Will Cumback

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

BY

WILL CUMBACK.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

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1892.

To my Wife,

MARTHA H. CUMBACK,

and my Daughter,

ELLA J. LOVETT,

and my Son,

WILL CUMBACK,

This Book is Affectionately Dedicated.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the offices of friendship none is more agreeable, none more consistent with the better parts of our intellectual and spiritual nature, than that which suggests the introduction of an author's book—gift of his brain and heart—to the public by some one of his associates. In such a case esteem and affectionate regard are the sentiments which inspire the choice, and to a large degree determine the character of the product. It is as if friend should accompany friend on the sunny morning of his marriage-day, walking at times a few steps before him, and giving him a hand, if somewhere the path be narrow, and saying at the door of the crowded church, "This is our guest, the groom."

It is a sentiment, a motive such as this, which provokes the present introduction, and gives thereto whatever value and appropriateness it may possess. For a long time the writer of the same and the author of this volume have journeyed much together in the far-reaching highways and byways of the mortal life. Each has known the other up to the period of maturity; each has seen upon the head of the other the vertical sun-rays of the noontide pour down straight from a nearly always cerulean sky; each has wished well to the other; and now it is the office of the one

to say a few words by way of introducing the book of his trusted friend to the public,—it is an office gladly performed, and in every sense delightful.

Some of the relations of Book and Introduction are these: No introduction can make a book of something that is not. No book can be created, or even be born again, by what another may say about it. There is nothing more absolute, nothing more independent, nothing that more completely is or is not than a book. Many things are factitious. They are made—caused to be. Contrivance, as it respects many human enterprises, goes very far; but a book is essential; that is, it is a thing of its own essence and life. If it have no essence, no life, neither the one nor the other can be given thereto by any extraneous agency. If a book is, it is. If it is not, why then the deep saith, It is not in me, and the sea saith, It is not in me.

True it is, however, that while an introduction may not make the book, or to any considerable degree conduce to its existence, it may mar it. It is one thing to make, quite another thing to mar. The office of an introduction is to say to the world: "This is a book. It has certain qualities and worth. Take it and read it, and you shall be better thereby,"—to say this, and to say it well, appropriately, modestly, firmly, as one would introduce his friend in a public assembly. But suppose the introduction be bad in matter and form? How greatly, in that event, will the effect be marred! How great the difference between the introduction good and the introduction indifferent, mouthy, and maudlin—dreary, and devoid of delicate taste!

Of the book and the introduction to the book this other thing also may well be said: that the former is, in many instances, the only source of merit and meaning to the latter. Indeed it is well that the introduction should derive its life and sense and sentiment wholly from the thing introduced. Here again the analogy is from the office of friend and friend before the public. When the great man comes to the country town, it falls to the lot of the small man to introduce him to the assemblage. What a day that is for the small man! And how the great man must secretly and silently smile—not indeed upon the visible face, but around the heart within—at the manifest illumination and brief glory of him who makes the introduction! In such case also stands, many times, the writer who essays, by words of exposition and eulogium, to send off the book of his friend on its unknown voyage.

Custom has exacted the introduction. As for the book, that is born of the spirit. It may well surprise to note how all things are clad about with a certain penumbra of form and formality. Usage takes the living thing, and clothes it in this way or in that. How strong is habit—habit in the individual first, in society next, and in all history finally! The modern book is the result of an evolution which has been at work from the time when, in remote continents and inconceivably distant ages, men first began to record and transmit their thoughts. History, with her viewless fingers, has wrought at the production of the book with as much interest and constancy as she has wrought at the problem of government, at the institutions of religion, at the structure of language,

and much more than she has ever wrought at the building of temples and pyramids and tombs.

In the evolution of the book precedent has given much. Current custom has contributed not a little. The fitness of things has added its sum. So that at last the book has come—the book of paper and of print, uttered in our land's language, formulated and devised into chapters and paragraphs, made according to usage and fashion, bearing not only its subject-matter, but its style, and hailing the reader, first of all, with—an Introduction.

What, then, shall we say in the way of introducing this volume to the public? First of all, it is appropriate to give to the author personally such words of praise as his life and work in the great society of the West have so richly deserved. Few men have won a larger or more enduring place in the esteem and affection of the people than has Will Cumback. His acquaintance is as broad as the magnificent country in which for nearly forty years he has been one of the principal actors.

It was the fortune of the writer of this volume to be launched into public life at the age when most men are still reckoned as boys. Scarcely had he passed his majority until he was already a distinguished personage. Elected to Congress at the early age of twenty-five, he was at once thrown into contact with the leading men of the Nation. He arose with the dawn of that great day which was to witness the renovation of the United States. He was a participant in that hot and victorious struggle which resulted in the election of Nathaniel P. Banks to the Republican speakership of the House of Representa-

tives. The event was the driving down of the first strong stake in the new pavilion of human liberty; and it is to the everlasting honor of the author of this volume that, young as he was, he was one of those who helped to drive the stake and stretch the first cords around the sacred place which was to be dedicated to the freedom of all men and the perpetuity of the American Union.

Since his first introduction to public life, Will Cumback has been almost constantly in the conspicuous view of the people. This is said, not only of the people of his own State, but of all the States west of the Alleghanies. Few men have been more abroad than he. In the trying ordeal of the war his life was as busy and useful as that of his great contemporaries. His work as paymaster of the army was one of the most serious and severe ordeals of those days of unmeasured responsibilities and fiery tests of virtue. Through his hands passed in payment to the soldiers who fought our battles more than sixty millions of dollars, and at the close of the trial his accounts were so clear and correct as to elicit the unstinted and exceptional praise of the Government.

This is not the place for any extended biographical notice of the author of the present volume; but we can not forbear to emphasize the extent and variety of his acquaintance with his fellow-men, and the degree of their confidence which he enjoys. There is hardly a considerable town in all the West where his figure is not known, where his voice has not been heard. His life has been pre-eminently that of a public man, whose thoughts and principles and

conduct alike have been known and read of the people.

In a time when seclusion has almost vanished, and when private life itself has been well-nigh abolished by the illumination of the press and the curious scrutiny of modern society, Colonel Cumback has walked abroad with the proud step of a fearless and invulnerable spirit. His manners and disposition have won upon the affectionate regard of his fellow-men at the same time that his abilities as a writer and speaker have commanded their respect and admiration.

It is one of the striking peculiarities of our age that its thought and its affairs no longer draw asunder. In modern life the thought and the affair are blent together. Ideality no longer floats adrift in one direction and business in another. They are combined rather as spirit and substance in the same character. Life has been unified by the incorporation of its best thought in its best action. One of the most promising and interesting features of the age is the marriage of thought, of literary ability, with the duties and responsibilities of an active public life.

The history of England within the present century furnishes many conspicuous examples of men of that particular type which, if we mistake not, must prevail more and more hereafter—the type which combines within itself, on the one hand, scholarship, information, mental power, and literary activity, with the serious and severe discipline of official life and duty on the other. The intellectual and public history of Great Britain would shine with greatly abated luster if the names of Macaulay and Bulwer, of Dis-

raeli and McCarthy and Gladstone were stricken away. These men conspicuously represent the brilliant class of literary statesmen—one of the most attractive, fascinating, and valuable types of manhood known to modern history.

In America this type is unfortunately less prevalent than in England. There has been in our country a strong disposition on the part of a coarse and ignorant public management to keep itself divorced from the higher intelligence, and in particular from the literary genius of the American people. In a country where every man is supposed to be in some sense a politician, it must needs be that the many can, with the power of the ballot, combine to exclude from trust and reputation the more gifted and accomplished sons of the morning. It is at once the hardship and the disgrace of the Republic that it runs in this direction.

The domination of party thus becomes the enemy of the intellectual life in all of its manifestations. The party does not, and will not, think. The battering-rams of the Romans did not think. They were not intelligent. A catapult, whether for throwing stone or throwing mud, has no thought. It has neither perception nor conscience. Whatever force of mind stands behind it and operates its brutal machinery, is, in the nature of the case, as coarse and low, as selfish and sordid as the machine itself. The modern party is a battering-ram of sheer force, a catapult of personal interest and revenge—a thing of violence and destruction, subserving the purposes of civilization only in the sense that physical evil may be said to contribute to the moral welfare of the world.

Notwithstanding the adverse conditions present in our country, that form of intellectual life which combines itself with public activity has been displayed in instances not a few. Among our public men there is a considerable measure of literary aspiration. Some have risen so high as to understand that literary fame is the most truly immortal of all human monuments. The great leaders of our armies have contributed by their pens to that glorious record in which the story of the American Civil War and its gigantic issues is written for posterity. The real leaders of public affairs—not the ostensible figure-heads of American life—have shared this ambition so conspicuously present in our generals. If Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, Johnston and Longstreet, have written of those immortal events, *quarum pars magna fuerunt,* so in like manner have Benton and Sumner, Seward and Cox and Blaine, transmitted themselves and their work to posterity by their writings.

Will Cumback has been a publicist of this class. His education and youthful ambitions might well have led him into the broad and open field of literature. Cast as he was into public life, the refinements of letters remained with him, combining with his active and arduous duties, and painting an aureole around his whole official career. During the eighteen years of his official life he wrote much and well on many subjects. Writing, with him, so far from being an irksome, mechanical task, has been a delightful passion. In the intervals of official duty he has ever found an agreeable occupation with his pen.

The personal sympathies, likewise, of the author of this volume have drawn him to literary pursuits and

literary affiliations. His companionship and confidence have reached rather to men of letters and to the work in which they engage than to those with whom office-getting and office-holding are the principal pursuit. He is better and more widely known among the intellectual classes than he is even in the official circles of public life.

At one time Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, Colonel Cumback strongly identified himself with his office. As presiding officer of the Senate he became henceforth affectionately known to the people of his own State and throughout the country as Governor Cumback. This title has been fondly cherished and perpetuated by his friends. It seems to have been a case in which the appellative fits the man. The title has remained with him as an honorable and respectful sobriquet, which the public will not willingly let die.

These are but glances at the life and character of one of the best-known and most highly appreciated of our Western public men. Governor Cumback has always had a passion for public speaking. To speak is, with him, so natural as to constitute almost a necessary part of his every-day life. His career for many years has been essentially that of a lecturer, a platform orator, a maker of addresses. The wave of public success has carried him in this relation into almost every State of the Union. It is thus that his acquaintance with the American people has been broadened and deepened until it is almost universal.

Very few men upon the public platform of to-day have addressed so many audiences on so many occasions, with so great success. For him as an orator, the graces of his style, the merits of his subject-matter,

the magnificence of his voice, and the impressiveness and dignity of his presence on the rostrum, have commanded universal admiration and applause. In his character of lecturer he has traveled from Passamaquoddy to San Diego, and from St. Augustine to Port Angeles, addressing as large and intelligent audiences as have honored almost any orator of the day. As a man of the lyceum and the platform his life has been pre-eminently successful.

It is from this point of view that we obtain one of the best estimates of Governor Cumback's abilities, dispositions, and genius. He has evidently been moved in the activities of his recent years by the passion of being a public teacher. This has been the prevailing motive in determining his career on the platform. He has had the instincts and purposes of a man of the university—we may say the University of Life. He has sought to teach from the rostrum, not so much to instruct technically by the exposition of a given theme in science or the arts, but rather to inculcate and enforce some principle of human conduct tending to reform and the betterment of the age. This is the secret of his inspiration as a man of the platform, and the sufficient explanation of what constitutes the major part of this volume.

Let us say that all public speech in our age derives its true value from, and, if we mistake not, exerts its true influence by, the ethical quality in it. The history of the American lyceum is full of interest. The study has a large value to the student of philosophy as well as the student of mere affairs. The lyceum in America began its work with the public exposition of scientific subjects. At the first the lecturer was a

teacher of science, explaining by means of written manuscript, diagrams, and charts the philosophical import and governing laws of some group of natural phenomena. From this the range of topics was widened to include social, industrial, political, and finally religious subjects.

The platform at length became a fact in American civilization. The lyceum as an institution was rapidly developed. Lecturers arose by the legion. The rostrum swarmed, first with celebrities, then with speakers of the middle class of talent, and finally with the small—even the microscopic. Lecturing grew suddenly into great public favor. It was the fashion of an epoch. Every town had its hall, every village its platform and its course.

We may not speak lightly of that age in our history which thus brought forth so abundantly of public speech. In a democratic country such an institution as the lyceum must needs flourish with a sudden blossoming and an abundance of green fruit. But we should not fail to note the great impulses in American public opinion which were started and driven like ocean waves by the stress and wind of the rostrum. He who had aught to say might arise and say it. Could he persuade his fellow-men that he was right, he found a following. Could he discover an issue of genuine human interest, then he found a cause. He might be contradicted freely by another whose opinions clashed with his own. The commotion thus produced was one of our fruitful sources of intellectual growth. The phenomena which we here describe antedated the Civil War, ran parallel therewith, reached a climax in the seventh decade, and then began to sink away.

The close student of our intellectual history as a people will have noted the decline of the lyceum. For a score of years the platform was the rage of the winter-time. No other fact in our current life gained greater attention and popularity than that form of public address known as lecturing. The reaction came afterwards. Several of our great lecturers disappeared from the stage. Among the new aspirants only a few had in them the elements of greatness and strength. A revolt of public sentiment against the lyceum came coincidently with that severe contraction of our currency which passed under the high-sounding name of the resumption of specie payments. Hard times and a pessimistic generation followed in the wake, and for a while it seemed that the lecture-platform was extinct.

For seasons not a few the time went by, and the lecture-course seemed to be a forgotten fact in society. The appearance, however, was fortunately delusive. The platform had not passed away, but was undergoing repairs! As a matter of fact, it had been broken down by the superincumbent pressure of the small. The structure which had been able to sustain two or three Titans in the war epoch had given way under an aggregation of diminutives. Such things happen in the intellectual carpentry of the world. The rostrum, however, was not wrecked, but only rendered untenable to the people of Lilliput. A new lyceum arose in place of the old—more rational, more permanent, less abounding in sensations, less pyrotechnic and iridescent, but better lighted with the lamp of ethical truth and the radiance of enduring day.

It was out of this historical and intellectual condition that the material of the present volume was evoked. Governor Cumback is one of the products, as well as one of the ornaments, of the new lyceum. He belongs to the age of public speakers who are the survival and residue of the larger and less useful class that were stranded when the old lyceum became a wreck.

The new lyceum rises and flourishes. It has borne as one of its principal fruits the lectures and addresses which compose the subject-matter of the present volume. This is a book of public speech. It is the echo caught from the utterances of one who, in the character of a teacher, addresses his fellow-men from the platform. It is the gathering up of a bundle of sheaves—of summer sheaves not yet quite yellowed with the autumnal frost—from the fresh harvest-field, still smelling sweet with the fragrance of golden wheat and new-cut stubble.

In this field the wealth of the gleaner lies here and there. It is rimmed about with the glorious woods. The strong fence, built by brawny and honest hands, divides it from the unreclaimed forest beyond, and protects it from the inroads of lawless creatures. Above are patches of sunny cloud and the blue curtain of an infinite sky; and in the stubble here and there the mother quail have built their nests or gather about the shocks of heavy grain their broods of dappled offspring.

In the following pages the author has discussed many of the most important questions of the day. This is a book of social science. It deals with society. It recognizes the virtues of society as well as

its faults and foibles. Society is the theme. It echoes and re-echoes in all these addresses, and is the key-note of the whole. The author himself is nothing if not social in his prevailing sympathies and yearnings. Hardly does he lift up his voice without addressing his thought to the existing social estate. He sees behind the present form and aspect of things another form and aspect more perfect, more sublime. He appeals from the existing condition to the ideal; not indeed to the unattainable, but to that better and nobler condition of things toward which every true and thoughtful spirit reaches as towards a goal.

It is from this point of view that these lectures and addresses must be read and understood in order to be appreciated. The author is an ethical teacher. As to the moral purpose of what is here written there can be no mistake. The whole purport and significance of this volume is an appeal for right and truth, for reform and fraternal good-will among men. The author addresses himself not less to the conscience than to the understanding of his auditors. We say auditors rather than readers, for in these pages the audience is ever present. The speaker is here. The people are gathered. It is evening. The hall is lighted. The subject is announced. Attention is commanded. The theme is touched, and turned, and viewed from many angles, but always in the manner of the orator. Take away this element from the book, and the spirit, the soul, of it departs.

Of all books, perhaps the orator's book is most *alive*. The orator writes with his audience ever before him. There is the sea of upturned faces.

Here is the rostrum. The scene is set. As his pen moves, the vision is constantly before him. Such a book has only two of the grammatical persons—the first and the second. The third is wanting. The author does not speak *of* men, *of* principles, *of* things, so much as he speaks *to* the living intelligence of his fellow-men gathered and warmed with his presence and the sound of his voice. It is *you* and *I*, and only rarely *they* and *it*.

It is in this spirit and with this intent that Governor Cumback has, in the following pages, taken up many of the most important topics of modern society. He has discussed them with the sense of a philosopher and the soul of a philanthropist. These Lectures and Addresses have been especially effective as one of the motive forces determinative of the public opinion of our day. The honesty and candor of the principles expounded in these pages can no more be doubted than the ability of the writer or the cogency of his argument.

The strongly moral tone pervading every chapter and paragraph of this volume distinguishes it widely and laudably from the majority of books composed, as this is, of popular addresses. The average orator is prone to trim his sails. The motive for doing so is stronger with him than with the recluse of the library. The orator would fain please, as well as instruct and persuade. He would fain have the applause, as well as the admiration, of his auditors. But the auditors are not always in the right. In instances not a few, the ethical teacher must set himself firmly, unyieldingly against the time-honored prejudices and profound bias of them who hear. The

temptation of the public speaker to yield a little for the sake of favor is very great.

Particularly is this true in the case of one who has taken large part in public life. The political leader must of necessity assume the leadership by standing at the head of the column and shouting a command which is but the unexpressed voice of the phalanx. In a country devoted to democracy, this motive and policy are stronger than in any other. To meet the temptation squarely, to face the wrong when it is popular, to cry aloud and spare not, to utter the truth because it is the truth, to dare unpopularity and detraction for the sake of a righteous cause,—all these argue in him who does it, not only a large measure of courage, but that peculiar moral courage, the lack of which is, if we mistake not, the intellectual and ethical weakness of our age and country.

A careful perusal of these Addresses will show no moral flaw. They are absolutely impervious to the base mildew which appears as applause to-night, but spreads as a canker and mold in the morning. Vainly will the pessimist seek to find in this volume a line or word that does not ring on the moral counter with the clear resonance of the unalloyed coin of the realm. Though in many places the author traverses established opinions, attacks intrenched abuses, does not hesitate to strike with keen sarcasm some hoary respectabilities which still dominate modern society to its hurt, he never for an instant forgets his attitude as a teacher of morality and truth. It is a part of the merited praise of this volume that its tone, its purpose, its end and aim, can in no wise be mistaken.

The major portion of the subject-matter of this

volume has already been heard by thousands of people. These Addresses have, in their spoken form, been received with applause on many occasions and in many States. The same matter is now transmuted into literature proper. In the literary dress the volume goes to its trial at the hands of the silent reader. It may be confessed that, in this translation from the platform to the library, the ordeal is severe. Many things agreeably said with the graces of oratory, and well received in a situation where what Lord Bacon calls "the idols of the tribe" hold sway, can not bear the trial of intellectual scrutiny at the busy man's evening table or under the scholar's lamp. Many a brilliant paragraph, running its rapid course like the skater's well-draped figure, sails easily and safely over the illogical and treacherous ice-flaws under foot, which would instantly go down, with a crash and splash, to the frozen baptism of rhetorical death, if it dared to pause until the mental gaze could be fixed upon it. Oratory has many illusions that are dispelled in that truthful, candid, and serious print which is the final test of all that we think and say.

If we mistake not, this volume of Lectures and Addresses will suffer less than is commonly the case by translation from the rostrum to the printed page. These orations were composed, in the first place, with conscientious care. They have taken their final form through much revision and study. They have been perfected by use and adaptation until they have reached a style and method not often attained in written addresses. This is to say that they have passed from the strictly oratorical into the literary

form, and have become a series of Essays on Life and Conduct.

Though the author of this volume has spoken much on occasion—though he has prepared not a few of the following addresses for some particular day and event—the occasional quality is not conspicuous in them. Governor Cumback has selected themes of wider import, and therefore of larger literary capacity, than may be found among the ordinary topics of occasional oratory. A glance at the subjects of these elegant papers will show how large and varied are the themes.

It may be that the verve and piquancy of the strictly occasional address is, to a certain extent, sacrificed by this method; but at the same time there is a clear gain in literary quality and in permanence of interest. If we mistake not, these Addresses will endure. Both the subjects and the treatment are of a kind to warrant us in the reasonable expectation of a future life and interest in these scholarly and able lectures.

To a very large degree this volume reveals the author in its pages. In many kinds of literary work we are unable to discover the writer. In other kinds we catch but brief and uncertain glimpses of his personality. It is so in the drama. It is so to a large degree in history. In biography, likewise, the writer must conceal himself behind his subject. He must not idealize or mythologize his character, or make him other than he was. In no other kind of writing—not even in poetry and fiction—is the author capable of revealing his own spirit and purpose so well as in a volume of addresses. Here, indeed, he

may not be mistaken for another. Here he is himself displayed. Here he speaks for himself, and not *in persona*. Here, if he be honest and have a transparent soul, he will reveal not only his intellectual capacity but also that inner ethical nature and religious life which constitute the enduring and immutable basis of his power and individuality.

Of this brief pilgrimage that we call life, no memorial or landmark can be set up by the wayside of mortality more beautiful than the book. The book contains the living thought, almost the life itself, of the writer. How fairer is this to the sight of the pilgrims than is some pallid and sculptured index of death, done in marble, or granite, or bronze! Let us believe that the sons of men are beginning at last to understand that the true monument is not an obelisk of stone.

He who has the lofty ambition to transmit himself to the century following—to make the acquaintance of the unborn, to walk hand in hand with the sons and daughters of another age—must freely commit his living part, his thought, his spirit, his best hope to the custody of the waters. This he does by sending abroad his book—his book wherein the far-off day may see reflected, not so much his face and form, as the outline of that immortal and winged creature which sits enthroned in the glow of his brain.

Gladly do we, in this half-cursive manner, send forth to the public, with words of good cheer, this interesting and valuable contribution to the oratorical literature of our period. We doubt not that this volume will receive—as it deserves to receive—at the hands of the critical and the general reader a hearty

welcome. The particular charm and glory of literary effort is that the brutal law of competition can never be laid upon it! Here no man crowds another from his pedestal. Here no man builds a throne for another to occupy. Here none toils and sorrows to gather the jewels and weave a crown for the brows of another. No true book ever yet thrust another from its place. No real product of literary genius ever made less cordial and generous the opportunity of another. On the contrary, literary taste and yearning grow with all the fruits they feed upon. There is room for this book.

> "There is place in the land of your labor,
> There is room in your world of delight,
> Where Change has not Sorrow for neighbor,
> And day has not night."

There is room for this book, and there is room for its author. There is an ample and gracious place for both in the luminous thought and the open heart of this best of all the ages and among this truest of all the peoples.

John Clark Ridpath

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

THE PUBLIC LECTURER.

THE life and profession of the public lecturer is unlike that of any other. If his success on the platform does not spoil him, he will greatly enjoy his work, and will be a valuable factor in the improvement and development of the age in which he lives. If, however, the applause he receives from his audience, and the indorsement given him by the press, result in impressing him that he is a very great person, then his egotism will not only greatly interfere with his relish for his profession, but will, in a still greater degree, impair his usefulness in it.

But that is not confined to the lecturer. It is equally true of all professions. Sensible people have but little toleration for egotism. The man at the bar, in the pulpit, on the platform, or anywhere else, who shows that he is constantly thinking more of himself than his work, will soon find that his admirers and followers are only the shallow and unthinking.

If his towering egotism has not so blinded him that he can observe that he fails to have the ap-

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Delivered before the Chautauquan Assembly, at Silver Lake, New York.

proval of the better judgment of the thinking people, then he becomes irritable, and that makes him cynical and cranky. If the crank is carefully and thoroughly analyzed, it will be found in all cases that the fountain and origin of his disease, the fatal germ of the complaint that has affected his whole mental machinery, is egotism.

I am glad to believe and to proclaim that the lecture platform, in its larger sense, is free from this nuisance. He can not be sustained there. I am willing to concede that there are abundance of cranks who attempt to lecture on special topics. But they do not gather about them the thinking people. Their audiences are largely made of those who are hunting for a sensation; those who seem to take a great deal of satisfaction in being humbugged; those who measure the greatness of the speaker by the magnitude of his falsehoods; those who read cheap newspapers with blood-curdling pictures; and those who stand round long-haired liars on the corners of the street, and purchase pinchbeck jewelry and bogus liniment at enormous prices.

But I assert, with no small degree of satisfaction, that on the broad public platform, where the themes are discussed that are demanded by the sensible people who really enjoy a good lecture, there can be found but few cranks. And when one does appear there, he is compelled, like the ground-hog, to go back to his hole as soon as he sees the dimness of his own shadow.

I asserted, in the beginning, that his life and profession are unlike those of any other. He is, in most

cases, an entire stranger to his audience. Those who come to hear him have but little means in advance of determining the sincerity of his purpose, or the honesty of his heart, or the breadth of his mind. They can not tell whether he has sought the platform to gratify his personal vanity, or for the small fees he may get for his lectures, or whether he is prompted by the higher motive of instructing and entertaining his fellow-men and elevating his race. They can not know beforehand whether he is a person of broad culture, or whether the few facts and illustrations that he has strung together for an hour's talk are all he knows on that subject.

It is but natural, in such cases, that in view of these facts, and also that a fee at the door has been exacted of his hearers, a feeling of doubt and distrust should prevail to some extent among his auditors.

But he has a more formidable obstacle still to contend with, right in the onset. There is not a single tie between him and them. He is bound to them by no creed, and united by no partisanship. He dares not be sectarian or partisan. His mission, if he be true to his profession, is to attack, in a fair, manly way, the errors in all creeds, and try to broaden human thought on every question of general interest. As he has before him all shades of opinions and beliefs, and as the individual auditor may not know in advance but that his pet theory may be assailed, the audience is in the attitude of self-defense and resistance, rather than in sympathy with the speaker.

But he has this advantage. He has a broad-minded and generous audience. He has before him

the *élite* of the town. Society may draw her lines elsewhere, and make her *élite* out of the old families, the blue-bloods, the official and professional people; but a first circle composed of these elements alone will not stand the test of honest scrutiny.

Show me the lecture-going people of a community, and I will show you the real nobility. The bigot will not attend lectures, because he does not care to believe anything outside of his creed. The crank refuses to be present, for the reason that the lecturer is not mounted on his hobby. The intense partisan is not found in the audience, because the speaker did not vote as he did at the last election. The mercenary people stay away, because there is no money in it to them. The stingy people are not of the number, because they have not had a complimentary. The aristocrat refuses to be seen in an audience where the cheapness of the admission brings in so many common people as to make the audience entirely too miscellaneous for him. The dude is not of the number, because the lecture-room is not a dress party and is not a suitable place for fools.

Is it not apparent, with all these eliminated, and many of the same sort that might be mentioned, that the general average of the remainder will go up so rapidly and to such a height that the artificial lines society has made for the first circle will be wiped out, and a real, solid, substantial uppertendom will take the place that society has assigned to the shoddy class?

It would not be true to assert that this line of division is entirely correct, that it includes all the

best and none of the worst, yet, in the main, the audiences of the lecture-room are the salt of the town. While they are broad-minded and generous, yet they do their own thinking, and stand ready to challenge the soundness of the utterances of the platform. This is especially true if the announced subject has any bearing on the correct conduct of life. And, to my mind, this is the theme that ought to be presented by the lecturer, if it rises above a mere entertainment to the dignity of a lecture.

Neither the politician nor the preacher has any of these difficulties in his way. The partisan followers of the politician are ready to swear in advance, the moment their leader mounts the stump, that he will say the very things they want to hear, and solemnly to affirm the truth of every statement, even before he has uttered a word. The preacher, in most cases, has a still stronger grip on his audience, and so much confidence have some members of his congregation that they sleep sweetly all through his discourse.

If the lecturer in the end succeeds in establishing good and sympathetic relations between himself and his audience, he will have to do so by the force of his genius; by his clear and manly statements of his propositions; by his devotion to the truth; by his earnest and manifest desire to benefit mankind; and, above all, by an entire forgetfulness of his own personality.

It can not be denied that in the community that has the advantage of this honest platform work will be found the broadest culture and the highest intel-

ligence. The human mind is stimulated and aroused by the lecturer, who, thus standing on neutral ground for the truth, begins to question old, hitherto-accepted opinions. This questioning spirit gathers private and public libraries, and the clouds of bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance are dispelled by the sunlight and general dissemination of knowledge.

This is not claiming too much for the platform. It goes without saying that the members of every trade, calling, or profession unduly magnify the importance of their position. They are inclined to insist that but for them human society would not be properly organized, and civilization would be compelled to call a halt. So let it be. It is better to magnify one's own work than to depreciate it.

Success comes largely from this condition of affairs. That too much is claimed in every case can not be doubted. Yet it takes so many and such varied elements to make up even the sort of civilization we have, that the precise effect of the absence of one element can not be ascertained. It can only be guessed at, without the trial of the experiment. That is not practicable or possible, because human influences are so interlaced and so dependent on each other that the power and force of any one can not be definitely ascertained, but can only be estimated.

While exaggeration is not to be encouraged, yet the sharp and vigorous contest of each trade and profession to sustain the claim to stand at the front has been one of the most active forces in arousing the human intellect, and in pushing the human race out on a voyage of discovery and invention. It

has undoubtedly very much quickened the step of progress.

All of this has more than compensated for the huge pretensions and unwarranted assumptions that have been the ridiculous phases of rivalry—the absurd claim that each has a corner on human development and a patent on the most approved method of civilization.

This state of things comes largely from the strange disposition of the mind of man to indulge in hobby-riding. We make loud boasts of human reason. We claim that its length and breadth and depth can not be measured. Essayists and philosophers have gloried in it; and poets without number have mounted Pegasus, and from Hyperion heights have sung of the infinitude of human thought. It silences the eulogies of the metaphysician, and clips the wings of the poet, and humiliates the whole human race, when you exhibit the one-ideaed tendencies of man's reasoning.

The comparatively few who have been able to get out of this narrow channel and stand for the truth wherever it may be found, have won the persecutions of the times in which they lived, and the honors and blessings of the generations following them. Their lives stand out as beacons, to warn the race to avoid the shoals and shallows of mere party and sect.

There have been but a few in the past bold enough to so bless the race. There will be more in the coming and better future. Then justice will be done to mankind personally and professionally. Nothing will then pass for more than its real worth, and igno-

rance and superstition will not be able to suppress real merit. Hasten the blessed time!

The lecture platform is one of the most active forces to hurry it along. In making this high claim, I hope the suggestion may not arise in your mind that in doing so I have subjected myself to the condemnation that I have passed upon the hobby-rider. There is no place on the lecture platform for such. He is too narrow to take it in, and too near-sighted to discern anything but his hobby. The fact is, the lecture platform is a most serious obstacle in his way. It is erected right across the ruts in which he runs, and is sustained and upheld by a people who are too sensible and honest to encourage cranks, or to countenance those who undertake to warp and twist the truth so as to conceal and give currency to the false.

We boast of our age. And well we may. We have many things in these times to brag about. The chief glory of our day, and that which gives the charming luster to our civilization, is the constantly growing disposition of thinking people to try to find where the straight-edge of the truth is, and then to bring their preconceived notions and inherited opinions and lay them alongside, and thus discover the crooks and kinks in their belief, that they may correct and straighten them.

Is it too much to claim that the lecture platform, elevated as it is above partisan contention and sectarian wrangling, has been the chief instrument in inciting this wider investigation and broader conception? Is not the lecturer, with love in his heart for his race, and with a sublime reverence and a sin-

cere devotion for the truth, and with the manly courage to stand by his convictions, the gallant leader in the forward march of human progress?

Unlike the preacher, who must not offend his Church by questioning the soundness of her creed; unlike the politician, who must not alienate the partisan devotion of his constituency by discarding a single plank in the platform; unlike the press, that must cater to the prejudices of its patrons,—he is free from the control and domination of any sort of following. If he is not, he ought to be, an independent man in the broadest sense of the word, conscious that his mission is higher than the tricks of the showman or the antics of the acrobat.

The lecture platform is not the proper place to exhibit celebrities. The Lecture Bureau sometimes, like the circus, is looking out for novelties. They do have persons on their list of attractions who have in some way suddenly, and often unexpectedly to themselves, attracted the general attention of the public. They are put forward as lecturers. It is a great mistake, and a prostitution of the platform. Their proper place is in the dime museum, where there is a variety of curiosities that are to be seen and not heard. If brevity be the soul of wit, then the shortness of their career on the platform would give them a high place on the list of humorists.

The lecture platform, like the stage, attracts a great number of people, who are hungry for distinction, to mount it and try to secure popular favor. In proportion to the numbers who undertake the difficult work, there are as many failures in the one

as the other. The stage, the stump, and the platform are sought for to gratify that unfortunate human weakness, the love of popular applause, which has made more fools, and the fear of its opposite has made more cowards, than all other causes put together.

The success of an actor or a lecturer or any public speaker is exactly proportioned to the disappearance of his personality, and the appearance of the character he portrays, or the subject that he discusses. If you will follow the homeward-bound audience, and if their talk on the way is only about the *personnel* of the performer, you may safely affirm that he has furnished nothing else. If they can only recall his humorous illustrations, then you may be sure that his jokes did not illustrate. If they discuss only his manner, his dress, or his probable age; or are guessing about his habits, his politics, or religion,—you will be warranted in concluding that his thoughts are not large enough, or clear enough, to call their attention from these things.

Those who make a complete success in their efforts before the public are those who in person entirely disappear, and leave only their work for consideration and admiration. This may be regarded as a very severe rule, and will limit the successful to a very small number; but in the main it is correct. If its application annihilates a host of pretenders, and weakens the self-assurance of others, this is not sufficient ground to question its accuracy.

The platform is necessary as a regulator of human affairs. It is common ground, where all thoughtful people may meet.

Every four years, in this land of boasted light and knowledge, the politicians succeed in placing the voters in grim antagonism to each other. In the intense heat of the contest and bitterness of the struggle, men lose their reason, and see but one side of a few political abstractions that neither they nor their leaders fully comprehend. But they serve the purpose to inflame party zeal, to put a few men in office, and to leave behind a proscriptive and intolerant spirit among the people.

We have also a spirit of dogmatism in religion, that divides mankind and is at war with the sweet charity that Christianity teaches—a spirit that prompts the searching of lexicons and old parchments, to learn if a different shade of meaning may not be given to a word in the Scriptures on which to build a new sect or furnish a new ground of attack on a sect already existing. Intense partisanship is the foe to patriotism; and narrow, proscriptive sectarianism is the enemy of Christianity.

Had we no forum where these great questions could be discussed dispassionately, free from party spirit, might not the bloody dagger of persecution, as of old, be again the only argument of intolerance? It might be regarded as extreme to assert that a high degree of civilization can not be maintained without such a forum. The history of the past will corroborate the statement that it is here where the people have found the remedies for all social disorders. Here has been the chosen battle-ground against intolerance in religion and oppression in government. Here justice can have a fair hearing, and

the plea of mercy can not be denied. It is the best friend to human liberty, and the open foe to any sort of despotism. Where tyranny is not strong enough to abolish it, it is here the common people meet and agitate until their stolen rights are surrendered.

It is from this elevated position that the human mind has been awakened to a wider range of vision, and aroused to a more earnest and intelligent activity. It has been inseparably connected with every advanced step the race has made, the leader in all reforms in all the past, and is one of the mighty educational forces of the present time.

I am inclined to think that the lecture platform, in its broadest sense, has never yet been fully appreciated. As a civilizing force, its real value is not properly estimated.

We do not underestimate the importance of the lecture platform in the halls of learning. The teacher, preacher, doctor, or lawyer, in these days would be regarded as a pretender or a quack, who would offer his services to the public before he had given full attendance to a complete course of lectures.

Not only in these professions, but in every department of science and art, the platform may be found doing the same effective work. Even in the privacy of the domestic circle may sometimes be found the lecture platform, for the use and benefit of a single auditor. In such cases the lecturer is not generally a man. He is, whether willing or unwilling, the recipient of this home instruction; and the noble array of model husbands that adorn and beau-

tify human society attests the thoroughness of the work and the earnestness of the home lecturer.

But it is not the purpose to discuss the subject as it applies to special topics of wrong and injustice, where the public mind is thrown out of its every-day currents and channel by some great exciting cause; nor stop to consider the special work of the platform where the whole people may not attend.

We will take *this* platform, where everybody is invited, and where any subject may be discussed. The practical question, then, is, What is the best that can be done here for the public generally?

If his topic be ethical, the lecturer ought to use all his ability in holding up, in bright hues, the beauty of integrity, the loveliness of virtue, and the nobility of courage; and at the same time, in contrast, show in strong colors the ugliness of dishonesty, the vulgarity of vice, and the meanness of cowardice.

To have any measure of success, the lecturer will have to possess that best of all gifts—common sense. If he be a scholar, his attainments will be of little service to him unless he has learned to present his thoughts in the simplest language, so that those of his audience less favored may comprehend his meaning. The scientific man on the platform sometimes makes the serious mistake of using the technical terms of the scientific text-books. He could be convicted on an indictment of cruelty to—the audience. If he can not impart his knowledge of science in words that the audience of common people can understand, then he ought not to invite them to hear him, but state in the bills that none but scientists are

wanted. In most cases, his audiences would be less than that of the lawyer's in the jury-box.

He can not be said to be a brilliant success as a lecturer who may be able to keep his audience in a constant roar of laughter. The places exclusively for laughter are the variety theaters, the minstrel performances, and others of like kind, organized for that purpose. The lecture-room is, or ought to be, a very different sort of entertainment. How very cheap sensible people feel on their way home, after their attendance on a mere laughing entertainment, you well know who have had the experience. The true mission of the platform is not to make them laugh alone, but to cause them to think.

Do not understand me to depreciate real, clean humor. It is invaluable to intensify the interest in the subject, and the lecturer who can see and happily present the humorous side of the thing is the most successful on the platform. But the humor must arise so naturally and spontaneously from the topic that it would seem that it could not be avoided. The force of it is entirely broken and destroyed if it appears that the lecture has been deflected out of its course in order that the laugh might be brought in.

It is too much to ask an intelligent people to laugh again at some venerable yarn or ancient joke that they have heard again and again at the corner grocery or the circus. It is absolutely painful to witness an audience, of an obliging disposition, trying to force a laugh to please a speaker who has glued one of those old chestnuts on his speech that

he may have the credit of being a wit. And, what is worse, it shortens human life by thus cruelly causing an unwarranted and unexpected strain on the moral and mental machinery of his hearers. It will take at least half a dozen honest laughs to repair the damage. The lecturer can no more make a humorist out of himself, much as he may desire to do so, than he can be a painter or a poet at will; the one must be as inherent as the other.

There are born humorists on the platform, who not only see life as it really is, but have the rare faculty of taking a bright and humorous view, and yet have a fair and just conception of the dignity of the position they hold. These are in demand by the lecture-going public. There are so many rough roads in life, so many disappointments that come at all times, and from so many unexpected sources, that the lecturer who will come with his subject all aglow with mirth-giving humor, and for a time make the lesson of life not a task but a delightful recreation, is thrice welcome, and is hailed as a benediction.

In attacking false theories and vicious practices, he can use his humor to give a keener edge to his sarcasms, to sharpen the poignancy of his ridicule, and, with a bright and ready wit to guide him, he can impress his thoughts upon his audience so that they will not only retain them ever afterwards, but be stimulated and strengthened in the conflicts that may come in the future. But he must not allow his wit to degenerate into mere drollery, or descend to the low level of a shallow buffoon. The line of

division between a lecture and a mere humorous entertainment must be kept clear and distinct.

If the former is announced and the latter given, it is a fraud on the platform and the public. The thinking people are induced to attend, expecting something sensible, and the minstrel-loving crowd are kept away by the advertisement, and both are swindled, and the platform is disgraced by the deception.

We hear it said that the platform is losing its hold on the people. It is not unusual for the lecturer, on his first visit to a town, to be informed by the committee, in tones of disgust, "that the audience will be small to-night; that if it were a negro show the house would be full; that this is a poor town for lectures." This is doubtless true of many places. The reason for it is, that the platform has been weakened before the demand for fun, and has become as little respected as the floating voter in politics or the hypocrite in religion. To use a slang phrase, it has, by this means, "lost its grip" by lowering its dignity.

