

335
LLO

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE
NEW CONSCIENCE,

OR

RELIGION OF LABOUR.

BY

HENRY D. LLOYD.

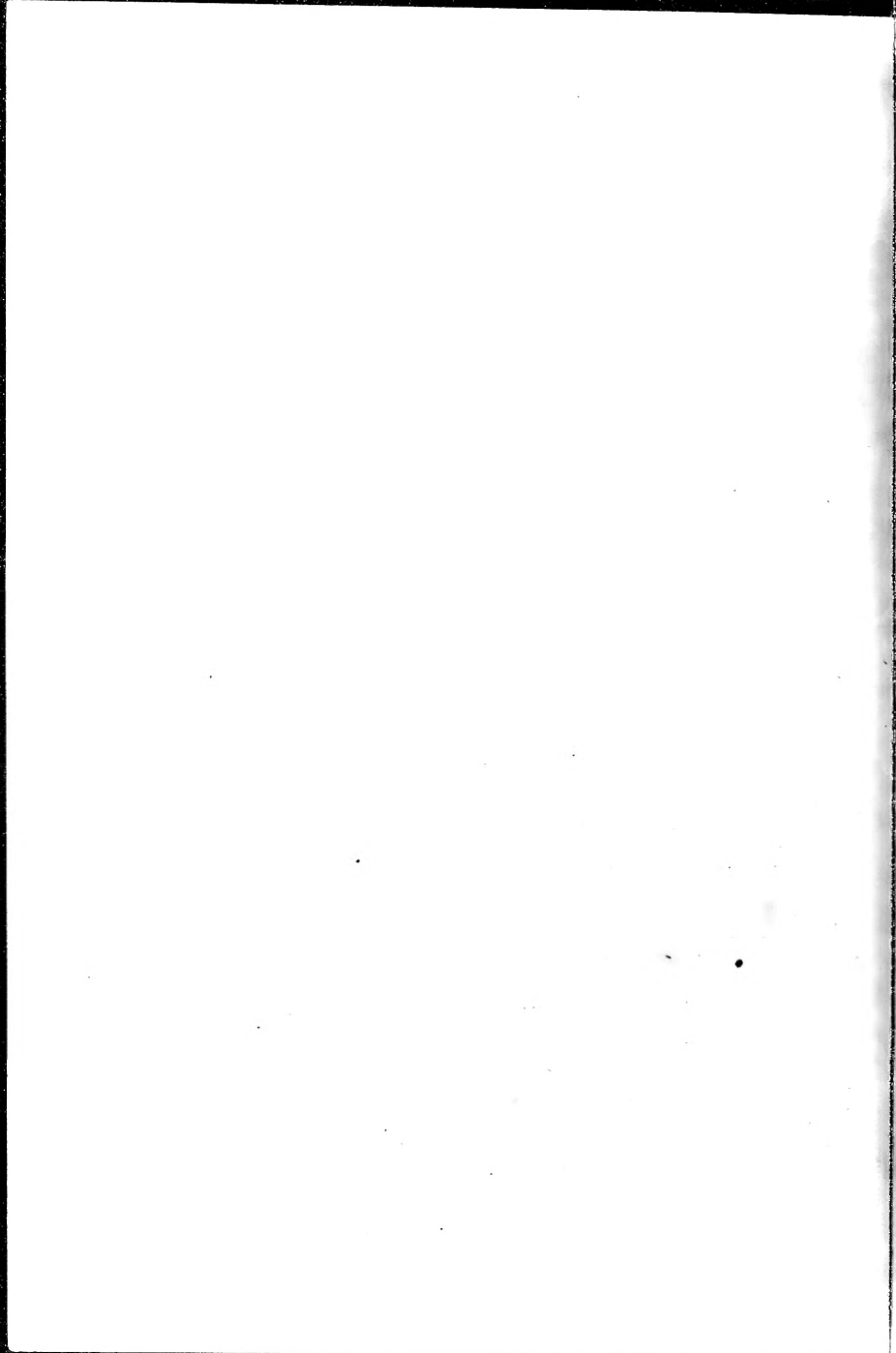
Reprinted by permission from the "North American Review," and Revised by the Author.

• THIRD EDITION.

LONDON :

Published for the New Fellowship, at 34, Great Ormond
Street, W.C.

1893.



THE NEW CONSCIENCE.

FOUR hundred years before the workingman of Nazareth in behalf of the toilers of the world came to deliver his message of love and a sword, a new conscience stirred some obscure heart in Greece to speak for liberty for the labourer.

