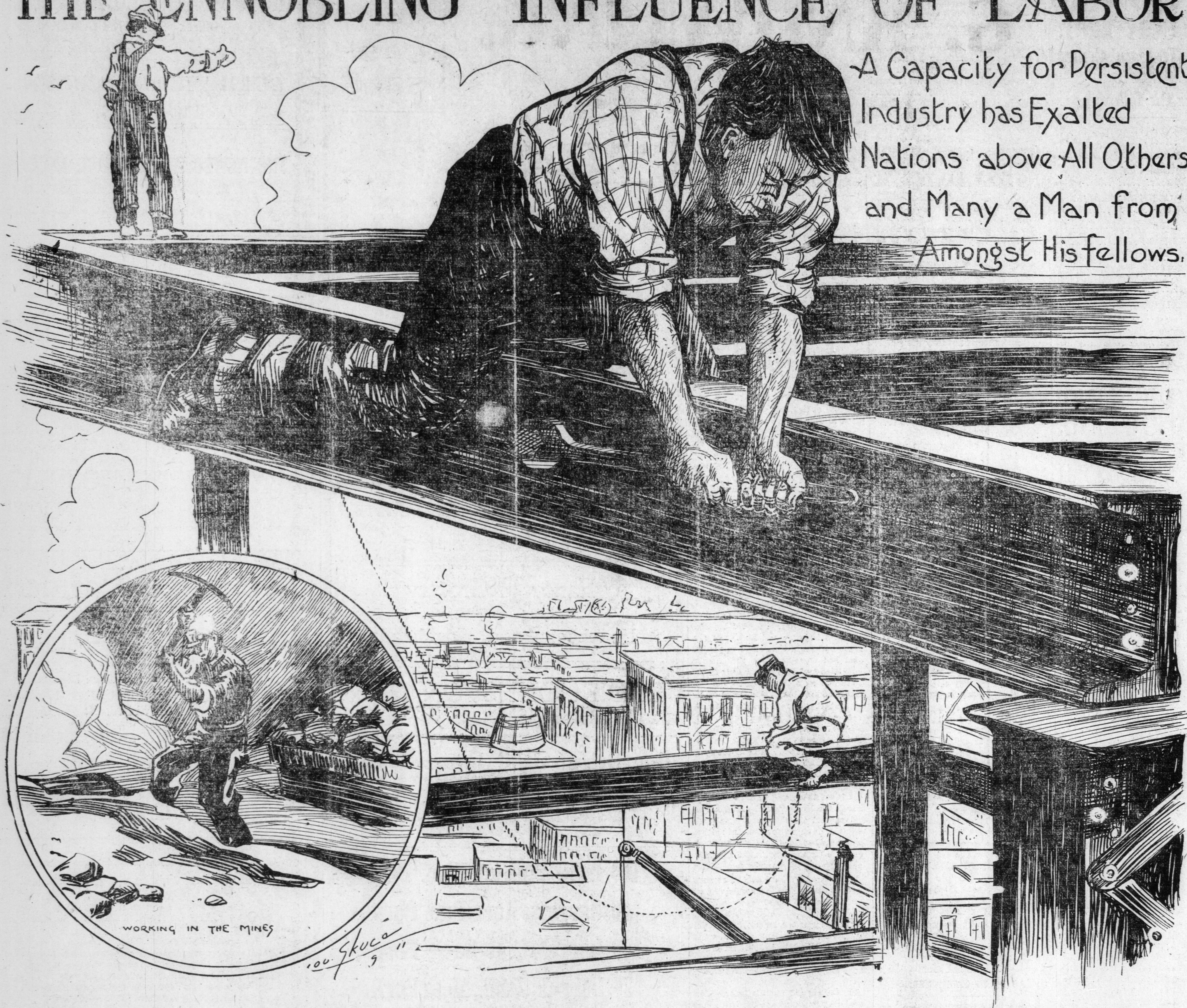


# THE ENNOBLING INFLUENCE OF LABOR

A Capacity for Persistent Industry has Exalted Nations above All Others and Many a Man from Amongst His fellows.



## THE MILITARY SPIRIT AS OPPOSED TO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE two paths of military aggrandisement and development of industrial energies are so essentially divergent that no nation can possibly walk along both of them. They represent the opposite poles of human activity, and no reasoning can bring them into harmony. We may be told that "only under the shadow of empire has commerce grown," but it is a simple historical fact that, with us, the exact reverse has been the case, and that from our commercial and colonising enterprise our empire has been created. It has grown up under the shadow of our trade. Our great strength lies, as Lord Beaconsfield boasted, in that we have the sinews of war. But it is commerce which creates those sinews.

