

JEALOUSY A CRIME

Dr. Talmage Preaches About an Old, Haggard, Monstrous, and Diabolical Sin.

How it Taints all the Occupations and Professions and Even Enters the Home.

Jealousy in the Law, in Medicine, in Politics and in the Church.

THEOPHY, April 15.—The hymn sung by the congregation in the Tabernacle this morning begins:

Some subjects a religious tenet touches a thousand times, now and then on them from one direction, now from another. But here is a sin which does not for some reason is left to the side. This morning, asking your prayers and in the strength of God, I want to grapple it.

There is an old sin, haggard, furious, monstrous, and diabolical, that has for ages waked and crawled the earth. It combines all that is obnoxious in the races human, quadruped, ornithological, reptilian and insectile, horned, tusked, hooved, fanged, stinged, the eye of a basilisk, the tooth of an adder, the jaw of a crocodile, the crushing bolts of an anvil, the stings of a scorpion, the tongue of a cobra, and the coil of the worm that never dies. It is in every community, in every church, in every legislative hall, in every monetary institution, in every drawing-room levee, in every literary and professional circle. It whispers, it hisses, it hisses, it debauches, it blasphemes, it damns. My text names it when it says: "Jealousy is the rage of a man." It is grief at the superiority of others—their superiority in talent, or wealth, or beauty, or elegance, or virtue, or social or professional or political recognition. It is the shadow of other people's success. It is the sliver in our pocketbook because it is not as fat as someone else's pocketbook. It is the twinge in our tongue because it is not as eloquent as someone else's tongue. It is the fatter in our robes because they are not as lustrous as someone else's robes. It is the earthquake under our home because it is not as many feet from, and deep as our neighbor's house. It is the thunder of other people's popularity coming the mink of our kinkin. It is the father and mother to both of one half of the discontents, and outrages, and destructions and bankruptcies, and crimes, and woes of the human race.

It was anti-diluvian as such as it is post-diluvian. It put a rough stick in the hands of the first boy that was ever born and said to him: "Now, Cain, when Abel is looking the other way, or when he is asleep, for his sacrifice has been accepted and yours rejected." And Cain picked up the stick as though just to walk with it, and while Abel was watching some bird in the treetop, or gazing at some material, down came the flow of the blood assassination, which has had its echo in all the fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, homicides, infanticides, and regicides of all ages and all nations. This poison of jealousy so disturbs the tranquility of the human mind, that he cuts a madman's road from the brow of innocence and smokes the embittered collar to the neck of the just, and had Polonius killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had plowed America as a gem in the Spanish crown, jealousy set on the Spanish courtiers to depreciate his achievement, and aroused animosities till the great discoverer had his heart broken. Credon by this ball passion, Lucretius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Ptolemy because his music was too popular. Jealousy made Korah lie about Moses, and sneer at depreciate Gideon. Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau, that hurled Joseph into the pit. That struck the twenty-three fatal wounds into Julius Caesar. That banished Aristides. That sent Antony against Cleopatra. That killed an architect because of the fame he got for a beautiful porch, and slew a poet for his fine tragedy. That set Saul in rage against David. How graphically the Bible puts it when it says: "Saul eyed David." It seems to take possession of both eyes and makes them flash and burn like two perditions of hell. "Saul eyed David." That is, he looked at him as much as to say: "You little upstart, how dare you attempt anything great? I will grind you under my heel. I will exterminate you; I will you miserable humanness. Crouch, crawl, sink into that rat-hole. I will teach those women to sing some other song instead of 'Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain tens of thousands.'" When Voltaire heard that Frederick the Great was forgetting him and putting his literary admiration on Bacon and d'Alembert

and, the other, I leaped out of his bed and danced the floor in a maniacal rage, and I would have set his teeth on his neck, if I had not been so busy looking up to carry him to the Russian palace. That is, a passion of jealousy led Napoleon the first to leave in his will a bequest of five thousand francs to the man who shot at Wellington, when the victor of Austerlitz was passing through Paris. That stung the greedy elder brother at the break of the home-steam when the aged, on returning, and threw a chill on the family room, which at every other evening, except on Sunday, was a prodigious feast. "Whoever has not got a good coat, let him buy one, and let him buy one that will ever shadow the earth, and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains and amid the wildest flash of lightning that ever blinded or stunned the nations, hung up on two pieces of rough lumber, the banner of the kindest, purest, loveliest nature that heaven could delegate, and stopped not until there was no power left in hammer, or frame, or javelin to hurt the dead son of God.