But where the lecture platform has stood by its true colors, combining a high order of entertainment with valuable instruction—catering to no false prejudices, but upholding the truth—it is growing more and more into popular favor. There are places in this country where lecture courses of this high order have been maintained for fifty consecutive years. In such favorable localities may be found the largest public libraries, more and better selected books in the homes, a newspaper press cleansed of slander and

personal abuse, and the brightest type of citizenship. The circus will not spread its tent in such a place, the whisky-saloon will not dominate in politics, and the crank will flock all alone by himself.

A courageous exposition of shams, whether in faith or practice, a discussion of the science of human duty, and a bold assault on the many hindering causes to man's mental and moral development, is the true and best mission of the lecture platform; and the scholarly men and eloquent women who have brought honor and glory to it, and have given the platform its high position as a factor in human reformation, are those who, with love in their hearts for the race, have seen the wrongs and evils in human society, and have assailed and exposed them, and have thought out the remedies and presented them.

There is a power and force in the earnestness of a human soul speaking from an honest heart, a music in the voice of sincere philanthropy, an electric current of human sympathy, that makes impressions when the book and magazine would fail entirely. The elaborate volume has a double charm after the lecturer has created a new interest in its contents. But the truth is, if we will make an honest inventory of what we know and can readily remember, we will find that we are much more indebted to those we have heard than to those we have read.

Take the living preacher out of the pulpit, and you would remove the key-stone of the arch that upholds the Church; take the politician off the stump, and the citizen would soon know less, and care less, for the public welfare. Take the lecturer out of our schools,

colleges, and universities, and confine the student to the text-books alone, and the fewer and inferior graduates would bear witness to the fact that a fearful and destructive blow had been given to the cause of education. It would then be better understood than now what a charm is given by the living teacher to hard and dry problems in mathematics; what a stimulus is imparted to the effort to master the almost hidden mysteries of human language, to develop the occult in the natural sciences, and to make clear and plain the seemingly incomprehensible facts in all the learned professions.

In this country we could not dispense with the lecture platform. We are a new nation with new institutions; a heterogeneous mass, experimenting on the best methods to give man the largest liberty, and yet maintain law and order. Our aim is to secure happy homes and the highest type of real manhood. We are therefore in a formative state. There are countless unsettled questions. Full and free discussion can have fair play, and truth can have a hearing.

The opinions of the common man guide and control everywhere. He having the responsibility of government cast upon him, and being the ruler in politics and sovereign in government, public opinion becomes the autocrat in every department of human affairs.

The absolute freedom of the platform from the domination of party or sect makes it the most effectual helper in directing the public mind in the channel that leads to the highest good to the human race.

In this land of ours, where new questions constantly arise—novel conditions with no precedent for their solution—the platform prevents the twisting and warping of new discoveries to fit old creeds and party platitudes. It makes its quick and earnest protest against putting the new wine of truth into the old bottles of error, or patching the old garments of ancient superstition with the new cloth of modern discovery. The true and only test of the progress of any age is, that the truth is not made subsidiary to the false, and that the moss and dust of past generations shall not be a sufficient shield against the questioning spirit of the times.

Many questions of this age are not properly in the domain of politics or religion. The magazine and the platform are the places for their consideration, and, in my judgment, greater liberty and latitude are given to the lecturer than the writer. The presence of the living and earnest advocate creates a deeper interest in the mind of the auditor than the reader, and this adds to the force and power of the platform as a teacher.

The lecturer, then, ought to be thoroughly capable and honest. There is no room on the platform for the charlatan or the demagogue. The high and holy purpose should be to present the truth. No pandering to popular prejudice; no cowardly fear of public opposition; no anxiety to secure personal popularity; no mercenary motive,—should tarnish the luster or make dim the glory of this great forum.

The careful reading of the history of the civil and social revolutions that have occurred in the

country in the last century will not fail to find that some bold and fearless lecturer, having the courage of his convictions, made the first assault which put in motion the waves of agitation that abolished some pernicious custom, that overturned some long-standing evil, and gave a higher tone to the thought and manners of American society.

Men have shown as high a type of courage on the platform as on the battle-field. Public opinion, emanating from ignorance and prejudice, has made more cowards than the most destructive weapons of warfare in the hands of an advancing army. The victorious general may receive promotion from his government and the plaudits of his countrymen, before the smoke of the battle that gave him his victory has cleared away. The reformer, fighting for the redemption and elevation of his race, never lives long enough to see and know the grandeur and glory of his triumph. That can only be seen and fully appreciated when viewed through the vista of the subsequent century.

The dross of selfishness may be intermingled with the golden patriotism of the warrior; but the philanthropy of the reformer, tried in the fires of persecution, is found without alloy. The warrior fights for the salvation of his country, his own promotion, and the cheers of his fellow-men. The reformer fights for the right and for the truth, that the lives of others may be nobler and happier,—too often having for his reward the jeers and sneers of those he is trying to help.

Why should the one, acting on the lower level,

bask in the warm sunshine of the smiles of his fellows, while the other, on the higher plane of self-sacrifice, is scorched by the fires of persecution? Why should the one take his place in history at once, while the fame of the other is compelled to await the approval of the generation to come? It need not be asked which has the higher order of courage, or which will live longer in the memory and gratitude of his race.

He only is worthy a place on the platform who has the bravery to assail the wrong and defend the right, to be so devoted to the nobility of his mission as to be indifferent to popular approval. And while the discussion of the question of knowing how to live is not the only theme for the platform, yet it is here that it has won the grandeur and glory of a great educational force.

The need of the human race is a keener perception of justice and right, a broader and deeper conception of what will best conserve the welfare and happiness of the whole mass. To lift men out of the ruts of daily life, out of the narrow circle of supplying daily needs, and to place them on higher ground, so that they may have a broader conception of the glory of true manhood and a clearer view of the significance of human existence, is, in any department of educational work, a most difficult thing to accomplish.

There are a few who desire to bring out of life all that is possible—who crave this higher development, and they rally to the call of the platform. The great mass are indifferent, and are content to live and die as

their ancestors lived and died, having had food and raiment. Their religion and politics, and their notions of the reciprocal relations of human society, they have inherited. They have never troubled themselves to find any reason for any of these things. They had not thought it worth while to consider whether there is any better way to live; to have more health and less disease, more joy and less sorrow; whether home-life might not be made sweeter and more satisfying; what they might not give to, and receive from, their social life; whether an increase of knowledge of the things of every-day life really meant an addition to their stock of happiness and comfort, and would enhance their value as members of society.

In all the reformatory forces can there be any better way devised to reach this indifferent class, and rouse them to shake off their lethargy and take an interest in these things, than the public speaker? What is better equipped for this work than the public platform?

And while the listless indifference of that class who act as though it "is all of life to live," is most disheartening to the philanthropist, yet when he comes to consider that the whole human race would have been in like condition but for the brave and self-denying efforts of the reformer, he should take courage. The stream of human knowledge becomes broader and deeper and clearer every day. Too broad to be longer confined in the narrow channel in the high places, where wealth and caste controlled it, it has come down to the valleys and to the plains, and

flows by the habitations and blesses the homes of the common people. More and more do the human race of all conditions quench their thirst from its abundant and self-satisfying currents. And as the common man drinks, the light comes into his imprisoned soul that he, too, is endowed with the wonderful gift of reason; that no necessity is laid on him to be the slave or follower of another; that he can think, choose, and act for himself. He begins to magnify his own manhood, and delightfully to realize the strong upholding power of his own self-respect.

Well may we boast that our age can exhibit these grander opportunities to stimulate loftier aspirations in the individual man. But the quality of the civilization must be determined at last by the number who can be induced to avail themselves of these benefits.

When barbarism is the dominating force, there can be no civilization worthy the name; but the converse of the proposition can not be maintained; for where there has been the highest civilization it has been intermingled with ignorance, superstition, and barbarism. The presence of this hostile influence requires great effort to hold what we have already attained, and adds to the difficulty of even making a little advance towards a better state of things.

The savage, surrounded with the darkness of barbarism, should be pitied and pardoned. The barbarian, from choice closing his eyes to the light of civilization all about him, is a hopeless, incorrigible obstacle to progress—hopeless, so far as reaching him in any way but by the magnetism of the living orator. He

would not read if he could, and, in most cases, he could not if he would. His social instincts, and whatever there may be in him of human sympathy, may cause him to be attracted by the voice of another. It is the only available avenue of information to him—a sort of sky-light to his darkened habitation.

Until some helping hand shall direct it, the vine may crawl fruitless in the mire and weeds, powerless to lift itself to the trunk of the neighboring tree; but with a little assistance it fastens itself to its sturdy neighbor, and climbs up in the sunlight, and becomes strong enough to bud, blossom, and be fruitful. The intelligent, earnest public speaker has thus been the helping and guiding hand to humanity.

Here and there we find a man of wealth, a generous philanthropist, appreciating the value of this reformative and elevating force, who has given large sums to be made a permanent and perpetual fund, so that ethical lectures may be given to the common people free of cost. Such men are an honor to the age in which they live and die. They give a new luster to our boasted civilization, and are more worthy a monument than the leader in war or in politics.

It is not what the few gifted and cultured persons of any age may do in the fields of science or art or letters that determines the progressive spirit of the time. It is not that here and there an inventive genius may give us improved machinery and more rapid locomotion, or that accumulating wealth may erect gorgeous palaces and build beautiful cities, that places the crown of glory on our boasted civilization.

It is not the wonderful achievements of the few, but the real condition of the masses, that settles that question, and gives the true measure of human progress.

If he may be lauded as a benefactor who has caused two blades of grass to grow where there was but one before, what greater praises ought to be given to him, or her, who has planted a desire for higher attainments in the barren soil of indolence and despondency, or developed hope in the human soul, when there was only grim despair!

With all the possibilities in reach of humanity in each and every condition of life, there ought to be an increase of enjoyment, of intelligence, of integrity, of nobility, of courage, all along the line.

The human mind, with its godlike capabilities, need not wallow in the mire of mere animalism. The light of human reason ought not to be extinguished by the fogs of ignorance and superstition. The human race can come up to a longer, a better, and happier life. The great obstacles are lethargy and indifference. I am sincere in the belief that the lecture platform is the most effective power in removing these obstacles.

THE INVISIBLE SOME PEOPLE.

I DOUBT not some curiosity exists in your minds as to what I may be able to say from so strange a subject. I have delivered this lecture in various places throughout the country, and sometimes, in advance of its delivery, some very sharp and witty things have been said about the title of the lecture; and if I were here simply and only for the purpose of amusing you, I know nothing better I could do in that direction than to quote and repeat some of these pungent criticisms. That is no part of my purpose; but in order that you may have some faint conception of the difficulties and trials that the title of this lecture has had to undergo from time to time, from the press and others, I will venture to give you one circumstance that will illustrate for all.

Some years ago I was invited to lecture in a town in the southern part of Illinois. The people had erected in that town a very large and beautiful church—a very expensive building. They had put a high tower on one corner, and a tall steeple on the other. They had frescoed it and stuccoed it, and put in expensive sittings and shining chandeliers, rich carpetings, and a grand organ of wonderful power and compass; and when the whole was completed they put a large mort-

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Delivered before many Lecture Courses, and in almost every State in the Union.

gage on it, and dedicated it to God, subject to a mortgage. Of course they then had to resort to all manner of expedients to raise the money to pay the interest on the mortgage, and when the regular Church festival had become intolerable and could not be endured any longer, a fertile genius of the Official Board of the Church suggested that they have a course of lectures as the best possible method to raise the money to pay the interest on the debt. The suggestion was accepted, and the course of lectures was organized, and I had the distinguished honor conferred upon me to come down and open the course; and, in looking over the list of lectures I sometimes deliver, they selected this one—"The Invisible Some People." They had heard something about it, and wanted that. I went. They had a large audience. The trustees were in high glee over the success of the experiment; but as the money for the course of lectures, and for that evening's entertainment as well, was to pay the debt of the church, they thought it only proper to open the entertainment of the evening with prayer. A good minister of the town was called on to perform that service, and he prayed exceedingly well, and in the kindness and benevolence of his heart he thought he ought to remember the lecturer, so he said: "Bless our brother, who has come all the way from the State of Indiana to help this Church out of her financial troubles. Warm his heart, and clear his head. He has come with a message for us; he has come to tell us about—about—about—we know not what it is about, O Lord, but thou knowest!"

I weakened a little on the name after that. There is this thing about names, however, that we all recognize to be true, that when we become well acquainted with anybody, no matter if he have the crookedest sort of a name, the person seems to be adapted to the name and the name to the person; there is a kind of general adjustment all round, until we all come to feel that no other name would suit that person so well as the one he happens to have, crooked as it may be. I have therefore ventured to indulge the hope that, when you shall have become acquainted with the lecture, you will agree that, after all, it is the very name you yourselves would have given it had you been present at the christening and requested to make the selection.

I claim to have better reasons for the name than the old German gave for calling his boy Hans. He propounded this conundrum one day to his friends: "Do you know why I call my boy Hans?" They figured on it for a long time, and finally gave it up. They could not tell for the life of them why he called his boy Hans, and appealed to him. He said: "I call my boy Hans because dot is his name."

There is an invisible power in the civilized world known as "Some People." The influence of this power is manifest everywhere, and is controlling human action and seriously affecting the well-being and happiness of humanity. The wretchedness and misery that this mysterious agency brings to mortals seems to be beyond the reach of redress or retaliation, for the manifest reason that while these same Some People are accepted as human beings, and hold

constant intercourse with mortals, and are in no degree or sense supernatural, yet, strange to tell, they are invisible and past finding out. Notwithstanding they are constantly being quoted by intelligent men and women, and their opinions and decisions are constantly being reported, and the deliberate judgment of Some People is being given on this, that, or the other line of human conduct, by which means they are regulating human affairs generally, still it is impossible to find, among all those who quote so freely from them, a single one who is personally acquainted with these Some People.

These Invisible Some People seem to be partial to no particular latitude or longitude, but, on the contrary, may be found in strong force in every place where civilization has gone. I believe it is a well-settled conclusion in every community that there are more Invisibles in their neighborhood than anywhere else. No nation, claiming to be in advance, is free from this curse. Indeed, it seems the higher the style of the civilization, the more observable are the operations of this invisible power, which has led some to think that it is a legitimate offshoot of the highest development of humanity, and that the only portion of the human race free from this curse are the barbarians. If that be true, then the barbarian is to be congratulated in being able to demonstrate the truth of the proposition that every condition of human life has its advantages. I believe it is true.

I believe that this invisible annoyance confines its attacks to those who are on the topmost round of human advancement, and that it never descends to

assail those who have not commenced to ascend. It might not be safe to boldly assert this as a well-established fact, yet when we consider the different conditions of humanity and the peculiar work and apparent mission and purpose of the Invisibles, it seems to be a fair inference.

We look at the barbarian in his mud hut, located in the swamps, sitting with a scowl on his face, clothed in the untanned skin of the wild beast he has slain himself, whose club is law. He knows nothing of Congress or politics, Churches or theaters; never participated in a salary-grab or a Sunday-school; never saw his name in a newspaper, and does not care if he ever does. With no currency to inflate or contract; unconscious of the fact that there is such a thing as wages, and that he ought to strike for more; with no middle-man between him and the fish in the stream, the game in the woods, and the berries on the bushes, to speculate on nature's bounties and compel him to join the Grangers for protection; with no first-circle of society to court him or snub him; with no clothes for fashion to play her pranks upon,—he presents no inducements for the peculiar mission of the Invisibles of to-day.

In passing down and out of the brighter realms of the highest point in human advancement into the feebler light of partial civilization, and down farther still into the darkness of barbarism, while we leave behind this invisible torment, yet we find that the semi-civilized and the barbarian have a kindred invisible enemy to their peace. All of their invisible torments, however, are deemed by them to be super-

natural. The human Invisibles are above in the regions of light and knowledge—the supernatural below in the domain of barbarism.

We therefore make this discovery in making the descent from the highest to the lowest condition of humanity,—that poor, unfortunate man, whatever may be his mental or moral status, is beset with invisible enemies. We also find that, in elevating him out of a state of barbarism to that of civilization, we simply transform his supernatural invisible enemies into invisible humans; and out of the ugly witch, the horrid demon, and the terror-inspiring familiar spirit are created the Invisible Some People, whose powers for annoying humanity are not in the least degree lessened by the transformation, and who make the same sort of warfare on civilized man.

Cotton Mather, one of the last and ablest defenders of witchcraft, undertook to defend the delusion by writing a most remarkable book, entitled "Glimpses of the Invisible World." He tried to meet, in that book, the difficulties that reason and good sense were beginning to bring forward against the delusion. He said: "In all the witchcraft which now grievously vexes us, I know not whether anything be more unaccountable than the trick which the witches have to render themselves and their tools invisible. Witchcraft," he adds, "seems to be the skill of applying the plastic spirit of the world unto some unlawful purposes by means of a confederacy with evil spirits. Yet one would wonder how the evil spirits themselves can do some things, especially at invisibilizing the crassest bodies. But," he adds, "our witches do

seem to have the knack of it, and this is one of the things that makes me think that witchcraft will not be understood so long as there is a witch in the world." Cotton Mather, in thus wrestling with the witchcraft of his time, has given us a very fair description of the witches of our day. They ought to resemble each other, as they evidently have the same progenitor.

A learned writer on the ancient witchcraft says "that, beyond all question, Satan is the prime mover in all things pertaining to witchcraft," and brings forward proof satisfactory to himself, at least, to sustain his position. He says of Satan: "His heart is beyond what the wisest may pretend unto. He has perfect skill in optics, and can therefore cause that to be invisible to one which is not so to another, and things to appear otherwise than what they really are. Learned men," he adds, "give it as a certain sign of demoniacal possession when the afflicted party can see and hear that which no one else can discern anything of, and when they can discover secret things."

Our modern witchcraft could not be better described, and if the devil was really the author of the invisible torments of the centuries long since past, the family resemblance of our witches fixes their paternity on him most exclusively. The difference in the operations of our witches only establishes the truth of the doctrine of a learned Scotch divine of the seventeenth century, that "the devil, like everybody else, improves with age and experience."

We have a most exalted opinion of the superiority of our civilization over that of any past period. For

the past we have an abundance of pity, mingled with no small amount of contempt. For the present times we indulge in rhapsody and congratulation. Let us take a sober, honest view of the two periods, and then determine whether we have so much cause for congratulation.

It is true that, in following the history and progress of the human race from the earliest history of man, we find that, until within the last two hundred years, no portion of the human race was free from the miseries which these supernatural Invisibles inflicted on terror-stricken humanity. Demonology, witchcraft, and familiar spirits were so interwoven with the belief of man that they not only became part and parcel of his religion, but in the darker times were regarded as its essential features. In those times this condition of the human mind was not confined to the ignorant and depraved. On the contrary, the deeper the philosopher and theologian dived into the mysteries of science and theology, and the more learning they acquired, the more extensive was their experience with, and the more they knew of, demons and invisible torments.

Even the immortal Luther, the greatest mind of many centuries, could not rise above the delusions of the times. He firmly believed that the very devil in person visited his room every night; and he claimed that he was often awakened out of sleep by the noise made by his Satanic Majesty in his private apartments. It is recorded that at one time, when a friend stopped all night with the old reformer, the guest, on hearing a noise in the small hours of the night, asked Luther what produced it. Luther replied, with

the most perfect composure and indifference, "that it was only the devil, who was a frequent visitor, and often made a disturbance in and about the premises."

It is also written of Luther that at one time his Satanic Majesty became so noisy when on a visit to the old monk, that Luther lost his temper and hurled his inkstand at the old devil; and it is recorded as a fact that the stain of the ink can be seen to this day on the walls of Luther's private room in the castle of Wartburg. In such a state of mind, he naturally accepted with implicit faith every anecdote of Satanic miracles. He frequently told, in his public addresses, how an aged minister had been interrupted in his devotions at the altar by the devil, who grunted behind him like a hog. He also proclaimed that on another occasion the devil appeared in court as a lawyer, and conducted a case through court; and he added that he seemed to fill the place with the utmost propriety.

Two hundred years later than Luther we find in England a law under which many a poor mortal was put to death for the supposed crime of being a witch or wizard. But science and religion had advanced far enough to throw their clear white light upon the iniquity of such a statute; and in obedience to the better sentiment of the times the British Parliament repealed the law, and wiped the disgraceful thing from the statutes of England. But when it was done, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Matthew Hale, and other great historic names, held up their hands in holy horror at the radicalism of Parliament, and declared that the repeal of that statute was evidence of the demoralization of the times, and was a direct blow

at the fundamental principles of the British Constitution; and the men who did it were denounced as fanatics, agitators, and humbugs. All manner of epithets were applied to them for this advanced step.

So it has been, and so, I presume, it always will be, where any great wrong is protected by law; and until the protection is removed and the wrong stands out in all its native ugliness, the reformer will have to stand persecution. But whatever progress we have made in the past, and whatever advancement we may make in the future, will depend upon the number of bold spirits that each age may produce, who will stand ready to attack wrong wherever found, whether protected by law or not.

To follow the history of demonology, and study the effect that the belief in the supernatural had on the minds of men in the distant past, and how it affected human welfare and controlled human action, excites a deep and painful interest in all who were thus tormented; and with the consideration for them comes the grateful feeling to us that the day of our birth was postponed until this swarm of demons, witches, and familiar spirits were compelled to flee from the light of our brighter civilization, as the thieves and burglars are driven to their hiding-places by the light of day. They are all gone from us, fled to the darker corners of the world, still to torment and scare the ignorant and to add incalculable misery to human existence.

Having cast out these devils, and having long since had our houses swept and garnished, is it true that the seven other wicked spirits have taken pos-

session, and is our last state worse than the first so far as invisible torments are concerned?

Mingled with our rejoicing that the supernatural Invisibles are driven out is the very disagreeable realization of a stubborn fact that a kindred curse is still left to poison human enjoyment. If we wish to hand over to posterity a civilization with more happiness for humanity, then we must look at this evil in all its phases, and at least weaken its power if we can not destroy it.

If these miserable Some People could be driven out; if this modern witchcraft could be made to take its departure, and seek out an abode in the dark corners of the earth, and our generation be free from its curse, it would be an advance and upward step, and add incalculably to the pleasure of living.

Had all the Invisibles gone together, the human with the supernatural, it would have been the era of eras in the history of man—a blessed consummation that would have left us with a much purer religion and a brighter civilization than we have now. Kindred in spirit and purpose, both alike depending on human credulity for existence, it seems to be a mystery why one should be taken and the other left.

It remains for the future to determine whether, in the upward march of human progress, the human race will ever be able to shake off and become free from all invisible torments, compelling them to fall back to worry the plodding ranks of those who are coming in the rear of our advancing civilization; whether human credulity will ever remain so weak as to carry this curse along, as the human race steps

higher into the clearer light and reaches the broader plains of truth.

It may not be wise to waste time in speculating on what may be possible or probable in this regard, but rather to deal with these same Some People of the living present, and let the future take care of itself. As I have said before, the witchcraft of one hundred years ago has many points of resemblance in the present time. In both their mission was to torment man, and the spirit of both is evil. No witch ever came with a blessing for man, but was thought to send disease, tempest, and death. She made her attack on man at all points—his property, his family, his health, and his life.

The Invisibles of to-day, with the same malevolent spirit, confine their assaults in the same covert way upon the character of people, and thus indirectly effect the same result; for if they can rob people of their good name and blast their reputation, and thus cause them to lose the confidence and respect of all around them, then their property, or even their lives, lose their value, which makes them, as Shakespeare says, "poor indeed."

In the days of the former witchcraft, the vicious and revengeful took advantage of the credulity of the times, and used the delusion to gratify their personal hate. A charge of witchcraft was sufficient, without the slightest evidence, to bring the unfortunate subject of the accusation to punishment; therefore, if one human being was in the way of another, that other could dispose of his enemy by simply making the charge. If a crime was committed, the criminal

often escaped punishment by preferring the charge of witchcraft against his accuser, and, by so doing, not only destroyed the credibility of the witness, but his or her competency to appear in court to testify in the case.

It has also happened in the administration of justice in our day that the slanders and innuendoes of Some People have so affected the standing and character of honest witnesses in court as to break the force of their evidence, and, by the aid of this modern witchcraft, the guilty have gone unpunished.

In the former times, while all the old delusions prevailed, if a man became tired of his wife and fell in love with another man's wife (and they used to do those things just as they do now), and she reciprocated his tender emotion, the two could jointly or severally prefer the charge of witchcraft against their uncongenial mates, and have them put to death as sorcerers, and thus in a most complete and effectual way dispose of the hindering causes of their happiness, and, by this means, secure a divorce more certain and complete than could be obtained either in Indiana or Chicago. The two loving hearts could then be united in matrimony, as grass-widows and widowers are now, with nothing more to disturb their married life than the ghosts of the departed.

In this day and age of the world no small number of separations and divorces are the result of this kindred witchcraft of our time. The Invisibles communicate to the world that on a certain occasion the husband did this or that, or the wife was guilty of such an impropriety; and a credulous and unchari-

table world, without a particle of evidence, pronounces the sentence of guilty; and a separation and divorce is not unfrequently the result.

It would seem to be true that, while the witchcraft of former times has passed away, yet the credulity that gave it life and power still remains, and that there is now the same inclination to accept without evidence any statement affecting the character, as true, however false and absurd it may be, and wanting in responsible authority.

This weakness in human credulity is now, as then, giving life and power to the Invisibles. It is not more strange that the intelligent scholar of long ago should accept the absurd doctrine of witchcraft than that his more cultivated representative of to-day should accept, without any evidence, the monstrous fabrications in regard to the motives and actions of his neighbors on the bare authority of the Invisible Some People of the community.

The state of mind that accepts the one is very similar to the mental condition that gives credence to the other. It is, therefore, an undeniable fact that the people of to-day hold an unspotted reputation—the dearest thing on earth—by a very slight tenure. The credulity of the times is such in regard to all charges against the character of people that the breath of scandal, if not able in all cases to change it from the whitest purity to the blackest infamy, is ever sufficient to so tarnish it that the unfortunate subject of the accusation stands suspected and watched among his fellow-mortals.

Was it any more discreditable to the people of one

hundred years ago to accept the charge, unsupported by evidence, that human action was the result of demoniacal possession, than it is for us, who claim to be so much wiser than they, to believe, without any confirmation, that evil and sinister motives influence human conduct that to all appearance was prompted by exactly the opposite? With all our religion and civilization, with all the loud boasting about the grand times in which we live, we can scarcely find a community in all this land where this evil is not stirring up a great deal of discord and strife.

In the old English form of pleading in suits to eject persons from possession, they claimed the names of the real parties to the action did not appear in the record; but for some reason, I know not what, fictitious names were substituted as the plaintiff and defendant; and these fictions were called Richard Roe for one and John Doe for the other. With these unreal parties to the action, the battle for the possession of the land was fought. If Richard was stronger than John in the war of words in the pleadings, or had the most convincing evidence, then some real man, and his family too (if he had one), were put out of the possession of their habitation, and could no longer read their title clear because of the doings of the invisible, intangible, unreal Richard Roe.

And so in this enlightened and Christian period of the world's history, there is constant danger that real persons may be ousted of their good name, and put out of possession of a reputation that they have spent all their lives to acquire by persons who are as mythical as Richard Roe. In the history of the witchcraft de-

lusion, the statistics show that more than one hundred thousand people have been tried, found guilty, and put to death for the crime of being a witch or wizard—a crime that never had an existence except in the heated imagination and distempered fancy of ignorant and credulous humanity. It is a most inhuman and bloody record, awakening the most tender sympathy for the unfortunate victims of the dreadful delusion. The sea of misery flowing from it is too wide and deep for human comprehension.

Turning to the modern witchcraft, while we can not gather up the statistics of its dreadful work, yet we have on every hand the most convincing evidence that it is slaughtering reputations in much greater numbers, and sweeping away good names by accusations of which the accused are as innocent as were the victims of the ancient delusion. While the former extinguished the life of one hundred thousand, or even more than that, the latter has destroyed the peace and poisoned the enjoyment of millions, and produced an ocean of misery as boundless and fathomless as the other.

Again, in the days of witchcraft it is recorded as a fact in the history of that superstition that the charge of being a witch was one of the steps often taken to obtain revenge of an enemy. When two persons had a difficulty in those days that stirred up all the bad blood of their natures, both were in haste to first fasten the obnoxious charge on the other.

In these days revenge is sought by a resort to the witchcraft of the times, by saying of those against

whom hate and ill-will are directed: "Some people say," "If all rumors be true," "There is a wonderful amount of talk," "It is generally believed," "There is evidently something wrong," "It has a mysterious look." Whenever you hear persons use these and kindred phrases, you may conclude that they have been among the witches, and are the chosen mediums to communicate the inventions of the Invisibles. If you can not stop their mouths, you can stop your own ears and possibly hold your own tongues.

I say *possibly* hold your own tongues, for the reason that this thing of holding the tongue is a tremendous achievement, and very few attain the art to perfection. I have known people that could hold office—plenty of them. Indeed, there do not seem to be offices enough to go round. I have known people that could hold titles to real estate—that could hold money and stocks and bonds easy enough. They could hold their own and very considerable that belongs to their creditors; but to get a good grip on their tongues, and hold them from wagging, seems to be beyond their holding power.

You have all heard the old conundrum—it is almost too old to repeat—"Why does a dog wag its tail?" The correct and logical answer is, "Because the dog is the strongest." But if you ask why men and women wag their tongues, the old-dog answer will not do, because we sometimes find tongues wagging men and women, and shaking them up fearfully.

The mediums the Invisible Some People use to communicate with the world are properly divided into

two classes—the intentional slanderers, and the unthinking tattlers who indulge in gossip from the force of habit. The malicious class are mostly men, while the other class are chiefly women; yet all kinds can be found in both sexes.

I trust none of the ladies here present will look black at me for this apparently savage attack upon their sex. Before you condemn me, allow me to explain; for if I succeed in getting the good opinion of anybody in this audience in delivering this lecture, I desire above all things to have the approbation of the ladies in my presence; and I will explain by telling what once occurred right in my own house—"taken by our artist on the spot," as they say.

One day, when I was at home, a good neighbor woman—a very fair specimen of the American woman—made a fashionable call on my wife. Now, all you ladies know what a fashionable call is. You know it does not amount to much anyway. You simply put on your good clothes, and strike out; and that is about all there is in it. But it did amount to something more in this case; for after due inspection of the good wardrobe, the good woman lingered awhile and talked about the splendid weather we were having—about the glorious revival of religion we had recently had in our Church; and she also made some scattering remarks about the latest style of woman's hat. Several tremendous questions were disposed of in a very short time. Then she gently took up the neighbors. She said of one neighbor: "He is a splendid fellow—great, big heart, and noble, jolly,

self-sacrificing spirit; the very life of the town and the life of our circle." Indeed, she thought our society would be very flat and insipid if it were not for that good fellow, who was always ready to spend any amount of time or money that the balance of us should have a good time, and never seemed to care anything about himself; and went on and on, and gave a great many other fine points in his character, and carried it to such an extent that, I am ashamed to say, I was almost on the point of being envious of him. But before I had quite reached that disagreeable state of mind she dropped her voice—it was a sort of deprecatory, confidential whisper—and said to my wife: "Some People say he drinks." Of course I did not envy him any more after that.

And of another she said that she was the most religious person she ever saw, the very highest type of Christian character; and during the revival she was present at every meeting, and seemed to know just what to do and how to do it—was a grand assistance to the pastor, and inspired the balance of us to such zeal and enthusiasm that she thought that the success of the revival should be given largely to the credit of that good woman; and then she gave divers and sundry other reasons why she thought that that woman was the most devoted Christian that ever was; and—then she dropped into a whisper again, and said: "But Some People say she is not half as religious as she appears to be."

And of another neighbor she said: "He is the wealthiest man in town, lives in the finest style, gives the most magnificent entertainments, has the finest

turn-out of any one in town. His family always appears better dressed than any one else; he gives his money liberally to everything that comes along; and everybody thinks he is exceedingly rich." Then she dropped into a whisper again, and said: "But Some People say he would not be worth a cent if his debts were all paid."

In that way she went around over the whole town, giving each a dab except our next-door neighbor, Mrs. M. She did not say a word about her. Now, while all this was going on, I was pretending to read the newspaper—for she was calling on my wife and not on me—but I had my weather ear open all the while.

I finally laid down my paper, and I said to her: "What do Some People say about Mrs. M., our next-door neighbor?" She turned upon me, every feather in her hat quivered, and her eyes fairly snapped, and she said: "Sir, you will have to ask somebody else. I have not returned Mrs. M.'s last call, and I never intend to." I said: "I beg your pardon, madam; I did not know that there was any difficulty between you and Mrs. M., or I should not have spoken of her." "You need not commence about that now. There is no personal difficulty between Mrs. M. and myself, but I can not afford to compromise myself by calling upon her." "What is there about our neighbor that will compromise you, me, or anybody else, I want to know?" "Well," said she, "you need n't be so snappish about it;" and then looking at me with a great deal of pity, as if I were the most ignorant man in the whole community, she said:

"Well, Mr. Cumback, if you do not know it, every other gentleman and lady in this town does know it, that Mrs. M. talks about her neighbors, and if there is anything on earth I despise it is that. I will not associate with any woman that talks about her neighbors."

Now, this is the kind of woman I was referring to, ladies. I did not have the slightest reference to any of you at all, and that makes it all right, I hope; so let us part good friends at any rate.

One night, down in Southern Indiana, where I delivered this lecture, as we were going down the stairs at the opera-house after the lecture was over, I heard the ladies talking about this part of the lecture. I tried my level best not to hear anything they said; for you know it is mean to eavesdrop, and I wanted to be honest; and then I also thought if I did hear, it would not contribute anything to my happiness, so I did not hear much. But finally one woman screamed out, in a sort of dying-swan tone, clear above the din and clatter on the stairway, and said: "O, I am so sorry that Mrs. Jonas was not here to-night to have heard that part of the lecture!" I was struck with the generosity of the woman in giving all that part of the lecture to Mrs. Jonas.

The men, I regret to have it to say, are in most cases prompted by malice in their assaults upon the character of people. There may be a man here or there, a shallow-pated gabbler, who frequents public places and gives his opinion without malice, but even as a slanderer he is voted a failure and an intolerable bore. Men generally, when they talk scandal, do it

for the express purpose of hurting somebody; and the more damage they imagine they have done, the keener is their enjoyment of their devilish work.

There are some men who will tell a lie, and, if necessary, will swear to it, to damage the reputation of a neighbor. How often in our courts of justice, when men are called to testify as to the character of other witnesses, has this been manifest! A witness is put on the stand to testify as to the character of another witness, and is asked if he is acquainted with the character of the witness sought to be impeached, from the statements of the people of his neighborhood, and the witness answers promptly that he is acquainted with his character. He is then asked if that character is good or bad, and he promptly replies, and with a malicious relish, that "his character is very bad, and everybody says so."

Fortunately for truth and justice, a cross-examination of the witness is the next thing in order, and the opposing counsel asks him to state to the court and jury the names of the persons who have made statements derogatory to the character, and to state the language in each particular case. Now the troubles of the perjured slanderer begin, and he fails to mention any names, but undertakes to sustain himself by insisting that Some People have given the witness a very bad name in his neighborhood. Who these Some People are he can not tell. They are the Invisible Some People that I am talking about. They can not be reached by the process of the court, as they are not so obliging as Katie King, of Boston, to put on a material body that might be seized by the sheriff

and brought into court. A searching cross-examination does the business for all such witnesses, and they generally leave the stand having made this impression, if no other, that they are willing to defame their neighbors, even if they have to resort to falsehood and perjury to do so.

This suggests a most successful remedy for this great evil. If the good men and the good women would organize themselves into a kind of social court, and put these defamers through a most searching cross-examination, and thus compel them to admit that these Some People that they are constantly quoting have no existence in fact outside of the brain of the slanderer, we would soon find that the mediums of communication would rapidly disappear, and this modern witchery would no longer tarnish our civilization and religion.

The spirit of this evil work, with the shallow credulity that fosters and encourages it, is one of the hopeless signs of the times, and takes the point off our boasting that we are so much further on the road to perfection than those who have gone before us. It not only undertakes to put its false estimate on all human action, but it claims to dive down deep into the secrets of every human soul, and always brings forth the meanest and most sordid motives for the very best acts of man, and boldly proclaims that these put in operation what charity and truth would have declared was good and benevolent in spirit as well as in deed.

If the account of human life is faithfully kept, and the credits which humanity are justly entitled to

are placed on the proper side of the ledger, and the balance honestly struck, the result will still show that we are no better than we ought to be. In the name of justice and fairness, let not this modern witchery cheat us out of credits without which we are hopelessly bankrupt.

In the exciting contests of human life for wealth and position, our poor human nature develops a wonderful amount of envy, jealousy, and often the bitterest hate. The hindmost in the race are exposed to the temptation to resort to detraction as a sort of comfort for the bruises they have received, and a solace for their defeats. They open communication with Invisibles, and endeavor by floods of scandal to sweep away the good name of all who have been more fortunate than they. Byron says:

> "He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below."

It must be confessed that, in many cases, there can not be found even this apology to justify or palliate this demon-like trait in mortals. It seems that many take to slander to gratify a morbid appetite they seem to have for it. All such could not sleep at night unless they have the comforting assurance in their own minds that during the day they have damaged the good name of some fellow-mortal or made their best effort to do so.

The slanderer belongs to no party or sect or class of society. He is doing his evil work in good and bad society alike—in the church, in politics, in society at large—everywhere may be found the poison from the slanderous tongue.

While I have given this subject some thought and reflection, still I regret to say that I am not able to furnish you such a description of the gossiper tribe, or to give you the plans and specifications so definitely, that they may be known from other folks. I am in the same unfortunate dilemma as the man away back forty years ago, a very wealthy man in New England, who got tired of society, tired of politics, tired of religion, tired of everything and everybody; so he sold out all of his great possessions, and went away out West, to what was then called the American Desert, and built him a house hundreds of miles beyond the border-land of civilization. It is difficult to tell what made him do so.

The question has been asked, "Is life worth living?" and the best answer that has ever been given to the question is that of *Punch*, who said "that it depended entirely on the *liver*." It may be this man had a torpid liver. But as the star of empire rapidly moved westward, he again soon found himself surrounded by civilization; and one day a commissioner from the Government knocked at his door, and said that the Government desired his house for the meeting of the first Territorial Legislature. In an unguarded moment he consented, and put his house in shape for that tremendous event. But, as a precautionary measure, he put up a card in the principal reception-room of his house, and wrote this on the card in great big letters: "Loafers are requested in this house not to associate with the members of the Legislature, for the reason that it is almost impossible to tell the one from the other."

It is equally difficult, on sight, to distinguish the slanderer from the rest of us. The polished and polite indulge in this vice as well as the vulgar and degraded. The drunken, swaggering, profane wretch, and the shameless hypocrite attempting to cover inbred meanness with the sham piety of a Pecksniff or the hollow humility of a Uriah Heep, have alike the same relish for a dish of scandal. If there be any distinguishing mark which all slanderers have in common, it is a very weak and feeble ability to mind their own business, and a well-developed faculty to attend to other people's affairs. They cultivate the latter gift for the same reason that Mark Twain gave for not keeping his promises. He said that he had a large and vigorous faculty for *making* promises, but a very feeble one for *keeping* them, but contended that it is better to have one strong and healthy faculty than two weak and sickly ones.

Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, said more than twenty centuries ago: "The disease of men is this,—that they neglect their own fields, and go and weed the fields of others; and what they require from others is great, while what they lay upon themselves is very light."

Where the power of these Invisibles is most felt, and in what place they do the most mischief, it is not easy to determine. If there be one place more than another where their influence is most potent for evil, it is in religious associations. Unfortunately for religion, there may be found in almost every religious society some persons who claim that they possess the most of the religion of the particular Church of

which they are members; and, to use a Wall Street phrase, they hold most of the stock, and have made a "corner" on all the Christian graces of the Church. They make their phylacteries so broad that those the old Pharisees used to wear would appear exceedingly narrow to them. The truth is, we can beat the Jews on Pharisees. If the original stock of that century were here, they would quit the business. They could not compete with our modern Pharisees. The fact is, their hearts are nests wherein are hatched out all the whole brood of malevolent actions and purposes, to conceal which from human inspection they make a loud and constant profession of their own perfection, and continually protest that they have nothing but gentleness in their spirits.

> "In robes of seeming truth and trust
> Came sly dissimulation,
> And underneath a gilded crust
> Lurked dirty defamation."

