

Dr. Talmage  
on  
"The Labor Question."

# THE LABOR QUESTION.

Monopoly and Communism Struggling for the Possession of This Country.

The Two Ugly Suitors Who are Seeking the Hand of the Nation.

The Monster of Oppression and the Devil of Destruction Pitted in Battle.

A Powerful Sermon by Dr. Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Yesterday.

Special Dispatch to the Leader.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 6.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the fourth of his series of sermons on "The Labor Question." His subject was "Monopoly and Communism Struggling for the Possession of this Country." Before beginning his sermon he announced that the congregation would make a trip to the Thousand Isles on the 26th instant.

The text was Isaiah lxiii. 4: "The Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." Following is the sermon in full:—

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our public. Bold, exhilarant, unimagined by the labor agitation and thinking in this country is going to pick up this morning a sermon of good anticipation the time when the Prince of Peace and the heir of universal dominion shall take possession of this nation and land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials;

Not Mausoleum but Carpeted Altar; not cypress but orange blossoms; not requiem but wedding march, for "Thy land shall be married."

I propose to name some of the suitors, who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse, until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for the most part, monopoly decides everything. If monopoly favor a law it passes. If monopoly oppose a law it is rejected. Monopoly stands in this railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for service. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotives, and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators—giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods 15 per cent less if they are merchants; and if he finds a case very stubborn, as well as very hard to win before him the hard

to easily caught now of Mr. Buchanan, in one of our States

## Procured a Donation of Public Land.

It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received \$175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower House of that State received \$5,000 and \$10,000 each, the Governor of the State received \$50,000, his clerk received \$5,000, the Lieutenant Governor received \$10,000, all the clerks of the Legislature received \$5,000 each, while \$50,000 were divided amid the lobby agents. That thing, on a larger or smaller scale, is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and, therefore, not as easily exposed or arrested.

I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal; and every man, woman, and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism.

I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in their work of liberation! I wish that this question might be the question of our Presidential elections, and that we compel the political parties to recognize it on their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. There is not a laborer in the land that would not be worth a million dollars if he could. I have nothing to say against corporations as such—without them no great enterprise would be possible; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to

## The Poorest Man and the Plainest Laborer.

What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without adequate compensation I am a thief, and if a railway damage the property of the people without any adequate compensation that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds and thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness.

Five hundred acres in this country make an immense farm. When you read that in Dakota Territory Mr. Cass has a farm of 15,000 acres, and Mr. Grandon 25,000 acres, and Mr. Dalrymple 40,000 acres, your eyes dilate, even though these farms are in great regions thinly inhabited. But what do you think of this which I take from the Doomsday book, showing what monopoly is on the other side the sea? I give it as a warning of what it would do on this side of the sea if in some lawful way the tendency were increased. In Scotland, J. G. M. Haddley has 50,000 acres; Earl of Wemyss, 52,000 acres; Sir J.

Biddell, 54,500 acres; Sir C. W. A. Ross, 55,000 acres; E. H. Scott, 59,700 acres; Mr. S. Baird, 60,000 acres; Earl of Dunmore, 60,000 acres; Duke of Roxburg, 60,000 acres; Earl of Moray, 61,700 acres; Countess of Home, 62,000 acres; Lord Middleton, 63,000 acres; Earl of Aberdeen, 63,500 acres; Mackenzie of Dundonnell, 64,000 acres; Mr. J. H. Johnstone, 64,000 acres; Earl of Air-He, 65,000 acres; Sir J. Colquhoun, 67,000 acres; C. Morrison, 67,000 acres; Duke of Montrose, 68,000 acres; Meyrick Bankes, 70,000 acres; Grant of Glenmorriston, 74,600 acres; Marquis of Ailsa, 76,000 acres; Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, 76,000 acres; Mr. J. Malcolm,

## Eighty Thousand Acres;

Marquis of Huntley, 80,000 acres; Balfour of Whittinghame, 81,000 acres; Sir J. O. Orde, 81,000 acres; Marquis of Bute, 93,000 acres; the Chisholm, 94,500 acres; Mr. E. Ellice, 99,500 acres; Sir G. M. Grant, 103,000 acres; Duke of Portland, 106,000 acres; Cameron of Lochiel, 109,500 acres; Sir C. W. Ross, 110,400 acres; Earle of Fife, 113,000 acres; the McIntosh, 124,000 acres; Lord Macdonald, 130,000 acres; Earl of Dalhousie, 136,000 acres; Macleod of Macleod, 141,700 acres; Sir K. Mackenzie, of Gairlock, 164,680 acres; Duke of Argyle, 175,000 acres; Duke of Hamilton, 183,000 acres; Duke of Athole, 194,000 acres; Duke of Richmond, 255,000 acres; Earl of Star, 270,000 acres; Mr. Evan Baillie, 300,000 acres; Earl of Seafeld, 306,000 acres; Duke of Buccleugh, 432,183 acres; Earl of Breadalbane, 437,696 acres; Mr. A. Matheson, 220,433 acres; and Sir J. Matheson, 406,070 acres; Duchess of Sutherland, 149,879 acres; and Duke of Sutherland, 1,176,343 acres.

Such monopolies imply an infinite acreage of wretchedness. There is no poverty in the United States like that in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for the simple reason that in those lands monopoly has had longer and larger sway. Last summer in Edinburgh, Scotland, after preaching in Synod Hall, I stood on a chair in front of the hall and preached to an audience of twenty thousand people, standing in one of the most prosperous parts of the city, and reaching out toward the castle; as fine an array of strength and health and beauty as one ever sees. Three hours after I preached in the Grass. Next and to the wretched inhabitants of the Cowgate and Canongate, the audience exhibiting the squalor and sickliness and despair that remains in one's mind like one of the visions of Dante's "Inferno."