Plato was dreaming of the elevation of man through impossible Republics and preposterous stirpiculture, and had no ear for this new voice. But Aristotle, man of science, knowing that the humblest of opinions may come to be the biggest of facts, puts it on record, though evidently merely as an eccentricity of contemporary thought. "There are some," he says, "who think that it is only the fashion of despotic government which makes one man a slave and another free, and that the tie must be unjust because it is founded in force." His was one of the greatest of minds, but it never divined that in this whisper of the new conscience of a few nameless Greeks lay the full diapason of a cry, before which would fall many a wall of citadeled oppression, built on sand because founded on force: unjust and therefore unsound. That still small voice rolls around the world, shaking the oppressor out of his seat, whether king, priest, man-stealer or monopolist. To the accompaniment of the guns of Fort Sumter and the Wilderness it sang the chorus of union and liberty, which Lincoln in 1861 heard sounding forth from the mystic chords of the American heart. Those unknown Greeks were the first Abolitionists. Lincoln signed only a chapter of the emancipation which they proclaimed, and that not the last chapter. Ceaseless growth means ceaseless emancipation. The symphony Lincoln heard plays on. One by one the cries of imprisoned and prisoner blend into the strains of a widening freedom.

It is the fashion of scholars to speak of the Greek intellect, the Roman will, the Hebrew conscience. The Hebrew had a conscience, not because he was a Hebrew, but because he was a man. The same birthright belongs to the Greek and to all of us. It was the voice of conscience, "that prophetic sign of my divine monitor," which always spoke to Socrates when what he was about to do would be wrong, and by the same revelation God wrote the Ten Commandments on the hearts of men before they were graven on the tables of stone.

Fichte says that the greater the wealth and rank the greater the vice. Seldom does the new conscience, when it seeks a teacher to declare to men what is wrong, find him in the dignitaries of the church, the state, the culture that is. The higher the rank, the closer the tie that binds those to what is, but ought not to be. It is the tramp, Christ, who has not where to lay his head, the peasant Luther, the poor mechanic William Lloyd Garrison, who are free to listen to new truth, and brave and free to speak the words that lead men out of old church, and old state, and old industry. The new conscience which warns civilisations to do justice to the workingmen, has always encountered the opposition of the mighty ones of earth. If this spirit of love and liberty stirred in the heart of any Jews of the old dispensation, their priests, unlike the scientific observer of Athens, let the fact find no record in their scriptures. Aristotle declared that no man could be a workingman and lead a life of virtue. In ancient times, learned, pious, patriotic, noble, all agreed that the victor who had the right to kill had the right to command, and that he who was given his life had no right to demand his liberty. Lawyers invented the doctrine that the slave could not buy his freedom, for the money he proffered for it must be his master's. The early Christian Church did not so much disapprove of slavery as of the enslavement of its own members. In the United States religious synods voted that the slavery agitation should be suppressed by laying on the table, unread, all petitions, resolutions, and other papers about it, and Evangelical Alliances forbade young people to dance, but refused to declare it sinful for a bishop

to hold slaves. Boston hissed the fanatic who declared that the theatre would receive the gospel of anti-slavery truth earlier than the churches. But in two years slaves on the stage in "Uncle Tom" shot their hunters amid loud applause, while the pulpit remained silent or hostile. As for property, its broadcloth mobs attacked meetings of women for proclaiming the new freedom, dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston to hang him for maintaining the right of the black workingman to fuller growth, and its Presidents and Supreme Court Judges ran with the bloodhounds to catch the fugitive labourer. The courts then, as now, made many things successful which they can never make respectable.

When the subject of the extension of slavery in the territories was before Congress, a Southern member arose and told how he loved his black "mammy." He had been nursed at her breast with her own black baby. "I love that black mammy," the Southern member fervently exclaimed, "and when I go into Nebraska I want to take her with me." "We do not object," said Ben Wade, "to your taking your black mammy with you to Nebraska; but we don't mean to let you flog her or sell her when you get there." Pro-Slavery law and order easily proved that to buy and sell workingmen in the market was constitutional, pious, profitable, based on contract, benign. All that the new conscience could reply was: "Hear the whistling of that lash, that drip of blood, the cries of that mother, the cries of the children; see those empty homes, those human faces twisted out of shape, master's as well as man's."

It was ridiculous, was it not, to meet those judges and bishops and millionaires and great editors with this talk about the lash, and blood, and the sacredness of the persons of working men and working women? There was no argument in it, only sentiment. The gravestones of Arlington* and Gettysburg* prove that sentiment can force a hearing.

There came a day when the black mammy could not be sold or flogged, at home or abroad, when families could

* National Cemeteries in which the soldiers killed in the Civil War are buried.

not be torn asunder at the auction block, when the great brothel was closed where half a million of women were flogged to prostitution, or worse still, degraded to believe it honourable, when a professedly Christian nation ceased to deny, by statute, the Bible to every sixth man and woman of its population. This was what the new conscience did for the slaves with the help of religion, but against the opposition of the church; with the help of the spirit of justice, but against the opposition of lawyers, judges and legislatures; with the help of the true science of labour, but against the efforts of the economists and capitalists. After all is over, lawyer, priest, professor, and money-maker find that they were wrong and conscience right, that the theory that treated men and brothers as chattels or goods was illegal, unjust, irreligious, uneconomical, and wealth-destroying.