They never lose an opportunity to sound a trumpet proclaiming their own whiteness and purity. In order that they may appear the whitest in the flock, they spend all their spare time in blackening the rest of the fold. To keep their own defects from being observed, they are constantly calling attention to the defects that they insist other people have.

Josh Billings describes them as persons who "consider themselves as moral half-bushels, with which they measure all the follies of everybody else." This class of slanderers are the most artful and accomplished of the whole tribe of vilifiers, and their power for evil is consequently the greatest. They

deceive the simple and unsuspecting, by constantly claiming that they are prompted to speak disparagingly of others from a deep and abiding sense of duty. They study carefully the mental and moral depth of all around them. To the careful and thoughtful they will drop a sugar-coated hint against a neighbor, to excite prejudice and bias judgment. To the shallow and gossipy they will administer a wholesale dose of scandal, to be retailed by them. To real good, pious people, they will go with hypocritical tears, and deplore the faults of others, and beg them to turn the erring ones into the paths of right.

The great English poet has well described all such in one line:

"In hopes to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

While these Invisibles in Church infuse activity among the members, and keep them constantly on the alert, it is not that spirituality that makes Satan tremble. A Church annoyed with a few of these spirits is very much in the condition of the army which has marched far into the enemy's country. So many men must be detailed to skirmish with guerrillas, and protect the lines and guard the rear, that but few soldiers are left for effective fighting service.

There are some Churches of whom it may be said that pastor and people are constantly engaged in attempting to protect themselves from the assaults of this enemy within their lines, and have but little time for any other duty; and if they had, their war-

fare for self-protection is by no means calculated to promote that growth in grace and pious development that mark the character of the perfect Christian. All such Churches, who promise peace and rest to the sinners who may join them, will find themselves unable to perform the contract.

During the late war, two soldiers enlisted from the same town, in the same regiment and company, and slept in the same tent, under the same blanket. One night they were talking about the war, the causes of it, and their connection with it, and one of them said to the other:

"Now, I want to improve this opportunity to ask you a question that has been a long time on my mind, and has been a great mystery to me."

"What is it?" said the other one.

"What made you enlist in the army at all?" said the first; "it has always been a surprise to me."

And the wicked wretch replied (now I do not want to be understood as indorsing the reply, but simply state a small portion of the history of the late war) that he was a married man, and that he did not like war, but joined the army that he might enjoy the blessings of peace.

I would not speak to that man to-morrow if I would meet him; and if he is on the pension-roll, I hope they will strike him off; and if he has an office, I hope they will discharge him as an offensive partisan, or get rid of him in any way.

Many a good Christian man has fled from his Christian home in the Church, and joined the army outside for the same reason. These Invisibles are not

partial to any denomination or sect. They are essentially non-sectarian, and will attach themselves to any Church that will furnish the medium through which they can destroy the effectiveness of the organization. You can not terrify them with the loudest shouting, by total immersion in the deepest water, nor by threats of eternal punishment.

In old times the superstitious used to nail a horseshoe over the door to keep the witches out; and it is asserted as an historical fact that no witch could cross any threshold thus guarded—that they howled with rage and disappointment on the outer walls. If some new mode of church architecture could be devised, or some new confession of faith or creed or discipline could be conceived that would, with the same effectiveness, keep out this modern witchcraft from the house of God, the originator of the plan would be entitled to take the highest seat among the noble band of reformers that have blessed the Church and the world; and in all coming time his name and fame would grow brighter and brighter, and the millennium would come many generations sooner.

Politics is a most inviting field for this invisible power. Here the demand for scandal is so persistent that the Invisibles can scarcely supply the newspapers, much less the army of hungry partisan gossips, who are as eager for their inventions as the newsboys are for an extra edition of a paper containing a first-class sensation. In politics, therefore, their inventions are so hastily conceived, and sent forth in such an unfinished state, without even a decent garb of probability about them, and there are so many interested in

exploding their fabrications and bringing them to naught, that they really do less harm here than anywhere else.

They do succeed in surrounding the candidacy for office with such an offensive atmosphere that good men with a white reputation, who are a little timid, have refused to make the venture. It is, however, a very gratifying fact that, in all cases where the position is exalted and the salary liberal, there have ever been found men who could command the nerve, and, for the sake of the public good, risk their reputation, and plunge into the depths where these poisonous gases and noxious vapors were the densest, fearless of political asphyxia. All such deserve well of their country, and they generally receive all they deserve, and more too. If these Invisibles could be driven out of the Church and put out of society at large, and could be made to enter into the herd of political swine that have succeeded in making politics so hoggish, and the whole run down the steepest place into the deepest sea, it would be the beginning of a new era in the history of man.

In society at large, outside of all organizations, political or religious, is a most inviting field for the fiendish work of this modern witchcraft, and well do the Invisibles occupy and cultivate it. Their dark purposes and malignant spirit are quite as manifest here as elsewhere, and, as they are unceasing in their efforts, they too often accomplish their diabolical designs. In every cup of joy they seek to drop their poison; in every circle of happiness they aim to introduce misery; in every fountain of pure friendship they

endeavor to mingle hate and ill-will; and everywhere, in place of harmony, they strive to substitute discord.

Against these and all other propitious conditions of individuals and communities they aim their poisonous and destructive darts with the most intense malevolence. Especially does human friendship—that sweetest cup to mortals given—excite their bitterest hate, and call forth their best efforts to compass its destruction. How well they succeed let the every-day experience and observation of the human race answer. Here and there a friendship may remain, and a confidence be unbroken by this invisible power, until death shall separate the kindred and congenial souls. Confidence may grow and strengthen in some few instances, heedless of the venomous whispers of the imps of the Invisibles; yet in the present state of human credulity, this demon-like agency can generally beget distrust and array friend against friend.

It is a melancholy fact that human friendship seems to be too weak to stand up against the slander that Shakespeare describes as having an edge sharper than the sword, and whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of the Nile. It often happens that many a poor victim of this malignant power, after having been robbed of that friend and deprived of this confidence, goes on the remainder of his life's journey with a broken heart,—

"Like one that on some lonesome road,
  Doth walk with fear and dread;
And having once turned round, walks on,
  And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
  Doth close behind him tread."

Many, I am fully conscious, will hastily pronounce this picture of the power of the Invisibles as too highly colored. A little honest reflection will remove all such impressions, and complete assent will be given to the faithfulness of the portrait. Where is the human heart but contains within its secret chambers some unjust bias or prejudice against others—monstrous lies deposited there by the Invisibles, which have given such obliquity to the vision that nothing but evil can be seen in the life of a neighbor that was really pure and good. In whose life experience is there not some broken friendship, or the failure to secure associations that would be sweet and delightful but for the interference of these omnipresent Some People? How much of the suspicions and distrusts paralyzing social enjoyment, and separating man from his fellow, blasting all the sweet flowers of friendship and love, is beyond estimate.

Not only does the fear of this evil power hinder and destroy social enjoyment, but it makes moral cowards of humanity, and with a desperate strength holds back and prevents advance steps that would be otherwise taken for the improvement of the race. Men whose souls are too broad to be confined in the narrow gauge and kept in the old ruts that custom has made for them, are too often afraid to demand a better state of things for fear the gossips and the envious will attribute sinister motives, and covertly assail their purposes; and hence they cramp and dwarf themselves, and allow things to remain rather than "fly to ills they know not of." They fear the Invisibles. They would inaugurate reforms and fight for them, if

they only had an open enemy to combat; but their courage is not sufficient for the unequal contest with the Invisibles.

And so of men and women of genius. In the clearer light of their higher and better perception they see the shallow shams and hollow falsehoods which duller minds have accepted as real and true; yet the fear of the charge of being wild and erratic has paralyzed their resolves, and compelled them to remain for life compressed in the narrow circle that custom has made for minds of smaller size.

The original thought of genius puts the wheels of progress in motion, and shatters to atoms the long-standing abuses that custom has placed in the road to human advancement, and with its energizing power lifts humanity to a conception of better things and a sweeter enjoyment of life. To the minds endowed with genius and courage to defy the littleness of their inferiors, and who have boldly given utterance to their opinions, we are indebted for whatever progress we have made. With the courage that makes heroes and heroines, they have assailed old abuses and galvanized frauds; and, amid the whisperings of the envious and the hissings of the jealous, they have put reputation and even life in peril in demanding the acceptance of the truth that they in their clearer and better vision have discovered.

While the few of this favored class have been thus bold and defiant, the many who are their equals in these rare gifts, except courage, have cowered before this invisible power, and kept silent. As envy and jealousy are the ruling spirits in this modern

witchcraft, original thought can no more be tolerated than it will permit the existence of the legitimate results of genius—happiness and prosperity. Thus surrounding the human family is this evil power, ready to embitter every cup of joy, blast every sweet hope, and hinder and, if possible, prevent every progressive step.

In Persian mythology they have two rivaling deities—Ormuzd and Ahriman. The former created the world beautiful and pure, and made it the abode of happiness; but Ahriman came after him, and created everything that is evil in it. He is charged with the authorship of all evil thoughts, and with instigating all wicked actions. This invisible power is the Ahriman of our civilization; but, unlike the Persian, we have the evil under control. As I said at the outset, it is not supernatural, but it is human. Whatever of misery and suffering flows from it to the human race is self-inflicted injury. Mortal man furnishes the ready tongue to utter a slander, and the willing ear to receive it. The greed with which the many relish the lying tales of the backbiter, and the shallow credulity with which these tales are accepted and acted upon, increases the army of defamers, intensifies their malevolence, and adds to the number and magnitude of their falsehoods.

Allow me to call your attention to another curious feature in the work of defamation. A great many people in the world will give little or no countenance to a story as it passes from mouth to mouth. They will not stop to consider whether it be false or true; they take no interest while the slander is

passed around in that way; they wisely conclude it is false, and let it pass unheeded. But let the same scandal find its way into public print, and its whole character in their estimation is changed; they strangely conclude at once that it must be true or it never would have been printed.

And so true is this that the statutes of this State and every other State—yea, I think the old common law of England—recognize it by making printed words actionable for libel, that would have sufficient force to sustain a suit for slander when only spoken. The type of the printer thus gives it a weight and force with many people that the tongue of the scandal-monger is wholly unable to accomplish. The imps of the Invisibles, by thus securing an organ, succeed in re-enforcing themselves.

They no longer quote the Some People, who may not be believed, but quote the press to back up their fabrications. Ears that were closed to the scandal are thus opened, and tongues that had been silent are now active in proclaiming the falsehood. These people are not like Robert Burns, who said:

> "Some books are lies fra end to end,
> And some great lies are never penned."

But they seem to think that a monstrous falsehood, if printed in a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper, becomes a serious truth. The newspaper has not only this additional influence, but its powers for evil are immeasurably increased; for while the backbiter is telling his vile stuff to a small circle around him, the newspaper is telling it to thousands and tens of thousands.

The most stupendous as well as the most infamous slander is the newspaper slander; and in some of our largest cities there are newspapers whose columns are devoted entirely to this miserable business of defamation and slander. One has said most truthfully: "Year by year, thousands of men are crushed by the ink-roller; and an unscrupulous man in the editorial chair may smite as with the wing of a destroying angel. What to him is commercial integrity, professional reputation, home's sanctity, or woman's honor? It seems as if he held in his hand a hose, while all the harpies of sin are working at the pumps; he splashes the waters of death upon the best interests of society."

It is indeed, ladies and gentlemen, a matter of congratulation that so few of our American newspapers are so vile; but it would be better if there were fewer. And we are not entirely blameless from the fault; for so long as we crave the wonderful and love the sensational, so long will the press continue to feed us with this moral swill; and so long as we listen to the tales of the defamers, the very atmosphere will be polluted with the stench of slander.

But I want to be just to the press. Indeed, I want to be just to everybody. While I have never been the editor of a newspaper, or in any way connected with one, yet I have lived long enough to observe that malicious persons, knowing the power of the press over the mind of man, and anxious to obtain revenge of an enemy, will write an anonymous communication, and get it in the paper if they can, and then let the editor and his paper fight their fight

while they cowardly remain in the dark. Now, how many of these anonymous communications find their way to the waste-basket of the editor I know not, but I doubt not a great many; and the editor ought to put all the anonymous communications—in fact, every communication, whether anonymous or not, that reflects upon the character of another—in the waste-basket, unless he knows absolutely that the statements contained therein are true, and the best interests of society will be promoted by publishing them.

Some years ago I was in a Methodist Conference where a member of the same, not having the best ability to hold his tongue, in the excitement of debate said a very unkind, unchristian, and unparliamentary thing about the brother who had preceded him in the discussion. A half dozen members of the Conference at once rose to their feet to rebuke him. He told them to sit down, and he would make it right, which they reluctantly did. Not being as prompt in making the apology as they thought proper, they rose again. And he said: "Hold, brethren; I will make this thing right, now." And one of them said, "Do it at once." And he put on a very meek and humble expression, and said: "Brethren, if you knew what I have kept back, you would not object to what I have said."

So if we knew what the press keeps back, we might not be inclined to criticise what they say. But be that as it may, the slanderer in the press, in politics, in society at large, taken altogether, casts the dark shadow of barbarism over our Christian civilization.

I believe it was the Hon. Edmund Burke who said that the spirit of civilization was composed of two parts—the spirit of religion and the spirit of the gentleman. No civilization can continue to retain its claim as such, and tolerate slander and defamation. We can not be a nation of gentlemen, much less Christians, until the higher sense of honor shall expel this modern witchcraft from American society.

In Japan, it is said—with how much truth I do not know, but it is really asserted to be true—that when a Japanese is convinced of the fact that he is a slanderer, he is seized with such terrible shame and remorse that he grasps the first sword or dagger that he can find, and plunges it into his body and dies, rather than live with such a stain on his name—the stain of a slanderer. Now, if the same penalty followed the crime of backbiting in this country, whether inflicted voluntarily or otherwise, cremation would have to be adopted as an absolute necessity; and if not, the business of the undertaker would become the leading mechanical pursuit of the country, and such fast horses as Maud S. and Dexter would be required for the hearse, and the quickest time at a funeral would be the sensation of the hour. The work of the census-taker for the next decade would be comparatively small, and one volume would contain the report of the commissioner of the census.

There is an old story that has come down to us from the centuries long since past, like this: One Thomas the Rhymer so pleased the queen of the fairies that, to manifest her regard for him in the highest degree, she gave him a tongue that could not

lie. It is said that he protested against the favor as a very great inconvenience to him. He could no longer make love; he could not do anything at all at that business, and that was a most delightful occupation. He could not appear well at the king's court, and he could not tell tales on his neighbors.

Now, if the good queen of Elfland were to be struck with admiration for the whole American people, and confer the same favor on each and all of them, the inconvenience of involuntary veracity would cause large numbers to be absolutely dumb. And it might not be extravagant to predict that the majority of us would be afflicted with a halting and stammering utterance. Not that we love a lie more than the truth; but the gossips and scandal-mongers, and our excessive credulity and love for the wonderful, have so demoralized society that the line of demarkation between what is true and what is false has become so indistinct that the truth has been robbed of her beauty and the false has lost its ugliness. We do not speak of slander and slanderers as they deserve. In the good old Book, Solomon puts the slanderer and the murderer in the same category, and there is where they properly belong.

In that wonderful poem written by Pollok, he says:

> "Slander, the vilest whelp of sin."

There has been no small amount of metaphysical and scientific nonsense written in discussing that vice. During the late war, when we were right in the midst of it, and when our army was the largest, a distinguished surgeon of the United States army was

promoted to the high position of surgeon-general of the army, and, having reached that position, he doubtless said to himself: "Now, I am a surgeon-general of this great Republic and of this the greatest army of modern times; and I must show to the civilized world that I am worthy of the distinction. I must twine some fresh laurels on my name by making some new discoveries, and add some fresh pages to medical science;" which was a noble and honorable ambition. In order to do this, he concluded that he would dissect a lie. He would give a complete diagnosis of this great moral disease, and publish his opinion in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for the benefit of science; and he did so—at least he says he did—and he wrote an enormously long opinion about a lie, too long to repeat here now; but the conclusion of the surgeon-general was, if a man tells a lie on another, it is because his *embolus thrombus* has *amesic agstrasia!*

When we come to remember, ladies and gentlemen, the vast number of people who are afflicted with the disease that science is compelled to clothe in such terrible words as these, and then remember that the disease is contagious, hope almost dies within us. These doctors are too many for us anyway, sometimes. I do not refer to the size of their bills, but to the tremendousness of their language.

Some years ago I was in Northwestern Iowa, in January, lecturing, when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, and they had a blizzard every few minutes, and there were great snow-drifts across the railroads; and I was having a fearful time. I

met, one day, at the depot, a leading Indiana doctor, who had gone West to grow up with the country, and whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century. I asked him why he had left that God-blessed country of Indiana to live in this abominable climate. He replied that he came here for his health, that he had gained thirty-four pounds, and that this climate was highly beneficial. I said: "How can it be beneficial, Doctor, when the minute you poke your nose out here it is frozen? Where do the benefits come in, now?" He looked at me with pity, and, in a sorsowful tone, said: "Why, really, I thought you were an intelligent man! Why do n't you take a scientific view of the subject?" I said: "Doctor, give me the scientific view, so that I may not expose my ignorance again." He immediately struck an attitude, and looked wiser than an owl, and said: "Do n't you know that these blizzards, this low temperature, these deep snows, taken altogether, destroy the bacteria?" I promptly replied that I had thought so ever since I had been in Iowa, for the reason that I had not seen any anywhere.

Now, I do not want the doctors in this audience to go home under the false impression that I want to ridicule their noble profession, because no man in the world has a higher opinion of the medical fraternity than your speaker. It is only a few of them that I am after. A doctor in Indiana, whom I knew very well, and who lived on one of our principal railroads, hung out his sign where everybody could see it. We will call him John Jones. He had this on his sign: "John Jones, Chronic Physician." It

is not the regular medical profession I am after, but it is the "chronic" physician I am talking about.

But to return to the question. The need of the hour is such a quickening of the moral sensibilities that we will see slander and falsity in all their real hatefulness and hideousness; that those who are engaged in this disreputable business may be shunned; and falsifiers and defamers put out of the camp, as it were, as the old Hebrews used to put the leper out of the camp.

Then, and not until then, will the spirit of truth find its way into the human heart, and bring with it an impartial justice to guide all our actions and guard all our words; bring with it the sweet spirit of charity and love that ever looketh at the better side of humanity; bring with it the forgiving mercy that ever covers with a mantle of love the many frailties of humanity.

All hail, then, the spirit of truth, that so elevates the character of humanity as to invest it with the majesty of divinity and lend to it the charm of angelic beauty!

THE COMMON MAN.

THE human race presents such an almost incomprehensible variety of conditions that, if an attempt be made to accurately divide it into classes, difficulties intervene that seem impossible to overcome. If, in the division, straight lines be insisted upon, they would be as useless in teaching the lessons of human life as would straight isothermal lines in indicating climate and the temperature of the atmosphere. Any division of the human family will necessarily be subject to so many modifications and exceptions that the division would be resolved back into the general mass. We can only generalize. Let us, in a general way, then, assume that we can find three great divisions—the upper, the middle, and the lower class. There are no distinct lines of division. You can not exactly tell where one class ends and the other begins. Like the tints of the rainbow, they fade away into each other. Yet there are points where the different colors are separate and distinct. To these points let us direct our attention.

The favored few with extraordinary gifts will be elevated above the middle class to take a position in the higher. By the force of innate strength, with royal step, they march to the front, and the common

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Delivered at Chautauqua, New York.

man grants them the right of way. Great energy, and tact and skill in directing it, coupled with good natural gifts, will, by their own force, bring the fortunate possessor into the same royal road, and he, too, will reach the front, and take his place with the upper class.

In this money-getting and mercenary age—this period where greed and gain have such a hold on the human mind and so largely control human action—the aristocracy of wealth claim their passport out of the low and middle classes, and, with nothing to show but the glare and glitter of diamonds and gold, are allowed a position among the higher class by a hesitating common consent. But being only purchased, the claim is weak, and the tenure uncertain. Bankruptcy sends them back again to meet with a cool reception from either class from whence they came.

It is very manifest that, if our age concedes high position in society to wealth alone, unsupported by any other claim; if the claimant has no individual and personal merits,—then let us cease at once to boast of the culture and refinement of our age. The vulgarity of the claim makes its concession inconsistent with the true idea of a high and noble manhood. And even now such claimants are but the faded border of the class, and add nothing to, but rather detract from, the bright hues of that higher class that hold their coveted place by the unquestioned force of real merit.

As I said at the outset, there are a few gifted persons who are thrown up by the force of their own

great natural endowments, and who shine and glitter in their upper sphere, and are the wonder and admiration of the vast throng beneath them. They are pointed to as the indubitable evidence that the age which is honored by them is one of great progress and high development. But these persons of wonderful and extraordinary powers come as infrequently and irregularly as the brilliant meteor, and flash across the pathway of humanity and pass away. They leave no light behind, and the darkness is as intense as before. The careful and thoughtful student of the causes that elevate the race and give us a higher type of manhood will hesitate to place great credit to the account of those who are conceded this dazzling brilliancy. They are so far above the masses that there is no bond of union. They are in the solitude of their own personality and originality. They excite wonder, but forbid emulation. Ancient history, with her great orators, painters, poets, and philosophers, will corroborate our assertion. The masses of mankind were not lifted out of their ignorance and vices by them, but remained, century after century, in the same degraded condition. While theirs was a jeweled, it was not a helping hand.

The great minds of the higher classes, who have come up through the ranks of the lower classes step by step, and have felt the warm beating of sympathetic hearts, and have practically known the wants, needs, and aspirations of the common man, and the difficulties that he has to contend with, are the only true and worthy leaders of human progress. Between them and the common man there is a strong bond of

union. They have left behind their foot-prints, that others may follow. Through the wilderness of mediocrity they have blazed their way to the sunlight on the mountain-top of knowledge and culture. They are the only teachers who can effectually reach the masses, who can impress themselves on, and whose lessons will be heeded by those beneath them.

It is too often the misfortune of those having great natural gifts, those who are born great, to be impatient and often contemptuous of those less fortunate. Let us leave the men of great genius out of the account so far as their personality is concerned. They may make discoveries and give us inventions that may lighten the burdens of the race; they may paint pictures that may delight the eye and cultivate a love of the beautiful; they may write poems that may cheer the desponding and give hope to the despairing; but they can not take the common man by the hand, and, with love in the heart and sympathy beaming from the eye, lead him up to a higher conception of his duty and his destiny. He is isolated from them. We look for leaders among those who have that best of gifts, the determination to bring out of themselves all that is possible; who will study honestly to know their own power; who will cultivate the physical, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual at the same time, and, as a result, present a perfectly rounded and symmetrical manhood. Here may be found the elements that constitute true leadership, and these are the best of what we call the upper class.

What a monstrosity is a drunken poet, or the

combination of a gifted painter and a vulgar debauchee! Of what avail is the tongue of fire of the great orator, if that tongue is false to his own convictions of right and to the sacred truth? Of what weight are the honors of statesmanship, if they are tainted with the slime of bribery and corruption? Men may wonder and admire the great genius, but they only love and worship the true man. Lavater says: "The proportion of genius to the vulgar is one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension—that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice—is like one to ten millions."

If we assent to the proposition that the science of the sciences is that of knowing how to live; if man is to be the focal point for all this modern light, then we might properly assign to the upper class, not the genius alone, or the rich, or those whom the accidents of war or politics have given prominence, but that class of men and women who, moved by a proper conception of the significance of human existence, have so studied, toiled, and lived as to have banished some disease from the human family, or to have suppressed some vice that preyed on the human race, or to have fanned into a flame the dying embers of human hopes, and awakened human souls to shake off all lethargy and to taste the sweets of higher aspirations and the joys of nobler attainments. These are the uncrowned kings and queens of the world. These are the torch-bearers of our advancing civilization, the leaders, whose brave, patient, and loving spirits have led the race out of the darkness

of ignorance and superstition into the clearer light of a better life.

Man is the noblest work of God, and these philanthropists have called the race away from the bloody work of robbing smaller nations to extend the dominion of greater empires, from the erection of useless pyramids and obelisks, and, in more modern times, from the construction of heavier guns and more destructive torpedoes. They have given the common man a proper conception of his own dignity and worth, and have deepened and widened his appreciation of his own manhood. These are the men that make the only history that is worth reading. The brevity of human life makes their mission in the world one of vast importance. Civilization is but the aggregation of individual effort and experience.

How much of human thought is buried in the grave, knowing no resurrection, before it has budded, blossomed, or ripened! How many problems are wrought in the recesses of modest and thoughtful minds, that are never brought forth and applied to human needs, but are lost to the world by the early departure of the thoughtful spirit to another sphere of activity! I do not mean schemes which, by their magnitude, would attract the attention of the world and raise the proposer high above the common man, but rather effectual remedies for the smaller ills of every-day life, which are constantly making inroads on our happiness. How much human life is embittered, and consequently shortened, by both social and physical evils that ought not to be permitted to exist!

For all these, I doubt not, many a complete remedy has been thought out, but never applied. The great and practical leader is he who can call these modest men to the front, and get their best thoughts and reflections before the public, and put in motion such waves of agitation as will stir the stagnant water of society, and thus cleanse, purify, and better our social and physical life.

Let not the reverence for a precedent, or the fear of being denounced as an agitator, or the dread of being regarded as a visionary, forever keep the common man in the ruts of old customs and habits. Those are but shields to guard and perpetuate evils that poison his life and rob him of the comfort and peace of living. Why should the best thoughts of men be given in a whisper under the cover and seal of confidence? Why, in this land of free speech and free press, should any sort of despotism keep silent the philanthropist and the patriot? Why is not the common man emboldened to speak out, and earnestly vindicate the reforms that the present disordered state of things have suggested to his thoughtful mind and his loving heart? The need of the hour, then, is such leadership as will inspire the common man with courage to assert himself, and take the position that it is better to be regarded as a crank than a coward.

Rare gifts are required for the accomplishment of these grand results. Such a leader must love his fellow-men, and his affection must be so pronounced, yet at the same time so free from ostentation, so unselfish and self-sacrificing, that it will challenge their entire confidence. He must know the common man, and

fully understand his surroundings, and place a correct estimate on his capabilities. He must be persevering and patient,—as Longfellow has it, "Learn to labor and to wait."

Many a reform has been lost to the world, and many a truth has been rejected, because it was presented too soon. The experience of mankind demonstrates the fact that old and pernicious customs can be more effectually broken up and destroyed by the slow process of the siege rather than by the impetuous charge. Human progress has been greatly hindered and retarded by the impatience of the reformer.

If it be true that the only test that our civilization is advancing is, that there is a constant betterment of the condition of the common man, then I assume that the position is well taken that the upper class are those who, in every department of labor and field of action, are accomplishing that work. They stand pre-eminently ahead and above all others.

Let us now consider the common man. Let us look at the great middle class of mankind. Here is the grand basis upon which everything rests. Here, too, we find the true gauge of the intelligence, education, and religion of the age. Here we find the elements of strength and power of the government, and here are the sources from which come justice in our laws and equity in their administration. Here are the great numerical forces that at the ballot-box perpetuate wrong or overthrow it. To this class the politician makes his most deferential bow, and in his presence the statesman, with uncov-

ered head, acknowledges the power of a great conserving force. Here may be found the controlling power that puts on the brakes when fanaticism runs the train, or fires up and adds more steam when the conservative fails to make time. This great mass is too heavy to be moved by the waves of premature agitation; and when on its own choice it is stirred, it is too weighty to be quieted by weak and timid conservatism.

The common man demands fair play and equal justice; and so far as he comprehends his duties as a citizen and his relation to his government, he is a patriot. On his intelligence and virtue depend the safety of the State and the permanence of the government. The weal or woe of society rests with him. The ragged and filthy battalions of ignorance and vice from the gutter and the slums may make their assault on law and order, may incite riot and commotion; but if the common man is well equipped for his responsible position, the established order of affairs will not be seriously disturbed. Holding the middle ground between the highest culture and the densest ignorance, his position is one of the utmost importance, and to qualify him to meet his requirements should be the work of the patriot and the philanthropist. Having an interest in the well-being of society, with a strong and vigorous self-respect, there is great hope of developing him. His environments are all favorable and helpful. He knows that his labor fills the granaries and store-houses of the world, or in the line of his profession he is meeting the wants and demands of his society. On his intelli-

gence and virtue depend the peace of society, the perpetuity of law and order, and the permanence of the government.

It is a mistaken view of the philanthropist that the only danger to the State and society is to be found in the ignorance and vice of the lowest class; and a constant effort is being made to elevate and purify that element. The experience of the past will justify the truth of the assertion that the success in that direction is not commensurate with the effort.

In an advancing army, in the center of the column, each and every soldier must be in his proper place, and hold it. If the enemy can strike a weak place in the center, and break it, the capture of the right and left wing will not be difficult. This great middle class is the center of the column. Our hope for the future rests right there.

If the upper class are those who plan wisest for the betterment of the condition of humanity, and the middle class are the main stay and support of all that goes to make up our civilization, what, then, are the difficulties that the cultivated philanthropist has to contend with in eliminating the evils that effectually weaken the power and the spirit of the common man? This opens too wide a field for this brief consideration. First of all and above all, he should have a sound mind in a healthy body; and he can scarcely be said to have the former unless he possess the latter; the intricate and sympathetic relations existing between the two seem to settle that question.

Why is the red rose of perfect health so seldom seen on the human face, or the fire of a clear and vig-

orous intellect so seldom flashing from the eye? Why are the sweet waters of human happiness so often poisoned with the gall and bitterness of disease? Why are human hopes blasted, and the energies of man paralyzed by so many ills that beset him on every side? Is it not that the common man has neglected the first and most important lesson in ethics—that of knowing how to live? He may grasp the many problems in mathematics, and may study and comprehend his constitutional rights, and have well-defined views on the many platforms and creeds that are presented for his consideration; yet he does not know the component elements of the air that he breathes or the water that he drinks. He does not know how much, or how often, or what he ought to eat to preserve his health. The birds in the forest caroling forth the evidence of perfect health, the gambols of the wild deer on the prairies, and even the buzzing of countless insects all about us, teach us the humiliating lesson that their active instinct gives them better sanitary protection than all our boasted reason and education.

The defect is not in our reason, but in our culture. The upper class should, by both precept and example, show the common man how to prevent disease. The pulpit should rebuke the superstition that is an insult to a kind and loving Father, that all our ills are the wise doings of an inscrutable providence sent as the chastisement of an All-Father who loves us. The public schools should give in their text-books the fullest information, and sanitation should be the foremost and principal study in all our schools, colleges,

and universities. There is no scarcity of knowledge on the subject of hygiene, but there has been no systematic or active diffusion of the same among common people. The overwhelming importance of the subject has never been appreciated. It may be that there has been a lack of presenting the subject in an attractive and impressive manner. If that be so, then a splendid opportunity is presented for a genuine reformer to obviate the difficulty. Impure atmosphere, poisoned water, and indigestible food, weakening the energy of the common man, and impairing his physical force, the demand for stimulants to repair the damage opens the door for intoxicants; and intemperance, with its train of vice, pauperism, and crime, depletes the ranks of the middle class, and assists to fill up and greatly adds to the wretchedness of the lowest class. Hope is the sheet-anchor to the human soul. Disease unloosens its moorings, and the man often floats out on the troubled sea of despair to be broken and wrecked on its treacherous reefs. Health and hope are mutual friends and helpers; so are disease and despair. Is it not true, therefore, that when you preserve the physical health of mankind you not only fortify and make strong his manhood, but, at the same time, protect his morals?

And the same is true in regard to his intellectual development. If, after the day's work is done, he finds himself in his own home castle, however humble, with the cares of business shut out, and is tormented with neuralgia or racked with rheumatism, he has no care to read the magazine or even to in-

vestigate the causes that produce the pains that annoy him. He courts only sleep, that the miseries of his existence may be drowned in the sea of unconsciousness. This soon becomes the fixed habit of the man; and when the disease that baffled the skill of the physician has been removed by kind nature herself, the man's mind has become so rusted by long disuse that all craving for information beyond the narrow limit of supplying his daily wants and accumulating property has died out, and the man ceases to be any longer a useful member of society. He only lives to prolong his insignificant existence, and to provide for those who are so unfortunate as to be dependent upon him. Caring nothing for a knowledge of the laws that govern his physical, mental, or spiritual life, he provides no library for his family, so that his children grow up to manhood and womanhood only to repeat the life and bad example of the parent.

It will be conceded that this state of things could not be entirely corrected by improving the physical health of mankind, yet it must be admitted that it would go a long way in that direction. While disease paralyzes the physical strength and endurance, it is equally, and perhaps in a much greater degree, the cause of mental weakness and inertia. Civilization will continue to move at its present slow rate, and progress with its accustomed halting step, until this great burden shall be lifted from humanity.

That much has been done to lighten the load in the last century can not be denied. The common man of this age lives longer, and is happier, and has better

health all his life, than the man of like condition a hundred years ago. He is a braver soldier in time of war, and a better and more intelligent citizen in time of peace. Having accomplished this much, and knowing from our daily experience that our physical organism treats disease as an intruder, and will, if not crippled by our ignorance, successfully resist its attack on our health and happiness, is it, then, too much to assume that a higher degree of intelligence may yet be able to present the common man free from disease, perfect in health and vigor? It is manifest that his Creator intended that it should be so.

It may seem witty to the unthinking when the polished skeptic asserts that "God ought to have made health contagious, and not disease." But science and revelation both teach that health is from the Giver of all good, and disease is the result of our criminal indifference to the laws of our physical being. It seems that it ought not to be a difficult undertaking to arouse the common man to a proper conception of the importance of his own health and happiness and a correct estimate of the value and significance of his own existence. That the common man has no greater concern in these regards, and has so imperfect a view of his own needs, powers, and capabilities, would indicate that our civilization is far below the line where our boasting has placed it.

Whatever of excellency our age may possess over that of any past age is exactly proportioned to the higher estimate the individual man of to-day may give to himself, and his desire to attain to the full all the

possibilities of his mission. Is not this often all the line of demarkation between the barbarian and the civilized man? The former knows nothing of himself, and cares for nothing beyond keeping himself alive, while the latter, prompted by self-love, seeks first of all to know himself, that he may not only elevate his manhood and bring out of himself all that is in him, but at the same time be a helper and an elevating force to all around him.

If such sanitary measures can be devised and put in practical operation as will relieve the great middle class of so much physical suffering, and thus put new life and strength into the body of the common man, it will make the brightest page in the history of human progress and development. The pulpit, the press, the platform, and every other avenue communicating information to the people, should be utilized to arouse the public mind to the importance of this most needed reform. Having relieved the common man from the enervating effects of disease, and put strength into his physical powers, and driven out grim despair from his heart and filled it with cheerful hope, and given him a healthy and active brain, he is not only ready to work, but he is now prepared to think for himself. He is now ready to investigate and challenge the truth of the opinions that others have made for him—dogmas that he has inherited.

Froude said: "In the ordinary branches of human knowledge or inquiry, the judicious question of received opinions has been regarded as the sign of scientific vitality, the principle of scientific advancement, the very source and root of healthy progress and

growth." This is unquestionably true. The "judicious questioning" spirit in social life, in politics, and religion ought to be aroused. Let no old opinions or practices be rejected because of their antiquity, and no new ones be accepted because of their novelty. Let them stand or fall after fair and impartial investigation. Great difficulties have to be overcome to accomplish this. The common man has inherited opinions and habits, and he becomes associated with others in like condition, and parties are formed, and a name is given the organization. He glories in the name, and marches proudly under its banner. Any assault on his party he takes as an attack on himself. For him to question the correctness of his party's platform or creed seems like treason to his organization and aid to the opposition. He so fears the charge of being a deserter, and the persecution of those with whom he has acted, that, right or wrong, he stands with the organization. The reverence for inherited opinions, and the despotism of party, is the strongest fortress for error. The great middle class, immersed in the cares of business, and often wearied with the toils and labors of life, having less time and inclination for thought and reflection, find the opinion of the forefathers and the ready-made platform of the party a convenient substitute. Mental indolence pleads successfully for their acceptance and adoption.

Who can liberate the common man? Who has the tact and skill to so hold up the truth along-side of the ancient creed or the party platform as to charm him away from his old idols, and cause him to accept the new? Are the educational forces we have now so

well equipped that, with skillful leadership, they will be sufficient for these things? Can old party lines be broken, and old organizations be disbanded, and new ones be formed on the high plane of solely promoting the public welfare? Can partisanship be compelled to take its selfish grip from the throat of patriotism, and bigotry lift its iron heel from the neck of Christianity? When will the roar, riot, and wrangle of dogmatic disputation be silenced, that the sweet and loving voice of the great Teacher may be heard, saying, "Blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peace-makers?"—so He may be heard proclaiming the Golden Rule, containing the whole gospel of justice, the whole gospel of mercy, the whole gospel of love?—a gospel that has lovingly taken the dagger of revenge from the hand of hate, and has so changed and reformed the jurisprudence of all civilized lands that the cruel and pitiless "letter of the law" must be construed and administered by the sweet and gentle spirit of equity.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," has come ringing down the ages, and has changed the practices and purposes of the human race. But for the rigid adherence to old dogmas—conceived, many of them, in times of darkness, superstition, and persecution, and coming down from generation to generation, fastening themselves on men's faith as silently and unconsciously as barnacles to a vessel,—but for these obstructions, this elevating force would have been incomparably greater. Let the dust and *débris* of conflicting dogmas and speculative opinions be swept

away, and let the Sermon on the Mount, with its grand lessons relating entirely to human conduct, stand out clearly as the guide to a nobler manhood. It needs no classical scholar to interpret it. Here is no discussion of doctrines, no ground for sectarian wrangling. The common man can read and understand it. It is the utterance of One who wanted man to measure up to the full stature of a true manhood by right living—One who was himself the very incarnation of love, mercy, justice, and truth. Pope said:

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The great middle class furnishes the battle-field where truth and error are constantly contending. It is here where broad patriotism has to battle with narrow partisanship, where pure Christianity has its contest with dogmatic theology; and the victories here furnish the true criteria of progress, and give cast and color to the civilization of the age. If it can be clearly seen that the common man is shaking off the shackles that have bound him, and is coming to be a self-reliant thinker, then there is hope for a sure victory for the truth.

Carlyle says: "Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have; every time such an one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the nether empire, and new emissaries are trained with new tactics to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink him, and handcuff him." Will not the cultivation of closer social relations produce more thinkers? Is it not true that it is the talks of the common man on the streets and in the

railway-car going to and from business—the swapping of opinions at the exchange, and on the door-step, and over the back-yard fence—that shake the world?

Man's social life is the effective medium through which all the other elevating forces act. Science may come with some new truth by the light of which a new law is revealed to guide men upward. Her better implements and improved machinery lighten the burden of man's life, and better supply his needs. Religion stirs the divinity within him, purifies his purposes, and lifts him above the material into the realm of the spiritual. Giving each a fair share of credit, they would accomplish much less if they were not all re-enforced by the social life of man.

Guizot, the great French author and statesman, earnestly assumes that France is marching at the head of European civilization, and declares that she has attained that proud position by the social life of her people. Is it too much to claim that this same social force has builded, as we all hope, a Republic good and strong on the ruins of monarchy? It has ever been the prime object of despotism to watch the social man, to put him under surveillance, and to shadow him night and day lest he might too freely speak of the wrongs that had been inflicted on him, or of the rights of which he had been robbed.

He will indeed be a true reformer and benefactor who can devise such social schemes as will often call men away from the hot pursuit of riches, or the restless ambition to attain the world's honors, and lift our social life out of the gluttony and wine-drinking

that has so demoralized it, up to the higher plane of a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

It is idle to persuade a man to love his God or his country, or to take an interest in the public welfare, unless he loves his fellow-men. The reforms most needed are those that will give us more health and less disease; that will liberate the human mind from the bolts and bars of party and sect, and open the doors for the reception of God's own truth; that will give us a higher order of social life, and more of it; that will substitute for the craving desire for riches a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. But just in proportion as these reforms are brought forward do we, in the same degree, promote the intellectual development of the race.

We sometimes sing it from our hymn-books and hear it from the pulpit that this world is a vale of tears and sorrow; that this earthly life is to be endured and not enjoyed; that we are to take our eyes off the things of this world, and, with the help of faith, try to see something better beyond this probationary state; that salvation means escaping future punishment when life's fitful dream is past. It seems to me that this sort of teaching is not the best to prepare us for that higher order of being. Why not teach and preach more about a present salvation; a salvation from disease; a salvation from old hoary-headed errors that have too long ruled and controlled the human race; a salvation from coveteousness and avarice; a salvation from superstition, ignorance, and selfishness, and, above all, a salvation from a pitiless indifference to the pauperism, vice, and crime of the

lower class that are constantly with us and near us, and constitute so large an element for evil in the State and in society; a salvation that will recognize the fact that these unfortunate ones have temporal and social wants as well as spiritual needs; a salvation that will cause us to enter into the regeneration of our next-door neighbor with at least as much enthusiasm as we take in the conversion of a heathen in the burning sands of Africa or the jungles of India?

