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The Standard.

VOL I., No. 3.—JULY, 1870.

CHRISTIANITY—LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE Sunday afternoon course of lectures at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, was closed by a lecture by Mr. PHILLIPS, entitled, "In Christianity, no Substitutes, and no Mustering out."

I choose this subject, said Mr. PHILLIPS, because there seem to me to be very many grave issues, critical and important questions, looming over the horizon, which the purpose and intelligence and virtue of the community are to grapple with in the next ten or twenty years; and it becomes every man interested in the prosperity of our civil government, or in the purity of our social state, to examine as accurately as he can, and to bring forward as fully as he may, all the reserve forces of social science and religion which can by any possibility help us to deal with these great questions.

It seems to me that we have reached a certain epoch in the development of our social theory. In a certain rude sense, we have come to the end of what may be called the mechanical philosophy of social science. We have put in train at last—if we have not accomplished, we

have put in train—all the great principles which underlie the mere mechanical civilization of to-day. We may expect more in quantity, but we have no right to expect any thing further in quality, unless we invoke some new elements. Social science is a sort of wise selfishness; it is an enlightened selfishness. It sets on foot the great principles which mould human nature, which protect one man in his rights, and unfold the capacities in another; and to a great extent our form of society and our form of government have perfected these. We are tending—if we have not reached wholly, we are tending—to the government where, as freely as possible, every man is left to the exercise of his own powers. We have flung away the narrow and faithless curbs which, in former times, a timid disbelief in human nature afflicted the world with. If you trace the civilization of three hundred years ago—five hundred—it is a civilization of timidity. It seems to have imagined that man was a wild beast; that God created him utterly unmanageable, with nothing inside his own nature that had any tendency even to make hi⁴⁴

a useful tenant of the powers and body God gave him. The consequence was, that education, and wealth, and strength—otherwise government—busied itself entirely with keeping this unmanageable, untrustworthy wild beast in curb; piled all sorts of obstacles, burdened him down with all sorts of restraints; imagined that government was never perfect while this man was out of leading-strings—this wild beast. Gradually, very slowly, after the lapse of centuries, men woke up to the idea that there was something in human nature itself that could be trusted. The border chief of the Rhine, when he set up his castle and plundered every passer-by, imagined that that was the only way in which he could make use of his fellows—had no idea except absolute compulsion, with no consultation of the other party to the bargain. He gradually found that if he placed his robber hand too outrageously on the traveler, the selfishness of man would devise another way, instead of passing under his bridge; and so gradually he consented to levy a well-recognized toll as a sort of compensation for the privilege of his road and the safety of his neighborhood, over which he took care. That remained awhile, still compulsory—a tax. Finally, one day, civilization woke to the idea that, after all, a free road, welcoming every body, and every business, and every kind of occupation, through it, had within it finer and richer sources of prosperity for the rich and able who presided over that section, than any compulsory tax. That is, at last, taking off the iron curb, the man trusted his interests to the mutual advantage of himself and

his neighbors. That is modern civilization, grown up very gradually. Social science affects to carry out that principle to its extremest result—not to force, but to win, not to put a curb outside, but a motive in, to consult the laws which God originally laid down for the government of mind and of matter, putting yourself in a line with which, you are certain that they are safe, and gradually learning that they are the most profitable.

Here is the laboring mass of men, two thirds of the race—three quarters of the race—the men that wake only to toil, lie down only to rest. We had an idea that we could preach them into morality, that we could sermonize them into thrift, that we could bring to bear upon them a certain weight of example, moral influence—all excellent—all with a certain effect. But that method lacks behind it the motive principle.

LORD ERSKINE said once that all the machinery of the British government was only a cumbrous arrangement to put twelve honest men in a box. If I were to define our state, I should say that commerce and sovereignty, and State governments and nationality were only a cumbrous machine to put an independent, an intelligent, and a well-purposed man at the side of a ballot-box. That is the final result, the sheet-anchor, the nucleus of the civil government under which we live. We have tried pulpits; we have tried journals; we have tried all sorts of outside moral influence. Social science says to-day, "You must now begin at another point; you must give that man so much leisure that his moral and intellectual na-

ture will wake up to a comprehension of his relations. Again, you must give him such a fair share by some arrangement of mutual profits, resulting from skill, and capital, and labor—such a fair share that he shall feel constantly that he has no wrong done him. You must put him into equitable relations, according to his own consciousness with things about him. You must make him feel natural—not only give him what is just—you must awaken his nature to such a comprehension that he must see it to be just. And in that consciousness of justice, and in that opportunity of development, you restore the man—and in the man the mass—to that relation to our own day which makes him the stable corner-stone of civil institutions like ours.”

