



RELIGION

AND THE

CRISIS

(A Sermon for the Times.)

By T. H. FERRIS

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SEPTEMBER 1931

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The Brotherhood Church,
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PREFACE.



It will be observed, by the thoughtful, that this pamphlet carefully avoids raising the question, how far Religion can enter into the operations of the State.

It does this, for the reason that Religion is able to interpret Cause and Effect, or Sin and Consequence, quite independently of the Institutions—such as State or Church—through which they ordinarily operate.

The business World is neither State nor Church; but its difficulties arise from want of competent moral leadership; and insistence on the simple fundamental principles of honesty and justice here laid down. It is circumstances, not principles, which are complex. Let each man get true ideas and aims into his heart, and do his best to shape his actions and circumstances in accordance therewith!

T. H. F.

Religion and the Crisis.

A Sermon for the Times.

Religion is knowledge of the difference between Right and Wrong; and Crises arise from a persistent habit of refusing to be guided by that difference. The War, for instance, arose from the persistent refusal to be guided by what everybody knew to be right and true; namely, that International Justice was a better security than Military Equipment.

Military Equipment has always existed mainly to protect national privilege and injustice; and has proved to be the riskiest and costliest gamble on earth; imperilling the very foundations of that Civilisation of which it pretended to be the Guardian.

The present Financial and Political crisis arises out of the persistent habit of serving Mammon, instead of serving God. Nobody attaches any respect to the term "God," nowadays; they all prefer vague abstractions, to the Lord of Light and Love. So I will adopt the current Jargon and say that the Financial and Political crisis has arisen from serving "Capitalism" instead of "Socialism."

Since everybody has a different idea of what is meant by "Capitalism" and "Socialism"; and both sides claim that both words mean paying twenty shillings in the pound, (Shylock's pound and Antonio's pound), it is necessary to explain that Capitalism means the habit of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest, without reference to any just standard of pricing; while Socialism means attempting to fix wages and prices on a scale of Justice as between man and man.

Nobody, I suppose, will claim that Capitalism is really attempting to fix just wages and prices as between man and man; and nobody, I imagine, will pretend that Political Socialism has seriously attempted to do it, either. It does not know where to begin.

Meanwhile, injustice, as between man and man, has piled up mountains of debt, thrown Tariff barriers across the fairways of Trade, offered starvation prices for abundant crops, paralysed credit, hoarded Currency, inflated Rent and Interest, and deflated the value of human existence, for the common man.

They call that a "slump." They do not call it what it really is: Criminal Negligence: Criminal Atheism: Criminal Anti-Socialism: Criminal Moral Cowardice: the Beast of Antichrist: the senile decay of the Churches: the degeneracy of the human species: the charge downhill of swine, possessed by devils.

In whatever language you clothe your ideas of Right and Wrong, the first spells Salvation, and the second spells Ruin. That is the immutable law of God, here and hereafter. But if, in this world, you suffer loss by doing Right, there is ample compensation for you hereafter. That is where the Christian has a more inspiring creed than the mere Moralist, with no confidence in the justice of God.

Twenty shillings in the pound. Real Solvency! How is it to be obtained? Nay! how was it lost? By theft? By waste? By parasitism? By rushing madly down the steep slope of fear and jealousy, and flinging away your assets and your freedom, in War?

Twenty shillings in the pound. Assets versus Liabilities. What is your basic Asset? The Land? That's good! In pawn, did you say? Your basic Asset in pawn to a class of parasites, who charge you hundreds of millions a year, for the right to live in your own country?

My poor John Bull! You are indeed a feeble defender of your basic rights; and a blind, unthinking Sot; to let yourself be swindled out of your inheritance and birthright, in your own country, in this way. How can you pay twenty shillings in the

pound, with the entire Landlord Class on the Dole?

God told Moses the Israelites were to divide the Land equally; and every family was to have its freehold share. And every fifty years every piece of land sold was to return freely to the family who had sold it. "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity: the land is mine, saith the Lord." What have you gained, John Bull, by discrediting Moses? A class of parasites!

