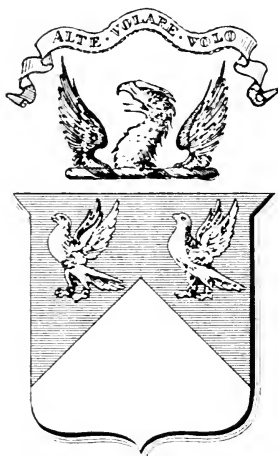


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PAMPHLETS

ON

CALIFORNIA.

1. Brown, John Leander. Earthquake blessings. 1906
2. Chapman, Charles E. The Alta California supply ships, 1773-76. 1915
3. Davidson, George. The Discovery of Humboldt Bay, California. 1891
4. Davis, John F. The History of California. 1915
5. Holway, Ruliff S. The Effect of seven years' erosion on the California fault line of 1906. 1914
6. Hunt, Nancy A. By Ox-team to California. 1916
7. Miller, E. I. A New departure in county government. 1913
8. Southern Pacific Company. San Francisco, the imperishable.

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- 9. [Faint, illegible text]
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9. Teggart, Frederick J. The Approaches to California. 1912
10. Woolley, Lell Hawley. California 1849-1913. 1913

1852. Pamphlets on California.

By Mrs. John Leides

**EARTHQUAKE
BLESSINGS**



HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

TO MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH WEST BROWN;

Who, after many heavy trials in bearing ten children amid hard poverty-bondage; many sharp griefs and bitter tears, striving to clothe, feed and educate them, striving to guide their wayward, stubborn feet in paths of peace; striving ceaselessly to make one dollar do the work of twenty; weary at last with striving, worn and sad at heart over life's unexplained mysteries, inequalities and unanswered prayers, fell asleep, April eleventh, Nineteen Hundred, taking her first real vacation from unremitting toil.

TO MY FATHER;

Handicapped in life's morning by an accident, crushing the chest, leaving him a slight frame, stooped shoulders and the asthma; yet always carrying his end of the load and more; given up to die by physicians more than thirty years ago, who stated he had no more than forty-eight hours to live; pleading with his God, whom he loved and served, that his life might be spared for the sake of his family; receiving assurance his petition was granted; fighting his way back to usual strength; always industrious, frugal and unselfish, always short of breath, always patient, cheerful and hopeful; always praying, always poor.

Today at seventy-three, bright of eye, light of step; his heart fresh, merry and tender as a boy, a most unconquerable one hundred-pound man—his life a most unanswerable argument against skepticism. Poor in pocket as always, yet rich beyond any "dream of avarice," and all computation, in faith, in charity, and in hope of "everlasting life."

To my "other mother," Emma Malloy Barrett, Evangelist, and to all who live, love and labor, perplexed over life's hard problems.



Earthquake Blessings

So many startling headlines in recent publications, "Great Earthquake Disaster!" "Earthquake Catastrophe!" "Earthquake Calamity!" Are there no "Earthquake Blessings"?

This much seems certain and undisputed: that great and lasting good will be gained in future construction of buildings, if the object lessons all about us are heeded, genuine, honestly constructed structures standing the shock unharmed, flimsily built ones ruined. This might be termed an "Earthquake Blessing." Is that all?

Consider that leading industry of San Francisco, represented by those three thousand factories, whose "raw material"—our merry-hearted boys, our laughing, beautiful girls—whose "finished product," gamblers, thieves and murderers, wretched, bleary-eyed drunkards, despairing harlots and suicides.

This legalized industry, so intrenched and interwoven in the city's life and fabric that the stoutest heart might well grow sick with doubt that it could be routed and overthrown.

Which the greater calamity, catastrophe—that this black, hideous monster industry should thrive on and on and on, gorging itself on the youth and strength and hope of the nation, or that in a few brief hours it be broken in pieces and consumed, even though much that was grand and beautiful perish with it?

Was there ever a more powerful prohibition sermon preached? San Francisco setting armed guards at all her gateways to turn back from Oakland, from San Mateo county, or from whithersoever they might come, drunken men or women. "Order must be preserved! Our jails and courthouses have been destroyed! Saloons must close until we can make arrangements to try, convict and incarcerate criminals." General Greely, telegraphing to Washington May 9th: "There is neither drunkenness nor disorder anywhere in San Francisco. except from adjacent towns occasionally." Surely an "earthquake blessing" object lesson here.

Know you of any milder agency than earthquake and fire that could have wrought this marvel in so brief a time?

* * * * *

Many beautiful buildings of a great university were ruined by the earthquake. Rumors and imputations there were that there had been dishonesty and graft in their construction. This was indignantly denied by the president of the college, who stated, "That as far as he knew, all had been built strictly according to specifications," admitting this, however: "There were *architectural mistakes, not foreseeing earthquakes.*"

Ponder well such an admission, from such a source, under such circumstances. Here gathered the pick and choice of earth's wise ones as teachers. Here, in libraries, accumulation and concentration of wisdom of ages. Earthquakes known and written of in all lands, in all times. Prophets of old declaring, "There shall be earthquakes in divers places."

"During a period of eighty-one years, four hundred distinct earthquake shocks and tremors were recorded at what is now San Francisco and vicinity."

"Foresight"! What a word. "First, a foreseeing, prescience, foreknowledge; second, action in reference to the future; prudence, wise forethought."

Is foresight one of the lost arts or faculties? So many expensive structures of various kinds erected in our day, their builders not foreseeing earthquakes.

The story is told of a king of ancient times who besieged a city and captured its inhabitants, choosing from among the seed of its king and princes "children in whom was no blemish"; but well-favored, and skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and *understanding science*, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and tongue of their conquerors."

"And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank; so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king."