Look at the city of New-York. You can not govern it ; it is an infamy to our civil theory. The native American gives it up. The foreign Tory points to it as the cancer, as the complete reply to the Declaration of Independence. Europe says to us, “ You have a very good theory ; it sounds excellently well ; it appears perfect on paper. We see that it grapples with the problems of small towns and sparse population ; but you have never yet governed half a million men gathered into one mass. You have never yet grappled with the problem of bringing under self-government half a million of men with the natural amount of crime, and property pandering to crime, always to be found, inevitably to be found, in such an aggregation.” Well, we have tried all sorts of palliations, of alleviating influences, and yet to-day there is not a great city in the United States that is not govern-

ed by its criminal classes, whose civil machinery is not each year set up and in the popular phrase “ run ” by its criminal classes.

In every community, since history scrutinized it, you find two classes of men, the conservative and the progressive, the timid and the bold, the satisfied and the unsatisfied, the man that never looks with any comfort on the new moon, out of regret for that venerable institution the old one, the man that is never satisfied unless there is a change every week—inevitable differences of mind. Indispensable also, because they seem to be the methods by which God lifts forward the race. Between these two honest, perfectly honest, ideas, stand ever, in a great mass of a million men like New-York, or a quarter of a million men like Boston, five or seven thousand men interested in the vices of the community. Behind them some portentous array of capital pandering to their object. Two hundred millions of dollars in the city of New-York interested in drink ; seventy millions in the city of Boston. This solid square has no ideas that are not common—ideas that have an object. With iron concentration, under keen resolution, like the solid square on which Wellington leaned in the centre of Waterloo, they hold both the sides, and the result is—it could not be otherwise in the present arrangement of civilization ; it is nobody’s fault—they dictate the civil arrangements of the state. They must control it. Neither the one side nor the other can afford to disregard them. The best man in either rank is not available, if he has eyes so wide open that he can see the crime purposed by this

central power. Now you may talk, preach, sermonize, as long as you please. Until you bring some new element into line; until you lift the masses of men from subjection to this temptation, you can not make a state; it is impossible. I affirm in all sincerity that if there is no statesmanship in this country that can deal with the great question of intemperance, except as it has been dealt with, the statesmanship of this country must surrender the government of great cities to a despotic theory; it never can grapple with it. The only remedy is some remedy, for instance, that takes up the laboring masses of men, and lifts them into an intelligence, and a purpose, and a disinterestedness, and a devotion, that shall be superior to this temptation. If you can find it in the labor movement, well; if not, find it elsewhere—find it you must, or give up the theory. Take another kindred vice—take the social evil, as it is called, of great cities—the immorality of the sexes. We have dealt with it in every form for a thousand years; we have marshaled against it science and morality, shame and civilization, and it lifts its head as defiantly, spreads its toils as deep and as wide as ever, and, as Macaulay says, “The influences of these social vices are, that on ordinary occasions, in the common years, they demoralize a large mass, which skulk and hide themselves at those times from the notice of society. But in critical moments they emerge, and in the hands of bad men are forged into weapons to beat down order.” Now, we have done every thing in the world but one. We have sacrificed money, and effort, and influence.

