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Labor and Brotherly Love

Earl Clement Davis

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Fator and Brotherly Leve. Scripture; Luke 1222486 Lest: Luke 1284 For where you hearing is there will your heart be also." To-moner will be celebrated as a legal bolidy, dedicated to the interests of labor From one end of the country or other were will be engoged in narious forms of intellectual and flysical fertinities common to folidly fleasures, The celebrate bolidays in bour of some great event as at Christian or in form of some great wore, or in devont recognition of Gorlis care for us in our annual thouksgiving dog, but Lotor day is feculiar in that it is declicated to the

commerce every day duty of work, all the various forms and aspects in which the so called lobor problews are forcing themselves upon us to doysare but expenser of what we call worden thright, and are They are the manifestations in The world of wealth and economic of that some fout of niew which in the world of religion throught gives rise to like al theology of me accept liberal religious rieux we are bound to recognize the truths which are hering revealed in the revolutionary struggles in the realin of the business moreover there is a very definite and clearly defined frit of wor: Tast between these froblems and

and what we all recognize as one of the functionental ideas of religions. life of It is the recognition of the dignity of huma nature that wohen for the elegations of the diguty of lobor ou lobor auch wick, upon which were nice broked with disdain and contenft, me are beginning to recognize the true basis which wakes rational and sensible, that buth which is commonly stoken of or botherly for. Ine it is that helind all these ideas there is the fact of spiritual brotherliners, but it is no less true that the only means of expensing that thath is the recognition of a common furfice in lobo. / Kerfect for labor is the expression of wors respect for

wor and is the basis of brothery of lote a great deal has been said and written in one way and another stort willets favous ficture "the Town with to the? Perhop markwin's payous frem the wor with the the uniter to give experien to certain Thrughts suggested by hirllets ficture Kor given the ficture a somewhat exaggerated frommence flow I do vot wish to fair any criticism upon that wither favour frem of Kearkwor's of an well aware of the fact that it freeents a truth flyw how and I know that any form of later has its hard and seemingly sureworded asfect! The wow with the has some

meany tour of it, but who does vot? II know that there are Times when it would toke a vost awant of imagination to means any romance or foetry into the act of foeing any one who stop to think of it, or token the twooble to woke a fractive experiment of it will chiswer that there is a great real of truth in in Tucukwar's ficture of lobu in its dark, gloving and about de: graching stronghere. Let us grant him his fort, // But at best he has touched but Jof of the footlew, and I am out heritating in unging that he for not ever touched the great truth of loter, but her simply stuck

upor an incidental enil connected with a great good / The hardship, the degraching influence of lobar we but incidentals, which affear now and their, after enough it is twe. but still only the incidentals. There is another side to lober, not les true, but much were insting If I were an artist, I would like to faint two fictives the first one of there two fictives mould be entitled the wor without a Hoe! I In that fictive I would try to fitting the work who has never know the joy and extollabor of doing some = Thing, who has not experienced the subtle satisfaction of keeping The weech down, and warishing

the flant to fruitage In such a fictive, the fictive of the wor without a Hore, investead of having a field free and clear of worth = leis weeds as in hillets fictive it world be to the first to have the were surrounded by a growth of weeds and tares of such strightness and unchecked gowth as to coufletely envelope the won, if were he way he called . There in the second flace the won must tors a different fore. Instead of standing there borned over by ages of toil, as markum would have it, the wow of weeks must of vecesity be structing exect, and even stetching and shaining in bofer of raising his head

above the engulfing weeds to get a niew of the surroushing loucheofe, and feel the wornth of the five surshine of god which he is fast lossing in his because of his vain efforts to enjoy thew without fries but even heaven is given away vor way five be had for the asking. The third change should be in the wenter atworfhere of the wore, Bemilderment, a longing for free activity, the hunger of boily and sine, the unetchidnes of a wow who has lost control of himself must be the mental equipment of our wow, a soul dying for lack of free expusion. In such a fictive . I favry

we would have a tolerably well conceined idea of a won without a tolerably dt does not toke very week insight into hower watere to

see that such a ficture would be refresentative vot only of the won without a for, but week were refresentative of any won without a job. The vast any of aimless shiftles fleasure seeker have never realized that the real curse of their hues is in the simple fact that they have volling to do I mish to who the foint that the essential thing in our life is to forz some: thing to do, to have a job, to for job that is one job, fruit

is only by having a job, and fut =

ting our effects with that job that we are able to rise above the condition, and wrell on way out who the world of word peeder, and enjoy the richner and follow of life. The wor without a for is lost in the weech which are giving of about him, and are shutting him off from the life. The wore with a fre Reep his view clear works out his predow, and becomes master of something, even if it be only a for of away with our condessending fity for the won who works, and our enry for the wor of idleness. The hor vot begun to him until we hore some fatively work to do.