For twenty-three hundred years the argument never reached a higher plane than that attained by the forgotten Greeks, who held that they were unnatural ties which were founded on force. This revolt against ties founded on force finds another echo, in the aspirations and ideals of those who are to-day seeking for themselves and others the right to work in secure tenure of employment, to live as long a life as their neighbours live, to live it as freely and to rear healthfully and happily children to live after them.

It was the force of battle that overcame the labourer of the old régime; it is the force of the market that subdues the labourer of to-day. The tie between the labourer and the master is still one of force, although it is not now one of visible chains. You say, "The labourer is free, he consents." Yes, free as the captive was—to work for what he can get or die. Like him he consents to save his life, or, more accurately, a part of his life. The Congressional Committee, investigating the strike of the Reading Railroad's men, asked General Manager Whiting, as reported by the Associated Press: "Have you made no effort to supply the places of the striking miners?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because we desire and expect our old men to come back"

"On your own terms?"

"At the old rates, yes."

"What force do you rely upon to bring these men back?"

"Well, sir, their necessities."

It is not by free will that the workingmen of to-day work ten, twelve, or fourteen hours, take competitive wages, live in poor tenements at high rents, spend their days as the mere servants or grooms of machinery, and, sending out their little boys and girls, and their pregnant wives to work, sacrifice almost everything that makes family life for you and me so sweet. They do not submit by consent to live a life not much above half the average length of that of the prosperous. Workingmen the world over are struggling to free themselves by every means of strikes, protest, organization, even to the desperation of physical violence. Singular behaviour, is it not, for men who are only doing what they want to do? They are kept down by force, by the force of competition instead of conquest, by the strategy of the generals of supply and demand. Once it was the force of the warrior, now it is the force of the capitalist. It was their weakness and the strength of others which formerly made the workingmen merchandise, and force still keeps them at the mercy of the markets. But the unresting heart of man is always in revolt against ties founded on force. Yesterday it declared that government is the control of man by man, and that the rights of rulers are drawn from the consent of the governed. To-day it avows that property is the control of man by man. That the rights of the ruled are the source of the rights of the rulers in property as much as in government. That if the common people can be allowed to vote in government, they can be allowed to vote in that other government, property. That if they do not insist upon their right to vote upon all affairs of property, they will lose their right to vote in matters of government. That there is no conscience, new or old, which compels the many to die undeveloped in order that the few may live misdeveloped.

What stirred the warriors' heart to spare the captive instead of killing him was the first beat of a new conscience.

When it grew stronger it said: He is more than a commodity. Grown stronger still, it says to us: His labour is more than a commodity. The central doctrine of the slave power was that the labourer was merely merchandise. The central doctrine of the money power is that labour is merely merchandise. Society supports the latter, as it did the former, with the consolidated array of all its institutions and laws. But both doctrines, and all that is built upon them, are absolutely destructive not only of the liberties of the labourer but of the liberties of all. The conscience that said the labourer shall not be a commodity though despised of the builders is now a cornerstone. A new conscience takes its stand before all our institutions, and says to them: Labour shall not be a commodity, for the labour is the labourer.

Under the theory of merchantable man the employer said: My workmen. Under the labour commodity theory the employer says: My workmen. Neither means my sheep to feed, but my sheep to shear. Congressman Hutton, of Missouri, says about the Reading strike: "I am tired of reading about strikes. Capital should be at liberty to pay whatever it sees fit for labour, and to employ whom it chooses." An iron manufacturer lately said: "If you employed on a large scale you would soon find that you ceased to look at your men as men. They are simply so much producing power."

If the Captains of Industry can reduce ore to iron only on these terms of reducing men to units of power, the sooner the Captains of Industry are discharged, and their places filled by Brothers of Industry, the better.

Henry Ward Beecher, after the Emancipation of Slavery, said, amid enthusiastic applause, "We have struck the shackles from the slave, and made him free and a citizen. Now he must take care of himself, and work out his own social and industrial salvation." "Why?" asked the new conscience, "Is he not still your brother? Because you have abolished one of the wrongs done him by you, does that give you the right to maintain the other wrongs? Are you not still his neighbour? When you work with him, and divide proceeds into profits and wages, will the God of Plymouth Church considerately turn his back, so as not to see whether you love your neighbour as yourself?"

The remark of the great pulpit-orator epitomizes the whole spirit of our civilization towards the labourer.