Let us consider your next basic Asset, your Labour. What! you don't mean to tell me you have pawned that, too? That everything you build and make belongs to your Employer, and not to you? Oh, John, John! you thriftless person! How *ever* are you going to pay your way?

Your Employer should only be your Trustee, managing a co-operative concern, and drawing from it only a wage, or salary, like yourself. Then only would you stand to receive the real value of what you have produced.

At least, you would, if the Market were not in pawn to Moneylenders and dishonest Middlemen. These form another class of Parasites, living on the bloodsuckers' Dole they extract from your Trade.

All trading is really Barter; that is, exchange of Goods and Services; for other Goods, and other Services. To make this exchange, everything must first be "valued," that is, PRICED, in relation to some commodity of uniform value, such as GOLD. Such a commodity is known as a "Standard" of comparative values; but I entreat you to remember that "Value" only means "Price," and has no connection with *real value* whatever. Real value means *what a thing is good for*, and this has nothing to do either with the labour-cost of producing it, or with the price at which it is sold.

The real Cost of anything is measured by the average hours of human Labour needed, to produce or obtain it, in its marketable condition. This includes

producers' time, supervisors' time, transporters' time, sellers' time, and maintenance costs of all plant and tools, and structures, involved in the process of production and sale.

This real Cost is the only honest and just item, or basis, in the Price of the thing. To translate real Cost into (honest) Gold Price (i.e., Money Value) the average real Cost of obtaining an ounce of Gold must be ascertained as well. If this be taken as 85/-, and the average wage as one shilling per hour, then the real Cost of a Sovereign will be 20 hours' mean efficient Work.

If the value of the Sovereign were once definitely fixed, by International Agreement, at 20 hours M.E.W., then it would cease to matter whether GOLD really existed, or not. For Money would then have become a convenient fiction, enabling all goods and services to be readily exchanged, upon the simple and honest basis of their labour Cost, which is the only real element in pricing, at any time.

This explanation is necessary, to make clear why we were—and still are—dependent upon a commodity like gold as a fairly stable standard of comparative pricing; until we decisively change over to the labour Cost, as the avowed basis of commercial and industrial exchange.

Our Money System is at present a system of false valuation, in which no Justice is done between man and man. Efficient Labour—whether of hand or head—may be paid anything from twopence to ten shillings an hour; leaving out of consideration all quite exceptional fees, which go far beyond that sum.

Justice must begin first with the recognition that every person has an absolute property-right in whatsoever he produces. That constitutes his natural wage. And the next step towards Justice requires that what one man, on the average, produces in one hour, should exchange for one hour's produce of any

other average efficient man, in whatever way engaged. Exceptional individuals could claim payment by results, and would be welcome to them. Would they not?

Will you tell me, John Bull, whether you desire Justice, in your heart of hearts? Or any sincere relation to life whatever? Christ addressed Himself to those of honest and good heart, in whom the seed of Truth fell upon good soil, took root, and bore fruit; so that men saw their good works, and gave thanks to God.

Who authorised you, John, to be guided by a majority vote, instead of by the promptings of an honest and good heart? Who gave you leave to worship Politicians, and to cut down your notions of Justice, to suit their measure? Or, rather, to the measure of their dictatorial Masters, the Bankers, who worship in the temple of Mammon?

Do you remember, John, Christ's parable about the Unemployed? Pious people don't call it *that*, of course; they call it the "Vineyard," or the "Eleventh Hour"; but it is really about the unemployed, and how a man of honest and good heart felt himself impelled to deal with them.

He didn't offer them the Dole, but gave them the dignity of a job. He offered the trade union rate of pay, for a full day's work. But he also took on men for three-quarters of a day, for half a day, for a quarter of a day, and even for the last hour in the day. And with these he made no agreement, offering only to pay them "whatsoever is right."