At last, social science says, “I will establish a breakwater, I will get a motive inside the lines. The fort shall betray itself. I will open to woman so wide, so profitable, so diversified a field for her exertions that all the rewards and luxuries of society shall be as fully and as promptly within her reach as they are within the reach of her brother. I will take this curbed energy which frets against its barrier, and I will give it free course. I will take these chilled and dwarfed powers; I will awaken them into full activity, and they shall in their turn dwarf the animal propensities.” Man lifts himself by ambition, girdles the globe with his commercial enterprise, takes the finer and larger powers of his brain, and with them grasps the possibilities of his powers, and in their presence all mere bodily temptations chill and dwarf into comparative insignificance. On the contrary, the other sex, once fallen, have no such resource. Ninety-nine Vermont boys out of a hundred, if you will give them the first opportunity to achieve the great prizes of life, will disdain to steal. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred, if you will put within their reach the honors and comforts and luxuries, the travel, the opportunities, the wealth, the world, as freely as for their brothers, will disdain to gain them by vice. (Applause.) Social science says, “I will still continue the efforts of Christian exhortation; I will melt away opposition by entreaty; but, at the same time, I will take from under this vice the large and lavish opportunity that it has in the prejudices of society.” Social science says to you, We don't want your dollar; we don't want

your earnest effort ; or rather, yes, we want them, but we want something else. We want all that, lay it liberally on the altar ; but what you must lay there liberally also, if you would grapple with this great evil, lay your prejudices there ; lay your disbelief there ; lay your narrow, bigoted, contracted, bald, mechanical attachment to old theories there. You have given us your gold ; it has done its utmost. Give us now your ignorance. Give us now your antagonisms. Stand out of the way.

So we go to politics. The range of our political life is all low, dishonorable. If I were to use the proper phrase of olden time, I should say that in the caucus of American life there never yet was seen the flavor of a gentleman, with his delicate sense of self-respect, the keen, vivid, fastidious spirit of modern honor to which we give the name—we used to give the name—the “spirit of a gentleman.” The god of the caucus is availability. No matter what the means, if you compass the end. Sink the method out of sight, no matter. The god of our social life is honor, an indescribable, an impalpable something that exacts fastidiously the utmost self-respect, and says to the man that travels as far as he can guarded by a statute, “You are a fool ;” which says to the stupid bigot that does even what the church allows him, “You are a criminal.” It arraigns both before its tribunal, and says, if you hide yourself behind the law, or if you shelter yourself even behind church organizations, we remind you that the delicate sense of pride and honor which lives in social life cries out to you, “We condemn you for a thousand things that both al-

low.” Where did you get this society ? We got it by taking man and woman, and linking them together according to the laws of God, and that is the result. Now, there is no other force left for society or for politics, except to bring in this reserve power of womanhood. Put yourself into line with that law of God which has given us modern civilization ; lift the caucus to the level of the parlor. It is one of the laws to which social science tells you to lend your attention and sacrifice your prejudices in order to bring in this new force. I don't care what you think of it, I tell you in front of us lie the great questions of governing cities, dealing with intemperance, grappling with immigration, understanding the putting on its feet the great question of labor. I want every moral and purifying force known to the nineteenth century ; I don't care where I get it. If there is any thing in womanhood, I demand it, because the country is sailing close to the wind. The seas are high, and rocks are on each side. The best statesmanship of the day is confused and doubtful. The immigration of the surplus of four hundred millions of Chinese has frightened yonder republican Senate—one half of it—out of its faith in the Declaration of Independence. I am only asking you, to-day, as republicans, to consider the weapons you have got to fight with.

Now, that is all social science. It is all wise selfishness. It don't teach religion. It don't begin even to approach the hem of the garment of moral and religious reform or purpose. It is nothing but a prudent, wise, cautious, intense selfishness, which undertakes to make these

streets safer, free speech a possibility, progress probable, and republicanism perpetual with this forty millions of people. What I want to add to it is a second and a much higher lesson.

Let us take CLARKSON or JOHN HOWARD, as an illustration of this higher lesson. A hundred years ago, CLARKSON represented the thought that there ought to be in the civilization of ages no distinction of race; the black man should be as good as the white. It has taken a hundred years, and it is not yet accomplished. All over the islands, far down into other continents, it is not yet accomplished. The Saxon race has measurably accomplished it. We boast that we have a Christian civilization, and yet it has taken a hundred years to incorporate measurably into the thought, and habit, and law of a Christian race such a self-evident proposition as that. Why was it? It seems to me it was because it was left for one man, and then a dozen men, and then a hundred men, and then a thousand men to represent the effort. Nobody denied it, no intelligent person; nobody denied that it was a Christian tendency. Nobody doubted that it had within it the inspiration and the purpose of really a Christian idea—nobody. But it was left to a certain agency, was left to a few men, was left to a comparatively small minority to fight it out, to represent it, to enforce it, to argue it to the rest of the world. Now, my idea is—and this is my text this afternoon—that in a really Christian civilization, when such a man as JOHN HOWARD, or such a man as CLARKSON appears, we have a new thought inspired of God. It would have been

