

A JAB AT THE DEVIL

An Argument For A
Christian Political Party

by

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Some of the jobs

A Huffy Preacher

A New Political Party

A Political Eunuch

A Racket Needed

Bang!

Beelzebub's Fleas

National Christian Ticket

Picture of a Fool

The America Duke

The Foolest Fool

The Goats

The Old Soldier

The Political Devil

The Spineless Angel

Volleying an Ass

A Twang Of The Bowstring

This booklet is called *A Jab at the Devil*. Its title does not necessarily narrow its target. All whose noses are ringed with the devil's hooks will be fair game for impalement. The arrows are pointed but not poisonous. They will wound but not kill. The Devil cannot be slain; if it were not so, I think God would have coffined him long ago. The same is true of the Devil's votaries. This *jab* will therefore not be fatal to Satan or Satan's, but it may twinge a recalcitrant Christian and repent him out of bad company. HENCE—

A Jab at the Devil

Somebody must run this country politically. The Devil and the politicians will run it if we permit them. They have run it considerably, heretofore, and they are getting ready to run it some more. If decency wants any part in the management of public affairs, it is high time she got out of bed and washed her face.

Under the republican form of government, as exemplified in the United States of America, the office-holder is intended to be the incarnation of his constituents. In other words, the people send themselves, in theory, to the White House, to Congress, to the Legislature, and to the judicial bench. In a similar sense, I am in favor of sending **Jesus, the Christ**, to our halls of national legislation, to the White House, and to the bench of the United

States Supreme Court. I am in favor of sending Him to the States' legislatures and to the municipal councils and boards; of electing Him governor, mayor, state and county judge, attorney general, States' attorney, and corporation lawyer; of naming Him for sheriff, constable, chief of police, and police officer; in a word, of transferring this entire government, from the supervision of a township road or the scribing of a notarial folio, up to the executive management of the nation and the supreme direction of its judiciary, upon the shoulders of the **Man of Galilee**.

I would accomplish this end by delegated representation, in accordance with the genius of the American Constitution. I would organize **A Christian Political Party**, hold Christian conventions, nominate Christian men for office, and on ballot day, elect them to the positions of the political trust for which they were named; not leaving the matter there either, but by advice and watchfulness, so keep in touch with the public servants that they will realize the necessity for constant vigilance and integrity.

But would not this be a union of Church and State? If you mean a union of ecclesiastical bigotry and political selfishness, of ambitious priests and designing politicians, I answer, "No." But if you mean a union of righteousness and statesmanship, of godliness and good government, of prayer and patriotism, then I reply emphatically, "Yes!"

We have done a good deal of drooling about Church and State. With the object lessons of priest-ridden Europe before us, we have hallooed to the sentiment, "Keep Church and State forever

separate,” until our eyes actually bug-out in idiocy. We have been watching Rome and the Jesuits and ecclesiastical bigotry and have let the Devil come in and seduce the State. We chose the wrong watch word. We should have said, “Keep *Satan* and State forever separate.” There is a blacker devil than the so-called Rome devil, and that is the political devil, who will be a saint, sot, deacon, or demon if by any or all of these means he can get into office; which is to say get an opportunity to plunder the public treasury and debauch the public virtue.

“But,” someone says, “we have many Christians now in office in America.” I beg your pardon. We have Democrats and Republicans and other partisans. As a rule, when the partisan Christian obtains office of the party in power, he leaves his religion in the church vestry or hangs it in the closet with his Sunday suit; he is evidently afraid it will get wet, or torn, or soiled. Hosts of men take their ability to the legislature, but they forget to take their Christianity.

I would have **A Christian Party**, with a platform of principles, and the first plank in that platform should read as follows: “Work your religion for all there is in it during the week, and let it keep its eye peeled for the Devil and the politicians on Sunday.”

The proposition to organize and put into active operation **A Christian Political Party**, with the vowed object of directing the legislation and the machinery of this government, will be regarded at first thought by some with amazement, by others with seriousness, and by yet others as a joke of enormous and

hilarious proportions. In presenting the matter, however, the author is intensely in earnest. The idea, with him, while having its humorous aspects, is neither trivial nor astonishing. He believes in its righteousness with all his heart, and hopes for its accomplishment at an early date. In view of the manifest rottenness of our political fabric, and the increasing rust and mold upon the social liberties of the people, he believes the times are ripe for and demand a moral political upheaval.