And what was his theory of Right? First, that men must hold to their own standards of right. If they set up an agreed standard of one Roman penny (actually about 7d.) per day of twelve hours, then to that standard of giving they should adhere. He could, if he wished, profit himself by all the "surplus value" of their labour, and they could not complain. If they wished to reconsider their agreement,

it could only be on the ground of some new basis of right, and *that* they were not prepared to grant. They were typical Trade Unionists. Skilled labour, eighteenpence per hour; semi-skilled, one shilling; unskilled, ninepence; and the devil take the Unemployed. You know the blind outlook!

The honest and good employer knew it, too, and had prepared his plans against it. He was now free to make that ideal use of the "surplus value" of their labour, which was left to his discretion. And every man received a full day's pay!

Industry could stand it. Industry *ought* to stand it. Industry—if an honest and good man was in charge of it—was *going* to stand it! Industry could afford to insure all its workers against idleness and want; and *to do that* must be a first charge on profits.

Observe. This was done without Taxation, and without deductions from the standard wage, or additions to the market price. It was done without expense of paid Officials; and with the best economy; because no one was left in despairing idleness, or loss of social respect.

The honest and good man, knowing that he held the livelihood of others in his hands, because Land and Capital were in his possession and control, introduced the justice of Christ's kingdom into those human affairs for which he was responsible.

Not having squandered his Capital in War, he was not engaged in squeezing repayment of it, out of his Workers. Nor was he in pawn to foreign Usurers, who forbade him to do justice to the Unemployed. Politicians whose hands are steeped in War and Usury, and who are deeply pledged to ensure that War shall yield a profit to the Moneylenders, as the price of their own admission to Parliament, are not in a position to talk about Social Ideals.

When I survey the wondrous cross—the double-cross—on which the Politician depends; I behold

him trying to secure his livelihood, by convincing the Workers that he is going to *raise* their standard of living; and at the same time convincing the Financiers that he is going to *lower* the Workers' standard of living.

As long as the Politician can hold the jaws of the dilemma apart, by persuading the Moneylender to go on lending, and piling up obligations on paper; and by persuading the Worker that his diminishing wage is a temporary phenomenon, in an Economic Sphere over which Politicians have no control,—he can keep his seat, and his livelihood, and the eager respect of his supporters.

But now the relentless jaws have closed. Shylock sues for his pound of flesh, as security for his paper ducats; and the Politician declares abjectly, "The Law allows it, and the Court awards it!"

Christ, as Portia, declares that Shylock has conspired against human life, both in subsidising War, and in starving the victims of Unemployment, due to War. In Shylock's own country, the U.S.A., people are actually dying of starvation; while Shylock lends scores of millions abroad at 4½ per cent.,—on condition that Britain's poor shall be something less than fed!

And our politicians are honourable men. They are pledged to honour Shylock's bond. But in Shylock's original Bonds (War Bonds) there was no condition as to starvation. Shylock has grown bolder now, perceiving the timidity of Politicians, and the gullibility of peoples,—due to the silence of Mammon-worshipping Churches.

The Churches are under the thumb of the State, and the State is under the thumb of Shylock, whose gigantic shadow blots out the heavens, and challenges the Kingdom of God. Shall we crucify humanity, or shall we indict Shylock?

And what shall be the indictment? This! that Shylock paid for the hire of Murderers, and called it

a Capital Investment. Shylock paid for the slaughtering of ten million human beings, and the maiming and starvation of tens of millions more. Cities and countrysides were destroyed and ravaged, plant and factories burnt, mines ruined, and Industries brought to a standstill. While Shylock profiteered, and fed the conflagration with his profits.

"All we like sheep have gone astray," I hear some woolly-minded Electors bleating. Yes, you have! But you have NOT all of you demanded a heavy profit on your Sins, and Interest on those profits for a century, at four or five per cent. That is Shylock's modest demand, endorsed by anti-social Socialist Politicians!