The ancients bought and sold men; we buy and sell the heartbeats only. The new theory that though the working man is not a thing, his labour is a thing, marks but a slight advance on the old. It means that the labour can be bought and sold regardless of the man behind it; that the buyer, the employer, can take any advantage of the seller, provided he does it under the formulas of supply and demand; that to buy his life of him cheap and sell it dear is all we have to do with the labourer; that the only conscience the buyer needs is to observe the rules of the market; that he can depress or raise prices without moral responsibility for the backs bent or hearts broken by his manipulations; that he can take more than he gives, regardless that the "goods" he gets are the lives of workers who cannot survive if they receive less than they give; that buyer and seller have a right to deal with each other as if they were business animals instead of business men. The labour is the labourer, because the man has to live twenty-four hours in order to be able to work eight or ten. His heart and head, his thoughts, his wants, his aspirations, all co-operate to produce the so-called commodity which, at the sound of the factory bell, is ready to begin the work of the day. When the man leaves the factory, he but takes the "commodity" away to recuperate his wasted energies for another day. That which he has left within those walls is not a thing. It is himself. "The great fundamental principle of anti-slavery is that man cannot hold property in man," said Garrison, The doctrine that "labour is a commodity" gives man property in man, and is therefore iniquitous and void. If labour is a commodity, the labourer is a commodity, and chattel-slavery still exists, freed only of all its Biblical and patriarchal restraints, possessed of powers for abuse more dangerous because indirectly exerted.

If you shall not buy the whole man, you shall not buy or sell part of a man. You shall not count into your purses the ruddy drops, from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve, and then say, "I know not whence they came or how."

We who "buy" labour, who take the expenditure of life that labour can part with, and do not return to the

labourer that share in the produce of labour which will permit him to repair his vitality, maintain a family, attend to his political duties, save enough for sickness and old age, have enough for such play and rest as will enable him to live to his allotted span, are, in the words of the Bible, "man-stealers." In our day and civilization such a man-stealer is as bad and wicked as the slave-holder in his. We who take from any business profits or interest on capital, while any of our employees are suffering for want of means for full growth as individuals, or citizens, are man-stealers, and we as man-stealers are to-day, as of old, robbing children of their years of joy, men of their prime, and mothers of their motherhood. It is no excuse for merchant or manufacturer or mine-owner or railroad corporation that the "system" permits, even commands, such wrongs. Mankind and God never separate the sinner and sin. The sinners will go down with the "system" if they don't change it. The money power so contracts with the working man, working woman, or working child that it gets the whole of him or her or it, as Wordsworth says, "health, body, mind, and soul,"—it gets the whole twenty-four hours of him, her, or it—and says, "I cannot share with you enough to let you live at the rate of twenty-four hours a day for a natural life. I and my system can find others in the free labour market so wretched that by themselves they cannot live a week. They are willing to give me outright ten hours a day if I will but pay them enough to live at the rate of fourteen hours a day for the few years their bodies can stand it. As you know our God is a God of competition, supply and demand, "free" contract. You must take the wages the other man will take, or yield to him your "sacred right to work." This may seem hard to you, but you must admit that it is right, for all our good and brave business men and their college professors will easily prove to you that you are not a man, but merely a seller in the market, and your labour is not your life, only a commodity. When the employer, the nation, the world of employers sit in comfort, and the employed are massed in the tenements whence comes the bitter cry of the outcast, and where poverty, prostitution, intemperance and premature death are chronic, are they on one side any less the

oppressors, are those on the other side any less the victims of force, because the fashionable world says, "Labour is a commodity?" The incantations of political economists cannot cure disease. Conscience cares nothing for the fine phrases of professors, statesmen, lawyers, clergy, employers, for their theories and philosophy of business. It says, "What have you done?" What are the results? Bother your theories and doctrines of rights! Show me the facts, not the formulas! It looks at Chicago and New York, at Cain in his palaces and Abel in the slums, at the profits of one "brother" and the wages of the other. It does not ask what church do you go to on Sunday, nor who were your professors in political economy. No, it only repeats the question asked under similar circumstances some thousands of years ago, What hast thou done? Where is thy brother?

Let us listen while a delegation from the Money-power remonstrates with the new conscience for its unreasonable sentiments and ideas. Here they come, one by one, and range themselves about. First speaks the Merchant prince:

I have a right to buy where I can buy cheapest.

Conscience.—See these little stunted hollow-eyed girls coming out of that factory!

Lawyer.—Wages are settled by contract.

Conscience.—Where can I find white-haired working men?

Capitalist.—Every man has a right to do what he will with his own.

Conscience.—What is the price of a Senatorship to-day?

Statistician.—Never were food, fuel, clothing so cheap.