“But that kind of a proposition, seriously urged, will make a terrible racket in this country.”

Likely enough it will; and, bless your dear soul, a “racket” is exactly the thing that this country needs—a “racket” that will arouse the sleeping conscience of the American free slave and set it throbbing in vigilant action; a “racket” that will tear the napkin from the dead face of political honor and reveal the ghastly work of the assassins of the dominant parties; a “racket” that will rake the Republican and Democratic maggots from the festering corpse of national prosperity and make manifest the crimes of politicians, drunken statesmen, and corporations; a “racket” that will disturb the millionaire miser in his gloating, and wring a pang of retributive horror from his shriveled, selfish soul; a “racket” that will din the ears of tippling deacons and shiver the sides of salary-fat parsons with a conscience ague-fit. Oh! This blessed country of ours needs a “racket” of ample and alarming and arousing proportions; one that will resemble the excitement of the second coming of Christ; that will evoke lofts of praise from the lips of the righteous and drive the guilty

into frenzied dialogue with the rocks and hills. I believe the inauguration of **The Christian Political Party**, with the ensign of *Righteousness* nailed to the masthead, will be the dawning of a brighter era in the political and social economy of our country.

There is a world of difference between putting a Christian man in Congress as a Republican or a Democrat and putting him there as a Christian. In the first-named category he will go there as a partisan politician, subject to the dictation of the Platt, Quay, or Croker of his party (which means that he will be under marching orders of His Majesty, the Devil); in the second instance, he will be an independent integer with a legislative backbone and a brain clear of whisky, who will have the nerve and the sense to propose and vote for measures that are in the interest of the people. It is not denied that there are Christian Democrats and Republicans in Congress, but it is doubted if any of them have recently prayed before they voted.

“Wouldn’t you nominate any infidels or atheists?” Not one. I would appoint them to consulates in Turkey and darkest Africa, with instructions to argue the religious question out with Satan, the Sultan, and the chimpanzees.

I hear some mollusk ask the question: Do you think it would be policy to bring such a political party before the country?” Some beings are ever concerned regarding the policy of a proposition. I can imagine during the consideration of the question of sending the Son of God to earth on His errand of atonement, that some spineless angel simpered out this conundrum--“Dost Thou think it will be policy to send

Thy Son down there among those wretches? The Devil seems to be running the thing pretty much. He has Herod and the Sanhedrim and the High Priest under his thumb. The chances are Thy Son will be slain if He goes, and nothing will be accomplished. Dost Thou not think it will be better policy to compromise somewhat?—say we let Satan run the politics down there (he’s such a fine wire-puller, Thou knowest), and we’ll just send a delegation of deacons down to sing psalms and pray and preach and vote the old party Sanhedrist and Herodian tickets, and perhaps pass a gelatinous resolution occasionally on the sin question?”! I can imagine the holy expression of the Heavenly Father’s face as He relegates that celestial politician to the limbo of eternity and thunders forth His edict: The kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and His Christ. His name shall be called Wonderful, Mighty Counsellor, Prince of Peace, and the government shall be upon His shoulders.—“But Christ defied policy and was crucified for His rashness.”—Very true; but He arose from the dead and ascended triumphantly on high.—“His followers were put to death, persecuted and imprisoned.”—True, but His cause marches on with widening sweep toward the conquest of the world. **The Christian Political Party** is throbbing in the womb of American progress; its birth will entail the pains of national travail, and its propagandism will call for political martyrdom of the heroic sort. But I believe that in the glens and thoroughfares of America, there will not be lacking Polycarps or Pauls to face the fagot and the ax in behalf of the eternal principles of truth.