natural, and it ought to have been, that all that considered itself Christian, instead of being engaged in a hundred different ambitious and selfish channels, should have turned a fair share of its attention, not by deputy, but in person, not by substitutes, but actually, toward the impersonation and the defense, the advancement and the realization of that idea. Had there been any recognition of that duty, it would not have taken twenty years to get it accomplished; that is, the only thing to have dealt with would have been the ignorance—nothing else—of the surrounding community. And it would not have taken twenty years to do what now it has taken a century to accomplish. I claim, therefore, that in a truly Christian civilization, no man has the right to devote his life to study, to art, to money-making, to material development. There can not be a Christian scholar. There can not be a Christian millionaire—it is a contradiction in terms—in the circumstances of the day. If the responsibilities of man and his duty are fairly multiplied into each other, it is not possible. I don't mean to say—understand me—that there can not be luxury. The stately palaces of Fifth Avenue are not what I am attacking. There will be just as stately palaces, and just as gorgeous—but there will be a thousand instead of one. But there never will be one of them—not one will ever lift its marble walls from its foundation, while there is the filth, the demoralization of Five Points within half a mile. It will come in due time; it is all before us. The race has never reached yet the luxury, nor the refinement, nor the splendor, nor pomp which its ultimate

development will accomplish. I don't war against that. I only say that while there are such influences to grapple with, a Christian man never can turn his energy, his disciplined and trained intellect and skill toward the rolling up of forty or sixty millions of dollars. I claim that from the very moment of his adult life he owed so much of his waking hours personally to his fellow, and then that iniquity would not have been possible. I do not want his wealth; I want him. I do not want his contributions; I want his countenance.

Now, I will carry you up to the legislature, perhaps to-morrow, and I will show you a code of laws applicable to wine. It is infamous. I will take you down into the byways of the city, and I will show you here and there perhaps a score of standing and terrible instances of suffering. You shall listen to the story until your heart bleeds, and every word shall be true, and every technical objection to a remedy brought by lawyers and business men shall be sound honest opposition. It can't be otherwise: every one of them. I will walk through the streets of this city, and I will show you perhaps one hundred instances, and we might count up more than one hundred instances, of extreme suffering, of terrible agony, of absolute sacrifice of wife and child to the law; but there it stands on the statute-book with one hundred men working against it. The legislature is full and the community is full of heedlessness; one is making money, another is studying Greek sixteen hours a day; another is finishing a picture that shall rival Raphael's; another is writing poetry whose me-

lody and pathos shall touch our heart; another is planning a machine that shall carry a million of men twice as fast as the railroad and twice as cheap; and you say to every one of them, Here is a case of atrocious suffering. "Well," they say, "undoubtedly, but the general rule is good, the general law is all right; this is an exceptional case; in the average, society is wise." I say, Christianity knows no average of injustice. I don't want your general laws; I don't want your atheistic Lord COKE telling me it is better a law should be certain than that it should be just. I say, in the presence of the New Testament, every human being is sacred and infinitely precious. And the intelligence, the sagacity, and the Christianity of this community, instead of building more railroads, painting more pictures, and piling up more millions, is bound to find out a way by which this general law shall not result in individual agony. (Applause.) I don't believe in general averages; I don't believe in grinding up ten men in order that nine hundred and ninety may be very happy. I don't believe in a general rule that may be good, and may be bad; and in the mean time there are one hundred terrible sufferings. What I allege is, that Christianity has no right to be making money, getting wise, and getting refined; art and the other achievements of the human intellect are all good, I have nothing to say against them; but I had a mortgage on you before; you were bound to me before you studied Greek; I have a mortgage on you in the name of your Creator, and the mortgage is that suffering brother who does not know how to walk.

