

THE THREE JEWS

Extracts from a Lecture by Vincent Harper on this Subject, Prepared for "The Socialist"

Tonight I have proved my courage right on the very start by picking out three men whose thought has, for thousands of years in the case of the one, two thousand years in the case of another and a half century in the case of the other, surged and swayed the minds of humanity.

Three men who have grappled humanity in such a way that the whole of humanity has felt the grip of their fingers.

Three men whose intellectual progress has gone far toward shaping the intellectual tendencies not only of their own age, but of all succeeding ages.

Three men, upon whom, just like Socialism, it is impossible to remain neutral. You cannot remain neutral with regard to these three just as you cannot remain neutral in regard to Socialism when it is mentioned. You meet a man and in a minute your hand goes out and you say "Comrade," and there is either an answering hand pressure, or his face grows long and he begins to argue and sneer.

Got to take sides on Socialism. Got to take sides on these three men.

I am going to speak tonight of Moses, of the Nazarene, and Marx. This is a nice bunch! Moses, Jesus of Nazareth and Karl Marx—the three Jews who rise like mountain peaks above that magnificent race of theirs. That race which, while it may be assailed by sneering opposition of all other races, by the contumely, injustice and cruelty of other races, goes on and on and on and on, imperishable, transcending, incompressible, powerful and that penetrates as we know to the farthest corners of the earth and always preys upon that portion of the community in which it finds itself; and which looks across the ages and embraces in its literature the costliest, the rarest gems that the world has ever seen, that grandest book that mankind possesses, which has been lifted clear out of literature, and of which it is said, "Such work as this must be divine work; the work of Spirits, not the work of Jews. It is God's work."

his own class—and denounced them all.

Who was hung between two thieves—and by whom? By the reverend clergy, by the aristocrats, by the bankers, by the editors, by the best people of First Hill Jerusalem. And who was



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hung, as I will show you later, simply and purely, not because he talked about the beautiful Heaven with golden streets (because, as a matter of fact, if Jesus Christ could walk into Dr. Matthews' church some Sunday, he would be the most surprised man that ever walked into the church. He would say: "Harper, what is that man talking about?" And I would reply: "Jesus of Nazareth, he is preaching about you." "I never heard about those things before," would be his comment).

He was destroyed between two thieves, because he called thieves thieves, because he talked of justice; because he pointed out exactly who the robbers were that robbed the people; because he stirred the common people to revolt and told them to rise.

He said that the millionaire went down and that Lazarus, the Socialist,

archives, you would find this said of the Christian religion: "Set sail two thousand years ago, and after numerous wireless messages and reports from incoming vessels, as to her voyage, she disappeared and has never more been heard from."

Oh, but you say, we have just finished a Half Million Dollar Cathedral and then we have just dedicated at Richmond, Va., a magnificent Six Million Dollar Church, every penny of which was given to God by that saint, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan.

Tom stole every cent he has got and the newspapers have been telling us about it all. Lawson told us just how he got it all; and when Tom went to the Bishop of Richmond, Va., and said: "I hear you want a cathedral. Well, just watch me. Here is half a million for the glory of God, every cent of which was directly and immediately robbed without even the pretence of anything else, from the people who owned it." Then these thieves, this Ryan, the worst kind of hypocrite and speculator, are lauded to the skies in the newspapers.

Do you see that priest come out and denounce these thieves and say: "No, our Prince of Peace was born in the manger, we can worship Him under the canopy of Heaven?" Oh, No! Tom sat in the front pew the day his cathedral was dedicated.

The failure of Jesus Christ is the one terrific tragedy of history, because he is the one man who could have made the world right, if sentiment could have made things right.

But sentiment can't make things right, and while no one takes any notice, one man, Karl Marx, in the Houndsditch, London, is writing a book that will influence humanity to throw off the yoke of oppression and to save the world by the only method by which it can be saved.

You cannot save the world until you save it; that is all there is to it. You cannot save a man until you make it possible for him to live the life of a human being. And the way to make