The need of our government in its legislative, executive, and judicial departments is applied Christianity; the need of our political economy and our social economy in their practical workings is applied Christianity. Not priestly, parsonic, pulpit Christianity; not canting, creed-cramped bigotry; not the thing of genuflections and long robes, of solemn visage and sepulchral tones, which has labeled itself Christianity and steeped its club rooms with the stolen cross of Christ; this thing which sighs and simpers and sings on Sunday, and swears and defrauds and debauches on the secular days of the week; which voices with Christ in the prayer-meeting and vies with the Devil at the ballot-box; not that sort—but applied Christianity, the Christianity of honesty, of mercy, of love; the Christianity which regards the mite-earners and scourges the money-changers, which enraptures Lazarus and engulfs Dives, which commends the penitent publican and impales the proud Pharisee; the Christianity of Christ, of Jesus Christ, the God-man of Galilee.

Some people look upon Christianity as a sort of convenient commodity to be obtained when needed of the priestly pharmacist; a kind of spiritual Seidlitz powders to be hurriedly taken when the patient feels like vomiting; a sort of sinners' stomach-settler, to be used after a night's debauch with the Devil as a preventive against the headache and hair-pulling of conscience. Others regard it as a species of Sabbath recreation to be indulged in after a hard week of cheating, lying, back-biting, and all around sin, just as an overworked artisan would take a day's outing among the hills and the woods, only to return again on Monday to the old haunts and the old pursuits.

True Christianity is not to be listed in any of these catalogs; neither is it to be looked upon as a convenient phantom which associates itself in particeps with any professional liar who announces his possession on Sunday of something that his conduct on Monday proves to the contrary. Christianity is not a commodity, nor an appetizer, nor a spectre. It is a principle, the chief characteristics of which are love, purity, honesty, temperance, loyalty and goodness. It has cleansing power. It can and will save a repentant sinner from his sin, but it will not abide in the same house with him if he returns again to his vice. The man who takes off his swearing clothes on Saturday, dons his deacon's dickey on Sunday, and re-clothes himself with his sinful suit on Monday is simply a cheap fool who furnishes matinee amusement for the gallery gods of Hades. The common view of Christianity, the view of many people in the humbler walks of life, is a misapprehension. Many have been content to cheat and be cheated, to lie and be lied to, to backbite and be backbitten, with the common understanding that a stroke of the absolutional sponge will make a clean slate for Sunday and a fair surface for the Devil's sin-scratches on Monday. The terminus of that road is Perdition.

Beelzebub's fleas do not parasitize on God's lambs. Light and darkness do not abide together. Christ hath no concord with Belial. Hence, Christianity in its personal application means that its possessor is a Christian, and that is as much as to say that he can be trusted by both God and man. He may be elected to public office, and he will regard it as a sacred trust; he will not backslide when he goes to Congress. He may be given the

custody of houses and estates, and he will not make himself the chief beneficiary of his opportunity. As an employer of labor he will not Mottstreet the masses and Fifth-avenue himself. The world demands one of two things of Christianity--that it put its homiletics into practice or yield up the ghost.

When you arrow the *political devil*, you puncture the most vindictive imp outside of headquarters. He may wear a Presbyterian dress-coat, an Episcopalian gown, or a Methodist business suit, but when he is hit, you will see his tail wiggle and hear his hoofs and teeth castanet in symphony. The point of this *Jab* will likely enough spear something, and when you hear it howl, whether in the republican or democratic language, you may conclude that its political epidermis has been knifed, and that's what's the matter with that demon.

I do not mean to charge that a man may not have been a Christian and been a Democrat or a Republican, but I purpose to declare that it is now beyond the pale of possibility for any good Christian (hearing with his ears, seeing with his eyes, and thinking with his brain) to be a good Democrat or a good Republican. That is plain talk, is it not? You may slam this book down at this point and brand its author as a fool or as a bigot, but that will only be evidence of your unchristian impatience. Better read it through with care, and then re-read it and ponder and pray over it. Remember, I am now particularly addressing the Christian; for I do not deny that a sinner may with consistency be a good Republican or a good Democrat. I am not able to perceive just how he can truthfully claim to

be an expert, finished, and polished sinner without being a Republican or Democrat, but (returning to our Christian) I declare with all my heart that the only possible way for a man to be a good Christian and a good Republican or Democrat is to be born with crossing of the eyes and softening of the brain and roaring of the ears.