The demand is insupportable. War is not a productive Industry, in which Capital can be invested, and yield economic profits. War is the bottomless Pit of destruction, into which everything that goes is lost. How long shall you suffer this loss to be concealed, and denied; under the pretence that it is a sacred obligation to make it good? Do men die, that their murderers may receive a secure five per cent.?

Where Darkness reigns, they do! How long, then, shall Darkness *continue* to reign? The light, that was in Christ, is our Sun of Righteousness, that overcomes and dispels the dark.

War Debt is the wages of prostitution. If you want prostitution to cease, leave off endowing it out of public funds. You do not recognise *other* gambling debts!

O blasphemous John Bull! boasting that your debts to Satan (per Shylock) are debts of honour! How the Christian loathes your putrid honour, and your sanctimonious hypocrisy. Your "honour" is moral cowardice; and you have forgotten your debts of honour to Humanity and to God.

Your Archbishop, Cosmo Gordon Lang, standing before that great monument to British Dead, the Menin Gate, and seeking for a pretext to justify

Britain's awful sacrifice of living manhood, said:

"And if it be asked, 'Was the War worth while?' the answer is 'Yes! a thousand times yes!'"

Consummate Liar! If every tree is known by its fruits, what, in Hell's name, are the fruits of War? Where are the vast moral gains, to set against the awful losses, and unendurable miseries, and terrible vacancies left by war?

Solid moral retrogression, disillusion, cynicism, loss of faith, larger Armaments, less freedom, coarsened morals, mountains of debt, strangled trade,—in short, a steady slide towards moral and economic bankruptcy, in face of vast increases in the possibilities of wealth-production, and greater extremes of poverty and wealth.

A statue ought to be raised to Cosmo Gordon Lang, shewing Ananias crowning him with a wreath of reptiles' tongues, as the world's most brazen falsifier and violator of ideal and fact.

He sees human beings relapse into ferocious barbarism and moral chaos; keeping up the cruel game till one side fails from exhaustion; and then congratulates himself that this bestial imbecility, at least, gives opportunity for the exhibition of the primitive virtues of courage and self-sacrifice. Let me inform this Arch-Episcopal Idiot that, if men's and women's ordinary lives did not give ample opportunity for those virtues to germinate, neither would they appear in War. You cannot impose a morale in a conscript army, which did not exist in civil life!

Emergencies shew what men are, rather than create manhood. But War uses up and destroys virile manhood, faster than it can be created, and leaves nations woefully depleted in moral stamina, as a consequence.

Worst of all, War can only begin in falsification of ideals; and it tends both to stereotype that falsification, and to destroy faith in true ideals. Hence

it becomes impossible for bellicose Archbishops to retain any understanding whatever of the real mind of Christ. If the very light that is in a man be darkness, how great is that darkness!

Not everyone, who lies about the fruits of War, receives fifteen thousand pounds a year for his travesty of Christ. "Be not ye set in authority," said Jesus to His followers; for He knew that Authority—like Riches—blinds men to the kingdom of Love.

King George, whom you, John, have made into a movie and talkie Idol of the Films, receives a princely reward for his services as Actor of the Leading Part in the Pageant of Empire. But when we see your Idol trying to do the right thing, and foregoing fifty thousand a year, to set an example of sacrifice to the unemployed; we ought to put this kingly gesture into its true moral perspective, by comparing it with the sort of sacrifice made by humanity's real King, our Lord Jesus Christ.

I say this quite seriously, John, for King George is only playing at moral leadership, and Christ was Leader in reality. I say this, because you have actually believed in, and followed, the wrong leaders; and have suffered agonies, in consequence.

When I say that King George is playing a game, I must not be misunderstood. He plays quite seriously, and has probably made the best move the rules of the governing game permit. But we cannot take our notions of what is morally admirable, from a Puppet in the Pageant of Imperialism; whose real and actual function in life is to justify costly swank, and the Wars to which it ultimately leads—not to mention its scorn of the simplicity of Christ.

