

ing armies: you do not realize that our leaders are in council and our heroes are buckling on their armor, and that our martyrs have already died, and that the great army of the Proletariat, not only in unrest, but in revolution, is marching on."

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And then you read later on, after having passed Moses, of that Supreme Man that ever walked the earth. A man who, if it is true, gives his life for me, and I am not quite sure that he ever heard of me, upon the Cross of Calvary.

I tell you in all seriousness I never heard of any man that I would sooner give my life for than that simple Carpenter of Nazareth. That man who faced precisely the same barriers that we are to face, the State and the public opinion, and told the Government that it came from Hell.

He scored the government and said that it had become corrupt and tyrannous and that the churches were robbing the people. He scored the priest, the bishop, overturned the tables of the money changers right in the temple, and stood there, heard by no one except the common people—

Jesus would see some tyrant—aristocrat—stretched out before his table, with all the viands brought to tempt his palate; with all his concubines and dancers, with everything that wealth and influence could procure, seeing him lie there Jesus would say to him: "You are a robber, and let me tell you a vision I see. I see you in Hell, and you are looking up there and you are begging for a drop of water to cool your tongue. You are a thief, a liar and a braggart."

Jesus would make interesting conversation for the Chamber of Commerce. I wish to God that I could hear Jesus Christ address the Senate of the United States. But I won't hear him, but what I will hear, is what? Some representative of his, one of God's ambassadors, open the Senate with prayer, "We thank Thee, O God, for the prosperity that thou hast vouchsafed to pour upon this country."

And then he goes into the clerk's office and gets a check for \$50. There is the religion of today.

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The work of Jesus Christ is now a total wreck. If you could peek into the records kept in the Divine

attle a veritable hog trough in which it is the strongest snout gets the most swill; and as these snouts swish in the swill, they fight, at the other snouts that try to get a little smell of it.

Yet the church comes along with the holy water and sprinkles it over all and says, "We must protect property." In other words, an archbishop, a direct apostolic representative of the Carpenter of Nazareth, tells us here at the beginning of the twentieth century in the United States of America that we must protect private property.

He does not get up in the Chamber of Commerce tomorrow and ask for measures that will take children from the factories, to put woman back upon her pedestal of freedom, from which each form of civilization has dragged her lower and lower, to give the working man his rights. Oh, no, you must do something to check the growth of Socialism and these higher ideals, because property, property, **PROPERTY**; must be protected.

And that is the disciple, the typical disciple, of the Nazarene who said: "It would be easier for a camel to

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