Let us now briefly consider the lowest class, composed, it would seem very largely, of those who have no aim or purpose in life—who appear unconscious that man is something more than an animal—the worst and lowest of them (and this is no small proportion) crawling from birth to death through the cohesive slime of their own vices and ignorance. Many of them not only inherit this low conception of life, but their environments are such that they never come in close contact with anything better. Many are driven into the same degraded condition by the force of their own vicious habits, and take rank with the worst.

If this age be, as some claim, the great epoch of integration of all the great educational and reformatory forces, is it not as certainly true that ignorance and vice are massing and mobilizing their wretched battalions for resistance? Do we not find in our cities great numbers of our lowest classes crowded together in the same locality, so compactly that there seems to be but little chance to break the lines and establish in their midst any purifying and disinte-

grating forces? It has often been attempted; but generally the brave spirits who entered the lines were driven back by the pestilential surroundings. This bad element holding the balance of power, it has become a question of great and serious concern with philanthropists and patriots as to how they may make a success of municipal government so as to protect rights and maintain law and order.

Having no interest in the property of the city, and with but little or no conception of the duties and obligations of citizenship, these lower classes become the willing ally of the lawless, who seek to place the person and property of all law-abiding citizens under the control of the angry and unreasoning mob. With the ballot in their hands, they are a standing and perpetual temptation to the politician to connive at their lawlessness. The statesman is crowded out to make a place for the demagogue. But it is not the presence of the demagogue, with his foul breath and lying tongue, that needs create alarm, but the ignorance and vice that make his political existence a possibility. It is the domination of party spirit in the middle class, superadded to the purchased ballots of the lowest class, that enables the brazen faces of so many of the pestilent rank to appear in the halls of legislation. It is this collected mass of ignorance, out of reach of all good influences, re-enforcing itself from its own accumulating wickedness, that is the standing menace to the peace of society and the perpetuity of good government.

The power that holds this mass of danger and evil together, and prevents either its purification or

disintegration, is the whisky-saloon. Not unfrequently, with its house of ill-repute and gambling-den attachment added, it becomes the head devil in the work of crime. Consuming the wages of those who do labor, it robs them not only of the means of improvement, but drunkenness comes and takes away all hope or inclination for a better life, and cuts off all means of escape from the infected district. The upper and middle classes of men, on the border of and surrounding these districts, can accomplish something by urging those of the lower class nearerst them to turn their faces outward toward the homes of plenty and culture, and, with their children, often come out from the atmosphere laden with profanity and obscenity, and breathe the purer air of a better life. No doubt many of these unfortunate ones have thus been elevated and transferred to the middle class.

We have taken too narrow a view of the real value and benefit of the Homestead Law, giving the public lands to the actual settlers without money or price. In recounting its merits we have omitted the most important feature of the many good results.

When we have pointed with pride to the States it has added to our Union, to the new stars it has placed in our national banner, and shown that it has given us civilization where there was barbarism, and made the wilderness and the solitary place bring forth the rich and abundant harvest, we thought we had named all of its substantial blessings. Nay; not so. That is not a tithe of its real value. It has placed honest toil in hands that would have been idle, and given

all the rewards of labor to the laborer. It has turned the tide of immigrants away from our overcrowded cities toward the open plains. It has made a way of escape for the husband and wife from the smoke, the grime and crime of the densely populated places, to plant their home under the clear sky, on the mountain or the hill-side, or in the valley—to rear the family amid the perfume of flowers and the songs of birds in the forest, near where the pure water leaps down the side of the mountain, or where the silent and majestic river mirrors the beauties that bedeck its shores.

Who but the Infinite can duly estimate the elevating and purifying effect of such surroundings? Let me quote from Ruskin: "There is a religion in everything around us, a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement; it has no terror, no gloom, in its approaches; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammeled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its Author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky; it looks out from every star; it is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage; it is

spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean; it is the poetry of nature. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness."

The common man needs not the training of the college or the drill of the university that he may enjoy and comprehend the teachings of nature. The soul of the unlettered man leaps forth with wonder and admiration at the majesty of the mountain or the lake or the river, and joins joyfully in the harmony of nature's music; for he feels that the great diapason is love. It is fair to conclude that the numbers of the upper and middle classes have been greatly increased, and that of the lowest correspondingly reduced, by this beneficent act of Congress. A generation of stalwart men and pure women in the great West, uncontaminated by the vices of the depraved, is the rich fruitage of that legislatiou.

If all this be true, then how can we find language strong enough to condemn the foolishness and wickedness of Congress in giving away so many millions of acres of our public domain to soulless corporations, thus placing the heartless and mercenary speculator between the poor and brave pioneer and a home of his own? Had these lands been kept for the actual settler alone, as they ought to have been, a great wave of pent-up humanity would not have swept over Oklahoma in a single day. This excit-

ing chase of thousands for a home should open the eyes of senators and representatives, and the teachings of this wonderful object-lesson ought to bring to them remorse, repentance, and reform.

If, in the newer communities, the separations from the vices of the city, and the sweet harmonies of nature all about him, would tend to awaken the dormant manhood, even of the lowest, how much more might be accomplished in the older rural districts and the smaller towns, with the aid of cultivated and well-organized society, with the help of the school, the public library, the press, and the pulpit! Here is the grand mission-field for the common man right at his own door. His work is all ready for his hands and his heart. He has no new language to learn; no hostile climate to contend with; no long-settled and unfamiliar prejudices or customs to hedge up his way. Let the upper class devise the best methods, and fire the soul of the common man with untiring enthusiasm. Let the common man fill his own heart and soul with love for his race, and countless avenues of usefulness will open to him, and while he is blessing others he will be doubly blessed himself. He can not be said to have really lived who has not blessed others. He has simply existed. He may have had every want met. He may have had all that wealth could purchase for him. He may have had all the flattery that floats around those in palaces and high places; but he has known nothing of the exquisite enjoyment of life, unless he has wiped a tear from the face of the weeping or planted a new joy in the heart of the desponding.

LIFE'S GREAT CONFLICT.

HUMAN life is a sublime and almost impenetrable mystery. Man is a giant in the length, breadth, and depth of his capabilities, powers, and possibilities, and yet greatly deficient in the ability to attain the highest good in this life. While he inherits his physical, mental, and moral forces, and can but seldom select his environments, yet, with all these helps or disabilities, he is compelled, whether well or ill equipped, to make the contest between good and evil; must be a factor for the weal or woe of society—a blessing or a curse to his fellows. In a general way, youth is bright, beautiful, careless and happy, and impatient to enter the contest in life, cheered on by the hope and belief of the ability to overcome all obstacles, and accomplish all that any in like conditions have done before.

The success of others is visible and real. The man in middle life, who has gathered in a rich harvest of wealth and won the honors of the world, is an object-lesson that the young look at with wonder and admiration. What he has won is to be seen in the open day. What he has lost is not to be seen or known. The trophies of his triumphs are tangible and visible; but the quarter of a century of toil, of

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Delivered at the Central Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Indianapolis, Indiana.

planning and plotting, the mental and physical labors, the battles with his conscience, and the humiliating defeats that his moral sense has been compelled to endure, are the unseen things of his career. He is seen riding on the waves of the sea of life, wearing the crown of the victor; but beneath that sea, in the unseen depths, as in the ocean, are wreck and ruin. They are not visible, and the young and inexperienced do not even suspect their existence. The green waves of the ocean, sporting on the surface, cover the dangerous rocks, and tell nothing of the under-currents. They make no revelation of treacherous reefs and whirlpools, nor do they reveal the victims of all these hidden dangers.

So of human life. It is full of cross-currents and conflicting interests. The raging of the ocean in the wildest storm is calmness when compared to the fierce, contending emotions and passions of human life, prompted alone by the low and selfish motive to conquer the world's wealth and honor for the glory it will give the victor.

A man's contests with others are open to the world. His contentions with the opposing forces of nature can not be concealed. But terrible and fierce as all these may be, they are but mere skirmishes. The terrific battles are with himself, and they are hidden from the eyes of the world. He has within a keen and acute moral sense—an innate perception of justice and equity. He has a perfect consciousness that his highest joy comes from the guidance of this monitor within. The love for his fellows re-enforces

this divine essence of the man, and they together undertake to guide and control his life; but they soon encounter the cross-currents of ambition and avarice, supplemented with the hell-born brood of envy, jealousy, and hate, and the battle is on.

You all remember Shakespeare's description of the condition of mind of Brutus when conspiring against the life of Cæsar. He makes Brutus say:

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are there in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection."

All these arise from the mere resolution to override conscience—only the contemplation of evil-doing—producing in the soul of the great Brutus all the horrors of anarchy. The fearful and gaping wounds on the body of the dead Cæsar, by the dagger of Brutus, so eloquently pointed at before the common people by Mark Anthony, were horrible. But each gash made in the body of Cæsar by Brutus made a wider and deeper and more deadly one on the manhood of Brutus; and the insurrection that the murder of Cæsar caused in the city of Rome was more than duplicated in the souls of Brutus, Cassius, and their co-conspirators.

It makes our blood run cold when we read, in Shakespeare's Richard the Third, the soliloquy of the wicked Richard, as he lies on the field of battle.

Brutus speaks before the crime; Richard, afterwards. Both are terrible. King Richard soliloquizes:

"O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There 's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No,—yes; I am.
Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason. Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no, alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain! Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well; fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

If the phantasma before the performing of the wickedness produces such a commotion in the soul as to make no less a figure than an insurrection portray the condition, how much more terrible when the phantasm becomes a reality, so vividly set forth by King Richard's confession! While the former is the whirlwind, the latter is the destructive cyclone of recollected misdeeds. It was South who said: "No honor, no fortune, can keep a man from being miserable, when an enraged conscience shall fly at him and take him by the throat."

But it may be said that, while the great and cultured—like Brutus and Richard, men of power and influence—would thus be tormented, the common criminal, in the lowest condition of life, would be insensible to such suffering. Charles Dickens,

who seemed to have a keener and closer comprehension of the thoughts and motives of the lower classes than any other writer, ancient or modern, does not corroborate that theory. In the beautiful story entitled "Our Mutual Friend," Dickens has Eugene to say to Mortimer Lightwood, his co-criminal: "Invisible insects, of diabolical activities, swarm in this place. I am tickled and twitched all over. Mentally, I have now committed a burglary under the meanest circumstances, and the myrmidons of justice are at my heels."

If the diabolical activities of the terrible swarms of invisible tormentors that germinate in the blood of an assaulted conscience could thus be revealed in each case to the view of the bystanders, it would seem that men would flee to the safe harbor of their own moral sense, and seek for happiness, not in greed and gain and the achievement of the evanescent honors of the world, but in possessing a consciousness of their own integrity, and in the indescribable bliss of living in harmony with their own higher manhood.

This contest is not confined to the conspirators at the courts of emperors or the King Richards, or the thieves and the burglars in the slums of the cities. The contest comes to every rational human being, high or low. It is not a contest of a day or a year, but is with each and every soul from the beginning to the end of life. It is the great battle of humanity, each man fighting it for himself and with himself. And the individual victories for the right, and the triumphs of the innate moral sense over the

strong and contending forces, furnish the criteria of human advancement, and are the true gauge to determine the cast and color of our civilization.

The best education and the true religion of humanity is that which will furnish man with the most effective weapons to combat these enemies to the highest and best manhood. It gives us the science of sciences—that of knowing how to live. It turns our admiration and worship from the man of power and position to the man of honor and honesty. It elevates righteousness above riches, and makes justice the crowning jewel in human life and character. It is this that pushes rapidly forward the car of human progress.

Not the overpowering of monarchies that trample under foot the rights of man; not the enfranchisement of a race from the shackles of slavery,—these are not the greatest victories that give lasting hope and bright assurance for the future of the race. These disruptions and convulsions are the indications that the individual man is coming out the victor over himself; that he is rising to a fuller and broader comprehension of his dignity and worth as a man; that the manly courage that is ever standing by the side of all that is true and right, is enlisting him in the army of the righteous.

Law and order may prevail here, and anarchy run riot there; monarchies may tumble and fall, and republics take their places. The Nihilist, with his demon and dynamite, may bury kings in the ruins of their own palaces, and lawless Socialism may glare in grim antagonism, defying the police powers of govern-

ment; wars may be waged between the great powers until a continent is involved in blood and carnage, until the death-dealing shot and shell may change the boundaries of empires; yet all this horrid commotion is but the surface indication of what the individual man has thought and done. If he has been defeated in the fight for a noble manhood, and is captured by the demon of evil, surrounded with the darkness of ignorance and superstition, enervated by lust and intemperance, and brutalized by the assassins of his own moral sense, then he falls an easy victim to the ambitious autocrat. He can be marched off with his fellows in like condition to the battlefield, not knowing for what he is fighting, or why he is required to die.

You can not build up and make strong the manliness of a man by merely increasing his scientific knowledge. In my opinion, you develop no virtue nor add anything to his courage by enabling him to grasp the mysterious problems in mathematics or in having him acquire the hidden mysteries of human language. These alone will make him a scholar; but they will not make him a man. The very essence of his life is his moral sense,—his love of right for its own sake. It is this that causes him to do and dare and die for the truth. It is this that gives to humanity the majesty of divinity, and lends to human action the charm of angelic beauty. It is the very light of God himself, burning in the soul, dark with ignorance and surrounded with the fogs of superstition. He has given the light to none other of his creatures. It reveals to man his connection with the

source of all life and all love. It leads him up to the high plains of justice, and bids him walk in the flowery fields of mercy and charity. It guides his footsteps from the paths of shame and remorse, and fills his soul with the sweet consciousness of being in complete harmony with himself. It enables him to see the vulgarity of vice, and causes him to shrink back from crime with horror.

That he has been thus touched by the finger of the Infinite, and made an heir of immortality, magnifies and ennobles his being,—because right and justice and love are immortal, and to have an innate perception to know them at once without the aid of education or the slow process of human reasoning, is to make man himself immortal.

In Leckey's "History of Morals" the great author, in discussing our moral sense, says: "While each of our senses or appetites has a restricted sphere of operation, it is the function of conscience to survey the whole constitution of our being, and assign limits to the gratification of all our various passions and desires. Differing, not in degree, but in kind, from the other principles of nature, we feel that a course of conduct which is opposed to it may be intelligibly described as unnatural, even when in accordance with our most natural appetites; for to our conscience is assigned the prerogative of judging and restraining them all. Its power may be insignificant, but its title is undisputed; and 'if it had the might as it has the right, it would govern the world.' It is this faculty, distinct from and superior to all appetites, passions, and tastes, that makes virtue the supreme law

of life, and adds imperative character to the feeling of attraction it inspires. It is this which is described by Cicero as the god ruling in them, by the Stoics as the sovereignty of reason, by St. Paul as the law of nature, by Butler as the supremacy of conscience."

I said in the beginning that the constitution of man and the course of human action is a great mystery. Now herein is the mystery. This light that God has given man to cause him to know his relation to the infinite and eternal, and have him comprehend the dignity of his own existence, in the perversity of his nature he often refuses to follow. He allows himself to be led away by the illusory lights of avarice or ambition, and when his conscience rebukes him, he attempts to assassinate this his best friend; and then the great conflict begins, and the strife is whether good or evil shall take the possession and control of his life.

And this comes to every rational human being. None escape. Some win such a victory in the onset, and, with a determined spirit, camp on the ground, and sleep with their armor on so constantly that the evil is kept at bay. But evil is vigilant, and, waiting for the distracting hours of adversity or the enervating effects of old age, will renew the attack. In the aggregate of the successes and failures, the victories and the defeats, we fix the level of public morals, and determine the degree of progress we are making toward the seemingly far-off yet longed-for period called the millennium.

But it is not my purpose, on this occasion, to at-

tempt to prophesy or philosophize. I have but little confidence in my ability to do either; but I hope I may be able to be practical.

Let me say, then, that conscience holds the key to human happiness. I do not think that an exception can be found where any human being has overridden all moral perceptions, no matter what else he may have attained in wealth or fame or what may be called the world's pleasures, but that the life is a wretched failure. If a man have all that heart could wish, have every want met and every passion and appetite gratified, and have his conscience against him, he is a wreck and a ruin. It must be so from the very constitution and organization of the soul of man. It is so, because the history of the race in all ages, and the experience of man everywhere, corroborates its truth. Yet, with all the vast accumulation of experience from civilized as well as uncivilized humanity, the demons of evil are permitted, as one generation passes away, to fasten themselves on the next, and are too often enabled to exhibit new phases of human depravity exceeding in evil aspects any that have preceded it.

That there is a constant and rapid increase of scientific knowledge, and a general diffusion of the same among the common people, will be conceded. We watch with eagerness to see if there be in all this any re-enforcing power to man's conception of and love for the right. Does it aid him to make his conscience the dominating force of his life, and help him to combat evil? Is the race growing better or worse? Who can intelligently and truthfully answer

the question? The wrecker places his false and deceptive lights on the shore, and the commander of the passing vessel, forgetting where the true light is and neglecting his chart and compass, is led by the delusion to be wrecked on the rocks beneath the surface.

While it is claimed that the acquirement of more knowledge builds up and makes stronger the self-respect of the individual man, and thus helps in the right direction, yet it is insisted that that is more than lost by the increase in number, and the deceptive character of the false lights that are the attendants of this progress. This is the view of the pessimist, and may not be well founded. It is possible if the self-love be increased, and a broader conception of the significance of human existence be imparted, his inclination to seek the highest good may be strengthened.

But Plato and Montague and other great philosophers have held that the true and only philosophy of life are constancy, faith, and sincerity. What are these false lights on the shores of human destiny that cause man to forsake the true and divine light within him, and wreck his happiness in following these delusions? As you look out on the vast field of human activities and ambitions in this restless age, they seem to be innumerable, and some of them (to the majority of humanity) almost irresistible.

One of these, and perhaps the most dangerous, is the desire for riches. Man's moral sense has no more deadly foe than this strange and overpowering passion of the human heart—a passion that can give no good and sufficient reason for existence. It brings

its victim down to the low plane of living for the gratification of a single purpose—that of seeing how much wealth he can gather up in a life-time. The man is brutalized in the very start by basely surrendering himself to such a controlling motive. This is in no respect akin to a wise and provident disposition to prepare for old age or the days when affliction may come, but is a groveling avarice for a great fortune. He closes his eyes to all human suffering, and his ears to the calls for pity, and rushes on, leaving the starving to starve and the dying to die. The flame of covetousness in his heart consumes or sears over all the tender and sensitive chords, so that his heart is hardened and his soul is withered, and all capacity for real happiness is wasted and destroyed. His insatiate desire for more wealth is never satisfied, and the man, surrounded with his gold and his stocks and his farms, is poor and miserable and wretched.

The remorse and shame of having denied all demands on his benevolence, of having turned a deaf ear to the cry for help from the poor and the unfortunate, and the fearful consciousness of having cheated and swindled those who confided in him, and deceived and lied times without number to compass his mercenary ends, destroys such a man's peace. He is compelled to plead guilty to all these and many other kindred accusations that his conscience constantly brings to his recollection. For consolation he foots up his gains. They amount to hundreds of thousands. He could enjoy his financial success, but his outraged moral sense compels him to add up his

losses. In the twenty-five years' contest he has lost the integrity and purity of his young manhood; he has lost all confidence in himself and his fellow-men; he has lost all his social relations and social culture; he has lost his love for right, for truth, for his fellow-men, and for his God. He has exchanged a pure young man with a happy heart and manly purposes for a rich and wretched old villain. He has lost all the sweets of his home-life; for the hot, mad passion for wealth has swept through the home like the deadly simoom, drying up and consuming all his love for his wife and children, and withering all their regard for him. He wakes up to the sickening fact that he has lost himself. If it were possible, he would gladly exchange all his gains for even a small per cent of his losses.

As I said in the beginning, his great gains are visible, but his greater losses are only known to himself and his God. It is true the lines of discontent and defeat may be seen in his face; his weary and hopeless expression and the vacant and yet restless look may not escape the observation of the discerning; but the world generally sees nothing of all this, and especially the young and inexperienced do not even suspect his misery. They behold only his fortune, and note the adoration that the world gives to his wealth. By common consent in this mercenary age, his wealth elevates him to a higher level than that of the poorer class around him, and men gaze upon him and glorify his success. But he is a false light and a failure, and the same hard lot will come to all who follow his footsteps.

You will not understand me to say that this is the sad fate of all who become rich. Riches are often inherited, and not unfrequently acquired by the far-seeing, in complete accord with moral conviction and without any conflict with conscience. But I do declare that it is my firm and sincere belief that when the mercenary spirit has the supreme control of human life, if every other motive is made subordinate and subsidiary to the acquisition of money, for the love of wealth itself, such a man can not be an honest man. He will be constantly at war with his outraged moral sense.

We all remember the story we read in our childhood of the great magnetic mountain by the sea. If a ship was so unfortunate as to land at the base of this mountain, the magnetic forces within drew out all the iron bolts and steel fastenings of the vessel, so that it at once became a more complete wreck than if it had been driven against the rocks by the angry waves. So this inordinate love for money will destroy all the bolts of conscience, and remove all the restraints of justice, and certain moral wreck and ruin will be the inevitable result.

Let us take another object-lesson from the political arena. Let us note that selfish ambition is as formidable an enemy to the guidance of our moral sense as avarice. The well-endowed young man with a clear head and an honest heart, charmed by the glamour of political life, enters the field of politics. For a quarter of a century let us follow him in the swim and current, until he reaches the broad ocean of national fame. He has never met

with political defeat. Step by step he has ascended the ladder of political preferment, and, as the world sees it, he has made a grand and brilliant success. With his riper experience with men and affairs, and his higher elevation, has come greatly increased power, until he is the acknowledged leader and idol of his party. His partisan adherents follow him with their cheers and adulation, and are ready to do his bidding; and the partisan press laud his wisdom, declaring him to be a statesman without a peer, and prophesy greater honors for the hero in the near future. To the multitude he is an uncrowned king among men.

All of this is open to the world, and the young man, as he looks on, regards him as having reached the very acme of human glory and happiness. To the looker-on these are great and substantial gains, and men envy his good fortune. But let us take a careful and honest inventory of his losses. Early in his career he discovers that he has the rare gift of controlling the thoughts and actions of men, that he is endowed with that magnetic power that constitutes a man a born leader of his fellows. It is a revelation that adds more stimulus to his ambition and strengthens and confirms his hopes of greater conquests in the future in the domain of political achievement.

His conscience reminds him that this great gift is God-given, and that he must use it to put down the wrong and establish the right; that he must assail existing evils; must consecrate his great power to the elevation and betterment of the condition of his fellow-men; must lift men out of the gutter of igno-

rance and beastliness, and assist them to stand erect in their manhood, free from vicious habits and evil practices. But he soon discovers that vice is aggressive and combative, and will resent and resist his attempts at reform. The vicious have votes as well as the virtuous. His conscience bids him speak and act. His ambition and caution tell him to be silent and neutral.

And now the contest comes to him, and he is soon found following the lead of his ambition, and conscience has lost the command of his soul. The world holds him a hero, while he knows himself to be a skulking coward. And when his party, anxious for party triumph, takes an equivocal position that, like the oracles of Delphi, may mean whatever the construction of human ingenuity may give it, he, with his eloquence and powers of persuasion, declares to one it means one thing, and to another the opposite; and soon he has to write not only coward, but hypocrite and liar, opposite the name that the world honors.

Having broken down the restraints of his moral sense, he is now ready for anything to accomplish his ambitious aims; and when the ghouls of bribery and corruption, that too often have their haunts near official position, come to him, he falls an easy victim; and now he has to write villain and thief opposite his name. While he receives the plaudits of his deceived constituency with a smile, and assumes the garb of innocence, his guilty soul makes his life wretched.

I ought, perhaps, to say that while our American

politics as at present conducted is corrupting in all directions, yet I do not mean that the case I have put represents all who are successful. Honest men often win the highest honors in politics, yet maintain their integrity.

If the victim of such ruin could have remaining sufficient strength, ability, and courage to give to the world in detail, from first to last, the fearful contest with himself, the anguish of his soul as he felt the coils of evil closing tighter and tighter about him, and his moral power of resistance growing weaker and weaker as he peered into the future, and it promised nothing but shame for his wages and remorse as a compensation for all his work, the tragical volume would be a fearful yet beneficial revelation to humanity.

All fictions and tragedies are useless as teachers, except so far as they truly represent what we conceive to be the realities of life. But here is this great tragedy of a human life, faithfully setting forth its trials and temptations, its victories and defeats, its pitiful cries for help when overcome by evil. Humanity would know but too well that here is no fiction, but the record of real life that in some degree has come to each and all, day by day.

It is not the record of the victories over evil, but rather the full knowledge of the dreadful defeats, that is needed to prepare us for the great conflict,—the whole truth of the agonies of a life that has become a moral wreck. But this can not be. For at the end of such a life, neither the courage nor the inclination remains to give the evidence of its own

misdeeds. But with the light we already have, we ought to accomplish more and greater victories.

What humanity needs is more strength to resist rather than more information of the power of the enemy. To each soul comes every hour the sweet and indescribable joy when we do overcome evil. We need not the dying confession of the victim of evil to tell us of the certain pain and penalty that comes swiftly and surely when we do what conscience forbids.

And then we see constantly the long train of wretchedness, the malevolence and the misery, the pauperism and the prisons, following the false lights that mislead mankind. We have the light within and the warnings without, yet all stumble, and many fall and surrender to the complete domination of evil. None are exempt. The restless spirits of malice and malevolence, avarice and ambition, jealousy, envy, and falsehood, seek out and find him in the populous city, and out on the border-line of pioneer life; find him in the office or on the judicial bench; find him in the pulpit, and lead him away from the right and from his God.

The Israelitish bondmen in Egypt could sprinkle the protecting blood on the door-posts to guard against the expected destroying angel, and have him pass them by; but what can keep the moral sense of humanity, the first-born of God's love for the race, from the assaults of these demons of evil, whose coming is not announced, but who are ever present, waiting the favoring time to make the most effective attack? Nothing but an ever-abounding faith in God,

and a constant and increasing love for the right, as his best gift to humanity, will shield us in the conflict.

Let not the expectation of future rewards, or the slavish fear of punishment in the life beyond, be made the incentive to nurture and develop this love for the right. Such motives are unworthy a high purpose. We must love the right for its own divine excellence; because it brings us near the source of all justice; because it establishes our kinship with Him who created love and established righteousness; because it is the bond of union between man and his Maker.

This inborn ability to accurately detect the moral quality of human action was the wonder and amazement of the ancient philosophers. Long before the Bible or Christ came to man, they recognized this wonderful endowment of humanity, and, without the aid of divine revelation, pronounced it the work of infinite wisdom. In their analysis of the constitution of the mind of man, they saw even then, with ignorance and idolatry everywhere prevailing, that conscience was created to be the anointed ruler of man's conduct and the arbiter of human action. In the absence of revelation, they made this mysterious power in man the basis of their belief that there must be a God of infinite intelligence and infinite love.

When Paul stood on Mars' Hill, and spoke to the Athenians, he said: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotion, I found an altar

with this inscription: TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Was it this divine attribute in man, towering in its more than kingly majesty above all the learning of all the Greek philosophers—above the wisdom of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—that caused the worshiping Greek to make this inscription on the altar of his devotion?

Grote says: "The mythical world of the Greeks opens with the gods anterior as well as superior to man; it gradually descends, first to heroes, and next to the human race." And another writer says: "It is rivaled only by that of the Indians in its multifarious wealth, and by none in the beauty of its form." They had the fauns of the fields, the nymphs in the mountains and the fountains, the dryads in the forests, and Muses and Graces for beauty and poetry.

But among the long lists of gods in the Hellenic mythology, in all the ingenuity and beauty that may be found in the writings of Grecian philosophy and mythology, none could be found worthy to represent conscience. Hence, by this divine light within, this adoration of right and justice, they searched in the darkness to discover the author, and failing to find him, may we not assume that this prompted the Athenians, in their love and gratitude for this great gift to man, to erect the altar to the UNKNOWN DEITY?

When the light of Revelation came, they saw then whom, as the apostle said, they ignorantly worshiped. And when they came to know that He created all things, and to understand that the material

universe is governed by his law, and as they saw more and more of the evidence of his infinite wisdom and boundless love in all the provisions for man in the material and moral world, then the fogs of mythical lore that had invested the control of field and forest, winds and waves, sea and season, in the care of the gods and goddesses of mythology, were lifted, and they beheld one Supreme Ruler and Creator, of infinite wisdom, matchless glory, and boundless love. They knew from whom came the moral power in man to intuitively know justice and equity and righteousness.

They then learned that his infinite love had stamped his own divine image on each human soul, that man might have the high capacity to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself, and that he might do unto others as he would have them do unto him. Yea, more and better still, they read the blessed story that he had sent one Man to abide with him in this world of evil, to be tempted as he was tempted; One with like human passions—sent him to help man in his great contest with evil—One who was the very incarnation of love and loveliness, patience and purity; One who gave man the only plan by which he might make a successful battle, and gain the victory in his life-campaign against the demons of evil. Not by precept only, but by the more impressive force of example, he gave to man, by his own pure life, the encouraging possibility of triumph.

None but He who knoweth all things can properly estimate the re-enforcing power of his divine lessons and peerless example; none else can tell what

would have been the condition of humanity had not this Great Helper been sent.

While the great contest is the individual conflict of every rational soul, yet, in well-organized society, individuals may be massed for collective warfare, offensive and defensive. But the battalions must be well drilled and strong in numbers, or they will not stand firm before the forces of evil. The individual moral integrity of each soldier in the ranks determines the status at last. And the aggregation of the individuals of moral worth and excellence determines the strength of the foundation upon which the civil and social framework of society rests. It is this that gives the tone and character to our legislation, and the force that brings the violators of law to answer for their misdeeds.

Properly speaking, there can be no such thing as a corrupt public sentiment or social disorder. When these misnamed conditions exist, it is because the great majority of individuals have fallen into evil practices and abandoned their moral convictions. Therefore, while the individual man is intensely interested in his own triumph, his victory is a matter of deep concern to all about him; for the great question constantly arising in the mind of the patriot and the philanthropist is, Are the moral heroes sufficient in numbers to uphold the pillars of good government, to maintain law and order, so that all may be protected in their property, person, and character? So there is, to some extent, a collective as well as individual conflict—"For no man liveth to himself."

That the individual power is so weak, and even the united masses of humanity so lacking in force, when so much is to be gained by victory and when all is to be lost by defeat, has been the wonder and the perplexity of the ages. Emerson says: "The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always been a residuum it could not resolve."

The patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian have studied the condition of man and his capabilities and surroundings, and have earnestly sought for more help to aid him in the contest, and have most profoundly considered whether the ethical knowledge they possess, and the good influences and forces they can command, are being the most wisely applied.

It has been a conceded fact for a long time that mankind inherit physical diseases. We are just beginning to learn that man's moral disorders may also be transmitted. Intemperance and debauchery may taint and corrupt the blood, so that the virus may flow on, doing its deadly work for many generations. So may selfishness, malice, and avarice poison and pollute the moral sense, that, by the same law of heredity, the conscience may come to the work of life diseased and disabled.

For those with inherited weak physical constitutions, with feeble muscles and shattered nerves, we have the sincerest pity, and treat them with abundance of patience. We commiserate the unfortunates who are born with consumption and scrofula as a part of their inheritance, and to them we minister in mercy.

But for the conscience that has but little muscle or nerve—for the moral sense that has inherited the disease of hate, hypocrisy, or selfishness—we make but little or no allowance. We do not pity, but punish. Might not different treatment produce better results? Might not the application of more mercy and greater charity resolve a portion of the residuum that Emerson speaks of? Do the philosophic reformers apprehend, with all its force, that self-respect and self-love are the potent forces in the individual to enable him to make a good fight? Is the great reserve force sufficiently recognized? Do we not cripple and destroy it by our lack of charity? Are we not, in all cases, more ready to condemn than to encourage?

When the soldier falls on the field of battle, his comrade by his side stoops tenderly over him, and gives him the last drop of water from his canteen, and gently, at the risk of his life, bears him off the field to a place of safety, and calls the surgeon and physician to minister to his wounds. Were he, when his comrade fell, to rebuke him for being wounded, and leave him to be trampled to death by the contending forces, all true soldiers would denounce him as a heartless wretch. Even on the field of battle many escape, and come out of the bloody contest unhurt. But in life's great contest with evil all are wounded. None escape. We all bear the scars the enemy has given us; we all have to confess to defeat; we all have known the humiliation of surrender; we have all been captured.

Dr. Holland, in that wonderful book called "Bitter Sweet," says:

> "We have seen evil in his countless forms
> In those poor lives; have met his armed hosts
> In dread encounter and discomfiture;
> And languished in captivity to them,
> Until we lost our courage and our faith."

As all suffer in this contest, the tie that binds us to our fellow-men ought to be more tender and yet stronger than that of the soldier on the field of carnage. Might we not learn a good lesson from the chivalric conduct of the brave and true soldier? Would it not help us all to make a better fight if, instead of exposing the gaping wounds evil has made on all about us, we would cover up with love and patience their defeats, and pour in the healing stream of sympathy, and give them such support, so that they might not be compelled to strike their colors and be marched off captives, to follow for all time the black flag of the demons of evil?

> "What might be done, if men were true—
> What glorious deeds, my suffering brother—
> Would they unite
> In love and right,
> And cease their scorn of one another!"

OUR NEIGHBORS.

WHEN a man is alive, according to biology, it is when he is in correspondence with his environment. Herbert Spencer says: "Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with co-existences and sequences; or, more shortly, the continuous adjustment of internal relations and external relations." If all this be true, and it becomes generally known, it is feared the list of suicides will be greatly increased. If it takes all this simply to live, no lazy man will be willing to exist. I very much doubt if the cultivated biologist gets any more comfort out of his existence than we do out of ours.

Herbert Spencer also tells us what our social life is. He says: "The behavior of the social unit as exposed to environing conditions, organic, inorganic, and superorganic, depends on certain additional traits."

Social life as well as physical life requires correspondence with environment. In the former, it is our neighbors; in the latter, it is the atmosphere. No matter what the constituent elements of the atmosphere are, we have to breathe it anyway. It does not help the matter to him who breathes to put it in the form of an equation, viz.: nitrogen $77\frac{1}{2}$+oxygen 21+

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aqueous vapor $1\frac{42}{100}$+carbonic acid $\frac{8}{100}$=atmosphere. He breathes it just as freely and gets just as much out of it without the equation as with it. To him the whole question is one of wind; and so it seems to me is the polysyllabic verbiage of the modern scientists in regard to our social relations—too much wind.

Henry Drummond, Fellow of the Royal Society, has recently written a book in the biological style, and has called it, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." In his chapter on Environment he says that nothing in this age is more needed "than the rejuvenescence of the commonplace." When we saw Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and others, sailing around in the upper currents of the circumambient atmosphere astride of the biggest words of our language, we did not know, nor could we conceive, what they were doing. We know now. They are trying to meet this pressing need of the age—they are rejuvenating the commonplace. How did they discover that the commonplace was growing old? We thought it was looking as young and fresh as usual. And then we are tormented with a host of doubts as to whether these modern scientists are the proper physicians for the treatment of the case, even if old age be conceded.

The great Huxley says: "I do not suppose that the dead soul of Peter Bell, of whom the great poet of nature wrote—

> 'A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more'—

would have been a whit roused from its apathy by the information that the primrose is a dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and central placentation."

If these scientific vandals would make an assault like this on an inoffensive and lovely primrose, crushing its sweet life, and burying it beneath the weight of the unpronounceable words of our inexhaustible language, what mercy could we hope for, who have no such charms or innocence to protect us?

If it be necessary to rejuvenate the commonplace, in the name of common sense let it be done in such a way that we will recognize it when it is done. The strange and unaccountable thing to me is, that the politicians and platform-makers have not found out that there was something wrong with the commonplace, and tried to meet this great public want. They are active in reforming everything (but themselves); and as the old issues in politics have become threadbare, and are out at the elbows, I can but wonder that some party has not "pointed with pride" to its political banner unfolded to welcoming breezes, on which is boldly inscribed:

"Whereas, the opposition party has so mismanaged affairs that the commonplace has become prematurely old; therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we, animated with the loftiest patriotism and the broadest philanthropy, do declare and publish that a fundamental principle of our time-honored organization is a rejuvenescence of the commonplace."

If you take a small boy, and put on him his

father's No. 8 stove-pipe hat, his No. 12 boots, and an ulster that has gotten beyond any power to number, you have not increased the size of the boy. You may even smother him. You have placed his internal relations in such a condition that there can be no adjustment with his external relations, so that he can have no sort of correspondence with his environment. Neither can you make a philosopher by having him clothe the common ideas of every-day life in the large and unused words of the language. Yet men are doing this very thing, and we come to think they are something more than mortal because we can not comprehend their verbiage. But they are only mortal after all. They go to protest in bank, quarrel with the gas company, and lose the buttons off their shirts like the rest of us.

We may think we own but little personal property until we have to move out of one house and into another; and then we find that we have such a surplus that we declare a dividend with the drayman and all the bystanders who will kindly take something off our hands. When the scientists undertook the rejuvenescence of the commonplace, although we knew our dictionary was large, still we had no just conception of the wealth of our language. It was like a move. They went into the closets, into the attic, into the cellar of our unabridged, and found words we did not know we owned—or if we did once know, we had forgotten—and had such a surplus on hand that they were able to say of the very simplest commonplace act in life "that it is the transformation of an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity into definite, coherent hetero-

geneity, which goes on everywhere until it brings about a reverse transformation." All this happens when you black your boots, have your picture taken, put something into the contribution-box on Sunday, or kiss your wife.

In order to make a complete rejuvenescence of the commonplace, the biologist is obliged to divide things into the absolute and the relative. It often happens to be a little difficult to follow him—to see where the absolute ends and the relative begins. But two of the brightest of this school, the most advanced thinkers, have made a rule which is so clear that, if followed to the letter, it is easy. The rule, they say, is this: "The absolute is conceived by a negation of conceivability." Having gotten this firm grip on the absolute, it is easy enough to separate it from the relative, and you may be expected to get on reasonably well.

The importance of this subject to a clear understanding of my lecture is manifest. We must know the reality of our own existence; we must be absolutely conscious of our own identity. We now know, of course, by a negation of conceivability, ourselves from our neighbors. If we were so far in doubt that we could not tell ourselves from the neighbors, it seems to me it would seriously embarrass our social life.

Do not for a moment suppose that in my biological researches I have abandoned my neighbors. You know the latest style of the lecture platform is the prelude. The old style is to take a subject and stick to it from Alpha to Omega. I think a conservative position is about the right thing. In the new style it is not required that the prelude should be a near

relation, a distant relation, or even a poor relation to the lecture. Anything could be used as an appetizer. It is thought that this mode was suggested, or rather the idea was conceived, by the usual conduct of an orchestra. They detain us for a long time with a great variety of sounds of sawing and scraping before they launch out in unison in the grand swell.

Great latitude has been taken by those who pursue this new mode. The lecturer announces that his subject will be the tender and delicate relation of husband and wife, and then preludes on "a tariff for revenue only." He is to lecture on the subject of finance, and then preludes on the average depths of the Mediterranean Sea. He lectures on any theme for one hundred and fifty dollars per night and local expenses, and in his prelude he delivers an able and exhaustive affirmative reply to the question, Is poverty a crime?

I think my mode the best. The prelude should take a good neighborly interest in the lecture so that it can join hands with it at any time, and go right along with such unity of spirit and such a strong resemblance that they would be taken for brothers,—twins, to make a strong case of it.

Having established the fact that we are not our neighbors and our neighbors are somebody else than ourselves; that they are the environment that we must correspond with in order to social life,—let us consider the character and advantage of the relation.

It must be conceded that, in all civilized lands, human life is longer, kinder, and nobler than it has ever been before. There have been volumes of phil-

osophic speculation written on the motive power that is pushing the human race upward to a higher plane. Cranky theorists, crazy hobby-riders, and literary dudes without number, claim to hold a patent right on the most approved method of civilization, each one pretending and claiming to have made a corner on progress.