The passion of jealousy, livid, hungry, untraded, rages on, and it now pierces the earth like a fiery diameter and encircles it like a fiery circumference. It wants both hemispheres. It wants the heavens. It would, if it could, capture the palace of God, and dethrone Jehovah, and chain the Almighty in eternal exile, and after the demolition of the universe would cry: "I stood at last, here I am! Alone! the unspotted and everlasting I, Me, Myself, and I, that possess myself in my own right. Nations, empires, Germany, of England, of Russia and those, and those of each other, and all of them, jealous of America.

In our land this passion of jealousy keeps at the political work at all. It is at least five hundred people who are jealous of Governor Hill and would like to be his successor, about one thousand who are jealous of Grover Cleveland, and would like to relieve him of the cares of office, and after the nomination of next summer have been made, a wide pandemonium of defamation, scurrility, hatred, revenge, falsehood, profanity, and misrepresentation will be turned upon this man. In regard to the raising of a tariff or other reformations which are of their nature, except as to a few effect on votes, will be discussed in a thousand papers, and the people of Louisiana will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American sugar; the people of Virginia will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American tobacco; and the people of Pennsylvania will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American iron, and the people of Kentucky will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American whisky, and the people of Ohio that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American wool, while Massachusetts in Connecticut will be promised protection for manufactures, and all the monetary interests, North, South, East, and West, will be told in each neighborly school that the taxes and tariff will be fixed to suit them, irrespective of anybody else; and in the presidential election over, all will settle down as it was before. If you think that all this discussion in public places is from any desire of the welfare of the people, and not for political effect, you are grossly mistaken.

Go into all occupations and professions, and if you want to know how a jealousy is yet to be extirpated, see what a number what they think of each other's houses, and merchants what their opinions of merchants in the same line of business in the same street and ask, or others what they think of doctors in lawyers what they think of lawyers, and ministers what they think of ministers, and artists what they think of artists. As long as men and women in any department keep down and have a hard struggle, they will be faintly praised and the remark will be: "Oh, yes; he is a good, clever sort of a fellow." The further they get, quite well, I may say, to a very nice kind of a woman. But let him or her get a little too high, and he goes the soaring head by social or commercial deputation.

Remember that envy dwells more on small details of character than on great ones. It makes more of the fact that a man has a peevishness than of his great conquests; of the fact that Handel was a glutton than of the fact that he created imperishable oratorios; more of Coleridge's opium habit than of his writings "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner"; more of the fact that Addison drank too much than of the fact that he was the author of the "Spectator"; more of a man's peccadilloes than of his mighty energies; more of his defects than of his virtues.

Look at the sacred and heaven-descended science of healing, and then see Mr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon, who prolonged the life of the crown prince of Germany until he became a peer, and I hope may yet cure him, so that he may for many years overtake magnificent German nation, than which there is no grander. Yet so great are the medical jealousies that Mr. Mackenzie dare not walk the streets of Berlin. He is under military guard. The medical students of Germany can hardly keep their hands off him. The old doctors of Germany are writhing with indignation. The fact is that in saving Frederick the Great, Mackenzie saved the peace of Europe. There was not an intelligent man on either side of the ocean that did not fear for the result if the crown prince died. Mackenzie's superior wisdom and good old superior will, and when under the men a triumph of Mr. Mackenzie, the crown prince Frederick, took the throne, a wave of satisfaction and confidence rolled over Christendom, what shall the world do with the doctor who saved his life? "Well, I don't know," cried out the medical jealousies of Europe, "destroy him, of course, destroy him."