Conscience.—Little Mary Mitchell works in Waterbury's rope works five days a week, from six in the evening till six in the morning.

Railroad King.—Every man makes his own career. I was a working man myself twenty years ago, and now I keep a carriage, a butler, and several judges and legislators "in four States," and—

Conscience.—That tired-looking man is a conductor of a sleeping-car belonging to a company owned by half-a-dozen men worth three hundred million dollars, which is not

enough for them, so they squeeze a few more dollars a month out of him by making him on every alternate trip do twenty-eight and a half hours' continuous work without sleep.

Banker.—Our wealth is increasing one billion dollars a year. We have boards of trades, the best railroads in the world, packing houses that can kill ten thousand hogs.

Conscience.—The sickening stench, the blistered air, the foul sights of the tenements, and the motherhood and the childhood choking there!

Conservative.—This is the best government in the world. America is good enough for me.

Conscience.—Listen to that "tramp, tramp, tramp" of a million men out of work.

Philanthropist.—The church is renewing its youth. We give millions of dollars for hospitals and foreign work and domestic missions to carry the gospel to the poor of all nations.

Conscience.—I hear a voice in the Abbey that cries, We do not want charity; give us work.

Manufacturer.—Without this system of industry the subjugation of North America to civilisation would have been impossible—we could never have shown the world the magnificent spectacle of—

Conscience.—There is a little boy standing ten hours a day up to his ankles in the water in the coal mine!

Coal Monopolist.—I have a statistician who can prove—he can prove anything—that the working man is a great deal better off than he ever was, that he makes more than I do, that small incomes are increasing and large ones decreasing, and there is no involuntary poverty, and that the working men could live on twenty-five cents each a day, and buy up the United States with their savings—and—

Conscience.—How long shall it be cheaper to run over working men and women at the railroad crossings in the cities than to put up gates?

Clergyman.—The poor we are to have with us always.

Conscience.—That sewing woman you see pawning her shawl has lived this winter with her two children in a room without fire. Are you wearing one of the shirts she finished?

Statesman.—The working man has the ballot and the newspapers. He is a free citizen.

Conscience.—As the nights grow colder see how the number of girls on the streets increases!

Now what can a man of affairs, a business man, a reasonable man, one who understands political economy and the Constitution of the United States and all that do with such a disputant as this? The more the pride of America points to its magnificence, and boasts of its Declaration of Independence, the more does the new conscience point to the wrongs and sufferings of these miserable men, women, and children—and so few of them too!

All extreme cases, you say? Just so. It was the possibility of its extreme cases that destroyed slavery. The possibility of such extreme cases as these demand the abolition of the system and the philosophy which permits them.

Upon the false theory that men cease to be brothers when they buy and sell, upon the theory that employer and employee are not fellowmen, but merely dealers in a non-human market, is built up the false society in which we live. The new industry and finance have put the labour of mankind under the control of the Money Power, which declares its right to deal on all sides with men according to the rules of a prize-ring called Supply and Demand. Conscienceless and greedy as the old slave power, its competitive rents give us the slums. Its competitive wages leave women the choice between suicide of body or suicide of soul, and tempt men to find in the stimulant of drink a substitute for the stimulant of food. Professing the gospel of competition, it imports contract labour, breaks up trade-unions, employs and disemploys labour in order to buy cheap of men who have no commodity but themselves to sell. But when it turns about as seller, it confronts the buyer with pools, trusts and combinations denying competition. The revolution of the new industry and the concentration of wealth have given the Money Power unlimited means to buy, and the morals which permit it to buy men as commodities, permit it to buy everything, even the things once held too sacred for traffic. The system that denies the manhood of man in the most

sacred function of all, labour, must deny it in all the relations based on this foundation. The system which permits the welfare of the labourer to be settled by competition, the law of the market, the false claim of property to do what it will with its own, must allow all welfare to be settled by the same philosophy. If the Money Power can make life and the means of life mere commodities, it makes it right to buy life as cheap as possible, to sell it as dear as possible. It makes it, when bought, the buyer's own. Hence the capitalist's claim of a right to do as he will with his own is the claim of a right to do as he will with human lives. Such a system, and it is exactly ours, has no moral reserves with which to meet the Money Power when it applies these principles as it is doing to-day in every direction to the moral ruin of society. Just this result is being worked out. The Money Power with its huge fortunes and corporations built up on the right to treat life as a mere commodity, more and more treats everything else as a mere commodity—from the virtue of employees to that of trustees, public and private. It refuses to respond when called to account. It simply asserts its right to buy cheap and sell dear, and to do what it will with its own. Andrew Carnegie, before the Nineteenth Century Club, dismisses the labour agitation by saying in effect, "Since no man in the United States need be a pauper unless by his own deliberate act, there is no labour question." Must American citizens wait to redress their wrongs until they have been made veritable paupers by the Steel Rail Trust and its confederate price conspiracies? That was not the way of the fathers. The price of tea in the American Colonies was cheaper after the imposition of the stamp tax than before. Nothing could be so light as that—a burden of less than nothing. But Justice Dana, in the presence of a great assemblage of the angry townspeople of Boston, standing under the Liberty Tree, administered an oath to Mr. Secretary Oliver that he had not distributed and would not distribute the odious stamps.

