

## SERMON FOR LABOR DAY

DR. TALMAGE SYMPATHIZES WITH  
HARD LOT OF WORKINGMAN.

## VIRTUE SEEN IN AFFLICTION

Oppression Does Not Always Decline, As  
Witness the Multiplication of the Hebrews in the Land of Egypt During the  
Reign of the Pharaoh Who Knew Not  
Joseph—A Comparison With American  
Labor Conditions of To-day.

Bated according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Hall, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 4.—In this sermon, which is specially appropriate to the Sunday before Labor Day, the preacher expresses his sympathy with the hard lot of the workingman and points out some of the conditions which increase his difficulties. The text is Exodus i., 12, "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

"Some virtues," wrote Joseph Addison, "are seen only in affliction." But from the Egyptian standpoint it would take a very long and a very useless investigation to find any virtue in the national catastrophe which, as the text would indicate, was about to overwhelm the Egyptian kingdom. The mightiest foreign foe ever assembled upon the borderland drained by the arteries of the gigantic Nile was not to be feared as much as was the host of enslaved Hebrews who were living among them. It was only a few hundred years before that a little handful of Hebrews, with their flocks and herds, had migrated to and settled in the land of Goshen during the Premiership of Joseph, the famous statesman. But since that time the descendants of old Jacob had multiplied so greatly that now they could be counted literally by the hundreds of thousands. Not only in numbers were they to be feared, but in mental power also. With the proverbial acquisitiveness of the Hebrews, these people were absorbing much of the wealth of the kingdom. Moreover, the "signs of the times" declared they would soon become rulers of the nation. By a silent revolution they threatened to take possession of the Egyptian Government.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" was the one question that was upon almost every Egyptian lip. "Shall we allow the Hebrew people to become the dominant factors upon the banks of the Nile and to sit upon the throne of the Pharaohs?" This question was not only asked in the street, but it was anxiously discussed in the King's palace. To-night we see the lights blazing in the Privy Council room. As we enter the council chamber we see the King sitting at the end of the long room, surrounded by his best and strongest Ministers. After the question has been talked over long and earnestly I see the King rise. He looks straight at his Councilors of State as he says: "Gentlemen, we are facing a condition, not a theory. We dare not and cannot deport the Hebrews from our realm. They are now essential to our national welfare and prosperity as laborers, clerks and servants. But we can do them from holding property. We can forbid them studying in our schools. We can enslave them and make them the chattels of our people. We can degrade them by ignorance and overwork. Thus saith the King. I here and now decree the Hebrew men and women and children from henceforth to be in perpetual bondage. They shall be compelled to make bricks without straw. My Ministers will see that my decree is carried out. When the King speaks the King's will becomes the law. Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Council is dismissed."

This royal behest was carried out to the letter. The Hebrew people living in Egypt were disfranchised. Not only were they deprived of the rights of citizenship, but they were degraded to the most abject and humiliating servitude. Their property was taken away from them, and they could not even claim their wives and children as their own. Yet, strange to say, and yet not strange after all, the more the Hebrews were cursed and struck and ill-

used and murdered by the Egyptians the more their numbers grew, and the more of a menace they became to the Egyptian Government.

This is the first Sunday in September. To-morrow is Labor Day. Many preachers this Sabbath morning will be talking to the mechanics, the clerks and the farm hands, to the masons, the carpenters and plumbers, and to all those who work with their hands. It is not inappropriate that this morning I should present some of the conditions that are afflicting American labor. If in this talk I should speak frankly concerning capital, I shall speak with equal candor concerning labor, for I firmly believe, as a dear friend of mine said to me a few days ago, that "the greatest curse labor has to bear to-day does not come from capital, but from labor itself."

"The more the Egyptian master afflicted the Hebrew slaves," says our text, "the more they multiplied and grew, and the Egyptians grieved because of the affliction of Israel." Labor's afflictions. We first find them in the American laborer being compelled to compete for work in a home market that is glutted with foreign immigrants. We find them in the great army of invaders which each year disembarks at Ellis Island, New York's Castle Garden or the present day. We find them in the impoverished Italians and the Bohemians and the Portuguese and in the human outpourings of Europe who each year come to our manufacturers and foundrymen and contractors and say: "Let me handle your pick." "Let me lay your asphalt pavement." "Let me dig your mines." "Let me chop your wood." "Let me work in your foundries." "We are foreigners. We do not intend to become citizens of the United States. As soon as we can save up a little money we intend to return to our native land and live there. But meantime we will work cheaper than any American man can work. Why? Because our living expenses are practically nothing. We will live in dugouts. We will eat food that no American family would eat. We will buy no books and will wear the cheapest clothing. As a result of these conditions of living we can crowd your American workman to the wall."