## Great Monopolies in Any Land

imply great privation. The time will come when our government will have to limit the amount of accumulation of property. Un-constitutional, do you say? Then consitu-

tions will have to be changed until they allow such limitation. Otherwise the work of absorption will go on, and the large fishes will eat up the small fishes, and the shad will swallow the minnows, and the porpoise swallow the shad, and the whales swallow the porpoises, and a thousand greedy men will own all the world, and five hundred of these will eat up the other five hundred, and one hundred eat up the other four hundred, and finally there will be only fifty left, and then forty, and then thirty, and then twenty, and then ten, and then two, and then one.

But would a law of limitation of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so near my neighbor's foundations in order to build my house that I endanger his, the law grabs me. If I have a tannery or a chemical factory the malodors of which injure residences in the neighborhood, the law says: "Stop that." If I drain off a river from its bed and divert it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the bed of the river a breeding place for malaria, the law says: "Quit that outrage!" And has not a good government a right to say that a few men shall not gorge themselves on the comfort and health and life of generations? Your rights end where my rights begin.

Monopoly, brazen-faced and iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretched it out over the lakes, and up the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people, North, South, East, and West, forbid the bans of that marriage—

**Forbid Them at the Ballot-Box,** forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiments of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring Monopoly that this hand is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is Nihilism. He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William of Germany practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and President on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from his throne and take it himself—the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism; in the United States it is called Socialism; in Russia it is called Nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smashup. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would

drive a dagger through your heart and apply a torch to your dwelling, and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft, and lust, and rapine, and murder.

Where does this monster live? In St. Louis, in Chicago, in Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. The devil of destruction is an old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined.

#### On a Small Scale I Saw It

In my college days, when in our literary society in New York University we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art gallery, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine fresco on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration. Sometimes the evil spirit shows itself by throwing vitriol into a beautiful face; sometimes by willfully scaring a horse with a velocipede; sometimes by crashing the cart wheel against a carriage.

The philosophy of the whole business is that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring classes never had anything to do with such murderous enterprises. It is the villainous classes, who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of state would allow them, as wreckers, to carry off the cargo. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or, rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paws on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which

#### To Spring Upon Its Prey.

It was Nihilism that massacred the heroic policemen of Chicago and St. Louis a few days ago, and that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was Nihilism that again and again in San Francisco

and in New York mauled to death the Chinese; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school-house, college, and home in ashes.

Let me say it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferations for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people, or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, not the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater.

Yet this Nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for the republic. Shall the bans be proclaimed? If so where shall the marriage altar be? And who will be the officiating priest? And what will be the music? That altar will have to be

#### White With Bleached Skulls,

the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruit must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to be to Nihilism, the sanguiniferous monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity. Mark you that all Anarchists are infidels. Not one of them believe in the Bible, and very rarely any of them believe in a God. There most conspicuous leader was the other day pulled by the leg from under a bed in a house of infamy, cursing and blaspheming. The police of Chicago, exploring the dens of the Anarchists, found dynamite and vitriol and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and obscene pictures, and complimentary biographies of thugs and assassins; but not one Testament, not one of Wesley's hymn books, not one Roman Catholic breviary. There are two wings to Infidelity—the one calls itself Liberalism and appears in highly literary magazines and is for the educated and refined; the other wing is in the form of Anarchy and is for the vulgar. But both wings belong to the same old filthy vulture, Infidelity! Elegant Infidelity proposes to give this land to itself by the pen and

poses to conquer it by bludgeon and torch.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but Infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words "Asleep in Jesus" and to substitute the words "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and

#### Tear it Up Into Fragments

so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States and the Supreme Court and the Governors of States and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason" or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom of Dahomey; between American civilization and Bernesian cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes, and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that holy book in his hand, stood before an infidel club at Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Consort to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to

#### Take the Hand of This Republic.

It stretches it out through seductive magazines and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all East of the Mississippi with the keys of the church and the Christian printing presses."

then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado—give me all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession, long before the gospel can be fully entrenched."

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the bans of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West—a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues, and malaria, and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the bans of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices; "our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill, and Independence Hall and Gettysburg; "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No!" cry ten thousand voices; "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

But there is another suitor that presents his hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text, where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure, it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love him that he stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares his grace to spittle on the eyes of the blind man. He compares himself to

#### A Hen Gathering the Chickens,

and in my text he compares himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, the king, deserve this land? Behold Pilate's hall and the insulting expectation on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorrhage of five wounds. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the king, suffered in torture thirty-three years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage. Before Columbus and his hundred and twenty men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They knelt down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country, and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." After Columbus and his hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ships' decks to the solid ground what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What

did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven-besieging prayer they took possession of this country for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us. Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land,

#### Rolling Down on All Sides

into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metalled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, 480,000 square miles of iron. The land so countoured that extreme weather hardly lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good he has been to us and our children! To him—blessed be his mighty name!—to him of cross and triumph, to him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the Pilgrim fathers—to him shall this land be married. Oh, you Christian patriots! by your contributions and your prayers hasten on the fulfillment of the text.

We have during the past six or seven years turned a new leaf in our national history by the sudden addition of millions of foreigners. At Kansas City, I was told by a gentleman who had opportunity for large investigation that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate \$800. I was told in the city of Washington by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone

#### Averaging One Thousand Dollars

in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Emigration that twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought \$85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not single additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for his kindness in

helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage, all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the Commission of Emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination, and there they will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night, as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian empire, yet the Austrian empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic empire, yet the Germanic empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you

#### The Great West

of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city saying: "Stand back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!"

"But," say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments, and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charltons of the Pacific Coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charltons of the Atlantic Coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel, and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nations, saying: "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."