The people of Boston did not wait until they had been made paupers. "Enslave but one human being," said Garrison, "and the liberties of the world are put in peril."

Surrender to the Money Power the right to make but one price, the control of all prices will surely follow. They who control the prices of a nation control the liberties of its markets, and those who control the liberties of its markets will come to control all its other liberties.

The student of the evolution of freedom from Athens and Calvary to Appomattox and Trafalgar Square, says, When you see a cause against which all the powers of law, church, culture, and wealth are united, there is a cause worth looking into. If there was nothing in it, why should all these mighty institutions be so disturbed about it? And if you find all customs, statutes, learnings, creeds, logics, bazaars, and currencies against it, look at it still more searchingly. All these have always at the first been united against any new conscience, and have always conspired against it, even to the death. Let those who are the great because others are small—let those who are the happy because others are wretched—let those who are rich because others are poor—listen out of their golden security for the crier of the new conscience. His voice foretells a new day. If the working men and farmers have once, twice, thrice recognised and saved great truths neglected by the powers of the earth, it is quite possible they may do it again. It is possible they are doing it now. The ardent, sighing for a cause, bemoaning that they were born too late for the Anti-Slavery agitation, have, in to-day's ferment of the poor and lowly, the greatest cause of history. The abolition of chattel slavery has but cleared the ground. Toynbee Hall in London, and similar schools elsewhere, have been formed to carry university culture down to the working men. The movement is wrong from end to end. It is the universities that are in need of culture—of the culture of the working men in hardship, and equality, and sacrifice.

The great New England divine, Lyman Beecher was very much put out because the fanatic William Lloyd Garrison would not leave the slavery question to settle itself. It would do so, Beecher said, in a couple of centuries. Erasmus deplored, in the case of Luther, that the great change of the Reformation was not allowed to work itself out slowly, calmly, and without violence and

disruption. But there has always been one thing that put God and man into a hurry-injustice.

It is a singular truth that only in poor and primitive communities is there enough for all. Charles Dickens could see no beggars in Boston forty years ago. Like the early England, the early new England was one of great poverty, but of great independence and equality. "No rich man, no poor in it," said Wendell Phillips, one of the patricians of modern New England, "all mingling in the same society; no poor house, no beggars, opportunities equal." Thorold Rogers says, in his *Economic Interpretation of History*, "The means of life were more abundant during the Middle Ages than they are under our modern experience. There was, I am convinced, no extreme poverty. The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was, that every one knew his neighbour, and that every one was his brother's keeper. Though there was hardship in this life, the hardship was a common lot." It is only when communities get rich that there is not enough for all. The independence and equality of early England and New England were close to the ideals of Christ. But towns and the temptations of riches have been too much for the virtue of the quickest of hand and eye, and they have moved away into Beacon Street and the West End, and left their brothers in the tenements and factory towns. But if there was enough before the steam-engine and the Pool, there is enough now. Those who control the labour of England, Old and New, must direct it more evenly to equal advantage, or they must give way to those who will.

The lot of the people must be settled by the common people. If railroads and factories cannot be built and operated without their labour, neither can the proceeds be divided without their consent and co-operation. If the common people can be allowed to vote freely in government, they can be allowed to vote freely in property. It is not necessary to befuddle the subject with the fogs of political economy or constitution or legal intricacies. The simplest elements of justice, freedom, and love, supply the only profundities needed. The question between the money-power on one side and the people on the other,

with the labourers and farmers in the van led by men like Emerson, Mazzini, and Carlyle, is simply and sharply a question of More! more for the People, less for the Power. If you want to quibble about words, and say that all men are working men, then the question must be defined as one between rich working men and poor working men; between working men with luxuries, and working men without; those around the parks and those on the farms; those who own the machinery, and those who operate it; between the working men who monopolise, and those who are monopolised; between the workmen who get the privilege of living in shanties as their share of coal-mining in Pennsylvania, and the working men who get dividends on five hundred million dollars of coal stock. Bring on all the statisticians in the world to figure out that the farmers and working men are better off than they were. Thorold Rogers proves it is not true, but if it were, it is beside the point. They are not getting their share. Never was there a country, says a popular preacher of Chicago, in which the rich have done as much as in America for the poor. But the truth is, never was there a country in which the poor have done so much for the rich.