In our every day tolk we down a distriction between different rinch of work. For one kind of work we say fasition; for the other will job; for one kind we speak of a salary for the other, woges; for one clair of workwar we har we special name, but the other we designate as laborers. / The directing live according to which this distriction is made seems to be determined by the kind of took we use, if me use a tre, me are latiners, for a job, and stown solary. of me use books, either literary or account books, we are ver: baboners, have a foritier, and down a solary. I said that I would like

to faint two fictures if & were an artist, and it is just at this forit that I ruish to describe the second one. Its title world be the wor with a book / Of course he untte fictured in the wicht of broke Wort him on all sides broks are filed so high that he can searchy see abroad. The only light somes fure a dingy lauf, as he site alone bent over a book, His shoulder are heat, his pause is evaciated, his eyes are duel ! The exposion of his face is one of haggard expect: ancy. Mearied by his years of lober, borned down in body, and dwarfed in sure, the wire with a book is as great a slive as

markown ever cheaned of in his frem the Townwith the tre! / the for been seeking after real life where there is wo life, and for lost himself in his reach, out a mor of book weech. It is not the Ruise of looks we use in ferforming our lobor that enobles us to clim a chitiction between higher and love lober To use a fre close vot worke a wor a slove, wer is the won who uses a book free. That the wor with a fre, or the worm with a book but the wor with a job, the wor who has a real work to do, is the wow who finds life with and Jull and free. / The www with a job way use a for

or a took for his took as he fleases. HE becomes degraded only when he allows himself to become a worn with a fre or a wer with a book of Lorling as he is a wor with a job, using a for a book as his took, he is & free and voble, a living giving human hering! If you and I who know but little of the love of weeknies go to in: efect a hugh engive, me with our swheted much center our interest upon the great ply wheel which seems to be the one great vecerity of the machine for us in our ignorance the infuture of the ove great wheel gute overshadows the importance

of the less constituent faits But let an expert weeking come to insect the some machine and quite another thing roffens. HE, with his Roewledge of the machine and his unight into what is going on there, Rows that one fact is as imputant as another! Hz Ruoma that ever the automatic veler so insignificant as they seem to us must to their work with accuracy and frecision just as the great fly wheel. To him the question is not one of the greater imfortance of the fly wheel, but the woose significant question, Does evel fait che its work well?" The faulty fly wheel will be condemned

by him with as impartial fewoftver or the faulty oiled In the long new the world is very much like the skilled me: chanic, at commends and conclums, not according to the Rid of work that one does, but according to the degree of excellence with which the work is ferform: ed, the man who closs his work well is made use of and fuels his a respected flace in the worlds works fleften one hears a won say that, "Hot forfle are clover on him, and will not give him emfly: went." how o grant you that This is a very hard situation for a won to be in, and c

fily the were who is in it. But closely following this con: cerein dunge That the reason for the woris condition in al= wort every case is the simple fact that he has never worked well at his whot= ever he has tried to cho I say I fily such a wow, vot because he convot find enfloyment but because he has vever leaved whot work is / He has never riser stove the arrival: like correction of life, in which one strives only to get something ort of the world. I fity him because he has never viser to that high flave of work in which, forgetting that he is

betause st is necessary as a means of self sufferts, le loses himself in the joy of doing something and doing it well, I he fact is that in general the world wokes vo distriction in rewarding and terreleving its loborers. The man of great business interests holds his job, because he does swetting, and does it well; he loser his job when he fails. The firstersionol won is remarked and condamisch on the some basis, and the were with a fee toher his devente with thosest. So something and don't well

the first great flasiture cetters and went well, if me use a took, let us use that well. Puskin soys the faults of a work of art we the faults of its workwore, and its victures are his victure." The couring insfinition to great labor is its furfice. If we do vot stof to think of the furfore for which we are working it is inevitable that work will love its greatest cham. That for woney not for fame, not for kalture, but for the development of levens soves in the furfice of all work. wony feefle ferget this, and selfishly struggle and grant after all that somes within their

reach, but their selfishwer is worke forsible only because wort feofle realize that their one great furfore is to helf a hum being guv. /Kare incleed is the war or wower who will not work, and work hard that their chilchen way for the adventoges which will woke their lives with and full. It it wot becoming were and were the spirit of living that we should bear we another bus: dens. Slowly but steadily our social and industrial systems we leaching us This great truth of the intucle fundamee of fuffe. buth egrol certainty we are responding to this leaching, and