Casting aside all these pretentious assumptions and looking at the condition of man as it is now, and as it has been, we can but conclude that his social life has been the principal factor in his improvement. It is at least the effective medium through which all the other elevating forces act. It must be conceded that science comes daily with some new truth, by the light of which some new law is revealed to guide men upward. Religion stirs the divinity within and purifies his purposes, and lifts him above the material into the realm of the spiritual. Giving each a fair share of credit, they accomplish much less, indeed would fail, if they were not re-enforced by the social life of man. What could science accomplish if each one were a recluse? If the knowledge were given under the seal of secrecy, so that we dare not communicate and compare ideas with our neighbors, the tree of knowledge would cease to bear fruit, would wither and die, and we would rapidly relapse into barbarism. If there was just enough atmosphere and sunshine for each human being, and his share was set off to him, and there was no common stock, this world would be a cheerless and unhappy place. But darker still to the man who shuts out all the social light about him, and wanders through the mazy

cells of his soul with the dim-lighted candle of his own selfish life.

The sweet flowers of love and charity, with their bright hues and delicious odors, will only grow in the warm sunlight and life-giving air of mutual confidence and trust, watered with the refreshing dews of human sympathy. In the soul of the man who refuses to have neighbors, these flowers will fade, wither, and die, and his barren spirit will curse him, and he will soon come to hate himself. Human ingenuity has never yet invented a felon's cell so dark and with such power to punish the occupant, as the man who is a voluntary prisoner in the narrow cell of self. Not only is he rendered miserable by his selfishness, but he is unfitted for the discharge of any of the obligations growing out of his relations to his fellow-men. By his selfishness and isolation he ceases to fill his place as a neigbbor, and soon has no love for his country. Patriotism will only be found in generous hearts.

Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," had such a character in his mind when he wrote those beautiful lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
  This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,

The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The neighbors are properly divisible into two classes—the neighbors in general and the neighbors in particular. The neighbors in general we have no voice in choosing; the neighbors in particular we choose ourselves. Some never choose; and I am not certain but they act wisely, because they will to some extent be responsible for the sentiments and conduct of the neighbor in particular. If you select him out of all your surroundings as your special friend, he is supposed, to a great extent, to reflect yourself. He is indeed a sort of other self. It is assuming a large responsibility, for the reason that the most of us have all we can do to answer for our own follies. And then if our neighbor in particular should deceive us, and we should find he was not all that fancy had painted him, we would become soured with all the neighbors, and declaim against the whole world,—the worst possible condition of mind for happiness. Solomon says: "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint."

And, again, it is a sort of reflection on the neighbors in general to hold them at a distance; so that if we have trouble with our neighbor in particular, they are inclined rather to enjoy our misery, which widens the breach between us and them. It requires the highest kind of qualifications to fill the office of neighbor in particular, and as we have no social civil-

service law to regulate, and no social civil-service commission to examine, it may be as well to abolish office and cultivate good relations with all.

By using the term man, I am not to be supposed as ignoring woman as an important factor in the neighborhood. Indeed a neighborhood without her would be barbarism over again.

Every room of the soul ought to be opened and thoroughly ventilated. The smile and sunshine of the neighbors ought to shine all through them, to dispel the damp and must that will gather there if they are kept closed.

The full influence of social life will be better seen and felt in the towns, rather than in the cities. Where the population is so dense and so often changing, the social life, what there is of it, is formed around some existing organization or some custom or habit of life. The members of the same Church or literary society, or some euchre or champagne parties, make up what they call their social life. There is neither breadth nor depth to it. It is decidedly shallow. The narrow circle in which they move keeps them narrow and intolerant, so that the best thought and largest specimens of men generally come from the town and country, rather than the city.

In the city, too, social life is put in the strait-jacket of style and fashion. It is burdened with forms and ceremonies. And, as no large mind cares to spend any time or give any thought about mere forms, the best of society live within themselves; or, when hungry for social life, flee to the country, or

some resort where they are not oppressed with the tyranny of fashion. But in the town it takes the whole population to make up a quorum for neighborly work. This includes every order and cast of mind, and every shade of opinion and belief. This acts like a refining fire. The dross is constantly being eliminated, and the fittest survives.

The contact of soul with soul and heart with heart and mind with mind, so awakens our sympathies and excites our mutual love and regard and brightens our perceptions that each is giving good gifts to the other, and none are the poorer. The man who, with the delights and sorrows of life all around him, refuses to have his life intermingled with that of his neighbors; who is insensible to their successes and defeats; who gives and receives no generous trust or confidence; who, if he has any feeling for his fellow-men, has only that of suspicion and mistrust; who, in short, has no neighbors,—is, in his self-chosen imprisonment, more unhappy than the anchorite in the desert. On the other hand, the happy person in the world is he whose merry laugh rings out, and falls on the ears of those about him, and is sweeter to them than music, and whose smile is warmer and brighter than sunshine,—one who confesses by his confidence and his joy that the principal source of his happiness is his neighbor.

I met a good friend of mine, the other day, from another State, and I asked him what he was doing. He said he had quit politics, and had cast away every ambition but one. I asked what was his pet ambi-

tion now. He replied: "I am helping everybody and encouraging everybody—putting all the sunshine in the pathway of my neighbors' life; and," he added, with enthusiasm, "when I die there will be the grandest demonstration in my town that has ever been seen there. You must come." I told him I would, if he would let me know.

The truth is, such a man ought to have a perpetual lease on life. His neighbors would prefer to give anything grand but a funeral. The reason is that he is in perfect correspondence with his environment. His internal relations are perfectly adjusted to his external relations. He is meeting all the demands of sociology and biology. His neighbors will stand by him, and give him a good name. To suppose otherwise is a negation of conceivability. Connected with this proposition is the presumption that his environments are healthful—that his neighbors are good average American citizens, worthy the fellowship of such a royal brother, and have a due appreciation of real merit.

If you want to get at the real merits of a man, go right to his neighbors, and have a confidential talk with them. There you will get the facts. Do not go to the Post-office Department or the Treasury, and read the eulogies that have been obtained by a sort of duress to secure for him the appointment of postmaster or whisky-gauger. There is a fearful lack of reliability in the latter source of information.

You can trust your neighbors. Ultimately they will put a proper estimate on your value, and they

will stamp that value on your name, and it will go for that much and no more. You can not deceive them for any great length of time. No better evidence can be had of having lived a good life than the hearty commendation of those who know us best and longest. But it must be given with a vigorous enthusiasm—as if it tasted good in their mouths to say it.

I started out with the proposition that our social life is a reformatory force, and I must stand by it. The good man that I have described is largely the handiwork of his environment. Get a man to hungering for the good opinion of those who see him daily, and it is a mighty lever to lift him above mean actions, and a strong prop to hold him from falling into vicious habits. There is absolutely no telling how many mean things we would do if we had no neighbors to watch us.

Another fact: We are not apt in seeing our own faults. We can observe the defects of our neighbors much better. We are thus enabled to reform ourselves, without being compelled to confess ourselves that we are simply correcting our own bad habits. Our neighbors return the compliment, and both are reformed, and neither is put to shame.

It saves a vast amount of personal humiliation, and makes reformation easy for us, to simply avoid copying our neighbors' follies, and thus escape the chagrin of pleading guilty to our own. But none but actual and permanent residents of a neighborhood can reap this advantage. The people who are constantly moving out of one neighborhood into an-

other, never reform. I do not mean those who are compelled to move from circumstances over which they have no control; I mean such as, for a few paltry dollars in the way of speculation, will sell out all their social advantages, and roam around like gypsies.

You never saw or heard of a reformed gypsy. He has no permanent environment. And the same thing may be said of the tramp. And the reason why he is a tramp is because a cruel fate has, one by one, taken the social props from under him; and as he has lost the respect of all about him, he ceases to have any respect for himself, and becomes a traveling vagabond. He has neither internal relations, external relations, nor any other sort of relations. He has no social environment. He is simply lying around loose. As he despises himself, he hates every other human being, and becomes a public enemy. There is no hope of reforming him until you locate him and surround him with neighbors who will, by their kindness, wake up whatever of manhood may be left in him, and create a desire within him to re-enter social life. The neighbors owe that to him, because the artificial distinctions of wealth and birth may have elbowed him out of society, and compelled him to be a tramp.

I heard a dude say the other day, in speaking of a town in Tennessee, that he would not live in that place, because there was not a man in the town that had a pedigree.

To obtain the full measure of benefit of the reformatory force of social life, we must be on the best

possible terms with our neighbors. To get around all the angles and sharp corners of neighborhood life, and at the same time be straight and reasonably consistent ourselves and secure some point of contact with all of them, requires the best quality of tact and the highest kind of genius. It is educational. To succeed, will keep our wits bright and shining from constant use. And the reason why some people are so dull, and friendless too, is because they make no effort to have a little stock in everybody. They only invest in a few dullards, like themselves, and consequently they become more and more stupid, and are constantly depreciating. The bright people are those who have an active interest in the welfare and happiness of all, and in whom everybody else has some stock. Such people grow brighter continually. Score another credit to the account of the neighbors!

Your neighbors may not vote as you do. You may even be in the minority. You may be surrounded with Democrats, Republicans, and, here and there, a Greenbacker and Prohibitionist. You will have to manage your politics so as to hold their respect and esteem.

On the Sabbath, a day of rest and peace, you are hardly out of your front-gate, going to Church, until you meet your next-door neighbor going right the other way to his Church; and if you are not both on your guard, you will find yourselves mutually pitying each other's spiritual blindness.

All around you are as many different views and opinions on politics, religion, and social relations gen-

erally, as there are different colors of glass in the kaleidoscope. You are simply one of the small pieces of glass, and, when the instrument is shaken, you must take your place, and shine as best you can, and help make up the picture. The circumstance that shakes the pieces, and puts you in a snug fortune or fat office, and your neighbor in bankruptcy, or *vice versa*, complicates the case, and brings in envy and jealousy to disturb the harmony, and calls for more tact and skill to keep the peace.

Herbert Spencer, in his "Sociology," applies the principles of evolution to social life. He says: "In conformity to the law of evolution, every aggregate tends to integrate, and to differentiate while it integrates." This complicates the case, and makes it more difficult to get on with your neighbors. They will sit in judgment, not only on your politics and religion, but on your habits, your solid food and your liquids, on your dress and address, on your relatives—including your mother-in-law—on the kind of folks that come to see you and the sort of people you go to see, on your prosperity and your adversity, and on your successes and your failures.

Now, you must have the prejudice of this court in your favor. If your integrations and differentiations are all right, you can have it. If you have been loaning out a large amount of charity when charity was most needed, it will be paid back with interest. It has always seemed to me that there is a fearful shortage of charity in all neighborhoods. So many people seem to be just out at the time it is most needed.

It must not be forgotten that each of us not only inherits different opinions, but it must also be remembered that in the formative period of our lives there was a different atmosphere surrounding each of us. To be more explicit, the governor or lieutenant-governor, as the case may be, of the family may be a doctor. He smells of camphor, and, in speaking of the ordinary ills of life, uses words several sizes larger than the neighbors use. This may put the whole family on stilts. Herbert Spencer's father may have been a physician.

In another case the governor or lieutenant-governor of the family may be a lawyer, and in attempting to manage his household, to carry his point, he may introduce his court-house methods, by trying to suppress the truth that is against him, and to magnify the smallest circumstance that seems to be in his favor. He will succeed better with the jury than the family. The latter know him better; but the effect on the limbs of the law in that family may be towards crookedness. It is said to be an absolute fact that most of our politicians are lawyers or the sons of lawyers.

The president or vice-president of the family may be a minister. His sedentary life produces indigestion, and he becomes morose. He hates the world, and declaims vehemently against its vanities. He may never see it himself, but his family discover that he has mistaken a torpid liver for a quickened conscience, and that may give the wrong trend to their spiritual nature.

The first or second in command may be a farmer.

The weather seems to be at constant war with his business, and he spends a large portion of his time and breath in contest with the inevitable. As he is always beaten fighting the weather, all his boys want to be something else than farmers. They become so soured with their home-life that in their desperation they become book agents, or worry humanity with sewing-machines or life insurance or office-hunting. Some drift down into the Legislature, rather than repeat the life of a farmer. And the daughters of the family will elope with the vender of a patent medicine, and take the chances on the number of wives he may have elsewhere, rather than marry the honest son of a neighboring widow, whose circumstances compel him to till the soil.

The mechanic in the factory may be on the executive committee of a Trades Union. His family hear constantly of strikes, and know about starvation, and they enter into life with more acid than sweetness in their composition.

All these and many other mitigating circumstances can be pleaded in defense, when a neighbor is charged with having peculiar and disagreeable traits. If every neighbor in this community will diligently search for the things that will palliate the faults of those about him, and, when found, hold them up to view instead of the faults themselves, it will not only produce great social felicity hitherto unknown, but a boom in real estate will follow that has no parallel in the history of the place. Everybody that knew of it would want to live here.

Charles Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge," says:

"The men who learn endurance are they who call the whole world Brother." At the same time we must not forget the caution that Herbert Spencer gives us; in discussing the social structure he says: "Beyond unlikeness of parts resulting from development of the co-ordinate agencies, there presently follow unlikenesses among the agencies co-ordinated." This must constantly be borne in mind, or we get things mixed.

Perfect candor and absolute truth are essential to good neighborly work. They are the integrating forces of our social life. Falsehood and deceit disintegrate and destroy. Josh Billings is right when he says: "It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that are not so." The things that are "not so" create the disturbances in all neighborhoods. Envy, jealousy, falsehoods, and uncharity, all belong to the "not-so" brood. If some effective system of vaccination could be discovered, it would be a great social blessing.

Water was so reverenced by certain ancient nations that they would never desecrate it by washing themselves with it. Some of our modern people have the same high regard for the truth. They will not bring it into general use, lest they may soil it. The ancient and the modern both seem to have failed to grasp the fact that the more they used these essentials the less would be the chances of soiling them; and the water and the truth, having no affinity for dirt, when left to themselves have within themselves absolute powers of self-purification. We need not be concerned about them; they will take care of them-

selves. A liberal application of both will very greatly improve the social health of the neighborhood.

And then there was never such a thing as toleration until our higher civilization invented neighbors and neighborhood. The fires of persecution must be extinguished by the neighbors. The very essential feature of toleration is to have some one to differ with you, and then endure him and love him.

Let us suppose that before the war South Carolina and Massachusetts had been in the same neighborhood, and jointly borrowed a lunch-basket and gone on a picnic occasionally, then Sumner would not have assaulted Butler with his tongue, nor Brooks assaulted Sumner with his cane, with all the unpleasant consequences which followed. Or if the North and South had not been so far apart that they could not, in the summer evenings, all sit down on the same doorstep and talk over the interests of the neighborhood, and the old folks thus be making peace, while the young folks were in the grape-arbor making love, we would have had no war; our benevolent and self-sacrificing statesmen would not now be lying awake at night planning a pension bill five stories high, with a cellar and attic and a mansard roof, so as to take in and accommodate all sorts of warriors.

The neighbors form public opinion, the most powerful despot in the land. The bravest tremble before it, and the courts and even the law submit to this autocrat. All the neighbors who do much thinking have two opinions—one for the public, and the

other marked confidential and private. If you have treated them well, and in a whisper given them your private opinion, you can in the same way obtain theirs under the cover and seal of confidence. Their private opinion is the best. It comes nearer the truth, and has the polish of thought and reflection.

The contest has been for centuries, and will continue to be, between private judgment and public opinion. When the venerable despot sees the neighbors in good relations, and finds them whispering together, he trembles; for he knows the truth is coming and a battle is to be fought—a battle of conscience with party, a battle of practical religion against dogmatic theology. Out from these whispering neighbors will come some bold spirit, who will step to the front, and offer his fresh, clean truth as a substitute for the old musty error, and then the battle is on.

Some of the neighbors will stand and some will retreat, as is the fact in all battles; and whatever may be the result of the contest, the sequel shows that the old is weaker and the new stronger, and on the dial-plate of progress it is recorded that an advance has been made. For the legitimate results are the assassination of many a wicked law, the overthrow of many a blathering demagogue, the destruction of many an evil that curses and blasts the best interests of humanity. It has ever been the prime object of despotism, by a system of espionage or some other device, to prevent this sort of communication, knowing that men will not care to think much, if they can not have the opportunity to tell what they think.

I honestly think that the greatest reformer would

be he who could devise a plan to bring the neighbors in still closer relations—who could in some way stimulate the desire to think and increase the facilities for telling.

There are possibilities far beyond what we have yet attained, growing out of our social life. If the seeds of truth that we gather from the harvest-field of life-experience could be scattered through the neighborhood oftener, reaching out to the fence-corners and the hedges, they would spring up and displace the vulgar weeds of ignorance, avarice, and slander, that are hiding-places for the vermin that destroy the peace and happiness of social life. It is the stagnant pool that breeds the poison and sends forth malaria. It is the babbling brook that has the clear waters in which is life, health, and purity. The grandest reformation will be the increase of mutual confidence and regard, the honest and full communion of heart with heart on all the many questions that interest our common humanity.

In order to make the matter perfectly lucid and understandable, let us again hear Herbert Spencer. In considering the individual man, he says: "Always, too, his degree of intelligence and the tendencies of thought peculiar to him become operating causes of social quiescence or social change." He also takes the position that drainage of the soil produces great social changes. As he runs the subject not only in but under the ground, I decline to follow him, except to remark that it affects the demand for quinine by draining the land.

Mr. Spencer discusses that proposition under the

division of progressive modifications of the environment, inorganic and organic. He takes the tenable position that there can be no neighborhood without neighbors. He says: "It is clear that heterogeneity of structure is made possible only by a multiplication of units. There can be no differentiation into classes in the absence of numbers;" and I hope you agree with him. I am positive he is correct in this. He adds: "The control exercised by the aggregate over its units is one ever tending to mold their activities and sentiments and ideas into congruity with social requirements; and these activities, sentiments, and ideas, in so far as they are changed by changing circumstances, tend to remold society into congruity with themselves."

If you doubt this, when you go to the butcher for a beafsteak in the morning, ask him if that is not the fact; stop at the post-office and consult the postmaster; refer the case to the justice of the peace or the notary public in your neighborhood,—and with united voice they will tell you that they have noticed this many a time. They will say Spencer is right when he says, "They form together an immensely voluminous, immensely complicated, and immensely powerful set of influences."

We talk about the good common sense of the people, the final court that determines all questions under our form of government. Whence comes this keen sense of justice, this good, square conception of fair play? It comes largely from the education we daily give each other on the highways and byways of our life's work. A few neighbors gather around

a question of general interest, each with a differently constituted mind, but all anxious to reach a right conclusion, look at it, discuss it, weigh it, and finally reach as near the truth as human reason is capable of doing. It was this wisdom that saved the life of the Nation during the Civil War, and saved the honor of the Nation when her debt was sweeping thousands into the maelstrom of bankruptcy.

There is too much strait-jacket in our neighborhood life. There are rings and cliques and other artificial distinctions, that keep men apart when they ought to be together. Everybody not absolutely lawless and vicious ought to have all the advantages of neighborhood life, so that if one neighbor makes a new discovery, or overtakes a new fact, or hears a new story, all can have a chance at it. These little political rings and cliques that divide the neighbors are an unmitigated nuisance. They sow ill broadcast in the community, which yields an abundant harvest of gossip and jealousy. They poison the social fountain and create distrust where there ought to be confidence.

It must not be forgotten that the neighbors have their hobbies and their crotchets. Some of them carry it so far as to be cranks. And even you may be a little cranky yourself. Some pet notion may have taken possession of your brain and crowded all others out; and you may be engaged, more than you think or would be willing to confess, in trying the fruitless task of bringing all your neighbors' brains to the same disordered condition. And while the other cranks of the neighborhood are making the same

effort with you, the result is a conflict of cranks, out of which can come nothing but folly.

In order to accomplish social reform, every man should look himself squarely in the face, and peer down into the mazes of his own mental machinery, and ask himself if he is a crank, and demand an honest answer. We become so infatuated with our hobby that we lose the power of honest self-examination, and become one-idead, narrow, and intolerant. As well live in a lunatic asylum at once as to be compelled to live in the immediate vicinity of unconscious cranks running at large. You are never safe from them. You are powerless in their hands. You may make as many wry faces as you can, yet the crank will compel you to swallow some of his hobbies, even if he knows you will throw them up the next minute.

A crank or two can almost ruin the peace of a whole neighborhood. We had better all see to it that we ourselves are not one of them. You remember that man that Sydney Smith tells about who was a crank on the subject of the north pole. No matter in what place or presence, he would bring forward for the consideration of the company the north pole. A literary friend of his once lost his temper and told him to go to the devil with his north pole. The aggrieved crank complained to Sydney Smith of the treatment he had received from his friend, when Smith told him to never mind him, for he himself had heard the same man speak disrespectfully of the equator.

Every neighborhood has a poet, a statesman, a literary critic, and a reformer. All of these have

views. They not unfrequently go to the great length of putting their views on paper. Their prose and poetry may be valuable, or it may not. But when their views assume the very definite form of being harnessed up in words and hitched together in sentences, the temptation to show them to the neighbors is very strong. If they are exhibited in a general way in the columns of the newspapers, you may be able to get along with your neighbor's views easy enough. You can read enough to get the trend of his thought, so as to commend his sentiments when he speaks to you about it. But when, uninvited, he invades your domicile, armed with his manuscript, you will have to call out all your reserve force of grace and patience, or you will be rude.

The neighbors have bores, as well as cranks, to contend with. Unfortunately there are no criminal statutes against the bore's cruelty. Other felons are fined and sent to prison for the protection of society, but the bore lives on and on, and thunders his views in the dull ears of old age.

There is another neighbor who will try your patience. He is a good, honest fellow. In fact, he is a little too honest when you sum up his whole organization. He will kindly tell you each year that you are looking older, and that he can plainly see that you are failing. Yet all the while you will be in the sunshine of his smile, and he will try to be as sweet as a rose. But every rose has its thorn, and in his case there seems to be more thorn than rose. He unconsciously rides rough-shod over all your tender sensibilities, and while you know he has

no evil intent, you feel so sore after an hour's interview with him, that you heartily wish he would go West and grow up with the country. In fact, you send him a glowing description of Dakota that the owner of some town site has sent you, and hint to him that it is a rich country, with a healthy climate. You may even offer to assist him in getting cheap transportation, and also in finding a purchaser for his neighboring house and lot.

The general and rapid diffusion of the knowledge of our private affairs among the neighbors may not be the most agreeable thing to us, and we are not able to see how they found us out. As a general thing, we give it away, unconsciously, ourselves. Dickens's theory is that the milkman gets it in his milk-can, and ladles it out to all the neighbors. But he was an Englishman, and knew but little or nothing of the sterling integrity of the American milkman. We all know, and stand ready to certify, that he is so honest that he will allow nothing but water put in his milk. He does that with the benevolent intention to reach more families. Too often there would not be milk enough to go round but for this wise forethought.

But no matter how our success and defeats come to be known to the neighbors, the very fact restrains and regulates our lives more than we would be willing to admit. But for this neighborly cloud of witnesses there is no telling how many blunders and indiscretions might befall us.

The doctrine of spontaneous generation in natural life is exploded. There can none be found among

the most skeptical scientists bold enough to advocate it. This false theory never did have any supporters in our social life. Life comes from life everywhere. Therefore reciprocal duties and obligations grow out of our social relations.

As we are constantly drawing checks, we must make a corresponding amount of deposits, or the bank will fail. None should ever overdraw his account. The social bank ought not to be required to carry any bankrupts. And yet we often find a neighbor who acts as if the social bank has unlimited deposits, that the doctrine of spontaneous generation is true, and all he has to do is to draw checks and to complain that the bank does not pay larger dividends.

In this social bank, real hearty good-will is a good collateral, genuine sympathy is a first-rate bond, and charity for all is a splendid security. With these as a basis there may be a constant run on the bank, and it will stand the racket. There will be no panic among the stockholders. The currency will be above par all the time, because the deposits will exceed the drafts, and the issues of the bank will be constantly improving. Every new truth, the very latest style of everything, the last story and the new song that any of the neighbors have captured elsewhere and deposited, will be issued to us all, as fresh and crisp as a new greenback and a great deal more valuable. We will have large dividends of social and mental culture, of liberal hospitality, and of generous trust and confidence. All the earnings of the bank can be divided with the stock-

holders. There need be no surplus fund set aside for the benefit of the corporation.

Society exists for the benefit of its members, and not its members for the benefit of society. We and our neighbors make that society what it is. National life and strength—civilization—is but the aggregation of neighborhoods. The cast and color of that civilization, the progressive spirit entering into it, and the stability of the government for the protection of every citizen, all relate back to the individual character of each member of society.

The value and brilliancy of the diamond is dependent upon the purity of each atom composing it. In like manner the individual gives character to society and government, and each right-minded member is a lever to lift up, and a prop to hold up, his neighbor to a full comprehension of his duty and his destiny. Herbert Spencer puts it in this way: "The consensus of functions becomes closed as the evolution advances."

But what is the coming neighbor to be? Are the rank weeds of ignorance, and its co-partner intolerance, to ever grow and flourish in our neighborhood life? Are the better forces of our social life so well equipped and so strong as to drive out the vandal hordes that only pillage and plunder? That is the question. The hopeful optimist takes the affirmative, while the despairing pessimist takes the negative, and the debate goes on; but as ages and generations come and go, History, with an accuracy that is certain and sure, reports progress.

If you take a level and apply it to the human

race for the last five centuries, it will be plainly seen that the mental and moral altitude as well as the social excellence of the man of to-day is double that of the man at the other end of the level. And the coming neighbor will be still broader, kinder, and in every way nobler.

He will adopt the truthful and poetical sentiment:

"Conscious of right nor fearing wrong,
  Because I am in love with love,
And the sole thing I hate is hate;
For hate is death, and love is life—
  A peace, a splendor from above;
And hate a never ending strife,
  A smoke, a blackness from the abyss,
  Where unclean serpents coil and hiss.
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin:—
  Who preaches otherwise than this
  Betrays his Master with a kiss."

THE REIGN OF KING BOGUS.

THE reign of King Bogus began as soon in the history of the human race as there was somebody to cheat, and has grown in strength and power in exact proportion to the increase in the population of the world and the multiplied opportunities for exercising his prerogative.

Not only in the more enlightened portions of the ancient nations who had advanced sufficiently in civilization to know enough to construct some sort of history of themselves, but also among the barbarous tribes, depending entirely on tradition to throw its light on the past, we find in all history and in all tradition distinct and clear acknowledgment of this universal monarch.

The painted and savage barbarian, who was learned in nothing except war, and could handle no implement but the war-club, has made war on King Bogus only to be defeated. The monarchs and the statesmen, the sages and the philosophers, the warriors and the diplomates, the reformers and the theologians of the most enlightened nations, have tried to dethrone him, but have failed.

Away back, a thousand years before the Christian era, we hear Solomon, the wisest and greatest mon-

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Delivered on the invitation of the High-school of Greensburg, Indiana, at the chapel of the public-school building.

arch of his time, complaining of "divers weights and measures," and that that which is "crooked can not be made straight," and finally, in despair, crying out: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" King Bogus was too powerful even for him.

Five hundred years after, Confucius, the mighty ruler of the Chinese mind, of whom more than one-fourth of the human race are the devoted disciples to-day, said: "I hate a semblance which is not a reality. I hate glib-tonguedness, lest it be confounded with righteousness. I hate sharpness of tongue, lest it be confounded with sincerity."

In one of the Suras of the Koran, we find Mohammed saying:

> "By the declining day, I swear
> Verily man is in the way to ruin;
> Except such as possess faith,
> And do the things which be right,
> And stir one another up to truth and steadfastness."

We learn from Herodotus that, many thousand years ago, the men of Egypt shaved their heads, and then put on more false hair than our modern belles ever dreamed of. Not only did they thus adorn their heads, and then claim it as the natural growth, but they also wore bogus beards of immense length and breadth.

In the old Egyptian Ritual may be found a chapter which describes the process of separating a person from his sins; not by confession and repentance, as is usual in other religions, but in stoutly denying them. Among other things, he was required, in addressing the Lord of Truths, to deny specially the

following: "I have committed no fraud; I have not told falsehoods; I have not cheated by false weights; I have not counterfeited." The oldest monuments in Egypt contain kindred inscriptions, written so long ago that their date is lost, all establishing the fact that King Bogus is chronologically as far ahead of Pharaoh as Pharaoh is ahead of the governor of Indiana.

This king is denounced by Zoroaster, plainly mentioned in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, manifestly seen by Ezekiel in his vision, has proverbs hurled at him by Solomon, and is portrayed by David in his words of warning in the Psalms. In a word, the most ancient people, in their mythology, in their sacrifices, in their religious customs and laws, constantly recognize the ruler of mankind, all bearing the strongest testimony that his power was to be feared, if not respected.

Not only is this true of the ancients, but as we come on down the long line of the centuries and ages, the evidence accumulates, and as we emerge into the brighter light of civilization and culture, is overwhelming.

It might be difficult to tell, in all these different periods and peoples, what have been the different names and titles of the monarch. It is not important. His purpose and character have ever been the same, and his followers in all ages have not been materially different. His adherents may have had, at these different periods, other methods for reaching the same end; but from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the purpose

of King Bogus and those who follow him has been to impose the spurious on mankind in lieu of the genuine.

His present title of "Bogus" is an American name, given him in the last quarter of a century. An Italian, in these Western States, about fifty years ago, being a devoted follower of his majesty, put in circulation a very large amount of bank-bills, for which there was really no existing bank. His name was Borghese. The swindle was so extensive and so artfully accomplished that, when the discovery was made, those bank-bills, that were in everybody's hands, were called after the swindler, which, by an easy transition and for the sake of euphony, were called "Bogus."

The genius displayed by Borghese in concocting the fraud, and the talent he exhibited in executing it, have not only placed his name in the larger dictionary as a permanent addition to our language, but he is immortalized by the king of all swindlers taking his name as a special compliment to one of the most accomplished and unscrupulous of all his subjects.

It is believed that the word "Bogus" will therefore find its way into every language of the earth, and that every kindred, tribe, and tongue will have at last the one word in common. It would be a natural conclusion that, in the present day of progress and reform, in the clear light of the boasted civilization and culture of the nineteenth century, King Bogus would lose his popularity and power, and that his subjects, from very shame, would not dare in open day

to march under his banner and openly confess their allegiance to him.

While we have overthrown many a moss-covered temple, and destroyed the last vestige of the rites and ceremonies practiced therein—let the light into the places made dark by superstition and ignorance—and on the ruins erected structures representing modern thought and the new discoveries that have leaped from the brains of a nobler and more cultivated manhood, yet this old monarch has not only all his old tricks and devices, but in addition he has kept pace with the progress of the times in inventing numberless shams and cheats to meet the new order of things. He is without a peer in the line of invention; his trade-mark may be seen in all the merchandise, and his methods may be observed in all the circles and transactions of human life. His followers are not troubled with shame. The blushing is not done by the disciples of Bogus. They are largely in the majority. The shamefaced are the old fashioned fogies, who are all this time making themselves odd and singular by doing the square thing with everybody.

Cash-Down, with his threadbare coat and unfashionable wardrobe, feels like apologizing when thrown in the society of Mr. Credit, with his unpaid-for purple and fine linen; and Mr. Sincerity, who is so stupid and out of style as to persist in telling the truth, finds that his society is not in demand like that of Mr. Flattery, who has no foolish compunctions of conscience in regard to the truth of his statements.

The civilization of the present age is by no means a foe to King Bogus. He finds it helps him rather than hinders. His power and influence are on the increase, and unless some new elements are introduced into it, or some of the present elements are reorganized and put on a war-footing against him, he has nothing to fear. He will continue in the future, as in the past, to control in every department of human thought and action. While we laugh at the credulity of the people of the Middle Ages, who believed that "if a man had his side pierced in battle, you could cure him by nursing the sword that inflicted the wound," we are doing the same thing when we denounce the shams of King Bogus, and yet practice them all the time ourselves, while we deplore the wound, yet tenderly nurse the sword that inflicts it.

It may seem like uttering a paradox, and is therefore a risky assertion to make, yet its truth is the best apology for the statement, that the generality of mankind are rather fond of sham and humbug. The evidence of this fact is strong, and to my mind conclusive. King Bogus has long since thrown off all disguise; and in many places his swindles and cheats are palpable, yet they seem to be no less acceptable on that account. The public's taste has been so long fed on the counterfeit and spurious that it seems actually to relish it.

The empty professions of regard in society, the hollow friendships of the world, the insincere declarations of love, notwithstanding their spurious character is well known to the recipient, seem to be accepted with pleasure; and they go to make up a

large portion of what the human race calls happiness, which is very largely increased by the ability to cheat back again, by a bountiful reciprocation of the same unreal material which meets a like hearty reception. In what is called the "upper-ten" of American society—the envied *ton* of the human family, is this true. King Bogus rules there without a rival; and the more perfect his system of cheats and shams, the more popular is he.

The demand for new swindles and fresh humbugs is constant and persistent. In the higher regions of what is called the first circles, society compels the individual members to attempt to cheat the whole mass; and although the sham rarely succeeds, and but few are cheated, yet the regulations require it, the popular demand for it will take no denial, and a good footing in the higher walks can not be obtained without it. To be more specific, the physically lean and thin members of the aforesaid Upper-Tendom are required to supplement their leanness by padding and puffing, so that they may appear plump; to bury their little bodies in an ocean of dry-goods, on which roll huge billows of flounces crested with ribbons and buttons, so that they may, at least in appearance, approximate the regulation size. The pale faces must be painted into freshness by the cosmetics of King Bogus, and the gray hairs must be rejuvenated with his paints and dyes.

How long would sincerely honest persons hold position in such a society—individuals who refuse to indulge in any sort of sham; who refuse to attempt to cheat in conversation or dress; who never simu-

late a friendship they do not feel; who regard all false pretenses with proper contempt; who are constantly making themselves ridiculous by telling the plain truth about everything and everybody; who have the moral courage to look as old as they really are, and have the honesty to confess it? Immense wealth and overshadowing reputation might compel the toleration of such eccentricities; but nothing else would prevent a prompt dismissal from the society of the fashionable.

King Bogus, to maintain his control, goes to the fountain of power and influence by directing public opinion. Party organizations are a powerful ally to him in this regard. As the great mass of men are in some way connected with these organizations, the individual surrenders his right of opinion to that of the party, and it makes the utterances for the individual.

The world is cheated, and the forward march of civilization seriously hindered, by this potent influence preventing mankind from speaking out what they know to be true. The very best thoughts of men have to be rectified through a mass of worn-out platitudes, traditions, and superstitions—have to be diluted and weakened by exploded dogmas—before they are offered to the public. They have to be salted with that very indefinable something the world calls orthodoxy, and peppered with platforms and creeds, and then broiled on the gridiron of precedent, over the red-hot coals of public opinion. All of the freshness and sweetness of truth is roasted out of them to make them conform to the venerable declarations of party or sect. They are thus made unpal-

atable and unhealthy. They are neither digestible nor nutritious.

The rich new wine of human thought, pressed from the brain of the men and women of culture, ought not to be put in the old bottles. King Bogus holds mankind to this error by the false pretense of reverence for the fathers. This is a most grateful plea to those who are too lazy to think, or too craven to differ with their party. He, with a bold and unblushing effrontery, tells men that they must be consistent; that the organization of which they are members has proclaimed a certain thing as true; and, if they do not assent to it, the opposing organization will use them as weapons of attack; and, to be consistent, they must suppress all private judgment, and go with the party.

This state of things is demoralizing. A man who will profess to believe what he does not believe, and who claims to disbelieve what he knows to be true, will soon be found, in all the practices of life, as crooked as his faith. A man who will allow manacles to be put on his faith will soon have as little respect for himself as the criminal with manacles on his limbs. A sham faith will yield the certain fruit of sham practice. This is one of the strongest fortresses of King Bogus to command the allegiance of mankind.

We get the best thoughts of men in a whisper, under the seal of confidence. When they appear in public, they are clad in the full panoply of party or sect, and proclaim the truth as it is found in the book of creeds and platforms, and not as it is found in their own hearts. By this means King Bogus con-

trols the politics of the world. Parties are organized and platforms promulgated, not to lift the mass of men to a higher and better life, not to make life more tolerable and less filled with burdens. The real objects of parties and platforms and politicians, in the lower sense of the word, are to secure the votes. To do this, there is no manly courage to enlighten the mind of the voter, and attempt to reform his life and remove his prejudices. He must be flattered by confirming him in all his false notions, and thus secure his vote. There is to be no attack on the conduct of the citizen. Whatever may be his notion of vice or chronic laziness, he is to be regarded as a component part of the honest masses that we hear so much about, and treated accordingly. No truth must be told him that is offensive to him, or his vote might be lost. All the ills that afflict the body politic are not to be remedied by the individual reformation of the citizen, but by the successful application of party machinery. If intemperance is filling the land with paupers and tramps, the asylums with maniacs, and the jails with criminals, burdening the people with taxes,—remedies looking to the reformation of the citizen and the punishment of the evil-doers are not to be thought of, because it is wrong to pass sumptuary laws. What a sumptuary law is, is not well understood by the average citizen; but he is made to understand, if in no other way but the prolonged pronunciation of the word "sumptuary," that it is something dreadful; and if the pronunciation will not silence him, he is told that such laws are unconstitutional; that they violate the great Magna Charta

of human rights; that they are inconsistent with both the letter and the spirit of the organic act, the palladium of our rights. The citizen sees at once that further resistance is hopeless; and King Bogus wins by the weapons of large words, when all others fail.

The citizen may sit all day on the shady side of the village store and complain of the hard times, while labor is beckoning him with one hand and holding out to him a good reward with the other. The bogus politician does not tell him to obey the call and go to work. That might wound the sensitive spirit of the citizen and voter, and drive him over to the other party. He says that the result of the troubles of the citizen is the legitimate effect of an oppressive tariff; that the balance of trade is against us and is in favor of foreign nations, and that in consequence capital is robbing labor, and that it is the fault of the Government that the citizen is not rich, sitting in the shade. Imagine, if you please, this same sovereign and voter going home late at night from the caucus, with no wages in his pocket to make glad the hungry household, but in their stead endeavoring to comfort the starving wife and naked children, that their troubles will soon be over; that Mr. Blowhard is nominated to Congress, and if he is elected he will reduce the taxes and regulate the tariff, and then plenty will flow on every hand.

By misfortune or foolish speculation, the citizen may be staggering under a heavy load of debt. It might not be agreeable to be told that he must reduce his expenses and live so far within his income as to be able each month to pay something on

his debt and thus lighten its weight, and that he must keep up this rigid economy until it is all paid. This would involve a self-denial—a stepping down several degrees in the style of his living. He might lose caste in the fashionable circles in which he moves; it might give him a threadbare coat and a done-over bonnet for his wife, and last year's hats for the girls and boys, and no trip East in the summer for the family. This might be a very unpalatable prescription to the citizen. He might refuse to take it, and become offended because it was even offered him. He is therefore told by the bogus finance doctors that the Government will soon issue more currency, and then the tides of prosperity will flow in and lift him and his stranded bark high above all the snaggy mortgages and bills in bank, and the very breezes from the mountain of greenbacks will send him on the wide, smooth sea of financial success and prosperity. That suits him, and he goes on spending all his income, and more too, expecting the Government in some way to pay his debts. When the crash comes, resulting from his own folly, he is ready to join the strike or the commune, or anything else that promises him a way to obtain revenge for his failure.

The disruption of the relations between capital and labor, and the senseless contest in which they are engaged in attempting to destroy each other, is not the result so much of the machinations of King Capital as it is the mischievous trading and cunning of King Bogus.

It has not been long since the whole Nation

turned pale at the threats of the tramp. Not that the tramps were of themselves either formidable or dangerous. "It is conscience that makes cowards of us all." The tramps, it was feared, were but the advancing skirmish-line of a mighty host behind them, who had taken for truth what was only intended for political buncombe to secure party triumph. All parties have been bidding for the votes of the laboring man, and, in doing so, they have gone to the extreme of telling him that labor is something to be avoided if possible; that it is not a badge of honor; that capital is conspiring against labor, and robbing it; that the bread that can only be won by toil and industry may be had by legislation; that the earnings of one were the property of all; that the Government was nothing but organized robbery of the poor,—the good old rule, "By the sweat of your brow you shall eat your bread," is all well enough, but let some one else do the sweating—a sort of vicarious perspiration.

These things had been said by the press and politicians, and repeated and reiterated, until the guilty Nation trembled and quaked with fear lest such monstrous and wicked falsehoods were actually believed by those to whom they were addressed. They had "sown the wind;" the slightest breeze made them dread the "whirlwind." If King Bogus is permitted to continue to control American politics, the whirlwind will come, and that at no distant day, with fearful power.