What a brutal scene of jealousy was had in this country when President Grant lay dying. There were faithful physicians that served their other patient and sacrificed their health for an hour in order to that deathbed. Doctors Bass and Hamilton and Agnew went through anxieties and toils and

fat goes such as none but God could appreciate. Nothing pleased many of the medical profession. The doctors in charge did nothing right. We who did not see the case in a better than those who agonized over it in the sick room for many weeks. I, who never had anything worse than a run-round on my thumb, which seemed to me at the time worthy of all the attention of the entire medical fraternity, had my own ideas as to how the president ought to be treated. And in proportion as physicians and laymen were ignorant of the case they were sure the treatment practiced was a mistake. And when in post-mortem the bullet dropped out of a different part of the body from that in which it was supposed to have been lodged, about two hundred thousand people shouted "I told you so." "There, I knew it all the time." There are some doctors in all cities who would rather have the patient die in the treatment of their own school than have them get well under some other party.

Yes, look at the clerical profession. I am sorry to say that in matters of jealousy it is no better than other professions. There are now in all denominations a great many young clergymen who have a faculty for super-zealotry. But they are kept down and kept back and crippled by older ministers who look upon these rising evangelists. They are snubbed. They are jostled. They are patronizingly advised. It is suggested to them that they had better know their place. If here and there one with more nerve and brain and consecration and divine force go past the seniors who want to keep the chief places, the young are asked in the words of Scripture to "Tarry at Jericho till their beards are grown." They are charged with sensationalism. They are compared to rockets that go up in a blaze and come down sticks, and the brevity of their career is subtly prophesied. If it be a denomination with bishops, a bishop is implored to sit down heavily on the man who will not be molded, or if a denomination without bishops, some of the older men with nothing more than their own natural heaviness and theological avoidisms are advised to flatten out the innovator. In conferences and presbyteries and associations and conventions there is often seen the most damnable jealousy. Such ecclesiastical tyrants would not admit that jealousy had any possession of them, and they take on a heavenly air, and talk sweet oil and sugar plums and balm of a thousand flowers, and roll up their eyes with an air of unctuous sanctity when they simply mean the destruction of those over whom they pray a snuff. There are cases where ministers of religion are derelict and criminal and they must be put out.

But in the majority of cases that I have witnessed in ecclesiastical trials there is a jealous attempt to keep men from surpassing their theological fellows, and as at the Presidential elections in country places the people have a barbecue—which is a roasted ox round which the people dance with knives, cutting off a slice here, and pulling out a rib there, and sawing off a beefsteak yonder, and having a high time—so most of the denunciations of Christians keep on hand a barbecue in which some minister is roasted, while the church courts dance around with their sharp knives of attack, and one takes an ear, another a hand, another a foot, and it is hard to tell whether the ecclesiastical plaintiffs of this world or the demons of the nether world most enjoy it. Albert Barnes, than whom no man has accomplished more good in the last thousand years, was debarred to sit silent for a year in the pew of his own church while some one else occupied his pulpit, the pretended offense that he did not believe in a limited atonement, but the real offense the fact that all the men who tried him put together would not equal one Albert Barnes.

Yes, amid all professions and businesses and occupations and trades, and all all circles needs to be heard what God says in regard to envy and jealousy, which, though not exactly the same, are twins: "Envy is the rottenness of the bone." "Where envy and strife is there is confusion and every evil work." "Jealousy is the rage of a man." My hearers, if this evil passion is in any of your souls, cry mightily unto God for its expulsion. That which has drowned kings and emperors and apostles and reformers and ministers of religion and thousands of good men and women, is too mighty for you to contend against unaided. The evil has so many roots, or such infinite continuation, that nothing but the enigma of omnipotence can pull it out. Tradition says that when Moses lifted up his hand to pray it was all enervated with manna, and no sooner do you pray than you are helped. Away with the crime of—jealous, blackening, damning crime of jealousy. Allow it to stay and it will eat up and carry off all the religion you can pack into your soul for the next half-century. It will do you more harm than it does anyone it leads you to assault. It will delude you with the idea that you can build yourself up by pulling somebody else down. You will make more out of the success of others than out of their misfortunes. Speak well of everybody. Stand no man in the back. Be a honey bee rather than a spider; be a dove rather than a buzzard.