Among these remarkable children was one of such sturdy force of character that "he purposed in his heart" that he would not drink the wine or eat the dainties of the king; and so persuaded the man who had been appointed to look after himself and three companions, of similar notions, to allow

them water to drink, and, for food, the plain, simple fare to which they were accustomed.

The story further relates that these four lads were given by an invisible power, "knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom," and that their leader "had understanding in all visions and dreams."

Time came when the king had troublesome dreams, fretting him so he could not sleep. So he commanded the soothsayers, astrologers, mind-readers, wise and scientific men of his realm to be brought in, that they might show him his dream.

When the king informed them of his trouble, these wise men requested that the king tell his dream and they would show the interpretation; but, most unfortunately for them, "the thing had gone from him," and they were given the pleasing task of showing him both dream and interpretation, or the alternative of being cut in pieces and their houses made a dung hill; with promises that if they would show him his dream and the interpretation, they would receive gifts, rewards and great honor."

The wise men undertook to argue the matter with the king, declaring it "a rare thing the king requireth, that no other lord, king or ruler ever asked such a thing of their magicians or astrologers, and there was none other could show it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh."

"The king answered and said: 'I know of a certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me. But if ye will not make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you; for ye have prepared lying and corrupt words to speak before me, till the time be changed; therefore tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can show me the interpretation.'"

"The wise men answered: 'There is not a man upon the earth that can show the king's matter; therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler, that asked such things of their wise men.'

"For this cause the king was angry and very furious, and commanded to destroy all the wise men of the city. And the decree went forth that the wise men should be slain, and they sought the four captive lads to be slain. But the leader of the four parleyed with the captain of the king's guard, who had come to carry out the decree. 'Why is the decree so hasty from the king?' " Receiving permission, "he went in and desired

of the king that he would give him time and that he would show the king the interpretation."

Then seeking his three chums, he made the thing known unto them; "that they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret; that they should not perish with the wise men of the city."

"Then was the secret revealed unto the lad in a night vision"

. . . "Then the lad blessed the God of heaven."

Seeking out the captain of the king's guard, he said to him, "Destroy not the wise men of the city, bring me in before the king, and I will show unto the king the interpretation."

"Then the captain of the guard brought in the boy before the king in haste, and said unto him, I have found a boy among your captives that will make known unto the king the interpretation."

What a picture to stir the blood and grip the heartstrings. The mighty monarch, seated in the great throne-room, brooding and fretting himself over the vague, half-remembered dream; still grouchy and hot with righteous indignation over the rank, utter failure of his pretended wise men to give relief. Enter the captain of the guard, in haste, leading the handsome, unblemished captive boy, who knew full well his life and the life of his chums would be the sure forfeit of failure.

Conceive the astonishment of the king, as he glowers down at him, and shouts the gruff question: "Art thou able to make known unto me the dream which I have seen and the interpretation?"

How striking the contrast must have seemed—the great company of his wise professors, teachers and scientific men, stuttering and stammering, trying to excuse themselves in order to save their necks,—and this daring, confident boy.

Watch the king as the lad begins in firm, even tones: "The secret which the king hath demanded, cannot the wise men, the astrologers, the magicians, the soothsayers show unto the king?"

So sure of his ground that he can pause, even in this crucial time, to fling a light shaft of sarcasm.

"But there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets and maketh known to the king what shall be in the latter days. Thy dream and the visions of thy head upon thy bed are these":—

See the king as he leans forward, his eye lighting up; no quibbling or whining here, that "it is a rare thing the king requireth"—that no other king, lord or ruler requires such a hard matter of their wise men; watch his intense, absorbed interest, as he grips the arms of his seat and his dream unfolds. Not a word, not a syllable shall be lost.

Briefly, the interpretation reveals a world-panorama of his own and succeeding kingdoms and governments, man to be given, apparently, in a measure, at least, a free hand, with abundance of time and opportunity to see if he might evolve from his own wisdom and cleverness a kingdom or government worthy to endure.

But, sad to relate, according to the vision, instead of man, as the centuries rolled onward, *gaining* wisdom from past mistakes, instead of kingdoms and governments becoming more efficient and honest, more pure and just, they would become less so.

The existing kingdom was described as one of "power, strength and glory, like unto gold."

After this would arise an inferior kingdom, and a third kingdom of brass, which should bear rule over all the earth." "The fourth kingdom as strong as iron, breaking in pieces and bruising."

Succeeding this fourth kingdom there were to be what might be termed a "job lot" of kingdoms and governments, represented and pictured as "iron and clay," partly strong and partly broken, kingdoms and governments, having in them something of the weak, unstable, crumbling nature of clay, something of the cruel, bruising strength of iron.

Finally; climax time! and, note the boy, as with head lifted, and eyes flashing triumph, the words pour from his fresh, pure young heart.

"And in the days of these kings, shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed! and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever.

. . . The great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is *certain*, and the interpretation thereof *sure*."

Well done, O bonny, fearless lad! Not the last great test and trial that shall be yours, ere death kiss those brave eyes to

slumber, calling thee to wider, but no more splendid, loyal service. Yet never a severer test, never a more complete triumphant victory! We need not marvel if, ere that time come, mighty ambassadors, swift flying from the far court of thine all glorious King, shall visit thee, addressing thee in thrilling words, unique to ears of sons of men; "O man, greatly beloved!"

Small wonder, either, that the heathen monarch, stamping himself every inch a man, "fell down upon his face before the lad in homage, commanding that they should offer an oblation and sweet odors unto him," saying to him, "Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets, seeing thou couldst reveal this secret"; giving him "many great gifts, making him ruler over the whole province of his capital city, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of the city,"—the most appropriate, fitting act of all his life.