England reverences great soldiers—they have their value. In past times they have rendered vast services. Often they have defended the liberties of the peoples of the world. Brave men, like the heroes of Themopylae, have rolled back the hosts which despots led; and they have by this means made a safe and secure home wherein freedom has had a regal seat, and art, science, and commerce have flourished. That is the proper work of the military art: it is to defend from harm those who are engaged in the pursuits of peace. It is to nations what the police system and the administration of justice are in internal affairs. Its one great duty is to keep the peace.

When a nation becomes military—when a military ideal is before it, and a military spirit is cherished—in just the degree in which it yields to that spirit has it departed from the line of wisdom, and it then begins to convert a blessing into a curse. Every man in its army or navy, every penny in its army estimate, more than is wanted for purposes of defence, is a dead loss to the nation, a deduction from its producing power, a weight needlessly borne, a

wanton destruction of so much of its riches. It is putting a tax on industry for the sake of military glory.

The war spirit is essentially a demon of destruction. To deface, to mutilate, to slay, to burn, is the only work it can do. It never rises higher than this, and it never can rise higher, in virtue of its very nature. It must change its inmost being, and become something other than it is, before it can have any nobler mission.

The war spirit, in our day, is nothing but the survival of barbarism. It tells how much of the savage we have still left in us. In the degree to which it prevails it is an indication that our refinement and civilisation are only on the surface; that we have changed our methods, not our temper; and that we are still calling upon science to supply us with larger and stronger arms, so that we may kill off a greater number of our fellow-men in a shorter period.

Now, in contrast to this, let us note the characteristics of the industrial spirit. It is essentially constructive. It does nothing but create and build up. It takes the force in man's body, the intellect in his brain, and, by means of these, it operates on material products, making out of them something that endures. It fashions and plies the loom, and thus creates textile fabrics; it digs into the mine, and brings thence iron and coal; it sets up huge factories, which give employment to millions of artisans, and it sends forth their work to be a blessing to mankind.

On other ranges, it leads the man of science to investigate Nature, to look into her ways; and when, prophet-like, he has read the truth there written, it leads him to combine all his scattered facts into laws, so that any one, with suitable capacity, can grasp those laws and become as wise as he. Thus he increases the mental power of the race.

Similarly with the poet, the philosopher, the artist, the musician. These build up in their own special modes; and in poem, picture, oratorio, they leave some enduring sign of

## THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

But I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host, and walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most. And here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim, He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead; Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread; He puts his hand to their burdens, he enters their homes at night; Who does his best shall have a guest, the Master of life and light.

And courage will come with his presence and patience return at his touch, And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love him much; And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer, For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk— The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work. This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil— Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

their power. They touch our finer feelings, penetrate us with the sense of infinity, gently breathe into us intellectual might, make us grander and nobler over the whole range of being.

All these, then, are beneficent energies, producing, creative, in the highest degree helpful to man. More radical antagonism than between these and the destructive military spirit there can nowhere exist. The two are in opposing realms, and the difference between them is wider than any intellectual chasm.

The industrial spirit is essentially intelligent. It knows what it is going to do; it can tell the precise shape and pattern of the fabric it is about to make. The movements of all its machines are guided with unerring accuracy. It moves on its path of beneficent activity as exactly as the planets in their spheres. It is like the changeless laws of God, instinct with the force and intelligence of the mind from which it came.

If we contrast the painfully uncertain path of a projectile in the air, which may or may not hit the mark, with the exquisite precision of a weaving machine, where each single thread is guided with faultless exactitude; or better still, if we note how the gifted artist arranges his most imperceptible shades so as to heighten the general effect, we may, in this way, obtain some faint notion how coarse, and rude, and clumsy are the appliances and the results of war when placed side by side with the noble and beautiful creations which the constructive spirit fashions.

Thus the military spirit is essentially barbaric—the industrial spirit is essentially civilized. Now it is not possible for a nation to walk on both these paths at once. To accept the one necessarily excludes the other. It is not possible to cherish militarism except at the cost of industrial supremacy. In the exact degree to which it prevails in the councils of a nation to that nation weighted in its industrial energies. In that same degree is it committed to a policy which is barbaric and unprogressive.

## "I've Got Wise--Know Enough Now to Wear Gloves."

"Used to have my hands all crippled up—  
"Everlastingly peelin' my knuckles—always scratching my hands on the edge of metal plates—  
"But now I wear gloves; and say, it's far better than nursing hurt hands. These are

### "Asbestol" Gloves.

"I've worn 'em every day for Lord knows how long—Don't look like they'd ever wear out, do they? Not a sign of a rip any place.



"I'm just as nimble-fingered as can be, and they fit well too.  
"Wash like cloth—dry soft as new  
"Never get hard or stiff, sweat, oil, grease, or water don't injure them.  
"You certainly get splendid value every time in these "Asbestol" gloves. Look for that "Asbestol" trademark—it's the only way you can be sure of the genuine. The prices are low. See them to-day.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

The Daily Mail \$2.00 a Year.