Let us take another illustration. There are some children ; they are wandering through the streets ; they are not brought up, they are dragged up ; they are ignorant and filthy ; they are half-clad and neglected. You take them and put them into society ; you shield them, hide them in homes of good influence. I protest against it. If it was a poor and narrow or limited community just grappling with the means of support, I would say, "Ah ! you did your best." But here are a quarter of a million of men and women ; they are all comfortable, all intelligent ; they are most of them in easy circumstances, and a large portion don't know what to do. I will tell them what to do. They should not break up that family ; they are bound to go to that unworthy home ; they are bound to put those children right under the hands of father and mother. God meant to have them there as the best motive to elevate that father and mother and hold on to them. They should never shield them by deputy ; they should shield them, and the father and mother too. They have no right to abstract that element of the family's growth, to save that portion and let the rest float where it pleases among the refuse timber of society.

Here is another illustration. There is a lot of young men strolling up and down the town, floating this way and that, with no purpose, and very little to do, with little helm and no sheet-anchor—a few public-spirited men club together, raise \$100,000, and they build a gorgeous building and call it a Young Men's Christian Institution. They fling open its doors, and they say, Here is gas and fire, and shelter, and books, and companion-

ship and prayer. This is the way in which we are going to catch hold of this floating mass and save it. That is Christianity. It has funded \$100,000 in the effort. It has set up a banner, and said, "Come here, come to this point, and I will help you." Selfishness sets up a grog-shop at the corner of every street, lights its gas, and candles, and its fire, provides its room, and arrays its liquor. It does not set up any banner, and say, "Come here ;" it goes to them. It gets as near to them as possible ; it sets up so many open doors that the blindest man could not help stumbling into some of them. Selfishness says, "I will make money ; I have got seventy millions of dollars behind me ; I will open a pitfall that shall bring these means of coining gold out of vice into my hand ; it shall be impossible that a young man shall take a step that shall not step into my toils." Christianity says, "Don't you see how I have got him ; don't you see what a sufficient standard I have set up ? I have built a costly hall in a single spot, and I have put an advertisement into the newspaper, and any man that wants to can find out that there is a hall lighted and warmed." Pshaw ! do you call that Christian wisdom ? I call it a sham and a skulk. I want seventy millions of Christian dollars that shall put an open house, full of light, comfort, and companionship opposite every grog-shop in the city. I want seventy millions of Christian dollars that shall open a dance-house opposite every dance-house in Ann street, and make it a moral and Christian, a saving and refining roof, so that a boy shall not be able to step his foot without as equal chance of entering a Christian

refuge, as he has of entering a refuge of the devil. Seventy millions of dollars contributed in Boston by the devil to open a house on every corner, and \$100,000 contributed by Christianity to open one!

What made the civilization of today? All the forces of human nature. We have energy, and thrift, and ambition, desire of wealth, desire of comfort, desire of display, the wish to show our ability—all that make human nature; and they have run in the direction of material development. One man says, "I will coin increase out of good;" another says, "I will coin it out of vice." You can not help it; you need not preach to it; you might as well go and talk to Niagara. Two hundred millions of dollars in the city of New-York standing behind ten thousand open drinking saloons, brothels, and gambling hells, and you say, "We will publish tracts, we will preach in pulpits, we will put half a million of dollars into the hands of patient men and women, and they shall go round; meanwhile I, with sixty millions, will build a railroad to San Francisco, and double it, and I will build another to the South Pole, and double mine again; and I will give you \$100 to establish a prayer-meeting at Five Points." You can't fight the devil with prayer-meetings; because all human nature is not covered by prayer-meetings. It is good. Don't go away and say I said any thing against prayer: I don't; it is a good thing. All is, the parchment is not broad enough to cover the necessity.

Men say, "There is the theatre; some of its employees are immoral; and its lobbies are filled with temptation and vice; intemperance stands

on one side, and degradation on the other; shut up your doors, and preach against theatres." Never! Give me a million of dollars, and I will build you a theatre that shall be pure from corner-stone to cap-stone; there shall be nothing in it but honorable and healthful and indispensable contribution to the love of human nature for imitation, for acting, for tragedy, and comedy. If the genius of BOOTH makes \$100,000 by acting on a polluted stage, I will give him \$200,000 to come and act on mine. (Applause.)