* * * * *

Call to mind the story of a modern date: A little group, a handful of men and women, banding themselves together, early last century, consecrating every fibre of their being, every drop of their life-blood, to the overthrow and destruction of chattel slavery in America, one of the last and mightiest strongholds of that age-long kingdom of cruelty, oppression, and inhuman greed. Disturbers of the peace were they, exciting revolt, plotting and planning to overthrow an established, legalized institution! What an unequal contest, viewed from mere human standpoint!—on one hand this great system, mightily interwoven in the nation's life, entrenched in man-made laws, bolstered up by custom, by press, pulpit and political power; on the other, this small band of agitators.

Call the roll of a few names, names at that day a "byword, hissing and scorn," today written high on the roll of fame, radiant as the stars: William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, John Greenleaf Whittier, Wendell Phillips—the latter just from college, splendidly endowed in lineage, talents, education, friends and social position; no place of honor in the young republic to which he might not aspire. Walking one day in the streets of Boston, fate met him face to face. Seeing an excited crowd, and approaching it, he found a man, William Lloyd Garrison, a rope around his neck, in the hands of an

angry mob, demanding his life, the mob composed, not of toughs and rowdies, but of the flower and aristocracy of the city, many of them his friends.

Like a lightning flash his destiny was revealed. Stepping down from his social position, throwing to the winds his cherished plans and ambitions, he cast in his lot with the little company of hated, despised Abolitionists. Henceforth his great brain, "silver tongue" and intrepid heart the splendid champion of the oppressed.

Note this lion-hearted band, scorned and called insane by many of their relatives and friends, stoned, mobbed and persecuted, often in peril of their lives, yet with steady, remorseless, ceaseless energy, launching those moral earthquakes that rocked the nation from center to circumference, not for a few seconds only, but through weary, anxious, fear-fraught years.

And the result? How it is graven on our memories! Four years of tears and blood, of anguish and consuming fire, but at last victory!

What the verdict of today, with all the dreadful cost—catastrophe or blessing?

Other evil kingdoms there are now being shaken.—You, who have launched or are launching moral earthquakes against the demon kingdom "rum." Any doubt about the final victory?

Ask the Neal Dows, the Francis Murphys, the John B. Goughs, the Frances E. Willards, the Emma Malloy Barretts—if they yet be with us, or if called away before the battle ended, you, who have known and loved them—any doubt of their answer?

If we but gain the faith of the captive boy and the conviction of the heathen king of long ago, that "the dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure," how otherwise seeming impossibilities will melt away, how the mysteries of life will clear up, how earth's future will grow radiant with hope and promise!

If it be true, "The God of heaven will set up a kingdom on the earth, in the days of the latter kings"—right under their very noses, so to speak,—"that shall break in pieces and consume all their kingdoms, that shall stand forever." Why, here seems something to tie to, something definite and substantial, to which we may anchor our hopes and dreams of ideal conditions. And if it appears on close examination that the

kingdoms and governments of our day seem to fit in and tally with the description of the "job lot" of clay-iron kingdoms and governments, partly the bruising strength of iron, partly the crumbling nature of clay; what a flavor it will give to life; with what intense interest will we "watch the things that are coming to pass on the earth."

"We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime."

Surely, if any man, even the most conservative, fears a change from existing conditions, it can only be from this standpoint: " 'Twere better to keep the ills we have than fly to others we know not of." Convince any reasonable person that there is now imminent, impending, an everlasting government for earth, that will do away with all wars, all drunkenness, all quarreling, all insanity, lust, injustice, greed, and oppression, all poverty and wretchedness, and see if he will not agree with you, that such a government is just what we need, even though many structures that bar the way must be broken in pieces and consumed.

Note well this condition, this contrast! Never a time in history when governments were more cruel, inefficient, and corrupt,—leading members of the highest branch of our own governing body openly charged, day after day, week after week, and month after month, with *treason!* their names called out individually, yet no attention paid to it,—just taken as a matter of course, a joke. The condition aptly described years ago by Rev. Talmage, when he declared that the two leading political parties in this country, which alternated in its control, "lie side by side, two great putrifying carcasses of iniquity, each one worse than the other!"

Never a time, in spite of the cries of peace! peace! when world toilers were more heavily burdened to provide equipment for war, luxuries and ease for rulers, governors and money kings! Never a time when governments and kingdoms seemed to fit more exactly the description of "clay-iron" kingdoms—partly the heavy, crushing, bruising strength of iron, partly the weak, unstable, crumbling nature of clay.

Never a time when the outlook seemed more hopeless and discouraging, if you go seeking a government or kingdom worthy to endure.

Yet, contrasted with this black, wretched picture of governmental failure to do justice between man and man, *never* a time when hope and optimism were so strong in the hearts of the people.

International socialists leavening and sweetening the thought of all nations, preaching fraternity and brotherhood among the toilers, raising insistently the question, why should we gather in great armies and spend our money, strength and life-blood in destroying one another? If our rulers must quarrel, let them fight it out among themselves. Banding themselves together everywhere, launching moral earthquakes against governmental corruption, oppression, wastefulness and shameful inefficiency; preaching ceaselessly in face of ridicule, persecution and imprisonment their unfaltering faith in a grand time coming, when there shall be smiling plenty and glorious happiness for all; oppression, poverty, bondage and misery for none. Every last man of them thoroughly persuaded, and who can blame them—that he could build, with one hand tied behind him, and a patch over one eye, a more just, “safe and sane” government than any of which he knows.

International missionary societies and armies of salvation preaching in all lands that “God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth, that Christ died for all.”

International labor unions formed to ameliorate the hard lot of toilers, to seek a fairer share of the wealth gathered by labor.

“New thought” people preaching the triumph of mind over matter, the most “impractical” and “visionary” among them going so recklessly far as to preach their belief that man may attain such wisdom and live under such conditions ere long, that in place of growing sad, broken and old in a few brief years, he will grow happier, more contented and *young* the longer he lives.