The leaders of the revolution of the new industry have quite mistaken the terms of the contract with society under which they have been hired to do these great things. Society hired them to work for society. But the captains have assumed that all they led in making was to be their own, and that they could do what they willed with their own. They still have something to learn.

The Conservative cries out, "You are going to destroy society."

Did it destroy society to abolish slavery?

The Conservative cries out, "This is revolution!"

No, it is the remedy.

The revolution has already occurred. That took place when the mighty wheels of the new industry whirled the peasant and his children away from his little homestead, the artisan away from his cottage loom and his village shop and non-competitive brotherhood, and herded them into tenement houses and factories. It was the revolution which took the husbandmen, labourer, and artisan out of

the *Golden Age* of the 15th century, which preceded the new industry. Then living was cheap and men were dear, the working day in field and town was but eight hours a day. Master and men both belonged to the same union, no man could compete with another of the same fraternity, and the employee had the same right to his place that the employer had.

It is the revolution which has changed all that.

During the last century has come the realisation of the vision of the ancient Greek poet who foresaw a time when "the shuttle would weave and the lyre would play of itself."

That is the revolution.

Time was when judges sent men to jail for forestalling, cornering the markets. That was in the "dark ages." Now the money power establishes "trusts" in everything, and our judges tell us that the burden of monopoly is "light."

That is the revolution.

The new industry has broken up the brotherhoods of the old industry, and has swung the few strongest and cleverest of the working men into palaces, and front pews, so far away from their old comrades and fellow workers that, as one of them said: "I have no time to remember their faces, much less their names."

That is the revolution.

It is the revolution that has capped the new industry with the high finance, and tied up the people in the paper chains of charters, contracts, and stock-exchange securities. "The time is coming," said the Earl of Derby not long ago, "when the people of Europe will repudiate their national debts, which now take eight hundred million dollars a year from them."

That is the revolution. And the gospel of the revolution is the doctrine that you can do anything with your fellow-man provided you do it in the market.

The remedy is in the new conscience, which says simply that a man shall never be so much of a buyer or seller as to cease to be a brother, and that labour shall not be made a market thing.

Before us is the practical question, What is the next step? The next step, like the first step, is more liberty

for the labourer. His emancipation still invokes us. Conscience has freed him from frightful abuses, but frightful abuses remain. His growth is not yet full and free. Civilization groans under the evils of the revolution wrought by the new industry and its philosophy. The denunciation by our prophets, the outcries of the farmer and working men, the attempts to regulate factories, railroads, mines, tenements, infant-labour, are all confessions of the evil, and confessions of the impotence of the system which produced those ills to remedy them. A gospel of hatred is rising in classes and masses which hate employers, hates employees, hates household service, hates household servants, hates foreigners, hates pools, hates trades-unions, hates the grangers, hates reformers, hates politics. All these are symptoms of a high fever. But a new mankind has been conceived and will be born—a winged beauty out of the earth-measuring worm—which will not know force, and fraud, and hatred, and will let love, their natural tie, bind men and nations together. The practical work of to-day is to abolish the cannibals of competition, warriors of supply and demand, tyrants of monopoly, monsters of the market, devourers of men, women and children, buyers and sellers of life. The progress of humanity, says Emerson, consists of recognition of the truth that every private and separate good is delusion. Property, capital, and money making as now permitted are still systems of man hunting. Monopoly is force, and force is slavery, and slavery must be abolished. A lover of birds, Maurice Thompson, tells us that as he wanders through the southern forests he knows afar off when he is nearing a human habitation by the songs of the birds near the cabin, which declare to all the world, by a special tenderness of tone, that they love man and have made their nest near his. The heart of man is not less than the heart of the bird.

Churches come and go, but there has ever been but one religion. The only religion has been that which clears off one by one from the face of the earth-stains that hide the God imprisoned in the flesh, which breaks down one by one every barrier which incarnation has put in the way of the growth of the God within in the likeness of the God

without. In the sight of the new conscience wherever man walks, there is the Holy Land, and it raises the cross of the new crusade which shall deliver it from the infidels who deny the divine right of the people that the will of God shall be done on earth as in heaven. It insists that every question between men is a religious question, a question of moral economy before it becomes one of political economy, and will make all political, industrial, and social activities functions of a new Church—a church of the deed as well as of the creed—a church that will not only preach Christ, but do Christ—a church where science, the revelation of what has been, will never be at war with religion, the revelation of what ought to be—a church which will make its worshippers share this world as well as the next world—a church which will recognize no vested right of property in man except the right to love and be loved—a church which will declare that the difference in the death rate between the classes and the masses is evidence of murder done for money—a church which will look upon idleness by the side of industry, wealth by the side of poverty, luxury by the side of want, health by the side of disease, as impious and profane in the highest degree, the real sins against the Holy Ghost—a church which will stop the manufacture of poor houses, because it will stop the manufacture of poverty—a church which will not let any man offer charity to those to whom he refuses justice—a church which will not help the poor, but will set them to helping themselves, and will slay the infidel in the path—a church which will abolish all middlemen in morals, and will make every man doubly guilty who grinds the face of his fellow by an agent, guilty for himself and guilty for the agent—a church that will offer not even the lowliest member of the communion of mankind crumbs from the table, but a seat at the table and a full meal three times a day every day—a church that will consider it more practical to keep its buildings open and its congregation at work in relays night and day than to let “brothers” starve and freeze or go astray for want of sympathy or advice—a church which will persecute the heretics who give the highest bidder the best pews in the churches and the best chance in the courts—a church

