pelf. And the inspiration of this legislation is not a love of liberty and a hatred of wrong; it comes from those who are profiting by wrong and who are in deadly fear of the plain people who are their victims. The drag-nets to be thrown out are not to catch the red anarchist alone. He is not the occasion of fear. The people to be caught are those who dissent from things as they are and who protest in orderly ways against robbery and injustice.—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat of December 3.

ON THE WAY TO NAZARETH.

It was many years after the crucifixion, when an aged Judean, while walking along the highway near Nazareth, saw coming toward him a youthful Galilean. The aged man held in his hands a scroll, which he read as he walked.

As the twain drew nigh to each other the Galilean saluted the Judean and accosted him. "What readeest thou?" he asked, in a gentle tone.

"The Law," replied the other.

"Hast seen the Gospel?" inquired the Galilean.

"Aye!" he answered in a trembling voice, "but that is not for me. I am Iscariot!"

"And art thou," spake the Galilean, "the Judas of that name who betrayed the Christ?"

"'Twas I!" he cried, in agony and with distorted visage, as he gazed at the Galilean. "But who art thou?"

"Thy friend," replied the other.

"I have no friend on earth or in heaven," said Judas. "When I read the Law I am affrighted, and when I pray to the One God I see Him frown. I am Iscariot!"

"Thy friend I am, dear Judas. Look on me."

The Galilean's voice was gracious as he spoke, but Judas shook as smitten to the soul. He flung himself at the feet of the Galilean, who had called him friend, and kissed them.

"The Gospel is for thee, dear Judas," said the friend, as Judas lay upon the ground, in tears.

"Nay; nay," said Judas. "I bartered off my soul and I sold my master, Him who was divine. 'Twas said I hanged myself, and it is true, but I did not die, though hanged."

"And yet, dear Judas, know His Gospel is for thee," said the other with firm voice to the aged Judean, sunk in despair.

"By what authority speakest thou?" asked Iscariot, as he looked into the Galilean's face. "Speakest thou for Peter, John, or other brethren, lost, though yet alive; the men whom once I loved only less deeply than I loved the Christ? Who art thou?" cried the aged Judean, "and whence thy authority?"

"The authority, dear Judas, of Him who was crucified, and who spoke the words, 'No one who cometh to Me shall be cast out.'"

"Those words are not for me," wailed Iscariot.

"Aye, for thee each word, dear Judas, and for thee alike the last cry of the Christ, that all might be forgiven. I speak for Him."

"But who art thou?" exclaimed Iscariot once again, as he saw that love illumined the face of the Galilean who stood before him.

"It was I who spoke the words while on the cross, and here I speak them once again to thee."

"The Christ?" asked Judas. "He whom once I loved, whom I betrayed, for whose loss I wept these weary years, and for whose betrayal I'll lave my heart in tears till death?"

"Thy sins, dear Judas," softly spoke

the Galilean, "are forgiven. To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

* * * * *

—John Swinton.

WHY MARK HANNA CAN'T SETTLE THE LABOR PROBLEM.

So Mark Hanna has made a point in the great labor meeting, according to the newspaper accounts. He declared that he wants no better monument than to have it understood that he has done something to settle the war between American labor and American capital. Hanna does not see that along the lines which his whole life has been lived there is no settlement. There is an irrepressible conflict. It is impossible for him to understand that the struggle will never end till there is a fundamental change such as he will never consent to. It is all like those who tried to make peace over the slavery question by compromises while slavery itself was left untouched.

The wage slavery to-day is even worse in many of its aspects than the black slavery before the war. So long as it is for the interest of trusts and great combines of capital to grind the face of the poor and obtain the labor of men for less than it is worth there will be no settlement of the quarrel. There is no hope except in equal and exact justice, and the Hannas cannot ever grant that, for they cannot see it from their point of view.

Labor unions are probably necessary, so long as there are unions of capital. It is pleasant to know that there were some good and kind masters in the south before the war. It is a pleasant picture to understand that it was considered very bad form among the "best" of the slave holding class to sell a slave. But all this does not change the fact that a great many of the holders of slaves did sell them and a great many others overworked them and maltreated them in many ways. It was in the system. The system had to be abolished before there was any reform.

So long as opportunities and privileges are monopolized by a few, so long as the many have to humbly ask the few for the privilege to work, so long as it is necessary to organize and fight for the privilege of drawing sufficient wages to keep soul and body together, that long there will be trouble. This whole business must be settled right or it will not be settled at all. The men of the Hanna