Surely this world is large enough for you and for your rivals. God has given you a work to do. Go ahead and do it. Mind your own business. In all circles, in all businesses, in all professions there is room for straightforward success. Jealousy entertained will not only bedevil your soul, but it will flatten your skull, beam your eyes, put pitchiness of box about your nostrils, give a bad curl to the lip, and expect for a year or the divine miracle in which you were created. When you hear a man or woman abuse, drive in on the defendant's side. Watch for exuberancies in others rather than for defects, morning glories instead of nightshade. If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have no so many periods of vanity to contend with. If some one has more wealth than you, thank God that you have not so great a stewardship to answer for. If some one is higher up in social position, thank God that those who

are down need not fear a fall. If some one gets higher up in church or State than you think God there are not so many to wish for the hastening on of your decease.

The Duke of Dintzig in luxurious apartments was visited by a plain priest, and to keep his friend from jealousy, he Duke said: "You can have all I have if you will stand twenty pieces of gold and let me shoot at you a hundred times." "No, no," said his friend, "Well," said the Duke, "to get all my honors I had on the battle-field more than a thousand muskets fired not more than ten pieces of gold."

A minister of small congregation complained to a minister of large congregation about the sparseness of his attentions. "Ah," said the one of large influence, "my son, you will find in the eye of judgment that you had quite enough people for whom to be held accountable."

Substitute for jealousy an elevating admiration. Seeing others good, let us try to be better. Seeing others industrious, let us work more hours. Seeing others generous, let us resolve on giving our percentage of our means for charity. May God put congratulations on our lips for those who do brave and useful things. Life is short at the longest. Let us all be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others. If an evil report about some one come to us, let us put on it most favorable construction, as the Rhone enters Lake Lemano and comes out crystalline, so not build so much on the transitory differences of this world, for soon it will cease to differ one to us whether we had ten million dollars or ten cents, and the ashes into which the tongue of the veriest stammerer went.

If you are assailed by jealousy make no answer. Take it as a compliment, or people are never jealous of a failure. Until your work is done you are invulnerable. Remember how our Lord behaved under such exasperations. Did they not try to catch him in his word? Did they not call him the victim of intoxicants? Did they not misinterpret him from the winter of the year 1 into the spring of the year 33, that is from his first infantile cry to the last groan of his assassin's nation? Yet he answered not a word. But so far from demoralizing either his mission or his good name, after near nineteen centuries he outranks everything under the skies, and is second to none above them, and the archangel makes salutation at his footstool. Christ's bloody antagonists thought that they had finished him when they wrote over the cross his accusation in three languages, Hebrew and Greek and Latin, not realizing that they were by that act introducing him to all nations, since Hebrew was the holiest language, and Greek the wisest of tongues, and Latin the widest spoken.

You are not the first man who had his faults looked at through a microscope and his virtues through the wrong end of a telescope. Pharaoh had the chief butler and baker endangered, and tradition says that all the butler had done was to allow a fly in the king's cup, and all the baker had done was to leave a gravel in the king's bread. The world has the habit of making a great deal out of what you do wrong and forgetting to say anything about what you do right, but the same God will take care of you who provided for Merlin, the Christian martyr, when hidden from his pursuers in a hay-mow in Paris, and a hen came and laid an egg close by him every morning, thus keeping him from starvation. Blessed are they that are persecuted, although persecution is a severe cataplasm. Ointment may smart the wound before healing it. What a soft pillow to die on it when we leave the world, we can feel that, though a thousand people may have wronged us, we have wronged no one, or, having made envious and jealous attack on others, we have repented of the sin, and as far as possible made reparation. The good resolution of Timothy, entitled "Most Any Day," we might well unanimously adopt:—

We'll keep all right and good within,
Our work will then be free from sin;
Upright we'll walk through thick and thin
Straight on our way.
Deal just with all; the prize we'll win
Most any day.
When He has made all things just right
Shall call us hence to realms of light,
Be it morn, or noon, or even night,
We will obey;
We'll be prepared to take our flight
Most any day.
Our lamps we'll fill with oil
That's good and pure, that would not spoil,
And keep them burning all the while
To light our way;
Our work all done, we'll quit the soil
Most any day.