There is a newspaper. It is the New-York *Herald*; it panders to every low vice. You will exclaim against it, but you waste your words. The merchant says, "The best news on stocks I can get is here; the keenest insight I can get into politics is here; the most instinctive sagacity and judgment of American life is here;" so he swallows the immorality, and buys the intelligence. Give me ten millions of dollars, and let me countercheck the *Herald* by columns which no business man will dare to enter Wall street without reading. And give me the Christian men of Wall street. One man knows railroads; another man knows copper; a third knows Nevada; a fourth knows cotton; and a fifth some other specialty, each one indispensable in his own department. Does he make \$100,000 by hoarding his sagacity? I will pay him \$200,000 for putting it into my columns. I don't wish to abuse the *Herald*; I don't wish to abolish immoral papers by statute; I will provide you one so infinitely better if you will give me this \$200,000,000 of reserved Christendom. The devil pours out \$200,000,000, and gets it; you don't

bid high enough; it's a pity you don't.

If you understand me, I claim that all the moral, intellectual, material, pecuniary forces in the hands of Christianity should be brought into an equal fight. Give up New-York, and send a message to the powers at Moscow for despotism to come and rule the great city? No! I send word to the \$500,000,000 in the hands of Christian men, hoarded up for their children, and I say, Give me these; and then I say, Give me your personal presence. Your millions are not enough. I want you actually at the legislative lobby; I want you to go down with me into that suffering street. But you say that can't be. It can. In the war time you did it; every woman of you either went down into the hospitals or staid behind and held up the hands of those who did. What made the soldier so uncomplaining who was clutched from this very class that you can do nothing with in the city? You can not hold him back from the State prison; you can not hold him back from the grogshop; you can not keep him back from vice? The testimony is, from the lip of no wounded man was there ever heard a curse in the presence of woman; from no agonized heart was there ever heard a complaint. What lifted that common humanity into such a level? Because all Christendom bent in the presence of that nursing person over his crib. (Applause.) Because he felt it was no substitute that came down, paid to do an agent's work, to give him charity. Because he felt that laid on the same altar where he laid his life, was all the wealth and all the

heart of the broad North that he left behind him; that every woman's nature was working, every heart was feeling, and every foot was swift to come to his bedside. You left a virtue, a self-control, an enthusiasm, a self-devotion and purity, such as other years can not equal. Go to him in his own hut here in the same way, not as a paid agent, but as a Christian feeling just as much for him who is the victim of a fiercer war than the South ever waged, who is wounded under a battery more bitter and destructive than General LEE ever marshaled; who needs just as much your sympathy and your Christianity to help him.

What I propose is, that you should supplement law with all these great forces of Christianity which are now dissipated in every direction. I claim that if you use them you can grapple with this great social disorder; and you can not grapple with it in any other way. Social science will never solve the problem. If you scrutinize the elements that make up our life, it has no panacea to offer you; the only panacea is, that you have got to fight the devil with his own weapons. Suppose General GRANT had said, when LEE marshaled his troops from Charleston west to Vicksburg, "That is very bad fighting ground; I am not going down there; I shall station myself at Chambersburg in Pennsylvania, or I shall encamp on the level prairies of Illinois; and if General LEE comes up here, I shall whip him." We should have said, "That is not strategy;" we should have said, "If you want to crush the rebellion, follow it; if it encamps at Vicksburg, confront it there; if it exists in the marshes of

Carolina, meet it there ; if it surrounds the rivers of Tennessee, as-sail it there. Wherever it goes, go there to meet and fight it. Now, here is the devil who is encamped everywhere ; he has got genius and painting ; he has got the press and the theatre ; he has got the dance-house, and he has got amusements ; he has got every thing in his own hands, and Christendom says, "What a portentous power !" with hundreds of millions of dollars in his hands. Christendom says, Here is a system of railroads, which cobwebs the continent, marries the ocean ; we can't do without it. The civilization of the nineteenth century demands it ; the empire can not go on without its facility. At the same time, there is not energy and brain and discipline and business talent enough to run it in the service of the church. The church has not bred virtue enough to run it ; only the devil has bred brains enough to run a railroad system. The consequence is—and every business man within these walls knows it—that there is not integrity and virtue enough in this American people, bred of its present phase of Christianity, to run its railroads honestly. That the men at the head of the great movement, at the focus, with hand firm enough, and brain strong enough to guide the machine, are not contented with salaries, they must steal. It can not be hindered. It is a demoralizing example, and its influence radiates into all quarters. Social science says enlightened selfishness dictates honesty. New-York replies, "That may be true, when you take in the breadth of a century ; but, to-day, enlightened selfishness, mea-