We must dare to tell the people the truth; dare to tell them that the Government is powerless to help

or hinder them in the road to prosperity; dare to tell them that success in life depends on their own skill, their own industry, their own energy in the chosen work of their lives; dare to tell them that men of skill, industry, and energy are in demand everywhere and all the time; that these qualities command the very highest compensation; that the Government made by them is their best friend and can not be their enemy; that that Government, with her strong arm, will protect their rights; that her courts stand open all the time to guard their persons, property, and reputation; but that their bread they must win by their own industry, and their wealth by the practice of economy; that the law is the expression of the will of the people for the protection of the rights of all, and its rigid enforcement is the best guarantee for the permanence of human liberty, the preservation of order, and the perpetuation of peace and prosperity.

Let us have for public guides men who will speak the truth and do justice; men who will say what they believe to be true, whether they find it in the platform of their own party or the one opposing; men who will denounce the false wherever they find it; men who are better patriots than partisans. Let such be the chosen leaders, and let the bogus statesman be sent to the rear.

The ambition of King Bogus is boundless. He does not confine his attempts at absolute rule to fashionable society and to politics, but he even seeks to sway his scepter in the Church. To accomplish this he has a large number of his most brazen and cheeky

followers enroll themselves as members, who at once seek the highest seat in the synagogue, and take the control if they can. From their professions they make the impression that they are all wool and fast colors; but a closer inspection of their practices shows them to be shoddy that won't wash. They seem to labor under the delusion that they can pass inspection by making the loudest and most persistent profession of their religion—that if they but continue to insist that they are genuine and stick to it, mankind will yield the point on no other and better evidence than their own repeated assertions. They are the lineal descendants of the same class that King Bogus had some two thousand years ago standing on the corners of the streets, making long prayers—who loved to be called "Rabbi" in the market-places, and in secret robbed even the houses of the widow.

Every age since then has produced its Pharisees, so sharpened and improved that if the old original stock of the first century were here, they would go out of the business. We can beat the Jews on Pharisees. It is a sight too ridiculous and absurd for any adequate description to see and hear one of these modern Pharisees, with a countenance constructed for the occasion—his bogus visor, with sanctimonious phrase—prating about how conscientious he is and how sanctified he has become, while everybody who knows him or her is in full knowledge of the fact that the Pharisee would cheat the poor and rob the unsuspecting; that he thinks more of a nickel than he does of his own soul, the Church, or his God.

These brassy Church-members undertake to gal-

vanize themselves with assumed holiness; but the gilding is too thin to deceive any but the most ignorant. The gilding soon wears off, and the brass of the old Adam is seen in large and ugly spots all over them. When they assail the ears of honest people with their hypocritical cant, there is one word in the heart of all who hear them, and one word on the end of every tongue ready to be spoken, and that word is—Bogus.

There is a tradition that King Bogus never blushes, that he has no sense of shame, and that he really glories in all his cheats and shams. This may be true as to all his other cheats, but the modern Pharisee is such a gorgeous swindle, such a cheat on holy ground, that neither King Bogus nor the devil can possibly contemplate his work without a sense of mortification.

Pollok had knowledge of this bogus Christian, and I can not refrain from giving his truthful description of the character. He says:

> "He was a man
> Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
> To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise
> Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
> In holy phrase transacted villainies
> That common sinners durst not meddle with.
> At sacred feasts he sat among the saints,
> And with his guilty hands touched holiest things;
> And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
> More deeply; or with graver countenance,
> Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man
> Whose infant children at the moment he
> Planned how to rob. In sermon style he bought,
> And sold, and lied; and salutations made
> In Scripture verse. He prayed by quantity,

And with his repetitions long and loud
All knees were weary. With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps that told
The public ear who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding—
He blazed his name, more proud to have it there
Than in the Book of Life. Seest thou the man?
A serpent with an angel's voice; a grave
With flowers bestrewed."

Thus King Bogus will destroy the effectiveness of one Church organization by placing its control in the hands of hypocrites; another is crushed by his insisting that it must be run on business principles. For this purpose he has his followers in a Church who will claim that it is a sort of joint-stock concern, and that it might almost pay cash dividends if it were only managed, as they say in slang phrase, by "Old Business." If they meant that good old business principle of honesty, paying as you go, and promising nothing that you could not perform, and undertaking nothing you could not complete, it would be well enough. But they mean nothing of the sort. They mean Bogus Business.

The special aversion of this class is the old meeting-house. It does not matter so much that the old house is well adapted for the purpose for which it was intended; that it is as good as the members can afford. It is old and out of style, and that, with them, is sufficient objection. To the sectarian members of the Church, they will argue that, our Church ought to beat all the other denominations in a church edifice;

to the pious they will assume a religious zeal they do not really feel by deploring the low state of religion in our Church, and claim that it is the result of the want of style and finish in the meeting-house—that the Lord will never meet with and bless his people in such a place.

Thus they will worry, and bluster, and blow, until the old house is torn down, and the congregation is driven to some public hall for worship. The new building is commenced with about twenty-five per cent of its cost pledged for its payment. During its erection, perhaps twenty-five per cent more of its cost is obtained from the members, and the remaining fifty per cent is borrowed to finish the temple. It has on one corner a fine tower, and on another the tallest and most beautiful steeple in town, towering above and coming nearer heaven than that of any other denomination in the place; it has a spotted slate roof, and beautiful stone trimmings. In the inside may be found rich frescoing, costly stucco-work, expensive sittings, shining chandeliers, stained glass, and a most magnificent organ of wonderful power and compass. All this is visible, and challenges admiration. The invisible thing, that is the ghost in the house, is the immense mortgage covering half its cost and nearly all its worth.

At the appointed time, the beautiful structure is solemnly dedicated to God for his own, to have and to hold, subject to the mortgage aforesaid. Very soon in the history of the Church the preacher is put on half rations, and all charitable and benevolent work ceases, so that the interest on the

mortgage may be met. Very soon this is not sufficient, and the creditor takes his decree at the court, and the sheriff takes the church, and Bogus has completed his work.

The fact that Church indebtedness in the country is counted by the millions, and that many of the Churches are on the verge of bankruptcy, furnishes fearful and startling evidence of the demoralization of the times. If Christian Churches will not live within their means, if they sacrifice their honor to gratify their passion for style, what may we expect will be their influence on others, and what may we hope for of corporations and individuals who do not claim to be regulated by the pure morality of the Bible?

The first step toward prosperity in this country, and the best remedy for the ills of the times, is to live within the income, pay off the old debts, and contract no new ones. Let the Christians and Christian Churches take the lead in this necessary reform.

Bogus is too ambitious to remain in the pew. He often ascends the pulpit, and, in place of preaching practical Christianity, he puts on his war-paint and assails all others who do not belong to and agree with that particular Church. Instead of proclaiming the gospel of love and peace, he stirs up riot and makes war. Instead of breathing into his flock the life-giving truth of the Bible, he poisons and withers their souls with the simoom of sectarian bigotry. He magnifies sect above Christianity and dogmatic creeds above the Bible. He reproduces the very sort of people that Christ found engaged in the

mint, anise, and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.

The Darwinian theory is, that by a slow process of development and evolution, the human family has come from monkeys. King Bogus says to the pulpit, you must attack that theory; science is making war on religion, and you must defend it. The members of the ministerial profession who are ambitious to be considered stars of the first magnitude, commence to declaim about protoplasm, evolution, and with kindred high-sounding words essay to convince their hearers that their grandfathers were not monkeys—a theory they never did believe, and never will believe. Human pride would be sufficient, without the aid of religion or anything else, to prompt the rejection of such distasteful nonsense. The certain results of this sort of prating, as King Bogus well knows, is to call the minds of the hearers from the practical duties of Christian living, such as paying honest debts; keeping the tongue free from falsehood and slander; of doing to others as you would that others should do unto you; of loving God with all the heart and the neighbor as yourself.

The Church members, forgetting all these things, soon like the preacher perched on the highest branches of speculation, chattering his scientific gibberish. Spiritually they not only confirm the theory of Darwin, that their grandfathers were monkeys, but they all corroborate his notion that the evolution is so slow that the changes are scarcely perceptible in three generations.

Athenagoras, the Greek philosopher, was annoyed

at his home at Athens, by a ghost who came nightly to his study and rattled a chain with great violence. It turned out, so the history says, after a full investigation that the ghost was the spirit of a man who had been murdered on the premises, and had not had the customary burial. The bones were carefully taken up and buried with all the forms and ceremonies of the times, and the ghost was satisfied, and departed, and never more troubled the philosopher. If this Darwinian theory is but quietly laid away in the sepulcher of forgetfulness, the monkeys will cease to annoy the pews and the pulpit, and science and religion will continue in all the future to be the very best of friends—a friendship which will grow and strengthen as they become better acquainted.

The politics and religion of a people like ours, under a Government with such large toleration, give caste and color to our civilization. If Bogus can exert a controlling influence in these, the management of mankind elsewhere is easy. If he could be driven out of politics and religion, it would be easy enough to dislodge him from society at large. If in these, anything less than the genuine is tolerated, it is not surprising that in society and in trade the spurious will win. If political shams and religious humbugs were not countenanced, and mankind would accept nothing but the genuine here, the shoddy in the social circles and the spurious in merchandise would quickly disappear. People who will consent to accept the vaporings of the demagogue for statesmanship will be found purchasing coffee adulterated with chickory; and those who give ear and faith to hyp-

ocrites in the Churches will ornament themselves with pinchbeck jewelry; and all who accept and profess a friendship that they know to be hollow will be found glittering in paste diamonds and drinking wine labeled foreign, but in fact made in this country under the immediate supervision of King Bogus, of the most villainous drugs and compounds that he has in his dispensary.

When these great fountains of influence are so contaminated with the spurious, it is not strange that flowing from it are numberless infecting streams, poisoning society in all its relations. Even the plain old Anglo-Saxon language has almost lost its meaning, and is too rapidly becoming a senseless jargon.

Somebody once said: "If we can not alter things, we can change their names." In this work King Bogus is an expert. Not long since an old steamboat was purchased to run from Chicago to Milwaukee. She was carefully repainted to make her appear new, and to make her seem strong she was named "The Ironsides." A credulous public, captured by the new paint and strong name painted in large letters on the larboard and starboard and on the streamer above, not only had faith in her speed, but in her strength as well. They not only committed their property but their bodies to "The Ironsides." On the first trip her rotten timbers parted, and sent cargo and passengers to the bottom of Lake Michigan.

There was recently a worthless Life Insurance Company in New York. It had neither capital in the treasury nor honesty in the management. To popularize the sham it was named "The Security." The

name took in the credulous, and they came forward with their money. They innocently supposed that the payment of the premium insured their lives; but it soon transpired that it only insured a few rascals a fast life for a few years. It also insured the arrest, trial, and conviction, of the president of the company. He is now in the penitentiary, and the word "Security" begins to have, to him, its old and real meaning.

I saw in the newspapers that the "Fidelity" Savings Bank had failed and could not pay one cent on the dollar. The Fidelity of that bank consisted in the faithful manner with which the officers embezzled the funds, and the said savings bank only saved the dupes who deposited their money any further sight of it.

It is a reasonably safe rule when you see an article of merchandise advertised as the "Peerless," or a machine called the "Matchless," to conclude that there is a big cheat concealed beneath these high-sounding words. When you see a nostrum that claims to cure everything, you may be sure it will cure nothing; and when you hear people who are constantly sounding a trumpet, proclaiming their own perfection, they will bear watching.

A good thing will go right along on its merits, without the aid of a high-sounding name to push it. So human life is estimated by the good practices, rather than the loud professions. King Bogus undertakes to supply the lack of merit by swindle in the name, and to cover the bad practices in life by the most specious professions.

On every hand we meet with people who are "tired to death," "froze to death," "tickled to death," and almost everything "to death." It is a daily occurrence among older people, as well as school-girls, to say that "they thought they would die" from some small circumstance producing the slightest mirth or the least possible fright. Something that is not exactly agreeable, nowadays, is declared to be "perfectly awful," or "monstrous," or "horrid." Anything that pleases, however small the pleasure, is declared to be "so sweet," "perfectly splendid," "grand," and "gorgeous." The most expensive adjectives are piled on without regard to their value. In this bogus jargon, so common in all the walks of life, words have lost their meaning; and, if this sentimental style of conversation continues to increase in its extravagance and stiltiness, it will not be long until talking plain common sense will be counted among the lost arts.

If you were to ask me why the mere semblance of a thing, known to be such, is accepted in lieu of the genuine—what is the philosophy of the popularity of Bogus—I should promptly answer that I do not know and can not tell.

In the darker days of the world's history, mankind accepted in their belief a thousand things that are now rejected. We pity their ignorance and credulity, and laugh at their folly; yet we are bound to admit this much in their favor, that they most sincerely believed what they claimed to believe. To them, their beliefs were not fancies, but facts; and on these was their faith founded. As light increased, and as

the capabilities of mankind to see and comprehend were developed and enlarged, their facts were found to be mere fancies, and they were abandoned. This we call progress, and so it is. But now it has come to pass that, in both faith and practice, the manifest falsity of a theory—the plain and palpably spurious character of a thing—does not affect its acceptability; so that the line of demarkation between the genuine and the counterfeit is not distinct. This is not progress.

For instance, the whole business of the American people is done on the bogus basis that credit is capital. An enterprising citizen in one of our Western States boasted that two years ago he was not worth a cent, and now he owed two million dollars. He regarded himself as a millionaire. Bankruptcy is the legitimate result of this deception. We all see it and know it, yet persist in it.

The immense financial interests of the American people continually rest on the shifting sands of public confidence. A few failures will start a wave of distrust that will soon spread and swell into panicky billows that sweep away the sandy foundation, and everything resting on it is involved in a common ruin. This occurs periodically, yet we learn nothing from it. We are so wedded to shams, and we so love the spurious, that we are continually repeating the folly.

King Bogus is not only a distinguished inventor, but he has ever been successful as a manufacturer. In this he is without a peer. He has no power of omnipotence to create a world out of nothing, but he

can come nearer such a miracle than any other finite power. He can take the smallest possible demagogue, and manufacture an immense statesman out of him, and keep him before the people as such for an incredible length of time—a miracle almost as wonderful as the five loaves and two fishes, with the difference that when the demagogue is used up there is nothing left, not even one basketful of remains. King Bogus can manufacture a reputation for literature, for law, for medicine, for wisdom generally, for one of his own puppets, and with it the cheat can do an immense business, accumulate a fortune, and create a tremendous sensation out of it, before a sham-loving world will abandon their idolatry.

He can manufacture a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, and have the whole world with wry faces swallowing his nostrums, or with child-like confidence bathing with his sham and worthless liniments. So eager are the human race for his rascally drug-decoctions that they will even imagine they have a disease, so that they may enroll themselves on the list of his patients and have the delight of using his nostrums.

The most powerful abettor in the work of making statesmen out of demagogues, pills out of dough, lawyers out of shysters, doctors out of quacks, and philosophers out of fools, is the newspaper of the times. Mankind are so prone to believe what they see printed that, with a very large portion of the press on his side, King Bogus can make his shams go right along with the powerful help of ink and types.

The remedy, if it can be applied, is manifest. The individual man must assert himself. He must break the bonds of fashion that have bound him, cease to be the mere slave of custom, free himself from the dictation of dogma and cant, go with his party only when his conscience and his judgment tell him that it is right, have the manly courage to defend the truth and assail the false, reject the spurious and demand and accept nothing but the genuine, rebel against the reign of King Bogus, and "fight it out on that line" if it takes a life-time.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

WHEN the record of human life is made up, it ought to present the happy combination of having accomplished the promotion of the general good, and at the same time have won to the individual great personal achievement. Such a life is even and well balanced. Its completeness challenges the just admiration of all observers; and its influence is a blessing and a benediction.

Like an unbroken and polished column, standing alone amidst the rubbish and broken fragments of the ruins of a great city, so is such a life amidst the wasted and worthless lives on every side. The true destiny and duty of every human being is to strive for such a life, to make such an enviable record. He is not to sacrifice himself for others, or others for himself. While he is not to be selfish, he is not required to give up his self-love. While the former is detestable and degrading, the latter is commendable and ennobling.

One may summon every power that God has given him, and place these precious gifts under constant drill and training, and, when ready for his mission in life, he may enter the contest with all his cultivated forces, and with the courage of a hero and the

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Delivered before the Literary Societies of the Indiana State University.

gallantry of a knight may fight for the victory. And when it is won, it is his. He is not required to put aside and refuse to accept the just promotion that his bravery has won for him. While humanity gratefully accepts the benefits that his courage has won for the race; while civilization may move up a degree or two because of his heroic removal of hindering causes in the way; while halting human progress is enabled to advance a step or two because of his chivalry,—yet whatever of personal benefits that have legitimately resulted to him are rightfully his. It is his manifest duty to accept and appropriate them as the trophies of his triumph. It rounds out and makes symmetrical the life of the hero; and it stands before the world in its perfectness and beauty, a model for imitation and a stimulus to human ambition.

The life that gives everything to others and reserves nothing for self, becomes a voluntary and unnecessary sacrifice on the world's altar. While it may call out the best love and sympathy of our hearts, there is yet mingled with our affection a painful sense of commiseration. Beautiful as it may be, the injustice of the sacrifice is the blot on the picture. On the other hand, the life that greedily grasps all for self, and refuses to divide with humanity, excites only our contempt and hate. The one leaning entirely to humanity, the other leaning entirely to self,—both are out of plumb. The model and beautiful life is the one standing erect between the two.

I am willing to concede that this statement is justly subject to modification. There have been many

times and periods in the history of the human race, and the same will doubtless occur again and again in the coming future, when the individual must give up all for his race or his government. In the future, as in the past, he may be required to become a martyr for the cause of truth. Individual man may often yet be called upon to forego all personal aims, ambitions, and desires, and place everything—even life itself—on the altar of sacrifice.

It is strong if not conclusive evidence that man is created in the image of his Maker that in all times and periods of the past, whenever these demands have been made, many have rushed to the sacrifice as to a banquet. This noble band of martyrs is the crowning glory of our humanity in their sacrificial offerings of themselves for the good of their fellow-men.

In the darker days of the world's history, it seems that civilization could only be moved a degree or two higher by placing the bodies of those who loved and dared for the truth beneath the wheels of the car of human progress. The individual was compelled to die that the truth might live. It is a comforting reflection that these sacrifices, cruel and bloody as they were, were not altogether vain.

Whenever the guillotine smote off the head of a martyr, it sundered a band of superstition that bound the race; and from the smoldering embers of the burning fagots that sent the soul of the Christian to heaven in a chariot of fire and flame, there has ever been seen a luminous ray that continued to point the world to the path that grew brighter and brighter.

As the human race steps higher and reaches the

broader plains of truth, these extraordinary demands on the individual will become less frequent, and in the coming and better future they will cease altogether,—cease when persecutions and war shall be compelled to lay aside their bloody weapons, and meet at the bar of reason and justice for the settlement and adjustment of all disputed questions.

It is not my purpose to take these into account on this occasion. I do not propose to consider the duties that war, persecution, or pestilence may require of the individual man, but rather to turn aside from these terrible convulsions that so disrupt the rights and relations of the human family, to the consideration of life in the more peaceful hours of happiness and prosperity.

In view of the interesting fact that I find myself the honored guest of this University, and of the more interesting fact that this is Commencement occasion, and that I am in the presence of so many who are preparing to go hence and enter the harder school of life's experience—a school whose curriculum reaches to the end of life—I have chosen for the theme, as fit and appropriate for the occasion, "A Successful Life."

An elaborate discussion of the theme can not be attempted. The subject is too large for the discussion of an hour. The complete record of all the trials and conflicts, the victories and defeats, the hopes and fears, the aspirations and ambitions, the temptations and trials of a single life that has been allotted full measure of threescore and ten years, would fill more volumes than may be found in the libraries of your societies.

Such a record has never yet been made, and never will be. All of the ethical writings of the literature of the world would not make even the preface to the varied experiences of one single successful human life. Even the most gifted, who may have the clearest and brightest experience, could never begin to tell the story of the many and varied emotions of his soul. They are

> "As innumerable as the stars of night,
> Or stars of morning dew-drops, which the sun
> Impearls on every leaf and flower."

The most that may be attempted here is to sound a note or two of warning to those who are just entering on their life's career, that success depends more on common sense than sentimentality,—that no enthusiasm is of any force that is not the result of a conviction which is the outgrowth of deep and intelligent reflection.

Without considering seriously what is required, every student expects to make his a successful life. It was this that in most cases prompted the student to leave the happy circle of home endearments and enter these halls of learning, that he might, by the aid of good mental training, make it sure.

So confident and hopeful are most students that they can and will win in the race of life, that the hours of college drill and training seem long and tedious. They weary of the monotony of the preparation, and are impatient to enter the lists for the prizes in life, doubting not of success. The many failures in life all around them do not seem to check their ardor or cause them to hesitate.

Perhaps it is well that this is so. But it would be better if the many failures that are constantly before them would cause them to make a more careful survey of the causes producing these unhappy results, to the end that they might avoid the same breakers that have wrecked those around them.

On every race-course the racers struggle for the advantages that may be obtained in the start. It is deemed by them of the first importance to secure this, to promote the chances of winning. To meet the obligations and duties of life, and cause it to be a blessing to others and a personal success, we must calculate all these advantages that may be secured in the beginning of the race. The success or failure depends largely on this.

Sydney Smith says: "Let every man be occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with a consciousness that he has done his best." No man can do his best unless he does the very thing his Creator intended him to do. He must follow the very path in life that has been chosen for him, and fulfill the mission that has been so mysteriously selected for him.

To meet all the varied requirements of human society, and to promote in the highest degree the civilization and happiness of humanity, a countless number of gifts are given to the children of men. One favor is mysteriously bestowed on one, and a different gift to another, and thus the numberless blessings are passed around, and none are entirely overlooked. To the favored few, rare and extraordinary powers are given.

If the student passes through the curriculum of the college, bearing away the highest honors of his class, if he has neglected to look within his own nature to learn what was intended for him to do, his education is not finished; it is not really commenced. He must know himself so thoroughly that he will be assured of what he can do best.

Having made this important discovery, he should not allow himself to be diverted from this very path his natural aptitudes point out that he must follow. If he finds, as is often the case, that there seems to be no special work for him to do, that one path in life is as plain as another, he will be sure to make this discovery, that there are many paths that he is plainly forbidden to follow. These that he learns are thus prohibited he must certainly avoid, and make his choice from the plainest of the others. He must pursue the mission to which it leads with all his soul, mind, and strength.

To the end that he may have a full and clear conception of his own powers, and to intelligently determine whether he is fitted for any special work, the student must, at the very outset in life, divest himself of all self-conceit and vanity, and diligently and honestly study the deep mysteries of his own being.

If he finds, in the deep recesses of his soul or in the hidden chambers of his mind, the finger of God pointing the way he must go, there is no choice but to obey. It may not be in the direction of his desires or ambition. Such an investigation may result in humiliation and self-abasement. It may cause

many a splendid air-castle to vanish. It may dispel the delightful dreams and scatter the sweet delusions that have blinded his vision from the sight of life's realities, and brought such sweet peace and hope to his heart. It may break in pieces every idol he has devoutly worshiped. It will require the highest type of courage to make this necessary self-examination. Mankind naturally incline to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and to maintain this good opinion they tell more falsehoods to themselves than they do to the world. They cheat themselves in regard to themselves more than they cheat others. But, unwelcome as may be the revelation, if not made at the beginning by an honest and voluntary effort, it will force itself without bidding afterward. The humiliation will come some time; better a time when the eyes of the world are not the witnesses.

When the great genius, whether in art, eloquence, or invention, startles and awakens a sleepy world by his matchless performance, and gathers to himself a rich harvest of fame or wealth, his ambitious spectators seem to forget the important injunction: "Know thyself." A countless throng of imitators spring up, and vainly strive to reach the same eminence. They forget that the genius did not climb to the point he occupies; he was there from the first. God, with his own divine and omnipotent arm, lifted him there.

If he be a painter, he is but transferring to the canvas the beautiful pictures with which his Maker has decorated his gifted soul. If he be a poet, he is but scattering the flowers on the pathway of life

that grow so luxuriously in the garden of his soul, where the seed has been sown by the Author of everything that is lovely. If he be an orator, whose thundering eloquence crashes through the moss-covered battlements of public opinion, sweeping away with its resistless force the obstacles and long standing abuses that custom has placed directly in the way of human advancement, carrying away many an ancient creed and venerable dogma, and compelling mankind to search anew amid the ruins he has made for the truth, it must not be forgotten that he was called and endowed for this work by wisdom that is infinite.

As the lightning that flashes from the angry brow of the cloud, burning up the noxious gases and purifying the very atmosphere we breathe, is an emanation from the source of all wisdom, no less are the flashings of the orator, consuming the fogs of superstition and prejudice that blind the minds and darken the souls of mankind. The vast number who, possessing none of these rare gifts, essay to be the peers of the genius, and undertake to accomplish the same thing, are but feeble imitators, and most ridiculous failures.

> "Tompkins forsakes his last and awl,
> For literary squabbles;
> Styles himself "Poet;" but his trade
> Remains the same—he cobbles."

The world in all ages has been full of them; the shores of the great ocean of human life and destiny are strewn with these wrecks—human failures, stranded and broken on the rocks and reefs, around which those with greater natural gifts have sailed in

safety. What bitterness and disappointment, what mortification and remorse might have been avoided, had all this vast throng of mere imitators but had the courage to honestly look at their incapacity, and only undertaken the work they could have done with usefulness to others and honor to themselves! It is as much a duty the student owes to society as to himself, that he should do well what he attempts to do, that he should know how to fulfill the requirements of his life-work.

The human race, in the most advanced and cultivated portions, have but just marched out from beneath a dark cloud of ignorance and superstition. The greater portion of the human family are still found in the rear, groping their uncertain way in the darkness and gloom of barbarism. To widen the area of civilization, to bring the world more and more under its influence, to wage an aggressive war on the domain of barbarism and seize and occupy the territory, requires that every educated human being should know enough to know what he can do best.

Humanity needs all the well-directed efforts of every member to widen the bounds of, and perfect, our civilization. The misdirected efforts and the worse than wasted energy of that innumerable host who are so ignorant of their own capability as to spend their lives in trying to accomplish impossible things, is an incalculable loss to the elevating and reformatory forces. Not only a loss, but an absolute hindrance. These incapables are as serious an obstruction to the forward march of civilization as the

sick and wounded are to the movements of an army. As in war a large force of strong fighting men are detailed to take care of the cripples, so in human progress a heavy drain is constantly made on the intelligence of the world to correct the mistakes and mend the breaches that have been made by the incapables and the blunderers.

It may be said that failure to perform well and thoroughly the duties of life does not result so much from an unfortunate choice of work as from a lack of energy to prosecute it to a successful issue. To a limited extent this may be true; but a careful investigation will, in most cases, disclose the fact that the lack of energy is the result of a want of adaptation to the work in hand.

There is nothing so inspiring as the delightful realization that the duty to be done is fully comprehended, and that we have the ability to do and perform it well. This consciousness is electrical. It touches and quickens the mental and physical activities, and puts the whole man to active work with a speed and force beyond which he supposed he was capable.

It is the failure to fully understand the work before us, and the distrust of the ability to do it, that cause the halting and doubting and lack of energy. "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." There may be a case here and there where the right path in life has been chosen—when the work to be done is clearly understood; and yet the worker lags and refuses to do it. The large majority are of the

other class I have named, and they make the rule good.

There are other serious ills growing out of this evil of mistaking the vocation of life. It poisons the very fountain of human happiness by creating a mighty host of grumblers, malcontents, and misanthropes. They may be found in every social circle, and in the business marts—in every place the human race meet in the varied duties of life—chilling the ardor of human pursuit, and making discords in the songs of human triumphs by their doleful lamentations and pitiful complainings. Too proud or dishonest to admit that the cause of their failure is with themselves, they unjustly charge that others are conspiring against them; and they fill their disordered fancy with a thousand baseless suspicions, and become the enemies of all others who are successful. Entirely conscious of the fact that he is a failure, no amount of flattery can remove that dreadful fact from such a person's mind; and, looking for the reason in every direction but the right one, he goes blundering through life, mingling the misery he feels with the joys of all others with whom he comes in contact. To the more sensitive this unhappiness too often ends in the mad-house, or in self-destruction. If this view of the subject be correct, it becomes a matter of the highest public interest to correct the evil.

In the intricate and dependent relations of human life, every individual has stock in every other man. His capabilities and his energies are the capital basis. From these must come the dividends that the individual declares to society and to himself.

In a mischosen vocation, not only are the capabilities of the individual wasted by the friction that results from want of adaptation to his work, but the failure to accomplish expected results soon prostrates and paralyzes his energy; and, in the noonday of life, when he ought to be in the height of his usefulness and the zenith of his glory, his sun sets behind the dark clouds of discontent and despair. Society has lost a worker, and civilization a helper, and the truth of Holy Writ is corroborated that "no man liveth to himself."

That so many choose the wrong path, and so few are doing what their capacity warrants them in attempting—that in all the departments of human action are found such a host of mediocres and blunderers—is very largely the fault of a false public opinion. Public sentiment must enlarge her premium list. The prizes must not be confined to those who succeed in the learned professions or in war or in politics; but the rule must be that all who wisely choose their calling, and then do their best in it—doing, if possible, better than any who have trod the same path before—let them be the heroes. Let not the honor attach to the calling or profession, but to the thorough and complete manner in which the duties pertaining to it are performed. Let every work, necessary to the well-being and happiness of the human race, bring him who performs it well to the same front line with every other successful life.

Whether in agriculture, in the work-shop, in the mine, or in the quarry, wherever a human being is using all his powers to the best advantage, and ac-

complishing the greatest results of which he is capable, let the same praise be given as to those who distinguish themselves on the judicial bench or at the bar or in the pulpit. Let the seductive charms that false public opinion has lent to the few callings in life be dispelled; let the ban of disfavor which has been, by the same influence, placed on the many useful vocations be removed; let them stand with no mere arbitrary merit or demerit, bidding the beginner of his life's work make his choice, and promising equal honor to all who do their best,—emphasizing the couplet of Pope:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Let there be no more of the vicious teaching of the young that the great end and aim of life is to choose a profession that will give them character and position in society. Let us rather strive to impress their minds that human life is a high and holy mission, and that each soul bears the burden of a sacred trust, and that that trust can only be executed by doing the most and all they can do in the range of their powers; and that when the duties are well done, in whatever sphere of human action it may be, the successful man there is the peer of every other faithful man, and that his position among men can only be attained in that way—by fidelity to his trust; and that all other praise besides this is false and worthless.

This would, it seems to me, remove a mountain of difficulty and embarrassment out of the way, and a

correct choice would then be the rule, and a wrong one the exception.

When our young men see that the world's honors are given for genuine merit and true manhood; when public sentiment is so elevated that no profession ranks higher than the man who, with but one talent, is using it to the best advantage; when they find that it is more honorable to be a success in a calling within the range of their capacity than to be a failure in what is called the higher professions,—then, and not till then, will they cease to be tempted from the path designed for them.

Public opinion here, as elsewhere, with its almost resistless power, controls the destinies of the individual. When it is for the right, no wrong can stand against it; when it is wrong, it is an almost insurmountable obstacle to progress.

Young men inheriting a wealth of physical strength and vigor, with mind enough to make them useful in making tunnels through the mountains or spanning the rivers with bridges, in helping in the construction of railways and in assisting to operate them, in building cities, and in clearing away the wildnerness and making it bud and blossom like the rose, fitting it as a suitable abode for civilized man, are seduced, by these partial awards that society makes, from their grand position on the skirmish-line of our advancing civilization, for which they are so well adapted, to enter the learned professions, for which they have no fitness.

Young men who ought to be at the forge, shaping the iron into things of beauty and utility, and,

with their steady and stalwart blows, filling their shops with the shining sparks from their anvils, are but too often found at the bar or in the pulpit, pounding at the statutes and commentaries or the Old and New Testaments, without sending out a spark of light from either as the result of their misdirected efforts.

Young men with the rose of health on their cheeks, and with the bone and muscle of giants, having no capacity as teachers, are pining away and wasting their rich inheritance in some narrow garret they call their study, delving into Greek and Latin lexicons and grammars in search of the roots of these dead languages, while God intended them to be behind the plow, tearing up roots in the way of the plowman, animated by the laudable ambition to be the best farmer and have the best farm in the country.

Young men, infatuated with the delusion that they possess such a wealth of imagination that they can become stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of fiction or poetry,—who are beating their barren brains, in imitation of the poet,

> "Their eyes in fine frenzy rolling,"—

would be better filling their mission by rolling logs in their fathers' clearing.

In every civilized land, in all the highways and byways of human action, we find the pitiful army of mediocres. Among them is the briefless lawyer, the starving physician, the threadbare preacher, the impecunious teacher, all begging the world to ask them

to do something they do not know how to do and will never learn. They spend their lives in idle amazement that a stubborn public will not put their property, their bodies, their souls, and their children under their charge and keeping.

They vainly imagine that the public are so stupid as not to have discovered that they would not know what to do with them if they had them. In this they are sadly mistaken. The world has found out their incapacity to meet the demands, and is rushing by them, led only by those who have wisely chosen their work and know how to do it.

It might be pertinent to ask right here, as to whether there is any rule by which the individual may know what path in life will most certainly lead to success.

If the metaphysicians have made any clear and well-defined declaration on this subject, I am not aware of it. When great gifts are given to men, these extraordinary powers lead the way by their own innate strength. They overlap all barriers of poverty or obscure birth, or any and all of the many obstructions that artificial society may place in the way, and by their own force bring their fortunate possessor into the royal way; and with his majestic step he rapidly reaches the front, and demands and receives merited recognition.

When the natural bent of the mind is less marked, and the gifts are of the ordinary type, the path is more obscure. A searching and honest examination will in all cases disclose the aptitude of the mind, and inclinations of the soul will fur-

nish a reasonably sure guide to the work assigned. And with that choice one must be content. He must cease to indulge in the flights of a senseless and unreasoning ambition to be what he can not possibly attain, and must indulge in the more rational endeavor to conquer all within the range of the circle wherein he is called to move. He must not halt or doubt. He must enter into no argument with himself as to the propriety of his choice, but go right forward manfully to the chosen work of his life. If the expected rewards and triumphs do not come this year he must have the patience and courage to wait until the next,—as Longfellow has it:

> "Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor, and to wait."

I do not mean to say that success will come as the result of a correct choice of the pursuit in life. It will not come without it, yet it is only one essential and important step. It must be supplemented with a ceaseless and untiring determination to be perfect in the chosen work. It may take years of toil and effort, in which time there may be many disappointments and defeats, yet the grand result is sure to come at last.

In the meantime, the mental, moral, and physical powers of one's being must not be enervated by the poison of vicious habits. He must study and fully comprehend all the laws of his entire being and obey them. While he renders "unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," he must at the same time, with greater homage, "render unto God the things that are God's." With a clear and full comprehen-

sion of all his powers, a conscientious conviction of his duties and obligations to God and man, out of even moderate abilities may come grand, concentrated powers; may come real greatness, producing great results, if pushed by a will-power that makes no halting or debating, and is not enervated by doubting.

Every sound mind in a healthy body has some element of greatness and power that may make itself felt and recognized, if it be directed in the proper course and driven by a strong, untiring determination to win. To cultivate and develop the natural power, to find the proper direction and to strengthen and bring into action this indispensable will-power, is the practical education of humanity.

But even then one may make a failure. He must have behind it all, and beneath it all, a strong, vigorous common sense—a common sense broad enough to see and comprehend every side of every practical question in life—broad enough to keep the man from becoming the victim of crotchets, and to keep him out of the narrow ruts of the hobby-riders. He must cultivate such a devotion for the truth that he will recognize it and accept it, whether he finds it on the side of his preconceived opinions, or opposed to them. He must hail her standard, and elevate it above the world's parties and creeds, and follow it, whether it leads in the way of the many or the few. He must have the manly courage to defy public opinion and popular clamor, and stand firm in his conviction of duty and right.

While he should have proper reverence for the

discoveries that have been made in the past, and the theories that the great minds of the world have left behind them, for his guidance and direction; yet, if he be a success, he must do his own thinking. By constantly consulting the man within, he will develop into strength. By leaning constantly on the minds of others, he will become a weakling and a dwarf. His destiny is in his own hands, and to work it out successfully, it must be done by his own innate and cultivated strength.

The world is progressing. Mankind is constantly moving up to a higher and broader plane; and each forward and upward step discloses new relations, demanding new methods and requiring new plans, for which the past can furnish no guide.

The self-reliant thinkers are put in the front; those who never think, but are always searching for a precedent, are put in the rear. The former are the famous leaders; the latter are the unknown followers.

> "In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
> Be a hero in the strife."

In this progressive age there are countless unclaimed crowns in every department of human action, brighter and richer than any that have yet been won or worn, awaiting the brows of the heroes worthy to wear them. These crowns will be placed on the heads of all those who, in their several spheres of action, have taken advanced steps, and added new pages to the record of human progress.

The vast volumes of human civilization are yet

to be written. We are but the first volume now. We are but fairly beginning to comprehend something of the laws governing mind and matter. In every direction, therefore, new discoveries may be made, and the grandest achievements may be accomplished.

These discoveries will yield rich rewards, not only to the race, but to the discoverers. At this period, therefore, there is no lack of incentives to attempt a successful life. These incentives may be more abundant and glorious in the coming and better future; but the past can furnish no parallel to the present in this regard. If any human life is a failure now, it is because of a refusal to undertake what could be accomplished, or, knowing what might be done, neglecting to do it.

Every human being that makes the most that can be made out of himself, and reaches the highest possible development of his capacity, is but discharging a duty he owes to himself and to society. To do this, his work must not only be congenial to his nature, but must be within the range of his capacity to perform it well. As he progresses in it and with it, his comprehension of his duties will become clearer and broader; and if he will then back it up with an unyielding determination to win, he will be constantly finding new relations and laws hitherto hidden and undiscovered in the domain of his activity. With success will come growth, and with that greatly increased power and energy; and he will thus make himself a member of the royal family of the successful—a family that have, and will ever have, the homage of mankind.

Some one has given utterance to this queer expression, that "there is nothing so successful as success;" but it is as true as it is quaint. Many a halting, doubting soul has been strengthened and quickened into a useful life by simply learning, after a single effort, that he is a success. It becomes the constant and sustaining stimulant in all the conflicts and labors, the aspirations and ambitions, of after life. Success re-enforces itself from itself. As the rain and sunshine, the dews and the winds, cause the twig to send out deeper and stronger roots, and raise higher and larger its trunk, causing it to fling out longer and stronger branches to be kissed by welcoming breezes: so does success deepen and enlarge the capacities of man, and elevate and magnify him among men; and, amid the storms of life, he stands firm and strong in the well-assured consciousness of a merit that has been tested and found to be genuine.

He feels himself that he is a nobleman, recognizing the full truth uttered by Young:

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

Aside from all considerations of wealth or fame, there is in success this grand developing process, that of itself is worth all the effort to attain it. It is the mighty educator of the race. It battles down the walls of opposition, and raises higher and higher the standard of human excellence and accomplishment. It infuses into the human soul grander conceptions of the glory and dignity of human nature, and calls into action the whole strength of his being.

It makes the weak strong; it causes the timid to be bold, and fills the doubting soul with living faith. It so inspires the human race with hope and courage that the impossible becomes possible, and men do and dare to undertake what would seem to be beyond the boundary of the finite.

But there is a higher consideration than our duty to ourselves or to society. Whatever ability we may have, and whatever of energy we possess to put it at the work of life, is the gift of God. While we should prize the praise of our fellow-men when success comes, and while we should value still higher the approbation of our own conscience and consciousness that we are doing our best, yet the sweetest reward should be, that He who selected our mission in life, and gave the full capacity to meet all its requirements, looks an approving smile on the record of our life's usefulness.

Keeping this reward constantly in view, it drives out envyings, jealousies, and so purifies the purpose of the man that none of these selfish and narrow tendencies of human nature are permitted to hinder and interfere with his devotion to the work of life. It is not only a powerful ally to insure his success in the special mission of his life; but with this fixed principle of his life, in all his varied relations and duties he measures up to the full stature of a man. It sweetens, purifies, and mingles with joy the contents of the cup of life's existence, so that, in sunshine and in storm, in prosperity or in adversity, he bravely and joyously bears the burdens of his own work, cheered by the appreciation of his fellow-men, supported by

his own self-respect, and sustained and upheld by the Arm that is more than human.

Estimating the consciousness of duty well done above the praise of men, and placing the rewards of a good conscience higher than the luxury of wealth, I commend the words of the poet:

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean's deeps are mute,
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean,—fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever;
This did full many who yet sleep unknown;—
O never, never,
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown;
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues of which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

THE DOCTOR.