But of the chave of greed, selfishers and averice, there is slowly affearing the full meaning of that flore so often missenderstood, the two words bevtherly live. of there is one truth upon which wer are coming to agree it is that hunor souls are working together with god for the accomplishment of a great clivine forcer where furfice is the development of souls. Nevery home, every social center is or orght to be responding to that truth. in the light of that truth, all lother all work is at once elevated to the flave of Dinine Dignity, and un becomes a cos unber with god . | Butherly for is the deep respect that we feel for one whom

is engaged in a work which we can see is resulting in the growth of human souls. It is not were sentimental tolking when say that there is a bouch of Brothely love between us and that far kaster country in its great struggle for free close and indeferdince and self respect. Aweicur who are at all responsine to diversion con send a hearty fool efect, gumen as fure ove wither to avother. If we but remember the early days of our orme Euglish ancestors we ere sympthage with a les enlightened ferfle, and give them the hard of feelowship. of intexicuted by our own suc: sees, we forget thre les futures

there ownelves, we have but to go back a few generation to find that the experience which woken sympothy famile is our by inheritorice. The some sacred he which brick us to thre who have fought, stuggled and lobued for us in the fort. that the fruits of whome week we are enjoying to slay, still brids us to thre who we stuggling and loboring today , Ly as hard as we way we count except the fact that we bound one to avolve by this tie of bothuly lore, the significance and means ing of which is being severled to me by the slow freeen of experience. It is this truth

that calls us to all loter and all work. Were working with were, and was werking with God. That the war with a fre nor the were with a book is the one who is a degraded short and twine sever, but he who forgets the greatest of all religious truths That we are were with working for a comme furfore with gods Core we but realize that truth and all labor becomes a means towards a commend, and is done with that that brings the thingslow of gel into our heart, and takes our heart with the Knigdom of Gol, For where the hearine is there will the heart be also,"

Marshfield Hills Seft, 3. 1903 Bauntoble. Wars. , 4 1984.

Labor and Brotherly Love

Earl Clement Davis

Marshfield Hills, MA

September 3, 1903¹

Scripture: Luke 12:22-48.

Text: Luke 12:34, "For where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Tomorrow will be celebrated as a legal holiday, dedicated to the interests of labor. From one end of the country to the other men will be engaged in various forms of intellectual and physical festivities common to holiday pleasures. We celebrate holidays in honor of some great event as at Christmas or in honor of some great man, as in devout recognition of God's care for us in annual Thanksgiving day. But "Labor Day" is peculiar in that it is dedicated to the common everyday duty of work.

All the various forms and aspects in which the so-called labor problems are forcing themselves upon us today are but expression of what we call modern thought. They are the manifestations in the world of wealth and economics of that same point of view which in the world of religious thought gives rise to liberal theology. If we accept liberal religious views we are bound to recognize the truths which are being revealed in the revolutionary struggles in the realm of business. Moreover there is a very definite and clearly defined point of contrast between these problems and what we all recognize as one of the fundamental ideas of religious life. It is the recognition of the dignity of human nature that makes possible the recognition of the dignity of labor. In labor and work, upon which men once looked with disdain and contempt, we are beginning to recognize the true basis which makes rational and sensible that truth which is commonly spoken of as brotherly love. True it is that behind all these ideas there is the fact of spiritual brotherliness, but it is no less true that the

¹ According to the notes on this sermon, in addition to delivering it at Marshfield Hills on September 3, 1903, Earl Davis also delivered it at Barnstable MA on September 4, 1904.

only means of expressing that truth is the recognition of a common purpose in labor. Respect for labor is the expression of man's respect for man, and is the basis of brotherly love.

Of late a great deal has been said and written in one way and another about Millet's famous picture, "The Man with a Hoe. "The Man with a Hoe," written to give expression to certain thoughts suggested by Millet's picture has given the picture a somewhat exaggerated prominence. Now I do not wish to pass any criticism upon that rather famous poem of Markham's. I am well aware of the fact that it presents a truth. You know and I know that any form of labor has its hard and seemingly unrewarded aspect. The man with the hoe has some weary hours of it, but who does not? I know that there are times when it would take a vast amount of imagination to weave any romance or poetry into the art of hoeing. who stops to think of it, or take the trouble to make a practical experiment of it will discover that there is a great deal of truth in Markham's picture of labor in its dark, gloomy and almost degrading atmosphere. Let us grant him his point.