sured by thirty years in this metropolis, dictates rascality ; we can make more money by that, gain more esteem, stand on a higher pedestal, can mould our time more certainly ; hereafter, in the long run, measuring humanity from LUTHER into the next century, honesty may be the best policy, but to-day rascality is the best." What will you do ? You may wait a century or a century and a half, and the gradual unfolding of the moral sense of forty millions of people may elevate human ability up to the level of honesty enough to grapple with the concentrated capital of the day. I have no lack of faith that it will be so. But if you want it before that time ; if you want it to-day ; if you want these examples removed from the contemplation of your children, you have got to find somewhere Christian men, religious men, men with moral purpose, able men, herculean in brain and hand, who will be ready to say, "I see that sink, I see that portentous example, I see that cancer spreading its rottenness through the whole business body ; and I will undertake to manage this great forty millions of railroads for nothing ; I give you my ability for the sake of the example ; I contribute that to the Christian influences of to-day."

You disbelieve in it ; you are smiling at it. Why, GEORGE WASHINGTON did that, and he was not a model Christian. He managed thirteen States in a great war, and he never took a penny of pay. A mere French patriot said of the moral sense of his day, "I lay myself on the altar of three millions of people in order to teach you how the public may be served." Then I say to you there

ought to be a Christian millionaire to-day, who, stepping out of the ranks of private emolument, should say to the forty million power, "Give me those funds, and I will return you every penny. If the way opens for ten millions of development, it shall be all yours. I serve you, not from ambition; I stand there, not from greed, but simply to show you that there is a power in Christianity that is ready to make a sacrifice, as there is in the devil's ranks." You disbelieve it. That is the chill of the hour. You don't even believe in the possibility of virtue. You can not conceive of a man thirty years old going down into State street, who, after spending two days for himself, being what is considered a childish old woman philanthropist, spends the other four in serving his kind. You don't believe it. The men who have done it in our day, and I could name half a dozen of them, you know were called weak-minded and bettyish, and contempt has covered their memory. You not only want one, you want the whole; you never will grapple with your day until you do it. Underneath you is surging this immense power of human vice; all the hitherto uncalculated and uncalculable energies of the human race in this utterly unfettered stage of its development, are turned into the great channel of each man doing the best for himself materially; and then men open their eyes wide and say, I am astonished; how rotten our civilization is. What did the Master mean when he saw the tax-gatherer, and said, "Come, follow me;" when one brother came and said, "Let me go and divide the possession," "Come, follow me;" and when another said,

"Let me go and bring my father." "Come, follow me"? It didn't matter, the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was, "Come, follow me." Running through the studio and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come, follow me." I want not your "Amen," I want not your substitute, I don't want your ten per cent—I want you. Go up to yonder legislature in a manner that will sweep away injustice in a moment; let the whole community stand in front of the court and say, You can not decree injustice. You must fight the devil with his own weapons. Don't let him put a picket down there, unless you put one right opposite to him. If he sets up one establishment, set up another. Don't retire before him; don't be frightened; don't say we have not enough; you can outbid him, you can overwhelm him. You can gather round you such attractions that, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, you will carry the day; the one hundredth you must leave to God. But in the vast majority of cases you will carry the day. Don't fight him by force of arms; don't make laws against him; don't abuse him; don't endeavor to curb him; give him the greatest freedom possible; fight him with ideas; fight him with attractions; fight him with greater inducements; meet him, and stand toe to toe, hand to hand; if he pours out a dollar, pour out two; if he sets up a dance-house at Five Points, don't set up a prayer-meeting next to him, set up a dance-house next to him. Meet him with the same weapons; address yourselves to the same element of human nature, grapple with the same power