DURING the late war, while I was stationed in Washington, I called on President Lincoln one day, and he told me that Ex-Senator John B. Weller had that day applied to him for the position of commodore in the navy. The President said: "I asked Mr. Weller what he knew about naval affairs, and he said he knew nothing whatever; but he added that, from the character of some of the brigadier-generals I had recently appointed, he thought the less he knew, the better would be his chances."

It is a singular fact that this incident had entirely passed out of my recollection—had been forgotten for many long years—until I received the invitation from the dean of this medical faculty to make this address. Why this invitation should have so refreshed my recollection, I leave you to infer.

The inscription over the doorway of the Pythagorean schools of philosophy in ancient Greece said, "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." I understand that the inscription of the medical college has been in all the past in regard to the position I now occupy, "Let none but the dean of the medical faculty stand here."

Delivered at the Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, at the Commencement Exercises of the Medical College of Indiana.

For some unaccountable reason this inscription has been taken down, and I have been called to fill his place. If I am first to inaugurate this new departure, I am sure I will be the last—the Alpha and Omega of this singular experiment. It may be that long indulgence in the high and strong diet of Medical Science has produced satiety, and the reaction has created a desire for plain and common fare—that I am also to be used as a step-ladder to bring these students and graduates down from the tree of knowledge to the common earth on which we live, move, and have our being.

It may be that, wearied of the high-sounding language of the professors, the constant explosion of the technical shells fired from the great medical guns of the largest *caliber* (I was about to say *bore*) has begotten a burning desire to hear how common people talk about every-day life. These young gentlemen, who have finished their college course, have won their degree by long and patient study and investigation, and now propose to put the theories they have learned into practice and be called somebody's doctor, will soon learn what life is.

They will erelong know what a struggle it is for a young man to gain such a hold on the confidence of men and women as to allow him to treat their many ills. They will soon take in the disagreeable fact that life had a much more rosy look when viewed from a distance—that the beautiful fancy dissolves when they tackle its ugly reality. I ought not to say anything to discourage them and have them give up their profession before they

really begin. I would not advise them to change their purpose and be book agents, public lecturers, or politicians. Let the case be very desperate before you do that—a *dernier ressort.* It will not be out of place for me to remind them that the world has been wagging along so far without them, and even now it is not calling very lustily for them to come; and if they do succeed, as I earnestly hope, they will have to fight for it.

If I were to undertake to give them any advice as to how they can best succeed, it would have to be in such a general way that it would apply as well to any other profession as to that of medicine. This grows out of the fact that I know so little of medical science. It is not because the doctor is like other professional men; between them and the other men of science there is a difference, a very considerable difference. I can not exactly describe it. But everybody can tell a doctor when they see him and hear him. There is an indescribable something outside of the drug-store odor that conveys to the discerning mind on sight that he is a dispenser of pills. It may be his inability to conceal his inner consciousness that he knows more about us than we know about ourselves that gives him a kind of elevated tone or manner. Possibly the swallowing and digesting of the large and mysterious words, in and under which are concealed the depths of medical science, unconsciously change the manner of the men. If it be true that we become like what we feed on, that of course would make a difference. Or it may be that he is the first man with us when we are born,

and the last man with us when we die, that lends to him an air of importance that he can not entirely repress, and makes his profession known on sight.

The press, the politician, the Presidential boom-maker, may pretend, in a sort of mythical way, to have felt the public pulse, but with the doctor it is an actual reality. To common mortals is allowed the privilege of hearing the music, the truth and falsehood, of the human tongue; but, in addition to all that, the doctor has the right of seeing the author of all the racket in the world, and also may inspect its very coating. All these things together, and many more that might be added, make the doctor different from other men, so that it is not an easy task for an outsider—a mere layman—to draw a picture of the model doctor; to point these new disciples of Esculapius to the right road to success.

The world is full of failures. The highways and byways of life are strewn with human wrecks who have undertaken to do something and failed. The chief reason for this is, that men choose their profession, not because of their fitness for its requirement or their aptitude for its duties, but rather because of the honorable character of the profession, and to become a member of it will give them standing and influence with their fellow-men. The profession ought to choose the man, and not the man the profession. It is better to be a brakeman on a railroad and do it well, than to be a brakeman on the car of human progress by blundering at something that you do not and never will do well—a work for which you have no natural gifts—simply to gratify

an ambition to be called "Doctor" by your neighbors.

Take a young man with a right level head, a keen and discriminating judgment, with good sound body, and one whose common sense holds the balance of power and dominates over his self-conceit, and I can see no reason, if he acquaints himself with the mysteries of medical science, why he will not be a successful physician. It must be the profession of his choice, and he must have a consuming ambition to stand in the front rank. He must not allow his natural powers to be enervated by laziness, nor must he impair his physical, mental, or moral power by bad habits. In addition to all that, he must be a gentleman in the very broadest sense of the word. It may be said that the average doctor will not measure up to this high standard. That may be so. Yet he ought to do so. His relations to society and the responsible nature of his noble profession demand it of him.

The medical profession is exposed to peculiar temptations, and the doctor ought to be strong in manly purposes in order at all times to be able to successfully resist them. Among other temptations is that of being pedantic. Medical knowledge is not general among the people. When we boast of the general diffusion of science among the masses, we must except therapeutics.

We all know something of law, and under our liberal and glorious constitution in Indiana, if we have a good moral character, we may practice law at the bar. That clause in the constitution was evidently

placed there under the presumption that there was such a general diffusion of legal knowledge among the masses of men, that any man of good character should practice law if he wanted to do so. If he be a voter, character is the only test to become a lawyer. The constitution of the State being thus a protecting ægis, it is not a matter of surprise that the lawyers of Indiana are men of such high character and exalted worth; and when we behold the characterless bars of our neighboring States, we are inclined to self-glorification.

The people are at the same time protected from the pedantry of the bar; for the line of demarkation between the lawyers and the common people is so dim and indistinct that it is almost impossible to determine where the lawyers end and where the people begin. It is entirely unsafe for a lawyer in any presence to assume that he is the only lawyer present, and that he possesses more legal learning than his neighbors.

An so it is in theology. Some of the laymen, even if they never put on any sort of cloth, can talk as flippantly about creeds and dogmas, and give you the Greek and Hebrew of the pivotal words of their belief as accurately as if they had been born in Judea, educated at Athens, and spent all their leisure hours at the feet of Gamaliel. The preacher has less temptation to be pedantic. And even if he is tempted, he is better able to resist, for the reason that he is constantly preaching to us to resist temptation, and therefore has the subject constantly before him, and even sleeps with his armor on.

But the doctor has none of these helps. The people know less about what he knows than anything else. He may be said to have a corner on therapeutics, and the temptation to be pedantic is very strong—too often too strong for the doctor. His contact with his fellow-men discloses the fact that they are profoundly ignorant of the things he knows so well; and, standing on the elevated platform and looking around at the vast plain of therapeutical ignorance beneath him, he would have to be almost more than human if he did not indulge in a little medical pyrotechnics—did not illuminate the darkness with a few medical sky-rockets, explode a few technical shells, and burn a few Roman-candles—for the admiration of his fellow-men.

As he looks on them, a feeling of commiseration takes possession of his cultivated mind. He sees before him the mechanic, who knows all about his engine or his machinery, what it can do in all its parts, and what is the power in the aggregate; but the poor man does not know how many bones he has, or their names. He is not even aware of the fact that he could not shake hands with a neighbor if it were not for his pectoralis and deltoid muscles; and could not take off his cap, and give three cheers for his candidate, but for his subscapularis and his spinatus. The farmer can tell you all about a horse, cow, or a hog, but he knows but little about how he is put up himself. He knows what is good for his stock—what will fatten them the fastest, and make them the most thrifty and valuable; and while they are healthy and flourishing under his care and atten-

tion, he himself will be howling with neuralgia, or groaning with dyspepsia, or doubled up with rheumatism. He commits his case as blindly and ignorantly to the doctor as his animals do to him, and the result is often more complimentary to the farmers than to the doctors. The reason is, that the farmer does not understand the mysterious process of digestion—does not know what he ought to eat; and, together with the politician, the lawyer, and the mechanic, is too often sadly mistaken as to what he ought to drink. It is not therefore a matter of surprise that some of the weaker members of the medical profession frequently forget themselves, and sometimes make us common mortals feel our ignorance by an unnecessary display of the profundity of their acquirements.

I made this discovery when I was practicing law, and also by my contact with army surgeons during the war. At the very beginning of the war my duty called me to the army hospital at Jefferson City, Missouri. It was my first visit to such a place, and my sympathies were all aroused at the wretched condition of the men; and I sought out the surgeon, to see what could be done to make it better and pleasanter for the sick soldier. I found the surgeon in his tent, all blazing with buttons, shoulder-straps, and belts and sashes; for this was at the beginning of the war. It seemed to me that he wore the uniform of the army and navy too. I asked him what was the principal disease of the sick soldiers. He looked down on me with a pitying look, and told me it was nostalgia. After a painful silence of some minutes I gathered up courage to ask him if it was conta-

gious, and he replied that it was not infectious, and was only partly contagious. I at once wrote my wife that I had reached Jefferson City feeling very well, but had been to the army hospital, where the nostalgia was prevailing, that it was partially contagious, and that I was feeling badly. She hastened to our family physician to know what nostalgia meant, and he told her it meant home-sickness.

Doctors frequently have to be called as experts—men of science, to give their professional opinion on a given state of facts—to aid in the administration of justice. Take a case where some combative individual has had his nose broken and his eye blackened in a street fight. The party who committed this breach of the peace and dignity of the State is arrested, and on trial before a jury of his peers (perhaps his superiors); and the town surgeon is called in to testify as to the nature and extent of the injury, so that even-handed justice may be meted out to the guilty culprit. Now, if the surgeon is one of the weaker class, and wants to take this opportunity to spread himself, he will look as wise as an owl, and will deliver himself in the words and figures following, to wit: "I have made a most careful diagnosis of this case, and I find the levator labii superioris nasi is separated from the superior maxillary bone; that the tegumentary areolar tissue is very much inflamed, which seriously involves the orbicularis palpebrarum, and there is a slight loosening of the multicuspidati."

The lawyer will endeavor to look as if he understood it perfectly; but he betrays a painful consciousness that the jury does not take it all in, and so he

ventures to ask the surgeon: "How did you find the eye of the prosecuting witness?" and ventures to admonish the surgeon that the jury are not quite up to "us professional men," and to speak plainly so they may understand. The surgeon replies: "I found on examination a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood, and the ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state, with abrasion of the cuticle."

The very last case I had in court as a lawyer, some years ago, was a suit against a doctor for malpractice. The witnesses were nearly all physcians, and they kindly took possession of the case. The plaintiff and defendant were soon lost sight of, and the issue was changed to a contest between the Allopathic and Eclectic systems of medicine and surgery. The courtroom became blue from the firing and explosion of the most immense technical terms from these men of science. The jury became so bewildered and dazed that they brought in a verdict of but one cent damages for my client, and failed to make any finding whatever as to the merits of the Allopathic and Eclectics, so that the people of my county are still in doubt as to which is the best. Some are for one, and some are for the other. I became so desperate that I accepted an office under the Government, and will never return to the practice of law unless driven to it by sheer necessity.

If I fail to accomplish anything more by this address than to prevent these young gentlemen, who have just graduated and are about to enter on their professional career, from this inexcusable habit of

using technical terms when addressing persons who do not understand them, I will have done a good service to them and to the medical profession.

Nobody knows better than the experienced physician long in the practice that many of the ills people complain of are merely imaginary. People often send for the doctor when there is really nothing the matter with them; and, of course, then medicine would be an injury rather than a benefit. But if the doctor were honestly and frankly to tell them so, they would become offended and dismiss him, and send for another who would declare them very sick. Now a little pedantry might not be amiss. If the doctor were to tell them that he would give them some prepared chalk, the patient would be disgusted at the mildness of the remedy and at the attempt of the physician to belittle his sickness.

But let the same thing be administered under the name of *Creta præparata*, and let him prepare a wash for the body of the patient, in which he puts a proper proportion of *Sapo mollis;* and then the treatment will win. But the fact must be concealed from the imaginary sufferer that *Sapo mollis* is nothing but soft soap. A litttle *Sapo mollis* may be used figuratively as well as literally with the same excellent effect.

The intimate and mysterious connection between the human mind and the human body will work out just such strange and wonderful results; and nobody understands it better or sees it oftener than the intelligent physician. An innocent crumb of bread given to a man in health will produce no perceptible effect;

yet if the doctor will examine the pulse and look at the tongue, and then put on an anxious and alarmed expression, and in a capsule give him a crumb of bread and tell him it is *Mica panis*,—it will be very apt to produce great internal commotion.

If we have a national pie in this country—a pie around which people of all kinds and conditions rally—it is the pumpkin-pie. If a pumpkin issue should be raised in politics, the party that stood by the pumpkin would carry the country by an immense majority. But palatable as it is, if your physician could persuade you that you need an emetic, and a strong one at that, and would administer a table-spoonful of the same pie and have you swallow it quick, with a glass of water immediately afterward to take the bad taste out of your mouth, and tell you it was *Cucurbita pepo*,—the chances are that it would turn the patient inside out in a very brief time.

The doctor must understand psychology as well as physiology. But this opens too broad a field for this limited consideration, and has to be abandoned. The doctor goes to every home in the land. In many of these he is the most intelligent man—the greatest man that crosses the threshold of the humble dwelling. To all such households he is a sort of deity. He comes to them from a world, the artificial distinction of which has excluded them. He is a sort of connecting link between them and the far-off regions of wealth, culture, and comfort. He has, therefore, opportunities for instructing, elevating, and civilizing mankind that no other man has.

As he is with them in their anxieties and sorrows,

he obtains control and influence over them that will make him a mighty power for good, if he will avail himself of his chances. He ought not only to be a gentleman, but he ought to have a tender, philanthropic heart and a patient, loving spirit. He ought to so conduct himself in their presence as to create in them a desire to be like him; to make them feel that culture and refinement are not heartless and opposing forces to them, but real, sympathizing friends. His own good life and habits should be a constant argument in favor of temperance, cleanliness, and true manliness, and a perpetual rebuke to the vulgarity of vice.

If he be a man intensely interested in the common welfare (and no other sort of man ought to be a physician), he may be the peace-maker between Capital and Labor, and bring these contending forces, that always ought to be the best of friends, to a better understanding and to a fair and square adjustment of their respective rights. He may be a power to prevent anarchy, and an effective obstacle in the way of communism. While Wealth may turn up its nose at Poverty, it must not be forgotten that Poverty, too, has a nose that it may scornfully elevate at Wealth.

There are well-grounded prejudices to overcome with the one as well as the other. No one can do that more effectually than the doctor. As the representative of culture, wealth, and refinement, he enters the homes of the poor and lowly; and not only cures their ills, but he pours into their depressed hearts a generous and stimulating sympathy; so that he can, better than any one else, soften their hard and preju-

diced notions, and banish the hate from their souls that they had against all those more fortunate than they.

It is to be regretted that the doctor can not be more effectively re-enforced in the good work. These people will not be patronized. They will not allow themselves to be treated as proper objects for missionary effort. It is true, something may be done in this way, but it requires the utmost tact and wisdom to be effective.

If the doctor is a better patriot than partisan, as he ought to be, he can undo the mischief of the blathering demagogue who wants the votes of these people, and attempts to secure their support by falsely pretending that he will do something to better their condition.

The model doctor ought to understand the art of cooking, and teach it to his patrons. In this grand country of ours, we have more good things to eat, a better variety and a better quality, than any other nation on the face of the earth. The disagreeable fact exists, that the great mass of our people, rich as well as poor, do not understand the high art of cooking food and preparing it for the table. The cook-book ought to be one of the standard works in all the medical colleges, and a chair in the dissecting-room set apart for this important branch. I am aware that this suggestion will be received with jeers. I have the consolation that all advanced thought has met a like reception in all ages of the world. But hear me anyway. Should not our physicians be taught the high art of preventing disease as well

as curing it? And some plan ought to be devised whereby they would be paid better fees for the prevention than for the cure. It would astonish the world if a catalogue of the "ills that flesh is heir to" which had their origin in the vast amount of indigestible stuff that we eat, resulting from bad cooking, could be prepared and published.

Look at that dejected man. His eye is dim, and his step uncertain; yet he is not old. He has a hopeless and dissatisfied expression; yet he is not poor. He is rich. His epidermis (I allude to his skin) looks like old gold. You would conclude that his misery grew out of the fact that his mother-in-law refuses to live with him, or that he has been speculating in Chicago and is long on wheat and short on cash, or that he had been beaten for Congress at the last election. Yet none of these things are the sources of his trouble. His domestic relations are as perfect as such an institution can be. He does not deal in margins, for the reason that he is a reader of the *Indianapolis Journal* and is virtuous. He was never a candidate for any office, for he despises politics as he does almost everything else. The honest truth is, that he has always had too much saleratus in his biscuit. His mind and body are completely poisoned, and it is that, and not his wealth, that causes him to look like old gold, and makes his soul as sad and heavy as the biscuits upon which he has been fed.

The doctor should teach us also in regard to quantity as well as quality of our food. The lovely daughter has graduated at Vassar. Her education

is finished. After vowing eternal friendship for all her class-mates, and promising to write to each and all of them, she takes the train for home. She is so excited with parting with the dear ones at college and with the prospect of meeting the dearer ones at home, that she can eat nothing at the railway lunch-station except a section of a cold mince-pie and a hard-boiled egg, one half-dozen fried and a like number of raw oysters, and a pickled pig's-foot. On the train she may have eaten a pint of peanuts, one half-dozen bananas, a few apples and oranges; she therefore comes home hungry. Maternal love has anticipated that, and a bountiful, warm supper awaits her. Home cooking, after her boarding-school diet and continuous fasting, whets her appetite, and she eats a good square meal. The stomach rebels; and the midnight emetic of the doctor reveals the quantity and quality of her daily food, and furnishes the statistics for the above statement.

Some years ago, while sitting in a barber's chair at Sioux City, Ia., the barber told me, among other things, that the colored children of that city were most of them sick; and he also informed me that he was a doctor, and had been called upon to examine and treat these cases. I said to him: "Doctor, what is the matter with the colored children?" He said he "soon found out the cause, and told their parents." "What did you tell them?" I asked with breathless interest. "I told them," said the doctor, "that they did not put *diet enough* in their *food*." Evidently, the Vassar girl, as well as a great many other people, put too much diet in their food. Here

opens a wide field for reform, and the doctor must take the lead.

The temperance reformers ought to fall in at once and re-enforce the physician. I take the occasion to boldly assert that bad cooking fries and stews out the stimulating quality of our food so that the grog-shop is often sought to supply the want. Good cooking will go a long way towards arresting the desire for strong drink and promoting the temperance cause.

As the doctors are very particular to tell us what we may and may not eat when we are sick, why not have them qualify themselves to tell us what we should eat, and show us how to prepare it when we are in good health? The physicians should qualify themselves to take the lead in all sanitary measures, and should have full powers from the State to carry into operation every means that will promote the public health.

In this flat State of Indiana (I mean the land and not the people), the thousands of miles of tile ditches, that lie buried in our swamp-lands, have carried off not only the surplus and stagnant water, but ague enough to shake the world if it were all let loose at once on the earth. The country doctor ought to be a whole Board of Health in himself, with full power to compel the drainage of every pestilence-breeding pond in the circle and range of his practice.

I want a wider field of usefulness for the medical profession. That high calling has too long been kept far inside of the limits of grand possibilities. I desire this for the reason already given, and for the

additional fact that there has not been that perfect harmony, that sweet brotherly love, that ought to characterize the members of a profession set apart to the exalted art of healing human ills. The restless activity of the medical mind, the division into different schools, and the limited sphere of medical activity and usefulness, may in part account for this unharmony. This wider field that I have so imperfectly pointed out would call their minds, and concentrate their efforts more especially each to his own affairs, and Allopathy would smooth its wrinkled front, and smile on Homeopathy, and the Eclectic would choose the sweet, smooth waters of Hydropathy, and all would go as merry as marriage-bells.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: In Dickens's "Bleak House," the wife of a physician says of her husband: "I never walk out with my husband but I hear the people bless him. I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that, in the course of that day, he has alleviated pain and soothed some fellow-creature in time of need. I know from the beds of those who are past recovery, thanks have often, often gone up in the last hour for his patient ministrations."

May such a eulogy be given to you in your professional life! I hope when you shall have traveled a third of a century over the road, you may be able to look back over its trials and sorrows, with the sweet consciousness that you have been a constant helper to your fellow-men.

The problem of civilizing and elevating the human race is an exceedingly difficult one. The process is slow, and must necessarily be so. The reformer as a specialist is a failure. Every man should be a reformer in the sphere of his own life's work. His first duty is to begin on his own life, and bring the highest type of man out of himself. Then, as he comes in contact with humanity in the narrower or wider circles of his life's destiny, there is healing in his touch. There is no profession or calling in life where manly qualities may be such a power for good as the one you have chosen, and this day enter upon its responsible duties.

Remember that the physician, who is the full pattern of a man in the highest and broadest sense of the word, does more healing by his noble and pure life than he does by his drugs. Such a physician is the most important factor in civilization. As suffering and heart-broken humanity look to you for help, you can wipe tears from the faces of the weeping, and plant new joy in the hearts of the despairing; then indeed will your lives be a grand success. Without that, it will not be high and noble living, but mere low and selfish existence. He has never lived who has not blessed others. He may have had all the sensuous pleasures that riches could purchase for him; he may have had every want met; he may have had all the sweet odors of flattery that float around those in high places; but his barren soul will curse him, and he will flee like a skulking coward before the lashes of his outraged conscience, and hide himself at last in

an unhonored grave. Life, with its joys and sorrows, temptations and triumphs, its false lights and fixed stars, is all before you.

I know I voice not only the sentiments of the faculty, but the large assembly of friends who have come hither to see you take your degree from this honored institution, when I express the hope that you may choose wisely and well your path. May each and every one of you make life a grand success! In closing, allow me to use the sentiment of one of Indiana's most gifted poets, John G. Chaffee:

"Worker and watcher in the true man's day,
Duty and Conscience keeping side by side,
God speaks, and Duty's swift feet glide
Into well-doing's upward leading way;
And Conscience comes, with fair benignant smile,
When Duty's work is done, and daylight goes:
Sitting beside, it lulls to sweet repose,
Sealing approval on the heart the while.
O concord sweet! Would'st thou life's measure heap
Full to the brim of good? Then each good find,
And do, let it be great or small, nor cease
Thy diligence to cheer and bless mankind;
And thou shalt ever in thy own heart keep
The gentle, sweet-voiced, white-winged dove of peace."

PUBLIC OPINION.

AS THIS institution of learning has for her motto "Christianity and Culture," it should be the high purpose of every student to be imbued with the spirit inculcated by this motto in all his coming life.

To constitute the perfect man, these two grand elevating agencies should be combined. Culture without Christianity might enable the student in the contest in life to fight a good warfare for himself alone. He might fill his coffers with treasures; he might attain distinction, and have his name enrolled among the great, and receive the plaudits of his fellow-men. It would be mere personal triumph; and it might be that when he died, and his life's work was done, the world would be worse because he had been sent into it.

His culture, in such a case, would be a calamity. But if the principles of Christianity animate and control his life, he is lifted out of the limited sphere of mere selfish ends and aims, and with his well-drilled powers and developed capabilities he makes the contest for self subordinate, and secondary to the noble purpose of blessing the human race in his deeds, in his example, in his whole life. The thoroughly cultivated man, imbued with the spirit of Christ, presents in his life and character such beauty

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and harmony, such complete symmetry, as makes him the very highest type of true manhood and the noblest work of God.

The heathen poets and philosophers, their most highly cultivated orators and statesmen, when viewed through the flattering perspective of a score of centuries and the glamour that time and distance lend to objects, excite our wonder and admiration. But when we come to know their inner life and the aims and purposes to which they devoted their cultivated powers, and compare them with the cultivated Christians of to-day, they become mere dwarfs and pigmies by the comparison.

The senseless idol appears hideous and contemptible in the light of the knowledge of the ever-living and true God. And so, in no small degree, do the human powers appear purposeless if not illuminated and made glorious and godlike by the influence of the spirit of self-sacrifice and consecration to the work of human redemption, that animated the Author and Finisher of the Christian's faith.

Christianity, with its illuminating power, reveals the divine image stamped on human nature, showing man not only to be godlike in the beauty and perfection of his being, but also demonstrating the truth of the sacred history of the creation of man, that he, of all the works of the Creator, is the crowning glory.

It is then manifestly the duty of the educator to teach the true ethics, that there be no divorcement of religion and science in the development of the

powers and affections of the human soul. To be successful in this great work he must have a clear and intelligent comprehension of the obstacles and hindering causes delaying and obstructing the progress of religion and civilization.

Every age and time in human history has presented new and different phases of opposition to human progress. Many of these have been but transient and easily overcome. On this occasion I propose to discuss the chief obstacle that has, in all times and ages, been, when adverse to progress, its most formidable enemy.

It is sometimes a friend, and then its power for good is invaluable. When it is hostile, it rears its formidable front, bold and defiant, against all movements in favor of reform, and declares hostility to all innovations of the habits, conduct, or even the thoughts, of humanity. With imperial authority, it declares that, if there be ills affecting the human race, they shall not be considered and exposed; that if the human mind be darkened by error and prejudice, the truth shall not come with her light to banish the gloom.

This enemy, so formidable an opponent to the Christian scholar in all his efforts to elevate and enlighten mankind, is Public Opinion; and I have chosen it for my subject on this occasion.

The human race is so bound together in its social organism, that public opinion, no matter how it may be formed, to the great majority of humanity, has the stamp of infallibility and the authority of divin-

ity. Mankind, generally, subscribe without any mental reservation to the truth of the maxim, *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

In this country, and in all others where the government is in the hands of the governed, it is the supreme authority, a ruler above the law and higher than the courts. It writes in the statute-book such legislation as is in accord with its royal pleasure, and repeals the law it does not approve. If any legislative authority has been guilty of the temerity of enacting a law in defiance of its objection, it forbids its enforcement by the courts, and it remains a dead-letter until a more obedient Legislature shall atone for the offense by repealing it.

In the enforcement of laws, not in themselves offensive to public opinion, it declares who shall pay the penalty and who shall not. The law and the evidence and the court may say to the jury to convict the criminal, but if the twelve men, sworn to try the culprit by the law and the evidence, and a true verdict render therein, hear the voice of public opinion declare for his acquittal, they promptly bring in a verdict of "Not guilty."

From the throne of its power it not only regulates the conduct of humanity, but it issues its imperial mandate declaring what men may think and speak. Brave indeed is the bold spirit who will dare to defy its decree, and venture to declare that his opinion is better than that of the public—braver indeed than the soldier who marches up to the mouth of the enemy's guns amid the iron hail of death. Millions have had the physical courage to do the one, while

but few have had the moral heroism to undertake the other.

Power is always surrounded with parasites and sycophantic flatterers; but no monarch, nor even all the potentates of earth, great and small, have had so much adulation as this autocrat. Sages and philosophers pronounce him wise and just, and poets weave chaplets of poetic beauty about his crown, and rulers and statesmen come with a servile spirit, and beg to be allowed to perform the service of menials to his majesty. The politician, the press, and sometimes the pulpit, obey the commands of public opinion with the servility of slaves.

It becomes important to inquire into the legitimacy of the claim of this mighty power to rule and govern in the affairs of men.

Are the opinions of the masses, on the important questions affecting the welfare and happiness of humanity, formed with such care for the truth and the right as to command the acceptance of their united voice as infallible, to be received without challenge or question? Do all men, or even a large majority of the people, reason dispassionately and without bias of judgment, and carefully sift the false from the true? Does the love for the truth, and the desire to promote it, so pervade the popular mind as to override all partisan and sectarian considerations, to conquer and subdue all human passions and prejudices, so that the individual contributions to the popular judgment are divested of all error and superstition?

If all these propositions may be answered in the affirmative, where, then, is the room for progress?

The truth is eternal and unchangeable, and the right is as immutable as the throne of God. If popular opinion is builded on the rock of truth, it will stand ever the same. If the popular judgment is ever for the right, then it can not be either revised or modified.

The history of the past overthrows all these assumptions. The conservatism of to-day was the radicalism of yesterday. The cherished opinions and well-settled convictions of the public mind, even a half-century ago, on many questions are to-day, in popular estimation, exploded dogmas, utterly unworthy of respect.

Yet a half a century ago public opinion was as imperious and impatient of contradiction as it is now. It then, as now, bade men bow the knee and cringe in servile obedience to its commands.

In times past it compelled men to carry fagots to burn the witch, and forge tighter the chains of the slave; and compelled mankind to think and declare that all these things were right. In lines of crimson blood it wrote its approval of the horrid persecutions for opinion's sake, the very contemplation of which sickens the reader of the history of the past. It sent its encouraging hosannas to the mighty monarch while he pillaged a neighboring power, and enslaved or murdered the inhabitants because they were too few to resist.

In all past times the greatest wrongs that have tarnished the civilization of the different periods and ages have had the support of the popular favor. Crimes that are now condemned were once sustained

by the popular judgment. Public opinion being changeable, must of course be fallible. And why should it not be so? It is but the collected judgments of the weak and fallible individuals which compose the human family.

To be enabled to properly estimate the value of the public judgment, it becomes important to inquire how individual opinions are formed, and how each ever reached the conclusions that became part and parcel of the public opinion.

In the first place, I think it will be conceded that the great mass of humanity are not inclined to seriously consider anything outside of the circle of their own personal wants and comfort, and the promotion of their own selfish aims.

On all questions affecting humanity, its interests and its hopes, whether spiritual or temporal, most people fall back on the opinions they received at the hearthstone in childhood days, or simply subscribe to the articles of faith of the Church to which they may belong; and on questions of government or the rights and duties of the citizen, they accept the dictum of the political party of which they are partisans and supporters. Instead of earnestly seeking for what is truth on all the great questions pertaining to the government of God and the regulation of the affairs of man, they content themselves by declaring that the *truth is what they believe.*

Another serious obstacle, that has ever deflected the individual judgment when searching for the truth and led it astray, is the personal interest in the result of its conclusions.

It is not common to find people believing and acting on a theory for the truth's sake, when by so doing they are combating their own interest. Poor, weak, and selfish humanity believe more in themselves than they do in the truth; or rather, they are not willing to sacrifice their own cause for the cause of truth. They require the truth to accommodate itself to their preconceived opinions of theology and politics, and must ever be ready to subserve their individual interest. There are, of course, many individual exceptions.

The great mass of humanity whose opinions make up the public opinion, to which so much deference is paid, reach their conclusions in this way, and of this unsubstantial material is this potent agency regulating human affairs. To pronounce it wise and infallible, is wickedness; to worship it, is heathenish idolatry; to follow it, right or wrong, is abject slavery.

One of the methods resorted to by this despotic power to maintain ascendency is to hurl epithets at the heads of all who dare to question the soundness of its decrees, and thus bring them into public scorn and contempt.

Agitator, fanatic, "one-idead humbug," are the names given all such independent spirits. The advantage of this mode of warfare is that the whole public may engage in it. The bigger the fool the better the soldier, if he only have good lungs. He can do more service in suppressing an insurrection against public opinion than the wisest.

By this mode of defense old and long-standing

abuses have been defended, and pious frauds have been protected, and the agitators have persistently fought on until they have stirred the stagnant pools so that the stench has become intolerable to the public nostrils, and then the remedy has been accepted.

It is these so-called fanatics and agitators who have led us thus far on the highway of human progress and our hope for the future. The opinions of these bold spirits are no part of the public opinion. On the contrary, their opinions are the antipodes to that of the people, and the struggle has ever been long and fierce, whether they must yield to the public or that the masses will consent to be led by them.

Public opinion without this class would ever remain the same, and reform would be an impossibility. I am fully aware that the correctness of this statement will be sharply questioned.

No small number of people will confess the unsoundness of the judgment on important questions affecting seriously the best interests of the human race, but will refuse to aid the agitators to correct it, for the reason that they claim that the public mind is not ready for the reform. They advise that it is better to let matters remain as they are, and in due time all will come out right.

They seem to labor under the delusion that there is a self-purifying power in public opinion—an inherent ability to cleanse itself, separate and apart from the efforts of the agitator, fully able to work out the desired reform. With all such, all agitation is premature, and must fail.

It is the excuse of the laggard, and the shallow

plea of the coward. The truth owes them nothing. They are simply too indolent in action or craven in spirit to stand for the truth against public sentiment. They are "dead-heads," and will ride on any train, indifferent as to who is the conductor or the direction they travel, if they only have a free pass. They readily give their assent to public opinion, no matter what it may be, and so remain until the majority change, and then they change. Their influence is simply the negative power of numbers, and one only useful to ballast the ship of public opinion when the storms of agitation come.

Another fact that militates against the claim of the infallibility of public opinion is, that it is more frequently the creature of passion than of reason.

How often has it happened in the history of American politics that the political party having the most attractive banners, and the best music, and the most skill in appealing to the passions, prejudice, and selfishness of the voter, has for a time commanded the largest following! When in the white heat of political excitement, the ballot-box is placed before the voters, and they vote, the result is declared as the calm and deliberate judgment of a free and intelligent people.

The successful candidates are inducted into their high stations amid the huzzahs of the public. For a brief period they bask in the warm sunshine of popular favor, and feast on the smiles of their admiring countrymen. They vainly imagine they will ever have and receive that public approbation so grateful to human vanity.

The extravagant expectations of the people are not realized; the excitement abates, and symptoms of a reaction in the public mind are manifest.

The minority now come to the front with their platforms and promises, and hurl their epithets at the victors of last year for not doing the impossible things that had been expected of them.

The party in power, who have courted and flattered the people, soon find that, with all the fickleness of the coquette, smiles are withdrawn to give place to scorn and contempt. On yesterday it was "Hosannah," to-day it is "Crucify."

And so of men who vainly suppose that their lease of office and power will be perpetual. The fickle gales that landed them safely in the harbor of popular approbation have changed their course, and have become fearful hurricanes, sweeping them away from human cognizance, and burying them in the gulf of eternal forgetfulness.

The history of the world is full of instances of men and of organizations who have builded their castles on public opinion, that they supposed to be as solid as the rock, and have found that the foundation was laid on the drifting sands, when their castles, with the hopes and treasures of the same, are tumbling to wreck and ruin.

Its power to destroy men and overthrow sects and parties is terrific. Hence the most effectual agencies in the world, intended by the great Ruler of human destiny to purify and elevate the human race, fail from very fear to undertake the work. They dread the destruction that has overtaken so

many in the past who have gone forth to battle with public opinion.

When the line of battle is formed, and they are ready for the grand charge, they too often strike their colors, send out the flag of truce, and surrender unconditionally to the enemy.

The gifted orator, going forth to expose popular errors, too often, as he stands before the upturned faces of the masses and reads the feelings and opinions of his audience, finds his virtue weakening. He prefers their plaudits to their jeers. Instead of making open warfare for the truth, he abandons it, and confirms the public in their prejudices and preconceived opinions by his eloquent indorsement of the wisdom of the public judgment.

The press, that mighty instrumentality, that is doing more than any other one influence to make the public opinion what it is, too often sends forth to the public such things as will suit its taste. It makes the loudest profession of courage and independence; but if the public taste be corrupt and depraved, it is not willing to jeopardize its claim to public favor by attempting to expose it. With its ingenuity and sophistry, it often furnishes to the public such apologies for popular errors as make them acceptable to those who otherwise reject them.

Popular dogmas in religion—mere inventions of weak and finite minds—with the aid of sectarian bigotry, may, and do, become so interwoven with the faith of man as to possess all the authority of divine revelation.

These dogmas may command more attention from

the Church than love, charity, or even all the Christian graces. They may blast all the sweet flowers that bud and blossom and make the Christian's life fragrant and attractive, by the cold and chilling blasts of sectarian wrangling and dogmatic disputation; they may rob the Christian religion of her beauty, and expel the spirit of Christ from the sanctuary of God; yet if these dogmas be popular, if they are the grand centers of sectarian enthusiasm, the pulpit too often has not the courage to assail them. Too often the public pressure in their favor compels a silent acquiescence, if it does not enforce an open advocacy, from the pulpit. From this cause the Christian religion loses its simplicity, and consequently becomes shorn of its power as an agency for the elevation of man to a higher and better life.

Mere dogmatic theology excites in the minds of its followers an ambition to conquer the world, not for the cause of Christ, but for the purpose of becoming *the* Church in the world, the high ecclesiastical court that may pass sentence of condemnation on all religious opinions not found in its creed; may brand all who differ as heretics; yea, more and worse than that, the holder of the high commission to persecute for opinion's sake all who refuse to subscribe to its dogmas. To accomplish this, these dogmas must become popular; they must be so presented that they will be acceptable to the pride and passions of men. Christianity strives to present in the Christian life such faith and works as will be acceptable to God, while dogmatic theology is struggling to present a Church to the world that will be popular with man.

Popular opinion generally throws its influence in favor of dogmas, and this hinders the progress of religion by placing the ban of its disfavor on the simplicity of its doctrines. In the whole history of the progress of civilization, it can not be found that any proposed reformation of the habits of men, any plan for the elevation of man—however plain and easily comprehended it might be, however fortified by reason and good sense—has been at once accepted.

Customs have pleaded against it; long established habits have protested against the innovation; unreasoning prejudices have battled against its acceptance; and if any pecuniary interests were affected by the change, then the mercenary spirit of the times has forged slanders and falsehoods, and hurled them at the reform and the reformers. All these, and many other agencies put together, have arrayed public opinion against reform and the reformers, and all must be conquered in detail before the public judgment will receive the new truths. It is manifest, then, that the reformer must be, of all men, the wisest in the very broadest definition of the word. His knowledge must reach far beyond all that is taught in the curriculum of a college or the university. He must know himself and understand his fellow-man. He must fully understand the motive powers that prompt human action. He must remember, too, that the host of humanity who do not think, control and shape to a great extent the thoughts and actions of those who do think. He must have a just conception of the deep morass of human vice, and of the mountains of prejudice and selfishness, that will be found right in the road he

proposes to travel. He must not forget that a large portion of the human race cling as closely to the opinions of their ancestors as they do to the family name, and would no more readily give up the one than they would be willing to part with the other.

He must be content to work against his own interest and his own popularity, patiently and persistently, without often having the encouragement of seeing any immediate good to repay for his toil and sacrifice. The reward is in the approval of his own conscience, in the smiles of God, and in the hope that the coming generations will do him the justice and the honor to accept the truth, and place his name among those who have loved their race more than themselves. He must have the courage of the lion combined with the gentleness of the lamb—a courage that rises to that sublime eminence of glorifying in having his name cast out as evil for the sake of the truth.

In all ages there have been such martyr spirits to battle with public opinion. That human progress has been so slow is because their numbers have been few. But in all times and ages humanity has marched along, attended with this glorious band of noble spirits, imbued with a Christ-like spirit of self-sacrifice. In reviewing their conflicts with public opinion, their persecutions for the cause of truth, their dying for the regeneration of their fellow-man, we have the consolation of knowing that all their sorrows were for the promotion of the best interests of the race, and were not in vain.

The re-enforcement of the comparatively small

band is the need of the hour. The great demand of the times is for many volunteers for the noble service.

We can only calculate accurately the progress of religion and civilization by the proportionate increase of their numbers and the multiplication of their forces. A religion that does not overcome human selfishness, that does not warm the heart for suffering humanity, that does not develop the martyr spirit, is not the religion of Christ.

In the light of our civilization, of which we boast so much and so loud, if there can not be found many who will fearlessly fight for the right, regardless of the frowns and threats of man, then indeed is our civilization unworthy the eloquent eulogies constantly bestowed on it by the orator and the poet.

When the last page of the world's history is written, and the record of human progress is complete, that page will be the brightest that records the history of the peerless age that sent forth the most heroes and heroines—not to the field of blood and carnage, but to the more glorious conflict with popular error and vice,—that age that can exhibit for its trophies the greatest number of broken shackles of ignorance and prejudice, and, consequently, the greatest number of minds liberated and made free to accept the truth, unawed by the despotic power of public opinion.

Do we of this age intend to contend for this honorable place in history? If we do, then our Christianity and culture must be more positive and heroic.

A host of reformers must be placed in the field who will be willing, against fearful odds, to combat

false public sentiment,—valiant soldiers who can forget themselves for the triumph of the right; soldiers free from the shackles of sectarian bigotry and the fetters of party, armed with the weapons of truth, and animated only by love for God and humanity; soldiers who, if they can not capture the citadels of ignorance and superstition by storm, will have the patience and perseverance to win by the slower process of the siege.