which will teach that the life eternal is the life we are living now—a church which will not let the poor give up all of this world on the unsecured promise of the rich to divide the next world—a church that will judge civilization not by the six million dollar cathedral on Murray Hill,* but by the children in the back alleys—a church that will “dine with the poor and preach to the rich,” until there are no more poor—a church which says that those who are to be brothers hereafter must be brothers here—a church that will know what its members believe only by what they do—a church which recognizes nothing as love which does not bear justice as the fruit—a church of law and order, but the law is for the rich as well as the poor, and the order is to be peaceful growth for the least of these little ones—a church which will prevent the anarchy from below by punishing the anarchy from above—a church which will deny the right of infanticide to the employer, now denied by society only to the parents—a church which declares the sacred right to work to mean that he who works a full day shall live a full day, and that employment is a right, not a charity—a church which will restore reverence to men by giving them leaders in church, state and business worthy of reverence—a church which will make every social wrong a moral wrong, and every moral wrong a legal wrong—a church which will teach men to turn the other cheek when they can do it as free men, not as slaves—a church which will deliver with the message of peace, the message of a scourge for the money-changers in the temple—a church which will tell the merchant-prince that between him and his ruined competitor, and between him and his employees there is a moral question greater than the question of markets—a church which will abolish the merchant-prince, and the factory corporation sooner than let them abolish the childhood of children—a church which will not let the employers profess on the fourth of July that all men are born equal, and then fatten the rest of the year on the advantages of organization which they deny to the employee—a church in which God will be natural and men

* One of the fashionable quarters of New York.

supernatural—a church which will abolish charity and philanthropy, for these cannot be between brothers, and need not be where justice is—a church in which no man will have a right to do with his own what he will, but only a right to do what is right—a church which will take the weak and despised out of the earthy Inferno of dirt, and want, and ignorance, to which they have been condemned by the oppressor—a church which will keep a hell hot in this world to punish the oppressors here for every blow they strike at God through his image, man—a church which will tell the sinner that repentance fit for heaven only begins by restitution and reparation on earth—a church which will teach that brothers must share both the mess of pottage and the birthright—a church which will worship God through all his sons made in his image, through a mediator, Mankind, which, having suffered all and sinned all, can sympathize with all, and will carry all the weak and weary ones safe in its bosom—a church which will realize the vision of Carlyle of a Human Catholic Church.

HENRY D. LLOYD.

"Fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP was formed by a few persons who believed that in order to realise the social ideal of Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood, it was desirable that those who upheld it should co-operate to give it the fullest possible effect in their relations with one another and with the world. The movement to secure equal social freedom by political agencies should be supplemented by an independent ethical movement; a movement which should keep the fundamental moral issues unobscured, help to make clear the springs of political activity, purge social and family life of its selfishness, and insist upon the claims of an ideal of fellowship in the pursuit of a Common Good. It is not sufficient to urge the claims of this ideal by word of mouth only; but it must be recommended by the example of lives lived in obedience to it, and by its embodiment, as far as possible, in all social institutions and relationships. The more fully and strikingly it finds expression in these ways, the more certainly will follow those political changes which are necessary to give all men the chance of realising it.

Further information respecting the New Fellowship may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, J. F. OAKESHOTT, 34 Great Ormond Street, W.C.

*The following Publications of the New Fellowship can be
obtained at 3A, Great Ormond Street, W.C. :—*

SEED-TIME, the Quarterly Organ *	3d.
<hr/>	
THE MANIFESTO OF THE NEW FELLOWSHIP.	3d.
THE ETHICS OF SOCIAL REFORM. By MAURICE ADAMS	2d.
THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM. By THOMAS DAVIDSON	2d.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF WILLIAM FREY. By Professor BEESLY	2d.
ON THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By WILLIAM FREY	2d.
THE NEW CONSCIENCE, OR RELIGION OF LABOUR	1d.
THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES	1d.
WEALTH AND THE COMMONWEALTH	1d.