Bang!--What was that?--Oh! That was Mr. Methodist McKinley and Mr. Iowa Allison--they have dropped their books and gone out to play see-saw with Mr. Maine Reed and Mr. Presbyterian Harrison.

Let's return to the Christian again. I am suggested by a meek-eyed brother at my elbow that I should make allowance for the weaknesses of men and remember the apostle enjoins us that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels." To this wisdom I bow acknowledgement and beg to assure my brother that I am competent to distinguish between an ass's skin and a clay pot. I promise to be mindful of the pottery, but I will not cease to volley the ass.

Arguments for a Christian Political Party will multiply as we pursue the subject. It will not be practicable to consider them all; and it will be noticed, as we proceed, that every argument for a Christian Party is an argument for every Christian to leave the ranks of the politicians and enlist under the banner of decency.

I believe that a political party is impotent and worthless unless it stands primarily for morals in government. To my mind clean morals and clean politics are natural allies; hence, a political party without one or more moral questions as the

foundation and explanation of its existence is to my thought a eunuch in the household of progress.

The issues which gave life to the Republican Party were moral issues; they gave to it a force and dignity which no dominant American party before or since has ever possessed. The fact of its moral virility brought to its support the terrific force of the aroused Christian conscience of the North; it gave to it the prayers of sanctified hearts and the young hot blood of a hundred thousand Christian firesides. By this force, it conquered in the grandest struggle for the rights of man which the world has ever witnessed. And if it is enshrined in the hearts of veterans, and mothers, and fathers today, it is because it was the incarnation of those principles of right for which the brother bled with brother and friend died with grand old friend in the Civil War tragedy. It is the vitalizing power of the moral principles of its youth which has carried the Republican Party in reminiscent grandeur beyond the period of its lawful existence. The politician (synonym for the Devil) understands this fact; hence he will invariably refer, in his florid appeals to the popular ear, to the grandeur, and the glory, and the pathos, and the sacrifice of the past. And the old soldier, and the old soldier's mother, and the old soldier's wife and widow and friends drink in the alluring strains, and loll and simper and sigh in reminiscence, while the hand of God is writing a new death-warrant upon the horizon and Satan's hosts are entering the citadel of Liberty. Oh! veterans of Gettysburg and Appomattox, heroes of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, as I look into your scarred faces (radiant with youthful patriotism

in 1862) and behold now your devotional dotage, your senile worship at the tireless shrine of party idol worship, this thought transfixes me, this question travails my soul:—Do you wish us to be driven to the conclusion that you have lived too long?—And per consequence to wish that your graves were occupied? In the bloody scenes of the past, you were not unfamiliar with the command, “Bury the dead, for the battle will be on tomorrow.” Issues of moment confront us now. Every live soldier who loves God and his fellow men should be in line for battle. Let the dead be buried. God beckons to more glorious battlefields. Let not the heroes of 1862 become the mumbling mendicants of 1896, with one eye on party and the other on the pension bureau—a chattering, childish demonstration of how the warriors of one age may become the fools of the next,—but let them lead, as they should, in the conflicts of right against wrong in the perilous days that shadow us now.

MORAL ISSUES are the sinews of political strength and the pledge of political perpetuity; consequently that political party which would present an ever-victorious front to the enemies of humanity must armor itself with righteousness and inspire its soldiery with the love of humanity. I believe **The Christian Political Party** will measure up to this requirement; that its womb will be versatile in moral conception and its soul true in instincts of honesty and mercy. Its conscience will be right upon the whisky question and the narcotic question and the labor question and the social question and the kindred tribe of moral questions that jostle for preferment. It will have as its

basis the eternal axiom of the Man of Galilee: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." It can face all problems not upon the basis of expediency or policy, but upon the principle of right, which is the true principle of the settlement of every question.

The organization of this party would call for the separation of Church and Satan. Upon the side of conscience and right should be found every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ and every friend of the religion of the Nazarene; and I believe that the number of such will constitute a majority of the suffragists of America. On the opposing side will naturally be found the thugs and the thieves and the bulldozers and the highwayman and the ward strikers and the whisky contingent and the politicians. No thief, during his thieftship, will wish to affiliate with a party that discounts his worth as a voter and requires honesty as a qualification of suffrage. No beer vender will (until he reforms) wish to train with a crowd that neither swallows his swill nor countenances its brewing.

