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but a river, and free—free to flow, not to stop. Shame on the Christian men who would stop it! With God's Word and God's Spirit in it, it is the nearest earthly symbol of the river of the water of life. Its fountain is in the Throne of God. Its waters, compared with other streams, are clear as crystal, and on either side of it is the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Yet Christian men make it serve their uses like a common river. They cover it with barges of traffic and gayety. They crowd it with the piers of their thundering bridges. They dam it with causeways and turn it into sluices to drive their mills and water their pleasure-gardens. And over many a tired laborer, who would sit down on its margin to bathe his brow and drink, they lift the lash of capital, more cruel often than that of slavery, and force him away.

Do they dream that there shall be no reckoning? Shall some paltry arguments about ancient ceremony unmake the lasting reality of things? Is rest a ceremony? Is worship a ceremony? Is a poor man's day with his family, and his own soul, and with God, a ceremony? If the cries of the laborers, whose hire is kept back by fraud, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, shall He be deaf to the cry of that increasing generation of men who within the sound of church bells, are, for the sake of dividends, degraded below the possibility of piety, by endless work?"