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EDITORIAL

## A WORD OF COMFORT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**A**MONG the many grotesquely amusing sights of the season none is more so than the sight of the *New York Times* turned into a preacher, a preacher of Christianity, at that!

Quoting the **REV. ELIOT WHITE** of the diocese of Western Massachusetts, who said: "The revolution is coming, is here, and there may be spots of blood. If you are not ready to experience blood, wounds, or death, go home," the *Times* stops for breath at this point, turns its eyes up to heaven, the corners of its mouth down to earth, and gasps: "Surely this is strange talk, to be followed by even stranger to the effect that any Christian who did not believe in action is 'on the brink of hell looking down.'"

And thereupon the *Times* shivers a shiver, throws a fit, and audibly exclaims between the lines: "'Tis the end of the world!"

Nay. It is not the end of the world. It is the beginning of a world worth living in. And natural enough, at such a season, is the sight of a leading organ of capitalist iniquity and crime being so flustered as to forget whatever little history it ever knew.

For one thing, "action," together with the other words that send a cold shiver down the spine of the *Times* and which may be translated into "the sword," was far from being a thing unknown to Christianity in particular, or to the march of civilization in general. A remarkable passage in Lassalle's *Franz von Sickingen* contains this remarkable condensation of history, lay and ecclesiastic:

My worthy Sir, think better of the sword!  
A sword, for freedom swung on high, that, Sir,  
The *Word Incarnate* is of which you preach;  
It is the *God* born of *Reality*.  
Christianity was by the *Sword* extended—

The *Sword* was the baptismal waters that  
The Charles, we still with wonder name the Great,  
Baptized Germania with; the *Sword* smote down  
Old heathendom; the *Sword* the Savior's tomb  
Redeemed. And further back, it was the *Sword*  
That Tarquin drove from Rome, the *Sword* that back  
From Hellas Xerxes whipped, and for our Arts  
And Sciences plowed the ground. It was the *Sword*  
That David, Samson, Gideon labored with.  
Thus long ago, as well as since, the *Sword*  
Achieved the glories told by history,  
And all that's great, as yet to be achieved,  
Owes in the end its triumph to the *Sword!*

No wonder the *Times* fears for the necks of its dummy director masters, and its clientele of suiciding bankers and other desirables, besides its still more numerous desirables who should, but have not yet, committed suicide. Consciously or unconsciously, it realizes that the passage from Lassalle gives a correct summary of the role that the sword has played in the past; naturally it fears the same role in the future.

But here let a word of comfort be uttered to the *Times*, and, through it, to all Plunderbund.

Socialism needs no sword for its accomplishment. The Socialist Movement is the first Revolutionary Movement that has not blood on its programme. Socialism moves on the elevated plane of XXth century intelligence and morality. It organizes the Revolution in such way that bloodshed may be avoided. It marches to the hustings with the ballot of peace, and comes equipped with the Industrial organization to enforce the fiat of its ballot.

Plunderbund need not fear for the necks of its membership. The neck that will be cut is the neck of Plunderbundism. Its members will be allowed to live—and WORK. To be sure, to work is like death itself to the Plunderbunders. To the extent that life is sweet to them and that they prefer work and life to death, Socialism gladly offers the word of comfort to them through their organ, the *Times*.

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