Diet reformers, preaching the folly of depending on the animal “morgue” for bodily sustenance, preaching a return to “garden of Eden” diet, and to the thousand-year age, vigor and wisdom of the ancients.

Vision-dreamers everywhere in their laboratories, these past one hundred years, digging deep into nature’s hitherto hidden

secrets, bringing forth and revealing to man marvelous inventions, staggering belief with their seeming miracles.

Edisons and Marconis—wizards of electricity! Luther Burbanks—wizards of plant life, making preparation for the “desert to blossom as the rose.”

Education and the printing press scattering light and knowledge everywhere, awakening people from age-long slumber of ignorance!

What mean all these gleams of light, piercing the gross darkness of the long night of governmental failure and wickedness, if they be not *Dawn Flashings* of the rising of that glorious permanent kingdom, foreshown in dream-vision to the heathen monarch and his captive boy, long years ago?

Tell us, kings and presidents of earth, cowering tremblingly behind bomb-proof walls, or if ye fare forth to seek God's pure air and sunshine, sight and fragrance of flowers, or song of birds, armed watchful guards close clattering at your heels!

Tell us, wise and mighty empire builders—law-givers! You, even of this youngest, most powerful, most securely placed, lusty, boastful, proud nation of earth, planning in the “merry month of May” to consume forty-eight months of precious time and ten millions of the people's hard-won dollars, building another monster warship! What for? Who can tell us what for? Prating of your “Hague tribunals of peace”—insanely, feverishly preparing for war. (Does any sane, just, sound-hearted man, surrounded by neighbors of the same character, spend time and treasure, skimping his family, perhaps, in food, clothing or shelter, that he may provide and cumber himself with some dangerous, unwieldy *blunderbuss*, for fear of trouble with his neighbors?)

Would any sane, just, sound-hearted, honest kingdom or government surrounded by similar kingdoms or governments need so to do?

Chaffering away sixty days of precious time trying to “regulate railroad rates,” not knowing now whether you have them regulated or not; your chiefest anxiety and concern, how you may fool and rob “all the people all the time.”

Tell us, financial kings, mighty men of millions, of heartless, soulless corporations and trusts, dainty, refined, modern cannibals all! fattening and gorging yourselves on the long-drawn-

out toil, anguish and labor of the poor, the weak and helpless, until ye be distorted out of all semblance to humanity.

Tell us, wise men of our great universities! with your curious, fantastic, backward visions (?) of man, ascending from monkey, from tadpole, from atom and fire mist; making jest and fable of that Old Book, whose Author considered of such importance to the human race that, having plenty of time, He used about sixteen centuries in writing it, choosing out from the rolling years and training as clerks and amanuenses some forty men, among them such names as Moses, Job, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Paul, and John of Patmos, none of whom, sad to say, enjoyed the rare privilege of learning to play football, either with pigskin or Scriptures, afforded in our twentieth century, modern, higher, scientific "seats of learning." With your sad, shameful lack of fore-vision, erecting your expensive structures so heedlessly, carelessly, "not foreseeing earthquakes"!

Tell us, false shepherds of the flock! "clothed in your purple and fine linen"! "lading men with burdens grievous to be borne, not touching one of them with a least little finger," offering your "husk and stone," while people perish for the want of living bread!

Tell us, wise men, astrologers, soothsayers all! Tell us our dream, interpret our vision, if indeed ye be not, one and all, dumb and visionless as the astrologers of old, confounded in the presence of their king!

* * * * *

Gaining belief in the dream and vision of old, what dreams and visions shall be ours!

"Centralized government!" New York reaching out and combining with Brooklyn and other suburban places, to form "Greater New York" for the sake of economy.

Talk of San Francisco consolidating with Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley.

Los Angeles proposing to annex all Southern California to form "Greater Los Angeles."

But! think of a *Greater* World! with one all powerful, central government! What would that mean? Take pencil and paper, figure one item—equipment of scattered jealous nations for war and defense—so each may feel safe from all others.

No more giant battleships, submarine torpedo-boat destroyers, mighty cannon hurling lead thirty miles, destroying fellowman, their ships and cities! No more armies—is it all down?

Let us stand by the side of the loved Poet Longfellow in the arsenal at Springfield, that he may help us see what it would mean.

“This is the arsenal, from floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms!
But from their silent pipes no anthems pealing,
Startle the villages with strange alarms.

O! what a sound will rise, how sad and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman’s song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O’er distant deserts sounds the tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace,
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpents’ skin;

The tumult of each sacked and ruined village!
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers’ revel in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon in tones of thunder,
The diaphason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead,
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace"!

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of War's rude organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

Add to all this, the amount saved from the liquor traffic, from the drug business, tobacco business, from police, from courts, from jails and penitentiaries, from insane asylums, and from a thousand other dreadful things, to which we are so accustomed, we do not begin to realize how shameful they are, but for which there will be no place in a perfect, everlasting kingdom.

What a sum it all makes! Enough one might easily believe, to build fine homes, to furnish fine raiment, fine food, carriages, jewels, music and flowers, education, travel and other splendid desirable things to all the poverty-stricken toilers of earth, who cannot now afford them.

* * * * *

"Paternal Government!" It has been stated that one *poor* governor, king, commander or boss, can accomplish more than a dozen *good* ones, who would lose valuable time arguing with each other how things should be done.

If this be true, what might not *one good* King over all the earth accomplish? An All Wise, All Powerful, Ever Living,

Ever Loving King; such a King as would surely be needed to rule an everlasting kingdom.

And if the "God of heaven" has purposed and promised to set up such a kingdom in the latter days on the earth, think you not he has in mind a King? A King trained, tested and tried for his mighty task as no other king or ruler of earth has ever been tested.