The American laborer, from this foreign competition, must have help, and help right soon, to save him from this condition of affairs. Our National Legislature must give it. Shall we lift high our tariff walls to protect capital and not at the same time lift high our walls of immigration laws to protect our native workers? Is not the American laborer's status as valuable in the sight of our Government as the capitalist's pocketbook? "What do you mean by such a statement as that?" some one asks. "Would you start another Know Nothing party? Would your ballot box slogan be 'American work only for the American born—American political offices only to be held by those cradled under the shadows of Mount Washington and Pike's Peak?' Oh, no, I am not preaching any such political nonsense. I do not believe there ever was a political party wrapped in the swaddling clothes of so many errors as that born in 1853, and which, with ex-President Millard Fillmore as its Presidential candidate, swept many of our northern States in 1856 with the political cry, 'America only for the American born.' American liberties and American prowess both on land and sea, militarily and industrially, have been won and built up by America's adopted sons as well as by her native born children. Were there not foreigners among George Washington's mightiest companions in arms? Baron Johan DeKalb, who was shot at Camden in 1780, and Kosciuszko and Lafayette and many others—they were all foreign born. Who were the most valued statesmen during Washington's Administration next to the President himself? Alexander Hamilton, who was foreign born. Who was John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, that revolutionized naval warfare and saved the American navy off Newport News? He was a Swedish-American; he was foreign born. If you blot out from our nation's history all the deeds which America's foster sons and daughters have accomplished for the land of their adoption you blot out some of its brightest pages.

But while we, as American citizens, would welcome gladly into our midst the German or Englishman or Scotchman or Swede and the men of any foreign nationality who with intelligence would come among us and

say: "Brother, give me thy hand, for to-day I would be one with you and become an American citizen," yet to-day we would not welcome the ignorant, the idle, the filthy, the pauper, the lazzaroni or the criminal off-scourings of Europe or Asia, who would come to this land, not to become American citizens, but to stay here just long enough to scrape together a few thousand dollars and then go back to the land of their birth. We would not welcome the ignorant and depraved of foreign lands, who would underbid our American workmen, and compel our American boys and girls to live in dugouts or as rats in a cellar as they live. These classes have neither part nor parcel in the glorious inheritance of freedom and equality for which our forefathers fought and bled. While we would gladly open our gates to the oppressed of other lands, we would shut them against a horde that can have no appreciation for the precious privilege of American citizenship, and no sympathy with our national aims and ambitions, and whose coming is as much of a menace to our people as the cloud of locusts is to a harvest field. Nations, like individuals, should be as well as generous in their hospitality. We must protect ourselves against the industrial locusts of the old world by wise and discriminating laws, which shall do justice to none, and which, while vindicating our ancient hospitality as a world-wide asylum for the lovers of liberty and independence, shall shut out the swarms of mere mercenaries and against the "indescriminate elements" which other lands seek to thrust upon us, from whatever quarter they may come.

Labor's next great affliction is to be found in the absurd and tyrannical demands made by some labor unions, which seem to have the suicidal policy of antagonizing capital at all times and under all pretexts and of widening the breach between capital and labor, with the result that labor itself is the heaviest sufferer through their insane follies. The most brutal tyrant the southern negro knew in antebellum days was not the white man, but the negro himself who was made the overseer of the plantation. In the same way in many cases the most brutal tyrant the laboring man has to-day is not the capitalist, but the "walking delegate" or the "mercenarist" political trickster who, as a laboring man, manipulates the executive committees which govern the labor unions for their own ruin. Of course this indictment is not universal in its application. There are many honest and upright and beneficent labor organizations, like that of which the late Mr. Arthur was president, namely, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Arthur brought that organization up to such perfection that it not only looked after the interests of the owners of the different railroads, but after the interests of the engineers themselves. There are many clear brained, sagacious and noble minded labor leaders whose object is not to disorganize the labor market, but to steady it, so that employers as well as the employed may have their due.

Now, my laboring friends, mark you this. I am not claiming that capital is all right and labor is all wrong. I think some of the most mercenary men in the world are to be found in the ranks of capitalists. Some of them will squeeze out of a worker his last drop of blood. But, while capital in some instances may be merciless, it is quite certain that if the labor unions will stop their petty bickerings and their unjustifiable tyrannies and unite to demand what is right capital will be compelled to yield to all of labor's just demands. So long as labor persists in making absurd claims just so long will labor not only be refused such demands, but labor will lose much of what she justly and rightfully ought to have. When a labor union comes and says, "Capitalist, you must hire the men I send to you and no others," then the capitalist, stung by such tyranny, replies: "Rather than have you dictate to me what I shall do I will fight your organization to the last dollar. Free I was born, free I shall live, and free I shall die." It is flint against steel and is the inevitable result of such a course of action. This is the spirit with which capital is to-day fighting labor when labor makes absurd and unjust demands.