A Society Woman's Letter.

A girl who had taken the position of amanuensis to a wealthy society woman was asked how she liked the situation. "Well," she said, "after being in a business office I find it rather difficult to accustom myself to this particular kind of work."

"How so?"
"Well, for instance, Mrs. B— has a way of dictating her letters very rapidly, interspersing them with explanatory comments, and so nettles I have found it difficult to separate the chaff from the wheat. At first I kindly remonstrated, but that did no good, and finally after we had reached a point of some laminary, I showed her, by practical demonstration, that this was not the best method of dictation."

"What did you do?"
"Oh, I once put in everything she said, and she was so amused at the result as never to forget the lesson. She let me keep the letter as a curiosity."

"I did not quite mean urging to introduce her to show the letter, which was real as follows."

"My dear Mrs. Joy.—I deeply regret that I must decline your kind invitation.

"She has invited me to a lunch party, and I am sorry to miss it, for she has a new French cook."

"I know well how successful your parties always are—"

"Except that one when Colonel Piper found a button in the mayonnaise dressing."

"And feel that I deserve commiseration for my loss. You speak of never finding me at home."

"How can she expect anyone to be visible at the unconscionable hour she chooses for visits?"

"It you could kindly appoint some time for coming I should be only delighted to make my convenience your own."

"Only I hope she won't, for I shall be tremendously busy this week."

"Can we not go together to see Muller's wonderful picture?"

"Most fatiguing business to look at paintings! It bores me to death!"

"With renewed regrets—"

"(After all, I'm glad I can't go!)"

"Most affectionately—"

"She always signs herself so, and I suppose I must."

NEEDS OF THE NATION.

Discussed by Senator VAUCE.

Written for the Baltimore Sun March 19, 1890.

IV.

Having somewhat lengthily discussed the injustice, inequalities and dangerous tendencies of tariff taxation, even under the most favorable and well-guarded conditions, we will now examine what is said in its favor. The pretensions made for it are most remarkable. They frequently do not stop at the absurd, but approach the miraculous itself. If one-half that is claimed for it be true, there should be no excuse for poverty or suffering on earth; for there is no nation so low in civilization and intelligence but its statesmen could enact high tariff laws or prohibit altogether any trade with foreigners; and that, in the opinion of protectionists, is the secret of the whole process of national wealth. And what a cruel and unjustifiable thing we did when we sent a fleet of war ships to open by force the exclusive policy of Japan to the commerce of the world! She was merely imitating our own policy in giving her own manufactures a home market, and trying to get rich by trading with each other!

What are the claims put forth by the friends of protection? Let me mention a few, with the understanding that nobody is permitted to laugh. They say—first, that it encourages our infant manufactures; that without it they could not compete with the pauper labor of Europe; that it raises the price of the farmers' products; that it lowers the prices of manufactured products; that it raises revenue by taxing the foreigner who brings in the goods; that it keeps our money at home and maintains the balance of trade in our favor. Whilst it does all this, they say at the same time it is no tax at all, and that the tariff duty does not enter into the price of the article on which it is imposed! It is mere pretense of taxation, a kind of commercial fiction or man of straw, like John Doe and Richard Roe, and the confession of "lessee, entry and ouster" in the old action of ejectment, by which the foreigner is ejected from our market and made to pay our taxes out of his own pocket, whilst our own people obtain a judgement of the court that they shall buy everything dear! After so many grave political economists and alleged statesmen have asserted these things in behalf of protection, what right has any man to laugh at the claims of the most pretentious patent medicine ever advertised? I don't believe I ever saw one which professed that it could kill a man and restore him to life by swallowing for one and rubbing outwardly for the other purpose. Yet a greater thing than this is claimed for protection. It reduces prices to the consumer, and it increases prices to the producer; it protects the manufacturer because the duty added to cost of the article enables him to compete with the foreigner, but as the duty is not added to the home-made article the consumer pays no

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