But at best he has touched but half of the problem, and I am not hesitating in imagining that he has not even touched the great truth of labor, but has simply struck upon an incidental evil connected with a great good. The hardship, the degrading influence of labor are but incidentals, which appear now and then, often enough it is true, but still only the incidentals. There is another side to labor, not less true, but much more inspiring.

If I were an artist, I would like to paint two pictures. The first one of these two pictures would be entitled, "The Man Without a Hoe." In that picture I would try to portray the man who has never known the joy and exhilaration of doing something, who has not experienced the subtle satisfaction of keeping the weeds down and nourishing the plant to fruitage. In such a picture, the picture of "The

¹ Jean-Francois Millet (1814-1875), French painter, painted "L'homme a la houe" in 1860-62. It inspired American poet Edwin Markam's (1852-1940) most famous 1898 poem, "The Man a Hoe."

Man Without a Hoe," instead of having a field free and clear of worthless weeds, as in Millet's picture, it would be to the point to have the man surrounded by a growth of weeds and tares of such straightness and unchecked growth as to almost completely envelope the man, if man he may be called. Then in the second place, the man must have a different pose. Instead of standing there bowed over by ages of toil, as Markham would have it, the man of weeds must of necessity be standing erect, and even stretching and straining in hopes of raising his head above the engulfing weeds to get a view of the surrounding landscape, and feel the warmth of the fine sunshine of God which he is fast losing because of his vain efforts to enjoy them without price. Not even heaven is given away, nor may June be had for the asking. The third change should be in the mental atmosphere of the man. Bewilderment, a longing for free activity, the hunger of body and soul, the wretchedness of a man who has lost control of himself must be the mental equipment of our man, a soul dying for lack of free expression. On such a picture, I fancy we would have a tolerably well-conceived idea of a man without a hoe.

It does not take very much insight into human nature to see that such a picture would be representative not only of the man without a hoe, but much more representative of any man without a job. A vast army of aimless shiftless pleasure seekers has never realized that the real curse of their lives is in the simple fact that they have nothing to do. I wish to make the point that the essential thing in our life is to have something to do, to have a job, to have [a] job that is our job, for it is only by having a job, and putting our efforts into that job that we are able to rise above the conditions, and work our way out into the world of moral freedom, and enjoy the richness and fullness of life. The man without a hoe is lost in the weeds which are growing up about him, and are shutting him off from life. The man with a hoe keeps his view clear, works out his freedom, and becomes master of something, even if it be only a hoe. Away with our condescending pity for the man who works, and our envy for the man of idleness. We have not begun to live until we have some particular work to do.

In our everyday talk we draw a distinction between different kinds of work. For one kind of work we say position; for the other kind, job; for one kind we speak of a salary for the other, wages; for one class of workmen we have no special name, but the other we designate as laborers. The dividing line according to which this distinction is made seems to be determined by the kind of tools we use. If we use a hoe, we are laborers, have a job, and receive wages. If we use books, either literary or account books, we are non-laborers, have a position, and draw a salary.

I said that I would like to paint two pictures if I were an artist, and it is just at this point that I wish to describe the second one. Its title would be, "The Man with a Book." Of course, he must be pictured in the midst of books. About him on all sides books are piled so high that he can scarcely see abroad. The only light comes from a dingy lamp, as he sits alone bent over a book. His shoulders are bent, his frame is emaciated, his eyes are dull. The expression of his face is one of haggard expectancy. Wearied by his years of labor, bowed down in body and soul, "The Man with a Book" is as great a slave as Markham ever dreamed of in his poem, "The Man with a Hoe." He has been seeking after real life where there is no life, and has lost himself in his search, a man of book wreck.

It is not the kind of tools we use in performing our labor that enables us to draw a distinction between higher and lower labor. To use a hoe does not make a man a slave, nor is the man who uses a book free. Not the man with a hoe, or the man with a book, but the man with a job, the man who has a real work to do, is the man who finds life rich and full and free. The man with a job may use a hoe or a book for his tools as he pleases. He becomes degraded only when he allows himself to become a man with a hoe or a man with a book. So long as he is a man with a job, using a hoe or a book as his tools, he is free and noble, a living growing human being.

