

Irish tenant were constantly to be found directed not against his landlord, but either against his father for dividing the farm, or his brother for marrying, or his neighbour for bidding against him. The efforts of the League (the *Land League*) have been as much directed against the covetousness of tenants in the face of one another as against the covetousness of landlords and agents." And it is useless to suppose that a proletarian state—from which all sectional privileges may have been banished—can escape this deadly disintegration except it be born of a moral revolution. There have been times when the under-dog, baited beyond further endurance, has turned upon his tormentor; and these are indeed the brightest passages in secular history. But revolution does not mean the removing of the leprosy, but only the redistribution of it. The under-dog may become top-dog; but the old canker has not disappeared. It has only changed its place. We shall never create a living society until we are cleansed of the leprosy of self-love. Life will remain an everlasting squalid scramble.

The whole problem came before Jesus one day in a very simple and vivid form. A man came and asked him to bid his brother divide the inheritance with him. It was the old familiar squabble about a dead man's property. The stronger party had grabbed it; and the weaker was left out in the cold. It was a case of plain and palpable injustice. But Jesus went right past the material injustice to the moral heart of the quarrel. The disinherited brother was morally no better than the other; he was in the grip of the same disease. And much graver than