A King, of whom it was said contemptuously by the high society of the day, that he was the "friend of publicans and sinners;" that he had even been seen "eating and drinking with them."

A King who, during his testing time, told the chief priests and elders of the people, the high salaried preachers, professors and leaders of thought at that day, right in the temple, where they were questioning and trying to trip him, "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you."

A King who suffered as unjustly, shamefully, cruelly as ever the meanest wretch among his subjects has suffered.

A King, declared to be, after his testing time, by the highest authority, worthy to receive Honor, Glory, Power and Dominion forever."

Think you not such a King, with so unique a training and record, will be able to see justice done between man and man on the earth? Will be able not only to talk pleasingly, soothingly of "a square deal," but will be able to see strictly, severely, universally, completely, gloriously, to its carrying out, even to the least and last Hottentot or Chinaman of earth?

Listen to the music of this song, written down for us by Isaiah:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given! And the government *shall* be upon His shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

Contrast this vision and hope with that of a modern Poet, striving to read life's meaning, in June Cosmopolitan. After

telling us he has carted away to the "dust-heap" the "Hebrew old clothes" of religion, "serviceable in their day perhaps," declares he "cannot predict the form of the better social order of the future"; "believes the power within evolution is pressing onward to the birth of an organic social people." Cannot forecast the form of the future. "But is certain it will mean little if it does not sweep away a thousand of our beloved shams and shames"; "hopes that in that day the irrational will disappear with the wrong."

Indefinite hopes, longings and crude guesses. No hope of this philosopher "telling us our dream," interpreting us our vision of what life ought to mean in such a world as this, in such a universe as this.

And yet, according to his own admission, he has carted away to the dust heap such exultant songs and visions as these, of the sweet singer of Israel:

"Let the field be joyful and all that is therein." "Before the Lord! for He cometh to judge the earth; He shall judge the world with righteousness and the people with his truth."

"Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together. Before the Lord for He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall He judge the world and the people with equity."

Not so gloomy and dreadful a judgment day this, as is usually pictured to us; at least not to the people, the masses, who have hitherto been judged with shameful wickedness and iniquity.

John Greenleaf Whittier must have caught a note of this when he sang:

"Take heart! the promised hour draws near!
I hear the downward beat of wings!
And freedom's trumpet sounding clear,
Joy to the people! woe and fear,
To new world tyrants, old world kings."

Talk about "reincarnation."—Time enough during such a judgment day to "call forth all who are in their graves; to carry up, from all lower human courts, all cases ever tried, to the "Supreme Court" for final adjustment, for "reversal of decision," if necessary.

Plenty of time to adjudicate and rectify every cruel wrong that has ever been committed or suffered—to explain every unexplained mystery, to answer every unanswered prayer.

What a dream! What a vision! Why, under such a government there would be no temptation to grow weary, and sad and old, to die, or wish to commit suicide as now, but every incentive to grow younger and happier as the ages roll along. And to think our hopes of such a glorious time coming are founded—not on electing Senators by direct vote of the people, on getting the “initiative and referendum,” on “municipal and collective ownership of public utilities,” and on calling up the shade of old Diogenes with his lantern to seek us more honest men to rule us—not on hopes and teachings of “evolutionists and higher critics,” that we began as fire mist a few million years ago, that we have been jogging comfortably along through atom, tadpole, and ape until we are now able, a very few of us, to look wise, wear a plug hat, a handle in front of our names, and a string of letters after it, and that in a few million more years there is no telling what “gods” we may become—

Not even on the fond belief that many have cherished, that the kingdoms and nations of earth would gradually become Christianized and civilized through preaching the gospel—if this were true, then the dream and vision of old would have pictured governments and kingdoms growing better as time passed, instead of deteriorating from “gold” to “clay and iron”; if it were true, then indeed we might grow faint-hearted at the probable time it would take to Christianize the United States Senate, for instance, at the rate we are making, or to civilize our money kings, at the speed we have attained. But on a definite sure Word of Divine promise, on evident, widespread, startling signs of its fulfilling, that seem far more reasonable and adequate, more *certain* and *sure* than any of these.

* * * * *

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof.” Why no! You are mistaken! it is ours! We who are strong; and we have been fencing it in, a few of us; revelling in its fatness and abundance, throwing the crumbs and leavings to the hungry, discontented, wondering, toiling millions outside.

But, if this conviction should suddenly seize us—that the earth *is really* the Lord's; loaned to us for a few centuries for experimental purposes, to see how we might manage to govern ourselves, that we might thoroughly learn how weak, foolish and helpless we are, and that the Owner is shortly to take possession again, to call on us for an "account of stewardship"—what a staggering, overwhelming, fearful thought that *He* should come and find us as we are!

In San Francisco recently, poor men, caught "looting" among the ruins, have been shot; others with suspiciously large bundles have been halted by the guards; their bundles examined, and if found to be looters, their bundles have been confiscated and they have been punished. And public opinion sustains these acts.

But! ghastly thought! Should Earth's Owner unexpectedly return, "as a thief in the night," stealthily, "in such an hour as we think not," and discover *rich* men, who already possess more of earth's abundance than they can possibly use, sneaking quietly about, through unjust, usurious man-made laws, through government bonds, through cunningly contrived corporation and trust companies, railroad companies, stock companies, jobbing companies, through "rent, interest and profits," gathering up, by their agents all over the earth, pitiful little bundles of *loot* from the hovels of the toiling poor—whom the King loves, and for whom he gave his life—dividing up perhaps, giving a small portion of this loot to the priest, pastor and college president, that they might prophesy smooth things to them, might explain away and file off the sharp prongs from the "hard sayings" of scripture.