Gandhi understands that simplicity, and comes to England to plead the cause of simplicity against Imperialism. Better, he claims, a freehold peasantry, supplying one another's simple needs; than servitude to a costly and complex Civilisation, which the

peasant does not yet understand; and in which he, therefore, cannot safeguard his rights.

The real question seems to be, whether machinery shall be introduced in the service of the poor, or in the interests of the rich. In Russia there seems to be a real attempt to secure to the populace the increased output due to mechanical production, and the use of power. In England, the national conscience is only operating to that end with a very feeble gradualness, to which the Churches ought to—and do not—apply the spur. Or, rather, they ought to be so far in advance, as to supply an inspiration. In Russia, there has been too much spur, and too little inspiration. In England we are too woolly-minded for either, and are paralysed for sheer want of thought.

I do not say want of *Intellectualism*. We have far too much of that, due to an overdose of Science, tolerated by the stupidity of the Churches. Stupidity has become an established tradition in religious circles.

"Be good, sweet maid! and let who will be clever," would be all right, if it took neither intelligence nor courage to be really good. I suppose people think the Apostles were stupid, simple folk; and no doubt they were, most of them. So stupidity has been given prescriptive rights in the Church, to which it was never entitled. The whole Church life has been slowed down to Stupidity's pace.

Christ chafed under this, and provided a remedy. "I have many things to say unto you," he said to his disciples, "but you are too stupid to understand them now." I have put a sting into Christ's words, because it is more or less implied in them, although he did not wish to emphasise it at the moment. But he could say, "O fools! and slow of heart to understand," when it suited the occasion.

"If a man love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him." Thus Jesus does not differentiate between himself, the Father, and the Spirit; because they were in perfect harmony; and not because they were the same Person. That is why he speaks of the Spirit in the singular, because of the unity of Truth. Yet there can be no question but that he was thinking of a whole body of ministering angels, all united in purpose and method with himself, and operating under his leadership.

Until he went into the heavenly spheres to lead them, that could not take place. Therefore, "It is expedient for you that I go away." The flesh carried limitations, though absolutely necessary as a starting point.

Men have a stupid way of supposing that God can do any thing, any how! Forgetting that even God must have moral consistency, and ways and means; and operates through an adequate mechanism of order and law. Even if it were possible—and I hold that it is not!—to think effectively of God as an Infinite Abstraction, without Personality; it is certain that every act of God, and law of God, throughout the universe, has the character of a personal choice. What man has the right, to argue that this sort of Universe is only one out of *many* universes that God *might* have originated differently? The answer is, that God chose *thus*; because God is a Person of *that character*, and not a piece of mathematical guesswork.

If the Spirit of Truth had been an Infinite Abstraction, or a single personality, it would not have been necessary for Christ to go away and send it. It was clear that Christ meant an organised band of personal helpers, guided by his own word; and the sequel shews that they had—like himself—had human experience, and were equipped with the power of human speech, in many tongues.

The reason why the Churches slowed down to the pace of the Stupid, was not out of any consideration for such. It was due to laziness, lukewarmness, worldliness, and fear. Stupidity was a convenient screen for Insincerity to shelter itself behind. The Stupid are quite capable of moving placidly forwards, under good leadership, which they trust. Only they don't get it. Christ saw that they got it.

It is more difficult, now! Because the vogue of Spiritualism, under which the cult of modern mediumship so largely developed, has been a sloppy caricature of Religion, and not the real thing. Spirit "Guides" have not so much instructed the Stupid as bamboozled them. This has disgusted sincere persons, and hopelessly prejudiced many of them against anything savouring of mediumship.