If you and I who know but little of the laws of mechanics go to inspect a huge engine, we with our untutored minds center our interest upon the great fly wheel which seems to be the one great necessity of the machine. To us in our

ignorance, the importance of the one great wheel quite overshadows the importance of the less conspicuous parts. But let an expert mechanic come to inspect the same machine and quite another thing happens. He, with his knowledge of the machine and his insight into what is going on there, knows that one part is as important as another. He knows that even the automatic oilers, so insignificant as they seem to us, must do their work with accuracy and precision just as the great fly wheel. To him the question is not one of the greater importance of the fly wheel, but the more significant question, "Does each part do its work well?" The faulty fly wheel will be condemned by him with as impartial promptness as the faulty oiler.

In the long run the world is very much like the skilled mechanic. It commends and condemns, not according to the kind of work that one does, but according to the degree of excellence with which the work is performed. The man who does his work well is made use of and finds a respected place in doing the world's work. Often one hears a man say that, "That people are down on him, and will not give him employment." Now I grant you that this is a very hard situation for a man to be in, and I pity the man who is in it. But closely following this concession I urge that the reason for the man's condition in almost every case is the simple fact that he has never worked well at his whatever he has tried to do. I say I pity such a man, not because he cannot find employment but because he has never learned what work is. He has never risen above the animal-like conception of life, in which one strives only to get something out of the world. I pity him because he has never risen to that high plane of work in which, forgetting that he is working for money, or that work is necessary as a means of self-support, he loses himself in the joy of doing something and doing it well. The fact is that in general the world makes no distinction in rewarding and condemning its laborers. The man of great business interests holds his job, because he does something, and does it well; he loses his job when he fails. The professional man is rewarded and condemned on the same basis, and the man with a hoe takes his deserts with the rest. Do something and do it well is a law applicable to all, the first great positive commandment. If we use a hoe, let us use it well, if we use a book, let us use that well. Ruskin says, "The faults of a

work of art are the faults of its workman, and its virtues its virtues. 2 "

But the crowning inspiration to great labor is its purpose. If we do not stop to think of the purpose for which we are working it is inevitable that work will lose its greatest charm. Not for money, not for fame, not for self-culture, but for the development of human souls is the purpose of all work. Many people forget this, and selfishly struggle and grasp after all that comes within their reach, but their selfishness is made possible only because most people realize that their one great purpose is to help a human being grow. Rare indeed is the man or woman who will not work, and work hard that their children may have the advantages which will make their lives rich and full. Is it not becoming more and more the spirit of living that we should bear one another's burdens. Slowly but steadily our social and industrial systems are teaching us this great truth of the interdependence of people. With equal certainty we are responding to this teaching. Out of the chaos of greed, selfishness and avarice, there is slowly appearing the full meaning of that phrase so often misunderstood, the two words, "Brotherly Love." If there is one truth upon which men are coming to agree it is that human souls are working together with God for the accomplishment of a great divine process whose purpose is the development of souls. Every home, every social center is or ought to be responding to that truth. In the light of that truth, all labor all work is at once elevated to the plane of Divine Dignity, and man becomes a co-worker with God. Brotherly Love is the deep respect that we feel for one who is engaged in a work which is resulting in the growth of human souls. It is not mere sentimental talking when [we] say that there is a bond of Brotherly Love between us and that far Eastern country in its great struggle for freedom and independence and self-respect. Americans who are at all responsive to America can send a hearty God speed, given as from one brother to another. If we but remember the early days of our own English ancestors we can sympathize with a less enlightened people, and give them the hand of fellowship. If intoxicated by our own

 $^{^2}$ John Ruskin (1819-1900), English write, philosopher and art critic. This quote is from his 1869 book, *The Queen of Air*.

success, we forget those less fortunate than ourselves, we have but to go back a few generations to find that the experience which makes sympathy possible is ours by inheritance. The same sacred tie which binds us to those who have fought, struggled and labored for us in the past, the fruits of whose work we are enjoying today, still binds us to those who are struggling and laboring today. Try as hard as we may, we cannot escape the fact that we [are] bound one to another by this tie of brotherly love, the significance and meaning of which is being revealed to us by the slow process of experience. It is this truth that calls us to all labor and all work. Men working with men, and man working with God. Not the man with a hoe nor the man with a book is the one who is a degraded slave and time server, but he who forgets the greatest of all religious truths that we are men working for a common purpose with God. Can we but realize that truth and all labor becomes a means towards a common end, and is done with a joy and a feeling of self-respect that brings the Kingdom of God into our heart, and takes our heart into the Kingdom of God. "For where the [sic] [your] treasure is, there will the heart be also."