Heard you ever? O, my brother, my sister, *your* pastor, priest, teacher, judge or lawyer, preach a sermon, hot with Omnipotent wrath, on *usury*.

Taking a text perhaps from Ezekiel, eighteenth chapter and thirteenth verse: "Hath given forth upon usury, and hath taken increase! shall he then live? He shall not live! He hath done all these abominations, he shall surely die! His blood shall be upon him."

Or from twenty-second chapter, twelfth verse: "In thee have they taken gifts to shed blood; thou hast taken usury and

increase, and hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten *me*, saith the Lord God."

Heard you ever a sermon from these or similar texts? The preacher carefully explaining that usury, according to the Law of God laid down to the Jews, meant the taking of *any increase, one per cent, the one-hundredth part* even, when they loaned money or goods to their needy brother, classing the usurer, the taker of increase with the murderer and visiting the death penalty on one as on the other.

Making the close, searching application, that if the "God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," "The same yesterday, today and forever," dealt so severely with the Jews, His "chosen people," when they violated and trampled on that law, He could not be expected to look with any greater degree of allowance upon Christians, with the more marvelous light He has poured out upon them, if they violate the same law. Or that, if He destroyed the individual who broke that just, merciful law, how much more surely would he destroy the Kingdom, nation or government, whose whole life, fibre and fabric were woven, wound and bound up in the daily, ceaseless, reckless violation of the same just law.

Think you a pastor or teacher who would preach such doctrine faithfully, fearlessly, persistently, would be troubled with having "tainted money," tainted loot offered him?

Why this age-long, universal, profound silence touching this vital wide-reaching matter?

Light being turned on all other dark places of earth, think you not it high time some one lit a torch to illuminate this gross, hideous crime?

That some one or some thing, if but a clod, a stick or stone, shatter this profound silence, pointing out this shameful condition, this root and parent of all darkness, all evil.

Paul, writing to the young theological student Timothy, said: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Teachers and preachers of earth! have you shown yourselves workmen that need not to be ashamed touching this all important, this far reaching matter?

When the coming King preached on earth it was said of him, "The common people heard him gladly."

The common people love fair play, a "square deal." Is it any wonder they prefer the "ten-cent show" to the *partial*, one-sided, cowardly preaching of today?

And yet we puzzle our heads and wonder why the toilers of earth remain so poor? Why the abundance and fatness of earth flows so surely, swiftly, steadily, constantly, into the hands of the few, why the "rich grow richer," the "poor poorer."

Just so certainly as the law of gravitation, operating ceaselessly, tirelessly, carrying down from the high mountains and all the elevations of earth to the sea, the sweet life-giving waters—just so surely does this unjust, man-made, criminal law, permitting usury, the taking of increase, operating night and day, Sundays and overtime, secretly, unobserved, carry down to the bursting granaries and coffers of the rich and powerful the bounty, wealth and plenty of earth; given by the good providence of our God, gathered by the toil and sweat of earth's burdened, patient multitudes.

The just law of God "thou shalt not steal"—amended and changed to read—poor man, thou shalt not steal from the rich. Rich and powerful man—steal all you like, and all you can from the poor, so long as he is too busy, too ignorant, or fast asleep to find it out—forgetting in mad, stupid blindness—there is "One who slumbers not, nor sleeps, whose ear is ever open to their cry."

And what humiliation to our boastful, patriotic pride to know, that *never* in any land, in any time, has this just, merciful, divine law against usury, the taking of *any* increase, been so recklessly broken, so flagrantly disregarded, so contemptuously trampled under foot as in our own land, our own time. That *never* before in world history, not even under the most bitter, oppressive, diabolical system of chattel slavery the earth ever knew, has the wealth of a nation been so swiftly, surely, easily gathered into a few hands, that never before in the brief space of two score years has *one* man been able to greedily gather to himself, by extortion, one thousand million dollars.

Paul, in a letter to the Romans, told them that eventually

God's law would stop every mouth, making all the world guilty in His sight.

We have seen the mouth of the small sinner of earth pretty completely stopped.

For centuries the rulers of earth, pulpit, press, bar and college have thundered anathemas against him, until the small thief, the murderer, the blasphemer, and the impure are ready to acknowledge they are out of the right way, are guilty.

Will not all other mouths be stopped, the balance of the world feel their guilt before God, when they realize the truth and its significance regarding this law.

When the King or ruler of earth, claiming "divine right," shall realize that his pomp and splendor have been maintained through robbing the Lord and his poor.

When financial kings—styled "captains of industry," held up as shining examples of thrift and prosperity, before the poor, the honest or unfortunate of earth, discover they have been but captains of great organized bands of looters of the Lord's riches and the toil of his poor.

When the preachers of earth, denouncing the common thief, realize they have been "devouring widows' houses" through drawing funds and sustenance to carry on their work from "takers of increase."

When the judge and lawyer of earth, convicting and sentencing the poor to prison for stealing from the rich, realize their own salaries, their food and raiment have been in some measure stolen from the poor, through operation of the unjust, man-made criminal law permitting "taking of increase."

When wise men of the great seats of learning realize their sustenance has been secured in the same way. Think you not "very knee will be ready to bow and every tongue confess that Christ is Lord." Does it not look as though we would all have to "take our medicine" if we have succeeded in escaping the penitentiary thus far?

And yet we have been feeling that the great and successful of earth were above reproach, that kings and rulers, the opulent and wealthy, were so, because especially favored by Providence on account of some extraordinary virtue or talent they possessed.

But the awakening seems not distant. Already one rich

man, intimating he thought it not quite safe or respectable for death to overtake one, finding him cumbered with too many large bundles, has been unloading and dropping his accumulations by thousands and millions. Unfortunately for him, he is so entangled in the meshes of this dreadful law that wealth is flowing to him faster than he can rid himself of it.