But the matter could not be left there; and now there is a swift change proceeding. Spiritualism is turning Christian, and there is a cleavage in its ranks. The time is not far distant, when the sincerer elements in the Churches will unite themselves with the sincerer Spiritualists, and combine under the leadership of Christ to accomplish better things. But they will not do it by seeking after signs and wonders;—only by hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

That is Gandhi's consistent aim. Disciplining himself in purity and singleness of heart, he sees every sort of goodness wherever it contrives to exist; and he pleads for its recognition and emancipation, in the political sphere. Disinterested Idealism being a reality in himself, he knows how to inspire it in others, and unite them for the good of all. If Englishmen will meet him on that ground, which is the one sure path from every kind of chaos, to fraternity, progress, and mutual respect; there is hope for the birth of a nation, without bitterness, and without disaster.

Never, perhaps, since Joan of Arc, have the destinies of a nation so hung upon the integrity of a single human being. He pleads for that justice and liberty which will enable India's own conscience to take control of India's own affairs.

It is a drastic, but necessary demand, born of God. If Britain fails to concede it honestly, economic slavery will become intensified throughout India, instead of diminishing. That is the long view; and its real opponents will be those who—like Mr. Churchill—talk about the loot of an Empire, as being the question at issue between England and India. If that is ever *allowed to become* the issue, both sides will be hopelessly damned.

If England wants to convert India to Christianity, let England shew that Christ has taught her patience, and justice, and love. Or is it casting pearls before swine, to mention these things in the political arena? *Decide, please!* We know which way Gandhi has decided. Shall we remain his inferiors?

The greatest obstacle to the leadership of Christ is the jealousy of corrupt and luke-warm Churches, which stand between Christ and the people, with a caricature of Religion. These traitor Churches, in all countries, gave countenance to War, and betrayed their flocks to slaughter. They have not yet repented of their Judas-insincerity; and they dare not tell the world that Christ demands the repudiation of War Debt. Judas's thirty pieces of silver have become more than thirty thousand million pieces of gold; and the Interest on this mountain of betrayed human flesh, and smashed up human livelihood, is slowly strangling the world's economic life. The human hyenas and vampires, who draw dividends on this Golgotha, do so by the votes of the people; to whom the Churches have falsified the words of Christ.

"If ye forgive not men their debts, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you yours," is Christ's law of the Economic Life. For Christ was Lord of the Economic life, as well as the spiritual life.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST, for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," means rest from the burdens of Debt, and Interest, and Rent and Profiteering. From all those evils, John, which follow from your having put the Land in pawn to the Landlord; and your Labour in pawn to the Boss; and your markets in pawn to the Money-lender and the Profiteer.

These, between them, are collecting ten, of your twenty shillings in the pound, and so you cannot pay your way. Shylock, not Christ, is the person you have been taught to reverence and obey. Because, of course, Shylock understands Economics; and Christ did not, being only an ignorant Galilean peasant, and unpractical dreamer.

The Peasant is the basis of Economic life. And the Carpenter of Nazareth was own brother to the Peasant, and understood his hardships, and how to end them. Tariffs, Rent, Usury, and Profiteering, all slay the Peasant, by doubling the price of everything he has to buy; and so doubling the work he has to do.

And the town Artisan, the Carpenter, bears the same burdens. He also is in pawn, and pays the same exactions; receiving only ten shillings in the pound, of what is due to him. He votes for Labour Politicians, and sees them cringing to Shylock; and doing nothing to dethrone Shylock, and rid Labour of his thieving claims.

John Bull—sturdy Peasant, sturdy Artisan—if you yourself were free from the greedy spirit of Shylock, you would see clearly how to get rid of him. As long as you think only of yourself, and wish to

become better off than your neighbour, nothing can save you. You will never discover Justice, nor Forgiveness, nor mutual help, nor freedom, nor a generous and wise policy. You will be like the labourers in Christ's Parable, who grumbled because they did not receive more than they had contracted for; and objected to the justice and generosity of their employer.

Thoughtless, stupid, and greedy, you perish by Unemployment and slow stagnation. But thoughtful, wise, and just—sitting at the feet of Christ, and opening your mind and heart to his leadership—you will learn the truth; and the truth shall make you free!