This party will welcome recruits upon confession of faith and it will thank all who have not genuinely repented to march on with the Devil, and the rascals, and the politician.

Our **Christian Political Party** proposes warfare, not against the rights of men but against the wrongs of men; it will uphold the Magna Carta of Liberty but overthrow and despoil the satanic forgery of License; it will guarantee every man in the peaceful pursuance of honest, humane occupation, but it will oppose evil-doers by moral persuasion, enactment, prosecution and penalty.

It will be maintained that the dominant political parties exemplify these principles. I answer—that is true in theory, but lame in practice; the dominant political parties are long on platform and promises but short on enactment and enforcement. No political party, coached and captained by politicians, dares to administer the statutes against the lawless element of its voting strength. It may cajole, deceive, insult, or outrage its respectable, moral, and Christian constituency (for it knows from experience that the respectable, moral, and Christian fool is the most easily deluded fool in the great fool fraternity), but with the bum, the burglar, the beer man, and the boss it is different—it knows that to seriously statute and execute these will be to harikari itself beyond recovery. The political manager may smile with a “smile that is childlike and bland,” but let nobody on that account pick him up for a fool; for there are two ailments that never affect the party manager—those are softening of the brain and softening of the conscience.

We are soon to engage in a national campaign for the selection of an administration. The prospective contestants are training for the race. The issues are the offices; the question at hand is—How to get there, Eli, and to get there quickly and with both feet. The ward strikers are practicing on dumb-bells and bag; the brewer is brewing his campaign beer; the livery keeper is varnishing the turnout in which he will whirl the bishop and the whoremonger; the deacon and the gambler are side by side to the polls. In the interest of “the party,” the priest and the pimp, and the bishop and the bum will vote in

identical harmony. Orators are searching the thesaurus of hell for cunning periods for the garnishment of their campaign laws, while the Devil, with each hand complacently on the heads of the dominant parties, says, "Bless you, my children, bless you."

Meanwhile, the satanic show goes merrily along on the American political and social stage. Drunken congressmen woo Venus and toast Bacchus in the nation's capital; millionaire senators flaunt the corridors of Congress and covet life tenure and nobility; corporation lawyers misrepresent the people and serve their corporate masters in the senate chamber; bank presidents direct the financial policy of the administration and tap the government for gold-bearing bonds, with millions in commissions as a side-winning. The thousands of distilleries, breweries, and dram-shops run night and day under government license, and are hard pushed to meet orders for drunkards' souls from the infernal regions; the army of inebriates goes marching on, burying 100,000 of its number every year and hailing with idiotic laughter the new recruits who crowd in to replete the ranks. The million-voiced shriek of drunkards' mothers, wives, and children pierces the sky of Liberty and echoes back from Freedom's slopes. The narcotic carrion triumphs our vales and watercourses, while the vulture of obscenity spreads its putrescent wings and darkens the horizon of our youth. The groans of burdened artisans, enslaved laborers, and defrauded farmers surge the air, while penury zeros the temperature and hunger blizzards ten thousand homes. This under the benign,

the fostering influence of the grand old Republican Party and the glorious old Democratic Party—co-equally the pride of their managers, the politicians, and their master, the Devil.

I rise to move in the name of God and humanity; in the name of decency and honor; in the name of our country and our hearthstones so that we at once proceed to form the Christianity, the conscience, the heart, the manhood of this nation into a political party that will run **Righteousness** to the masthead and fight forever not for place nor ill-gotten wealth, but for “God, and Home, and Native Land.”

The hour has struck for the hosts of Israel to come out of Egypt. I call upon every Christian of whatever household—whether of...Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, or Wesley, or Campbell, or Roger Williams—to march out from the bondage of their republican and democratic political taskmasters, through the Red Sea of purpose, and front face toward the Promised Land. It may be that there will be years of wilderness and wandering. It maybe that Amalekites and Jebusites will resist. There will doubtless be Achans who will harlot with the gold and the silver and the commerce of greed. But in the end we shall see Gibeon, and the Sun of Righteousness will tarry in the heavens while the armies of God triumph over every foe.

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