Could the truth seize all the rich of earth, what a dropping of bundles, what a scattering of loot there would be.

Do you wonder that the higher critic sits up nights trying to discover the "mistakes of Moses?"

That our philosophers are carting away to the dust-heaps the Hebrew old-clothes of religion?

That preachers and teachers have been selecting from the "Old Book" the smooth and easy things that pleased them, ignoring or rejecting the remainder as "unauthentic?"

King David wrote, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

Any marvel if our wise men be dumb and visionless concerning the future? Think you God's light and truth will be sent out through church or hall of learning founded and nourished on usury, on tainted loot? Especially since they have smothered or contemptuously kicked over the only lamp to guide our footsteps in the darkness.

Will the great leaders today recognize any more clearly the signs of the presence of the king, the setting up of His Kingdom, "the things that belong to their peace," than did the scribes, pharisees and doctors of law in Jerusalem, when they shouted in blind folly, "Away with this man, crucify him, release unto us Barrabas!"

Will we slumber on until sudden destruction comes on us even as on them?

Do we not hear even now with blanched cheek and quaking heart, the rising storm, wailing through the tense, strained rigging of the tempest driven ships of all nations, threatening their engulfment and destruction?

Know you of any definite source of sure hope for the future if it be not in that old, old, ever new Book "carted away to the dust heap" by our wise men?

Is there anything this nation needs so much, anything the whole groaning, wretched earth needs so much as to hear the

same sweet voice of Power that hushed the tossing, heaving, restless billows of Gallilee into calm-speak peace to its storm lashed seas? And how much more shall we realize and feel this need ere the tempest be overpast!

Could some one tell us truly of the next man to occupy the "White House" at Washington, how eagerly would we seek for any information of his life and character.

So, if the "God of heaven" has planned and promised an everlasting Kingdom for earth to sweep away and occupy the place of all existing governments, and if He has prepared a King to rule that Kingdom, should we not be eager to learn everything possible concerning the coming Kingdom and the King?

Hide the "Kohinoor" in a dust-heap for years; seek it again; brush away the dust and it shall blaze and shine as resplendent as ever.

Hear the prophets, singing from the "dust-heap": "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

"For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also and him that hath no helper."

"He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight."

"But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

"He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

"In His days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him."

And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His Kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

Search the record of that matchless life; picture in your imagination that strange unique character, going up and down the land, doing good, and only good, and always good; cleansing the lepers, healing the sick, forgiving sinners, making the lame to walk and leap, the dumb to shout and sing, the blind to see! Preaching everywhere, by sea or lake and stream, on mountainside, or in the desert, where the mighty multitude thronged His footsteps, hanging, breathless, on the thrilling words that dropped like nectar from his lips. See the wondrous magic of those hands transform the lad's few loaves and fishes into repast to satisfy the hungry fasting thousands and yet have food to spare.

See Him, after the heavy labors of the day, fare forth into the night for couch beneath the stars. Hear those plaintive, lonely words: "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Yet never once, search as you may, will you be able to discover those wondrous hands of majesty, of love and blessing, stretched forth in cringing beggary, toward pauper or toward prince to whom he preached, for funds to carry on His work.

Hear those sweet words to thief, repentant on the cross, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise!"

Note the love, pity and compassion to the poor girl, taken in the act of sin, by scribes, pharisees, doctors of the law, "Woman, where are thine accusers? * * * Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Note that same voice transformed to scorching, withering flame: "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in!"

"Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer, therefore ye shall receive the severer judgment!" * * * "Verily I say unto you that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Hear Him on prayer: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray, standing in the synagogues, or places of worship," * * * "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the

door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Is it not time we began looking up the specifications of the Architect, to see how closely our builders have followed them?

Note the contrast between His preaching, and the preaching of those today who profess Him their teacher and guide.

His voice, all compassion, pity and forgiveness toward poor, weak, erring, repentant ones—all flaming severity toward the proud, powerful, arrogant, self-sufficient.

Preachers and teachers today, severe toward the poor, weak, and unfortunate—smiles, bending knees, and "the chief seats in the synagogues" to the proud and powerful, to usurers, increase takers.

Hear his startling, marvelous words, His mighty claims:

"Be not ye called Rabbi! One is your master, even Christ, all ye are brethren.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

"For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also."

Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice.

"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment."

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory and before him shall be gathered all nations."

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Was He not all He claimed, or the greatest impostor of the ages?

Judge not the toiling, homeless, sorrowing Man of Galilee, the "Lord of life and glory," the "King of Kings who comes, with mighty hosts to rule and judge the earth, with righteousness and equity, with love and with a "rod of iron;" by any Judas who betrays Him for thirty pieces of silver or for a fine, fat salary, that he may live in soft, luxurious ease!

Of course, with all this, must go "a-glimmering," must perish

forever from the earth, that sweet, persistent, age-long, impossible dream of frail, fallible, fallen humanity, "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." And shall we weep to see it go? With this last most stupendous, most colossal, opportunity, experiment, failure of the ages, staring us in the face by day, haunting our dreams by night—eighty million wrangling, jangling, chaffering voices, no one knowing what he needs or ought to have, no two agreed "as touching any one thing."

At one time during his training period, the coming King saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they "were as sheep not having a shepherd."

How that expressive phrase describes our country, describes the condition of the whole world today, countless millions of foolish, bewildered, scattered sheep without a shepherd to protect them from the cruel, sharp-fanged wolves scattered everywhere amongst them, greedily fleecing and devouring them! Without a shepherd to give them shelter from earth's raging storms.

* * * * *

Do these things frighten you? But, would it not be dreadful, anyway, to think of governments and kingdoms as they are continuing on for ten, for fifty or one hundred years; drunkenness increasing! famine and poverty increasing! ill-gotten, unwieldy wealth increasing! sweat shops increasing! suicide, murder and divorce increasing! insanity increasing? How long would it be before governments and kingdoms fall to pieces of their own corruption?