Philip Snowden—I have listened to him myself, thirty years ago—used to preach on "The Christ That Is To Be." But there was too much diplomacy, and not enough of Christ, in the policy he recommended. And you see where he has landed. But don't blame him, John! It was *your* vote he angled for, and he knew what a blockhead you were. So he set his pace by your Stupidity, to safeguard his own career. Christ was to be obeyed in the future, not in the present. Meanwhile, Labour was to have a more discreet leader, in Philip Snowden.

Poor Philip! In his heart he must endorse every word I have written here; and yet his tragedy is, that he appears as its opponent. Not having paid the price that Christ demanded,—not having followed the Man who had not where to lay his head, and whose career ended in crucifixion,—he now finds himself cheek-by-jowl with Pilate, enforcing Shylock's usury against the Carpenter of Nazareth.

For, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And honest Mr. Baldwin, who made his Country a present of his entire holding in War Loan, now finds himself compelled to choose between cutting

down Shylock's claims, and cutting down Christ's claims. He was faithful with that which was his own; by what madness is he unfaithful in that which is another's? Who, in God's world of plenty, shackled him to the meanness of Shylock?

Thou! Bourgeois John Bull, thou art the man! With thy petty piety, passing over justice, and mercy, and faith; with thy passion for getting on, and thy life's savings locked up in War Loan; with thine eyes glued to the market, and thy heart palpitating with every fluctuation in the Pound Sterling;—*thou* are the custodian of thy Leader's political courage. For thy Vote seals his destiny!

Art thou not Shylock? Shylock-in-little, who does the donkey-work for Shylock-the-Great! Thou art the Depositor, whose policy the Banker calculates upon. In thy small soul are born the decisions, which must ultimately make life sordid, or make it great. Wilt thou that thy Country shall become greater, freer and juster, or that she shall grow meaner, more timid, and more cruel?

O Bourgeois John! let Christ into thy soul. Be not anxious for the morrow—doth not the whole world live from hand to mouth, from harvest to harvest; by the life of God, in the crops, and the soil, and the sun, and the rain, and the air? Thou prayest, "Give us this day our daily bread!" See then that thou seekest it on the terms of God, and not on the terms of Mammon. Take thought for others; give, and it shall be given unto thee; forgive, and thy debts shall be forgiven. Make common cause with humanity, and the God of love shall recompense thee; here and now!

O Bourgeois John! thine own Sin is the Lion in the path. The Pound Sterling and its Instabilities are of thy own creation, and the objects of thy own worship. Learn to price in hours-of-labour, and behold! thou shalt be free. But be thou firm, for the

Truth will not make itself good without thee. *Thy decision* must make it good. According to thy faithfulness shall it be unto thee!

Mammon can do nothing without your vote, John! His power in the State is *your* power, just as the money he exacts usury upon is *your* money, lent him for that purpose. His regulations are obeyed, because you endorse them. Only *you* can pull your Idol down, because it was yourself who set him up.

Repentance is a bloodless Revolution. You do not need to "seize power," John, because your power already rules. You have but to repent, and the machine will do your will. Snowden, MacDonald, and Company are not so much counting on your Votes, as on your Superstitions. They think they are sure that you will not follow Christ, but will let the Churches gull you into submission to Mammon.

And really, John, you cannot blame them for thinking so! I know you are leaving off going to Church, but I hardly think that is because you care for Christ. I am afraid your Lord is almost a stranger to you. Permit me to introduce you to a Leader you can depend upon!

Nay! the time is too serious for banter. Get upon your knees, John, and pray the Lord's Prayer as if you meant it! **THY KINGDOM COME! THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.** Consecrate your mind, and your heart, and your capital (if any!) to that purpose. Then get up, and let the politicians know what you mean to do. If you know what you want, you will certainly get it. For that is the kind of prayer God answers. That is Faith.

T. H. Ferris.