But I would speak also in reference to another great affliction from which labor to-day is suffering. The world, by every law of justice, owes every man, woman and child a living, if they are ready to work for it. But God never intended some people to work for a living in certain ways any more than he intended a colt six months old to do the work of a well developed draft horse. He never intended young boys and girls to leave school before their time, or wives and daughters to labor as farm hands in the fields, where there are sturdy fathers and brothers physically able to bear the brunt of the work under the noontide sun. Yet everywhere we see strong men, able-bodied men who want to work and yet who are unable to find employment because the work that they should do is being done by women who ought to be at home caring for the household. The natural place for woman is the home. It is there that the qualities with which God has endowed her find their proper exercise. To be the wife and mother, to make the house a home by her sweet and refining influence, to train the children to be good and wise men and virtuous women by a mother's love and care—these are the services she alone can render, and if she deserts that duty it will go undone, and this country will lose its moral tone. There is no compensation known to man for the lack of a mother's beneficent influence on her children.

I yield to no man in my admiration for the girl, who being left fatherless, and having no brothers capable of earning a livelihood for the bereaved family, goes forth to toil for the support of her widowed mother and her fatherless brothers and sisters. Many a noble girl is doing

that and deserves to be honored for her conduct. Many a girl unsought in marriage, seeing her father gradually losing by age his capacity for work, takes up the burden of helping to provide for the family, which he is no longer able to bear alone. All honor to her for the assistance she is rendering, and for the sympathy and reverence for her parents which she displays in relieving them of care and anxiety. Many a widow, clinging to her children, and shrinking from the pain of having them scattered in the charitable homes of relatives or friends, finds employment by which she can support and educate them and fit them for their duty in life. God bless and help all such and give them the strength they need for their arduous lot!

But the spectacle of what such women are doing has stirred the ambition of another class of women. These are they who voluntarily and by choice elect to do a man's work in the world. In order that they may escape the drudgery of domestic service or the weariness of school teaching or in order to obtain money for extravagant dress and ornament or for luxuries which their fathers cannot provide, they thrust themselves into business pursuits, displacing some man who was earning a higher salary, and they help to depress the market rate of wages.

I protest against a system which makes it impossible for a strong, able bodied man to find work, forcing him to stay at home and live upon his young daughters' earnings when they themselves should be at school or helping their mothers at home. There are only two ways to rectify this evil. Employers should hire their employees in two ways. First, when an applicant comes for a place give the preference to men who are husbands and fathers and the heads of families; second, absolutely refuse to employ any young girl in a store or factory unless that young girl is fatherless, brotherless and has others dependent upon her for support. It is high time that some of our female clerks who are working in stores for a little extra spending money should go back to their homes and domestically help to care for their mothers and fathers and younger sister and brothers, where they belong.

The afflictions of the industrial workers of America are very great. Indeed, I sometimes think they are about as badly off in America to-day as were the Israelites in the Egyptian capital over three thousand years ago. In a blunt way I have tried to present three or four of the difficult labor problems which confront the laboring classes of America at the present time. Do not, however, even for a moment suppose that I consider these problems and others like them impossible of solution. The same God who led the children of Israel out of their enslavement will yet lead his American children to freedom from their industrial ills. I feel that both laborers and capitalists, living together in harmony and love—all living as Christ would have them live. May all of us, whether we work in broadcloth or in overalls, try to speed that millennial day by doing to our brothers as we would have our brothers do to us. Then all labor troubles will not be solved by the "black rule of selfishness," but by the "Golden Rule of Christian love."

## MOTHER AND BABY

When baby is well the mother is happy. When baby is cross, fretful, feverish and cannot sleep, the mother is depressed, worried and unhappy. Baby's Own Tablets make both mother and baby happy, because they cure all the common ailments of infants and young children. They sweeten the stomach, cure colic, aid teething children, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, and promote sound, healthy sleep. And you have a solemn guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Mrs. D. McGill, Blakeney, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them the best medicine I have ever had for the cure of the ailments from which young children suffer. I shall always keep a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## LUCK AND LAZINESS.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door  
A gentle, quiet tap,  
And Laziness, who lounged within,  
The cat upon his lap,  
Stretched out his slippers to the fire  
And gave a sleepy yawn;  
"Oh, bother, let him knock again!"  
He said, but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,  
Upon another door,  
Where industry was hard at work  
Mending his cottage floor.  
The door was opened wide at once;  
"Come in," the worker cried,  
And Luck was taken by the hand  
And fairly pulled inside.

He is still there—a wondrous guest  
From out whose magic hand  
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness  
Can never understand  
How industry found such a friend.  
"Luck never came my way."  
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock  
Upon his door that day.

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## Arsenic.

Arsenic exists normally in man and animals, in the skin and its appendages, the thyroid and mammary glands, the brain and the bones. In the other organs it has been found only in slight traces.

## --The--

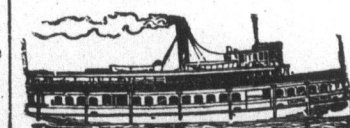
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