Will it not comfort and steady us if we gain the assurance that "In the days of these 'clay-iron' kingdoms, the God of heaven will set up a durable, perfect kingdom, to stand forever."

And is it not this for which we have been praying? That simple seeming little prayer, "Thy kingdom come," what mathematician can compute the many times it has been uttered, with all its wondrous, unrealized, pregnant meaning? Thy kingdom come to earth. Thy kingdom be set up on earth. Thy kingdom break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms. "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Thy kingdom stand forever.

Sounds almost like treason, does it not, pleading with a foreign, alien power to come and take the place of your own government.

And treason is such a dreadful thing. So much worse, for instance, for an individual to say anything that sounds like treason against the government under which he lives, than for a government or kingdom to *act* out blackest, rankest treason against its subjects year after year. So much easier, from a human standpoint, to capture and punish an individual than to capture and punish a government or kingdom.

"Does God send great disasters?" The question for debate before a company of students of ethics in Berkeley a short time since.

It would seem He does, as surely as we invite them, and need them to cure greater ones. But it may be confidently believed, that after all the evidence is in, all balances struck, it will be learned, all great disasters, great calamities, great earthquakes that He sends, will spell out for man great blessings.

"God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise,
Shall rise at last."

* * * * *

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, the remainder of
wrath shalt thou restrain."

"And let the whole earth be filled with His glory."

* * * * *

"Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded,
In agony of heart these many years;
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

"Unanswered yet? though when you first presented,
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known;
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

“Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part may not be wholly done.
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

“Unanswered yet? faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer—
And cries it shall be done sometime, somewhere.”

—*Browning.*

John Leander Brown, Berkeley, California, June 24, 1906.

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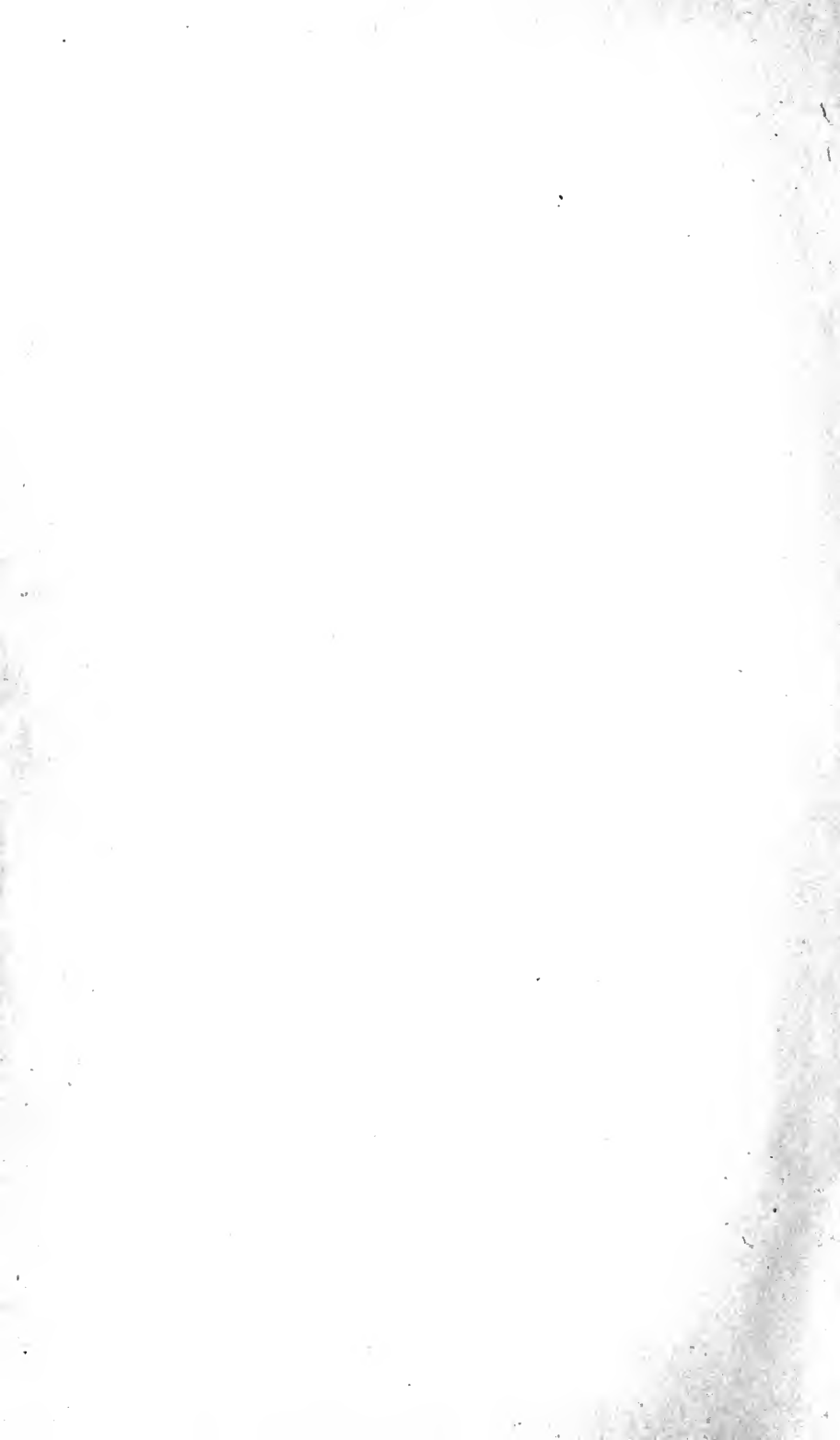
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