That we have not now, in this day of light and knowledge, such a valiant army in the field, gives most conclusive evidence that our religion and civilization have become demoralized, and their aggressive power weakened by the influence of a corrupt public opinion. It has made moral cowards of those who have been the leaders in our civilization. Instead of striving to reform public opinion, it has been their policy to ascertain what opinions were prevalent, that they might concur in them.

Political platforms have been constructed, and parties have been organized, not to overcome and correct the false notions of men, but to popularize human follies, and by their aid secure power. Church polity has been too often managed to shield rather than punish popular vice.

It seems that in this age the highest aims of men and of organizations are to secure popular favor by assenting to public opinion. Those who succeed, no matter how, are congratulated and envied for their good fortune; while those who dared stand for the right, and battle with public opinion, and become therefore unpopular, are regarded with pity, and often

with contempt. This world's crowns and glory are given to those who are loyal to the popular will; the stripes and persecutions are given to those who dare rebel.

Any condition of human life exciting the admiration of the mass of men is most eagerly sought for. Prominent among these, and perhaps the chiefest, is wealth. Riches, no matter how acquired, is a passport to popular favor. In the language of Solomon, "Wealth makes many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbor." In this proverb the wise old king has given us the motive power urging men on to the acquisition of money.

Men do not strive for riches so much because of its intrinsic value to them, but because of the estimate that others place upon it. Let riches lose this charm; let the poor man, if he have the same moral worth, stand as well in public esteem as the rich man,—and this senseless struggle for the accumulation of colossal fortunes will cease, and human actions will seek for higher aims and purposes.

The popular estimate of riches is begetting a mercenary spirit that is a reproach to our religion, and a blot on our civilization. This spirit obtains control of the soul of man, prostrates his self-respect, weakens and often destroys his moral sensibilities by exciting such a desire for gain, causing him to be blind to duty, and to trample under foot all social obligations.

In the estimation of all such, wealth becomes a god, and "on its altar sacrifices ease, peace, truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends, love, charity,

benevolence, and all the sweet and tender sympathies of life."

It is one of the gigantic evils of the times. It is the fountain and origin of corruption in financial and commercial life. It is making our politics a cesspool of filth and stench. It aids to create a public sentiment that robs dishonesty of disgrace. Covetousness, when once it is fastened on the human soul, becomes an evil habit of the man as difficult to cure as intemperance. The public estimate of riches develops and strengthens it until the attainment of wealth is the only aim of the man. Silencing the voice of conscience, and deaf to the demand of duty, he goes forth to prey on his fellow-man with the spirit, if not the courage, of the highwayman.

As a necessary result, we have constantly some new exhibition of the inventive genius of the swindler and sharper. In trade, it is daily producing well-executed conterfeits of all articles that human wants demand, and substitutes them for the genuine, making our age emphatically the age of shams. It is so weakening man's faith in humanity that it is a common saying that is generally accepted as true, that "every man has his price."

Humanity has lost faith in itself. Men distrust each other. This mercenary spirit has driven each one back into the narrow limits of his own being, and he has barred the doors of confidence and trust.

The conviction has settled down deep in the minds of men that all human action is in every case prompted by some selfish and mercenary motive,

and professions to the contrary are regarded with suspicion and distrust.

This very serious difficulty meets the reformer right at the onset. Mankind do not believe him, or have faith in his propositions. They look upon his projects as new devices to entrap them, and upon him as the last invention of the enemy to swindle them. From their selfish and money-getting stand-point they can not see and believe that human action can possibly become self-sacrificing. To them, duty and truth bring only persecution and frowns, and are senseless myths; while money is something substantial, bringing the sweet smiles of popular favor.

This great evil, therefore, can not be remedied at once. To even correct it in any great degree will require patience, perseverance, and the wisest and most persistent effort.

It must be corrected, or the hope for the future is blasted. A race of bold and independent spirits must be brought to the front whose training must contain, as one of the principal elements, the infusion of a manly courage to rise above all mercenary considerations in sustaining the right and condemning the wrong. Their education should develop a heroism that would cause them to fearlessly snatch the imperial scepter from Mammon, overthrow the throne of his despotic power, and make hateful and hideous his corrupting force.

A sentiment should be awakened disclosing to humanity the legitimate and proper use of money, that it is not to be prostituted to the base end of gratifying a miserly greed for colossal fortune, or

squandered on the senseless tinselry that fashion has invented as the guise of riches, but that it is to flow in the channels that God intended to enlighten mankind.

In the Old World are two great rivers that meet at a certain point, and from thence their waters mingle, and within the same banks flow on to the ocean.

The tributaries of one of these rivers rush down the clayey hill-sides, and sweep, through the mire of the morass, bearing into the common channel perpetual contributions of mud and filth. The other, an outlet from a lake, flows on in its crystal beauty through a land of sunshine and flowers, with the water so clear that its very depths become a mirror, duplicating the charming landscape on its lovely shores, and reflecting back the glory of the starry firmament above.

At the point of the meeting of the waters of these streams, a contest at once begins between the pure and the impure. For miles and leagues down the stream the result of the conflict seems to be in doubt, whether the waters shall become all pure or all filthy; whether one shall purify the other, or the whole shall be defiled. It is said that still farther down the waters become purer, and before their united waters reach the ocean, the whole river is as pure and transparent as the drops from the clouds.

Thus this mercenary spirit is constantly contributing to popular sentiment the mire and dirt of human corruption and selfishness. Let wider and deeper outlets be made from the pure reservoir of

God's truth, and let broader and deeper streams flow into these muddy waters, and as the whole flows on through ages of time to the ocean of eternity, may these streams in a like manner cleanse public opinion from all that is filthy and corrupting!

CONFUCIUS AND SOLOMON.

CONFUCIUS may be justly regarded as the founder of the peculiar civilization of the Chinese. His voluminous writings bear the same relation to the Chinese that the Bible does to the believers in Christianity. His disciples number more than one-fourth of the human race. The Confucian code is accepted by more than ten times as many people as constitute the population of the United States.

By the most of his followers Confucius is deified. One of his most learned disciples thus eulogizes him: "Confucius handed down the doctrines of Yaon and Shin, as if they had been his ancestors; and elegantly displayed the regulations of Wan and Woo, taking them as his models. Above he harmonized the times of heaven, and below he was confined to the water and the land. He may be compared to heaven and earth in their supporting and containing—their overshadowing and containing all things. He may be compared to the four seasons in their alternating progress, and to the sun and moon in their successive shining. All-embracing and vast, he is like heaven. Deep and active as a fountain, he is like an abyss. He is seen, and all the people reverence him; he speaks, and the people all believe him; he acts, and

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all the people are pleased with him. Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom, and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ship and carriage reach, wherever the strength of man penetrates, wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains, wherever the sun and moon shine, wherever frosts and dews fall,—all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honor and love him. Hence it is said he is the equal of heaven. Call him man in his ideal, how earnest is he! Call him an abyss, how deep is he! Call him Heaven, how vast is he! Who can know him but he who is indeed quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence, and all-embracing knowledge, passing heavenly virtue?"

In the sacrificial ritual of the Chinese there may be found a short account of the life of this wonderful personage. This ritual closes with these words: "Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius! Since Confucius there has never been a Confucius! Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

Many more such extracts could be given of the same character, showing the depth of the adoration of his numerous disciples; but this will suffice for the point. It might be proper to add that, although twenty-three centuries have passed since this wonderful man lived, and during that time many an ambitious leader has arisen and for a time flourished and is now forgotten, yet there is no abatement of the zeal of his followers. The peaceful valley where he

died has been for all time since then, and is now, a sacred spot, a resort, a place of pilgrimage for the learned and superstitious.

More than two hundred years ago, when seventy-four generations had passed away since his death, there were twelve thousand of his descendants who bore his name. There are over forty thousand now. It is an honor that gives them all high rank among the people, and exempts them from taxation. Over sixteen hundred temples are dedicated to him, and annually over sixty thousand animals are immolated on the altars of sacrifice to the memory of the great philosopher. His voluminous writings are committed to memory by thousands of his followers so perfectly that if every book of all his works were destroyed, they could all be restored from the memories of his disciples, word for word.

Confucius was in the height and zenith of his glory about five hundred years before Christ. His ethical writings are the wonder of the world, when the age in which they were written and the opportunities he had are taken into consideration. The infidel writers, especially those of France, have gone wild in their admiration and eulogium of his proverbs, and have boldly asserted that they excel in wisdom those of Solomon, and go so far as to declare that the teachings of Jesus are but a repetition of the maxims of Confucius.

The appreciation of the maxims of the great philosopher, and the depreciation of the proverbs of Solomon, is one of the modern modes of warfare of the skeptic in his assault on the Bible as an inspired

book. Let us briefly compare these men and their writings.

Both of them were of distinguished parentage. Confucius was the son of the prime minister of the kingdom of Loo. Solomon was the son of the great warrior-king and sweet singer of Israel. Solomon was the ruling monarch of Israel; and, by his wisdom and the splendor of his court, was the wonder of the surrounding nations a little more than one thousand years before Christ was born. Solomon, therefore, preceded Confucius more than five hundred years.

Both of them were animated with the same ambition to stand in the very front rank with the wisest men of their times. Both, of distinguished parentage, were alike determined to add to the glory they inherited the grander fame of great personal achievements.

Confucius rejected all idea of a divine revelation, and groped his way along without the light of the Word of God. Solomon went to the Lord, and asked, not for long life or riches, but prayed for divine help in searching for wisdom.

Confucius lived in a land where the light of the knowledge of God had never penetrated the darkness and gloom of heathenism all around him. Solomon was the great and wise king of the very nation which had been so miraculously preserved by the interposition of the Almighty, and who had in past times given to the leaders and rulers the laws for the government of the people, and whom he intended to honor by making one born of that nation to be the Savior and Redeemer for all mankind. The writings

of Solomon, therefore, in all things, recognized God and the future life; while those of Confucius were confined to the narrow circle of human life, and the duties and obligations arising from man's relation to his fellow-man.

It is true that Solomon also discoursed largely on all the relations of life. In his proverbs may be found the purest ethics, the grandest poetry, the profoundest philosophy. It discloses him to have been a great statesman, a wise king and lawgiver. His pen has written him on the imperishable pages of divine history as a philosopher, a statesman, a poet, and a sage. He not only advocated the right for its own sake, but he also, with the authority of one inspired, proclaimed what God required of men.

The ethics of Confucius is the production of a great mind unaided by any true conception of divinity; while that of Solomon, written more than five hundred years before, rises so far above him in moral grandeur as to compel mankind to recognize therein the utterings of the omniscient and infinite.

Solomon announces in the very beginning of his Book of Proverbs that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Confucius commences his Book of Maxims, put in the form of a question: "Is he not a man of perfect virtue who feels no discomposure, though men may take no note of him?"

These two maxims may justly be taken as keynotes of the writings of these great men. The one lifts man up to the consideration of the grandeur and immortality of his being and existence; the other makes perfect virtue to be a placid state of mind, in

which stupidity is the most prominent feature. This will be found to be true all through the maxims of these great proverb-writers.

While in the Proverbs of Solomon it is sounded out loud and clear that God is the Father of us all, and that we are all bound, for his sake and in obedience to his command, to love, cherish, and protect each other: in the maxims of the Chinese philosopher the practice of virtue is urged because of the good that will come to him who practices it. The one inculcates the higher love to God and man; the other makes an appeal to the selfishness of human nature as an incentive to virtuous actions. The one teaches an active principle of good, conveying blessings to all around, while the other simply enjoins a mere passive or negative condition of the human mind. The one looks to the good of others, and the other to what is best for self.

It would not be just or honest to say that the whole code of Confucius is as narrow as human selfishness; for in his teachings we find many noble and generous things that can not be too much commended; yet he did recognize selfishness as the mainspring and motive power of human action.

The writings of Solomon were the exact reverse in this regard. In corroboration of this view of the case, let us take two statements that these great writers have made on the same subject—a subject that seems to have engrossed the profoundest consideration of both. I mean the correct conduct of human life.

Confucius says: "To be able to practice *five* things constitutes perfect virtue." When asked what

these five things were, he said: "*Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness.*" As a reason for the practice of these five essential things, he says: "If you are grave, you will be treated with respect. If you are generous, you will win all. If you are sincere, people will repose trust in you. If you are earnest, *you will accomplish much.* If you are kind, this will enable you to *employ the service of others.*"

Had he been content to merely state the elements that compose perfect virtue, his case would have been stronger. He weakened it by giving the reasons, and in that it must be regarded that, in so doing, he gives us the animus of his philosophy. Perfect virtue, according to this Confucian code, has its foundation and origin in human selfishness; and to *that,* and that *alone,* he makes his appeal in urging its claims on his followers.

To practice his five things, good as they are, no reason is given that in doing so the good of others will be promoted. This is not even hinted at. The whole argument is as narrow as human selfishness would desire it to be. He promises to pay heavy dividends of personal benefits to all who will invest in his scheme of perfect virtue. He says: "When one gives few occasions for blame in his words, and few occasions for repentance in his conduct, he is in the way to get emolument." He thus commends his philosophy on the ground that it will pay. No higher or broader ground is mentioned. Even generosity is commended, not because its practice will scatter happiness all around, and make mankind better, and life

sweeter, and existence more tolerable, but because, by so doing, it will win others to your interest, and will pay cash down for all you invest in it. Kindness is recommended because by it you can attach others to your service, and thus promote your own interest and make more headway in the world.

It might be proper to remark right here that this idea of perfect virtue prevails to some extent in this Christian land. The practice of just the amount of virtue that will pay good dividends in dollars or personal aggrandizement is, by no means, confined to the "Heathen Chinee." It must be confessed that, while we claim to believe Solomon, not a few follow Confucius in this regard.

In contrast with the five things and reasons given for them by Confucius, to make a man perfect, let us hear a kindred declaration of Solomon. He says: "These *six* things doth the Lord hate, yea, *seven* are an abomination unto the Lord: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imagination, feet that be swift in running into mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."

In the above seven things that wise king said were abhorent to the Lord, it is manifest that their practice is condemned for the reason that such evils are against the general welfare. For this reason these practices are denounced. The requirement is made that these things shall be avoided on the higher and broader ground that the general good requires it. No mention is here made that the man who observes these precepts and obeys them will have personal gain

by so doing. It was deemed sufficient that others would be the losers, and for this reason he must obey.

We can not fail to observe that, in these seven things that Solomon says are so hateful to God, a majority of them are against lying and slander. All through the Book of Proverbs of Solomon we can find the most terrible denunciation of the liar and backbiter. He seemed to hold these sins in special abhorrence, and to regard all those who were guilty of them as being very detestable in the sight of a kind and loving Father. Not only is the *life* of others to be regarded as sacred in Solomon's code, but their character and reputation is to be equally free from assault. The slanderer and the murderer are alike hateful in the sight of God, and are put in the same category. Mankind are not promised personal reward if they will not shed the blood of others or slaughter their good name. The good of society demands their obedience to the laws of right.

The eulogists of the Confucian code, while they may agree that the great philosopher in all cases did not place the practice of virtue on the proper ground, yet it is insisted that the code itself contains the purest morality, and that its practice will work as great, if not greater reformation on society than the observance of the proverbs of Solomon. This position can not be maintained. Many of the maxims of Confucius are positively bad and vicious, and must be condemned by the moral sense of mankind. They positively uphold and sustain what the civilized world would pronounce to be evil, without any help to reach such conclusion from divine revelation.

It is said that the Duke of Shea, one of the provinces of China, once went to Confucius for counsel and advice, and told the philosopher that in his part of the country there were those so upright that if the father had stolen a sheep, the son would bear witness to the fact. Confucius replied: "Among us, in our part of the country, those who are upright are different from this. The father conceals the misconduct of the son, and the son the misconduct of the father. *Uprightness is to be found in this.*" From time immemorial the sheep-thief has been regarded as the meanest of thieves, so that "as mean as a sheep-thief" has become one of the sayings of the world; yet this great teacher lays down the principle for the acceptance of his followers that even this crime must not be exposed if the witness has to bear testimony against a relative—that uprightness consists, in all such cases, in concealing the crime and protecting the criminal. His code of morals—if it may be so called—was not even and well adjusted. It was not consistent with itself. It does not contain the elements of positive, active virtue. It is a fact in the history of the Chinese that such is their character—selfish, cunning, and deceitful, they fairly reflect in their meanness the points of the code from which they find the rules for their conduct of life.

Let us take another of the sayings of Confucius. In speaking of the character of Huey, who seems to have been one of the notables in China, Confucius said: "Admirable, indeed, was the virtue of Huey. With a single bamboo-dish of rice, a single gourd-dish of drink, and living in his mean, narrow lane,

while others could not have endured the distress, he did not allow his joy to be affected by it. Admirable, indeed, is the virtue of Huey." Who this model of perfection was, or what other characteristics he had to challenge such admiration and eulogy, we know not. The thing that seems to call out the praise of Confucius was that his hero, without sufficient food or shelter, could live in the dirt like a hog and be happy. We are at liberty to suppose that this pink of perfection was a lazy loafer, too indolent to work for sufficient food—a kind of unwashed dead-beat, who had not sufficient energy to be a tramp, and, content in his filth, was as jolly as Mark Tapley.

That this dirty model has millions of followers in China, the history of that country and the specimens who come to our shores furnish conclusive evidence. Confucius has made virtue cheap—as cheap as dirt. The Chinese being the earnest and sincere followers of Confucius, their civilization and condition in this regard are fair types of his philosophy. It seems to us a strange sort of moral philosophy that the sweet flowers of virtue may be best cultivated in the soil of filth and indolence. Solomon says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

As a people, the Chinese are avaricious. In this they follow the teachings of their master. In the biography of this great philosopher it is said that at one time he went to dispense wisdom to the people of the kingdom of Wei. Yen Yew acted as the driver of his carriage. While on the way, the sage

asked Yen Yew, "How numerous are the people of this kingdom?" and when told that they were very numerous, Yen Yew asked that since they were thus numerous, what more shall be done for them? "Enrich them," was the reply of Confucius. "And what more shall be done after they are enriched?" was the next question put to the sage. "Teach them," was the reply of Confucius.

It must be constantly borne in mind that all these sayings are like Holy Writ to the devotees of this great leader. Whatever he said, they make the rule of their lives. Riches first, and intelligence afterward. Riches before righteousness, before justice. This is the model code that infidel philosophy presents to the world for man's acceptance, in place of the teachings of Solomon, and the words of Him who spoke as never man spake.

Hear Solomon: "A good *name* is rather to be chosen than great riches." "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all." "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life." "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his way, though he be rich."

It will scarcely be questioned that, in all places and in every condition and degree of progress and civilization, the mercenary spirit has ever been found to be the chief hindering cause to the elevation and improvement of the human race. It is so in all Christian countries where the Bible is read and believed. If this evil spirit is found so formidable among people whose religion condemns it, how much

more powerful must it be for evil under a system that fosters and encourages it!

On the subject of parental authority, Confucius was almost, if not quite, a monomaniac. Absolute and unqualified submission to parents was his hobby, and connected with that, and as a corollary to it, he inculcated the most slavish submission to superiors. It will be found in his writings, that after discoursing most voluminously on the different sorts of crime, and the proper penalty due to each offense, and after classifying and enumerating them, he lays down this maxim as a well-considered conclusion of the whole matter: "Of the three thousand crimes included under the five kinds of punishment, there is none greater than disobedience to parents." In all cases it was the absolute right of the parent to command, and the imperative duty of the child to obey. To this rule there was no exception. It did not alter the case that the son had reached mature manhood, and the mind of the parent had been enfeebled by age or disease. The wickedness of the order of the father, a command at variance with all sense of right or decency, did not modify the rule. Rebellion against parental authority in any case was, in his mind, the darkest of crimes, and could not, under any circumstances, be tolerated. To prevent the exercise of private judgment on the part of the son, and to make the rule absolute, he made this declaration: "When his parents are in error, the son, with a humble spirit, a pleasing countenance, and a gentle tone, must point out the error to them. If they do not receive his reproof, he must strive more and more

to be dutiful to them and respectful toward them until they are pleased, and then he must again point out the error. If a son, in performing his duty to his parents, has thrice endeavored to correct them without their listening to him, *then, weeping and lamenting, he must follow their commands.*"

To further show how absolute was the authority of the father over the son, allow me to quote from the sacred book of poetry, in which Confucius often recurs to this subject. In that book he teaches by questions and answers. He asks this question: "In marrying a wife, how ought a man to proceed?" His answer is: "He must consult his parents." If the father consented to the marriage of the son, he could marry; if he refused, then he dare not disobey. If the father agreed to the marriage of the son, the son was not permitted to go in search of a wife congenial to his taste, or in accordance with his notions of what constituted female beauty and accomplishments. That whole business was done by the father. It is the rule yet in China. The bridegroom is never permitted to see his bride until after they are married.

While the Chinese have made a great many wonderful and beautiful fabrics, and have constructed the most elaborate and intricate specimens of mechanism that have puzzled the whole world, they are not permitted, under their code, to engage in that delightful yet difficult business of *making love.* The iron code of Confucius, on the subject of parental authority, has been so rigidly enforced that the manufacture of this precious article by the boys and girls is strictly forbidden and prevented.

It is, indeed, a sad thing to consider, when we are brought face to face with the fact, that all the many believers of Confucius—more than one-fourth of the whole human race—of all that are now living, and of all those who have died in the last twenty-odd centuries, not *one man* of all that countless throng has ever had the sweet experience of courting the girls! In our civilization, that most delightful portion of our life's experience is the last to depart from our memories, and in the evening of life is most frequently recalled. When the weight of many years, and the numerous sorrows of life so press us down as to make even the grave look inviting, then these sweet memories of our youth come again to cheer and brighten the winter of old age, and for a time the recollection of these joys chase away the griefs that in later life fasten themselves to our life's experience. These tender remembrances not only cheer old age, but they soften the withered hearts, and fill them with love and charity for the young. Without it, the old age of the Chinese must be cheerless and gloomy.

This brings us to consider one of the most fatal defects in the whole Confucian system. The great philosopher *took no account of woman.* She was *nothing* in his estimation. Not only was this his theory, but he put it into practice by abandoning his wife and child because they diverted his mind from his studies. As a result, women in China are but little more than chattels. They are the slaves of the men. The girls are sold to those who are looking for wives for their sons. To have a large family of handsome and accomplished daughters is a source of

great profit to the father. He disposes of his fine stock to those who will bid the most for them. I have not been able to find a single word of condemnation in all the fine philosophy of Confucius against this brutality—not one word.

Low, indeed, is the type of civilization that excludes the wives and mothers from all social position. Blunted must be the moral sense of a people who treat women with no more consideration than they do animals. Yet such is the civilization of China. Women have no social position there. They are not allowed to attend the theater, or any other public assemblage. Even among the best and most polished in Chinese society, women are not, in any sense, regarded as the equal of men; nor are they permitted to enjoy with them even the society of their own homes.

When a mandarin gives an entertainment to his friends, his wife (or wives, as the case may be) may be permitted to invite a few of her female friends to witness the games and revelry of the men from a lattice gallery. Neither the wives nor the friends invited are allowed any other participation in the festivities. Even this much is regarded as a great condescension and concession to the women.

In order to a fuller and clearer appreciation of the point here made against the Confucian system, it must not be forgotten that Confucius undertook to discourse on the whole round of duties and obligations of human life. Ethics was his principal theme. He pointed out the remedy for abuses in society and to reform the civil government. With the greatest

particularity he made and proclaimed rules to meet every condition of man, communities, and states. He not only lays down the law for sovereigns and rulers—the treatment due the governed, and the duty and conduct of the governed—but he enters the family circle, and, with tedious particularity, tells what the child must be taught at this age, and then what it must learn when it is a year older; the kind of garments it must wear, and how they must be made. He has a code of etiquette,—the mode and manner of sacrificing; the duty of parents; the obligations of children,—until one becomes wearied with its long-drawn-out prolixity. He seemed to fear that he would omit something that would leave the world in doubt as to what should be done in some new relation that might arise in the various phases of life.

Being a sage and counselor, in his later life we find him visited from all parts of the Chinese Empire by those who had heard of his wisdom, asking him all manner of questions, covering every conceivable case or condition in human life. To all these questions, many of which were very shallow, he gave his answers with all the pomp and circumstance of an oracle. All of his replies to these interrogatories, whether they were wise or foolish, were recorded as wise maxims, and are to-day a part of the proverbial teachings of this philosopher, which are like Holy Writ to the millions who take him for their guide.

But in all this vast mass of ethical law, the rights of woman are entirely ignored. Not a sentence demanding her elevation; not a proverb denouncing the brutality of man's treatment; not a

word of denunciation of the despotism that made her a mere chattel and a slave. Yet the evil was constantly before him.

Even a generation or two after he died, another great teacher of the Chinese, and a most fulsome eulogist of Confucius, gave the rule that should govern the conduct of the wives. It is a most shameful, one-sided argument in favor of oppression, and a peremptory demand of women to submit in all things to their husbands. He closes his appeal in these words: "Wives, we can not but impress these words on your memories. For the male to be firm and the female to be flexible, is what reason points out as a proper rule." "But," he adds, "in this world, you constantly meet with a class of husbands who foolishly love and respect their wives too much, as if they were more honorable, or superior to themselves. If anything occur, they are afraid to go before them, and thus the woman becomes the roaring lioness of Hotung, or the female fowl that announces the morning."

The heart sickens, and we turn away with loathing from a code of ethics so utterly heartless and inhuman. We become weary with its mere platitudes. A civilization that robs woman of her rights, that banishes her gentle influence from the social circle, that makes one-half of the human family—and that the better half—mere chattels and slaves, is not worthy of the name. The degradation of the wives and mothers will have a terrible reflex influence on the sons and husbands, robbing them of true manhood, producing a race of cowards and poltroons. And such are the Chinese. Their soldiers wear

quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being more afraid of the darkness than of exposing themselves to the enemy.

We turn, therefore, with relief and delight from the Confucian Code to the Proverbs of Solomon. In the very conclusion of that wonderful book, and as the climax of his poetic eloquence, he commends the virtuous woman. He exalts her in his grand and wonderful eulogium as he does no other personage of whom he discourses. Fully comprehending all the excellencies of her nature and the beauties of her character, with the skill of an artist he forms them into a chaplet of beauty, and with it crowns her the queen of society, demanding for her the homage and admiration of the world. Such homage she has ever received in all lands where the Bible is the code, and not that of Confucius.

I can not refrain from a few quotations from his grand eulogy. After stating that the virtuous woman is of more priceless value than rubies, he says: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth with the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall

rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he blesseth her."

Had Confucius, in like manner, exalted woman; had he, when he became the ruler of the Chinese mind, broken the shackles that bound her, and denounced the tyranny that oppressed her, and called her forth from her prison, and crowned her the queen of the social circle, investing her with equal rights with man,—the higher civilization of China would then be the enduring monument to his glory and real greatness. The rank of his greatness would have been as much higher as justice is higher than oppression, and as Christian civilization is above barbarism. That he did not do so, is a matter of surprise and regret; for it must be confessed that there is much in the maxims of the philosopher that show that he was animated with a high sense of justice.

His system of political ethics and his code of morals, imperfect as they are, were far in advance of his people. He was, doubtless, the chief instrument in lifting the Chinese people to a higher plane, and in infusing into the Chinese mind a love for learning that has resulted in a better civilization than can be found in any other portion of Eastern Asia.

While all this is true, yet his writings do not show him to have possessed the elements of a radical reformer. He was not a bold and heroic man. His idea of a virtuous life was of a negative and conserv-

ative type. He was manifestly a very vain man. His frequent allusions to himself show him to have been a most pronounced egotist. He says, in regard to himself: "At fifteen I had my mind bent on learning; at thirty I stood firm; at forty I had no doubts; at fifty I knew the decrees of Heaven; at sixty my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of the truth; at seventy I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right." His claim that he knew the decrees of Heaven was a bid that he should be worshiped as something more than human—as a sort of deity. From one end to the other it is a bold and unqualified claim of his excellence and godlike perfection.

The delight with which he received the flattery that was so bountifully bestowed on him discloses the fact that he possessed this frailty, so common to mortals, in no common measure. As it is impossible for an egotist to become a great reformer, it is more than probable that his strong desire to *reform* his fellow-men was largely modified by the more powerful motive to be *popular*. And while he, doubtless, saw the oppression of women in every household in the land—and, from his apparent kindness of heart, it is but fair to presume that he deplored it—yet it was an evil the correction of which would have wrought a revolution in every household, and he dare not risk his reputation as a sage and counselor in attacking this popular crime.

In further corrobation of the fact that he was an exceedingly vain man and an unblushing egotist, I may be permitted to give a few more of his sayings

in regard to himself. He says: "In a hamlet of ten families there may be found one as honorable and sincere as I am, but not so fond of learning." At another time and place he said: "After the death of King Wan, was not the cause of truth lodged *in me?* If heaven had wished to let the cause of truth perish, then *I*, a future mortal, should not have had such relation to that cause." Again he says: "My studies lie low, but my penetration rises high." His disciple, Yen, returning from the court, Confucius asked him: "How are you so late?" and Yen replied: "We had government business." Confucius replied: "It must have been family affairs. If there had been government business, though I am not now in office, *I* should have been consulted about it." We find all through his sayings this same offensive self-conceit. In his conduct, by his eccentric bearing and huge assumptions, he was constantly making the effort to convince those about him that he was something more than mortal, and he could not conceal his satisfaction when he found that his followers acceded to his pretensions.

Let us turn again to Solomon, and draw a parallel between him and Confucius in this regard. Solomon, when he wrote his proverbs, was the great king of a mighty nation, at a time when she was in the very zenith of her glory—a peerless monarch, whose wisdom was the magnet that drew all the wise men and philosophers of the world to his capital. The dazzling splendor of his court, and the grandeur and magnificence that seemed to gather about him and attend him all through his reign, excited the wonder

and envy of every other monarch of his time. The exalted position he held, and the honors that were conferred upon him, only served to make him more humble.

Not only did he have all the glory that gathers about the throne of a great monarchy, but the distinction that has secured the immortality of his fame was awarded him to build a temple which was to be the admiration of the nation and the wonder of the world—a temple around which would gather all the tribes of Israel in mass, once each year, for the celebration of the great feast of the passover—a temple which should thus be surrounded by his whole people; and while the mighty hosts sang and shouted praises to God for the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt, the great throng at the same time would gratefully remember their great king, who had thus magnified all the ceremonies of Jewish worship.

Few are the men in history, either sacred or profane, who have been so honored, and none who have shown such humility from such an exalted position. In his Book of Proverbs not a boastful word can be found—not a sentence indicating any assumption of superiority. He seemed intent only on calling the attention of his fellow-men to such precepts and principles, the practice of which would make the world better and their own lives happier.

In all his proverbs we do not find the misty and negative philosophy of Confucius, but a bold and manly assault on sin and iniquity wherever it might be found, or by whomsoever it might be practiced. To call attention to himself in the spirit of self-adulation

seemed to be no part of his purpose. In the Book of Ecclesiastes he speaks of his high position, not in terms of self-praise or in a spirit of vainglory, but to enforce the great truth that no mere earthly honors or pleasures are sufficient to satisfy the immortal mind of man. He frankly admits that, while he had reached the very topmost round in the ladder of human promotion, all earthly greatness was but vanity and vexation of spirit. He gives to the world this chapter of his experience in the following words:

"I, the Preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were before me in Jerusalem; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor: and this was my portion of all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and,

behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

These words, thus quoted from this book in the Bible, show the spirit and tenor of that wonderful sermon of Solomon. After considering every phase of human life, and the many things that excite the passionate ambition of men, at the very end of the book, he says: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

It is claimed by the admirers of Confucius that it was he, and not Christ, who first proclaimed the Golden Rule. This is not true. The maxim of Confucius, upon which this claim was based, is not a golden rule. He says: "What you do not want done to yourself, do *not* to others." It is only the negative side to the principle of reciprocity. It is not golden, because it is negative. The Golden Rule of Christ is: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

This, the grandest maxim of Confucius, falls as far short of that of the Savior as the sluggish, stationary civilization of the Chinese is inferior to the active, positive, and progressive civilization of the followers of Solomon and Christ. The style of the writings of Solomon is much superior to that of Confucius. That of the former shows him to have been possessed of a mind with clear, well-defined and positive convictions.

The writings of Confucius disclose that his great mind was inclined to soar away into the misty regions

of mere sentimentality. Many of his maxims are so airy and extravagant that it is impossible to comprehend their meaning. In some instances, if the translation of his writings be correct, it is impossible to believe that he himself understood what he wrote. His meaning is very often exceedingly obscure, and is frequently entirely incomprehensible. In his book entitled "The Doctrine of the Mean," this defect in style is the most observable. In his argument in favor of the practice of sincerity, he says: "Hence, to entire sincerity there belongs ceaselessness. Not ceasing, it continues long. Continuing long, it evidences itself. Evidencing itself, it reaches far. Reaching far, it becomes large and substantial. Large and substantial, it becomes high and brilliant. Large and substantial, this is how it contains *all* things. High and brilliant, this is how it overspreads *all* things. Reaching far and continuing long, this is how it perfects all things. So large and substantial, *the individual possessing it* is the co-equal of earth. So high and brilliant, it makes him the co-equal of heaven. So far-reaching and long continuing, it makes him infinite. Such being its nature,—without any display, it becomes manifested; without any movement, it produces changes; and without any effort, it accomplishes its ends. The way of heaven and earth may be completely declared in one sentence: They are without any doubleness, and so they produce things in a way that is unfathomable."

Had Solomon or Christ in their teachings said anything in their writings so silly and mysterious, what a point of assault it would have been for the

infidel! How would such transcendent nonsense have been held up by the skeptic as conclusive evidence that the claim of the divine inspiration of the Bible is a fraud! Yet they send forth their polished eulogium of the Chinese philosopher, who utters these airy nothings, as the very embodiment of wisdom and philosophy.

The result of the teachings of Solomon and Christ is a Christian civilization. The result of the teachings of Confucius is the civilization of the Chinese; a civilization like that produced by the system of Buddha, of Brahmanism, of Mohammed—a stationary civilization. What China was a *thousand years ago, she is to-day.* There is no progress. There is no reasonable hope that, so long as she clings to the doctrines of Confucius and rejects the Bible, she will ever move upward to any higher plane. Her only mark of distinction will continue to be the almost endless number of her people. The men of China will remain the enemies of progress, with no true conception of human duty or destiny; the women will remain mere chattels and slaves, and the somber mantle of superstition will continue to envelop the whole race in the darkness of heathenism.

What our Christian religion is, and what it is doing for the elevation of the human race, presents such an incontrovertible array of facts that they are silencing the enemies of the Christian system. It is overthrowing the thrones of despotism; it is dispelling the dark clouds of superstition that had settled down on the human soul; it is awakening in the

mind of man a proper conception of its powers and capabilities; it is calling into exercise all those great gifts, with the inspiring faith that God has impressed his own image on every soul of man, and invested him with his own immortality.

CHRISTIANITY AS A CIVILIZING FORCE.

THE most powerful factor in the civilization of the world and the elevation of the human race is the Christian religion. The pure morality of the teachings of Christ, and their beauty reflected on the ages for nearly two thousand years from his own life and conduct among men, has changed the whole nature and purpose of the human race. It has not only dispelled the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition that enveloped the human family, but the human mind, stupefied with the gross sensuality of barbarism, and besotted with the vices that seem inseparably connected with it, has been awakened to a better and fuller comprehension of its powers, and aroused and stirred to attain the higher and nobler manhood that the Christian religion reveals.

As a result, human life is longer and every day happier. The cruel savage nature has been softened and subdued, and the deep and ugly lines of hate and revenge that marred and made hideous the human face have given place to the beautiful smiles of regard and love. The better comprehension of the laws that bring health and strength, and the importance of their observance, has banished many diseases that preyed on humanity, and the rose of health has been implanted on the bloated and faded face of humanity.

Delivered at the Chautauquan Assembly at Long Beach, California.

Year by year more comfortable houses are being built for homes, and in every direction are discovered improvements for the betterment of the condition of the human family. With this has also come a clearer and broader comprehension of the rights of man. He has grown mentally and morally as well as physically. He has come to see and know that the humblest peasant has the same right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness as the proudest monarch on his throne, and this subtle and potent influence is overthrowing despotism, breaking the chains of slavery, and sapping the very foundation of tyranny and oppression.

There is no culture that has so touched man on every side and bettered his condition as Christian culture. A civilization without Christ is not worthy the name. Before he came into the world, I concede, there were vast empires, with great armies and powerful navies; man had reached a high degree of art, and architecture had given him gorgeous palaces and beautiful cities; he had poetry and music.

But what was the condition of the great mass of humanity? They were groping their uncertain way in darkness and doubt, with no just conception of their own powers, with little or no knowledge of duty or destiny, almost as helpless and powerless to care for themselves as the beasts of the field. And their mighty men, their statesmen and rulers, their monarchs and commanders of their armies, were but dupes in the hands of soothsayers and magicians, or governed by the uncertain and meaningless ravings of a priestess at Delphi. The lives of millions and

the destinies of empires were determined by the direction that a bird might fly, when some great enterprise was to be inaugurated. One generation followed another in the same dark and hopeless path, and no light came to show them a better way. The great masses of men were pinched with hunger and fell victims to famine, or were destroyed by the pestilence "that walketh in darkness or wasteth at noonday," or perished on the field of battle to gratify the lust for power and dominion of the bloody despots who claimed authority to rule.

This is not an overdrawn picture. The profane historian will corroborate the statement. The condition of the heathen world to-day shows a like deplorable condition of humanity.

I am aware that the learned skeptic and the highly cultivated scientist, in attempting to write the history of civilization and human progress, seek for other causes, and construct theories about the climate and purer blood and higher nobility of race, and give these the credit for human development. But these theories will not stand the test of fair and honest investigation. Let us take our own race—the noble Anglo-Saxon—a race that has produced men of the stamp of a Hampden, or a Washington, or a Lincoln, or a Gladstone; a race that can justly boast of grander achievements in science and art and in letters than any other; a race that has gone in triumph all around the world, and taken possession of the isles of the sea by the thousands; a race with a literature unequaled among the nations of the earth; a race that in the last century has furnished the world the

railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing-machine, the electric light; a race that has put in every home all manner of labor-saving machines, and thus lightened the burdens of man's life and saved him from the wear and tear of manual labor; a race in all respects bold and aggressive, presenting the highest and best type of manhood.

But follow backward the history of this race until you reach the point where they had not heard of Christ. With the same climate, the same blood flowing through their veins, and the same nobility of race, whatever that may be, what do we find? We find barbarians dressed in the skins of beasts they had themselves slain, living in wretched hovels, the victims of the lowest vices, and as ignorant as the naked savage at the equator, or the barbarian at the North Pole. They had no history. They had done nothing to make history. They seemed to emerge from the fog-bank of legend and mythology.

It seems almost incredible that so noble and mighty a people should have been once so low in the scale of being—a people existing on the lowest animal plane, utterly destitute of any of the culture and refinements that now so distinguish them, and with little or no conception of human rights, and almost wholly without any civil government. From such a pit of degradation has the Anglo-Saxon been lifted. Even human life had no sacredness, and, by law, bloody murder could be atoned for by the payment of a small sum of money. Yet the skeptic talks flippantly about that indefinable something, as innate nobility of race, that has brought the Anglo-Saxon up.

Why was it dormant so long? As late as the tenth century, according to the code of King Athelstan, the taking of human life could be paid for in money, and the price was fixed by law according to the rank of the person murdered. Fifteen hundred dollars was the value of the life of a king; seven hundred and fifty the life of a prince; four hundred was paid for a bishop; two hundred dollars was the value of a sheriff; one hundred for slaying a priest, and thirteen dollars for murdering an ordinary man. Whether any value was attached to the life of a woman, I am not advised; but I presume not.

And the little history we have of the Anglo-Saxon before they accepted Christianity shows that these influences outside of Christianity, which the infidel claims are so potent, had no effect upon them. They made no progress. Century after century they remained in the same beastly condition of filth and degradation.

It is fair to conclude that it was not their noble blood, or the favoring breezes of a temperate zone, that have called into being this better and higher order of manhood. It is the inspiration of the great truths of man's immortality, the inhaling of the pure precepts and teachings of a sinless Christ, and the blood that has wrought this revolution is that shed on Calvary for the sins of the world.

Whether under the equator, or the ice-bound regions at the poles; whether in the land of perpetual and ever-blooming flowers; whether in the land of eternal snows and ice; whether on the tops of the sterile mountain crags, above the clouds, or in the fertile valley covered with never fading verdure,

or in the isles of the sea, where man has accepted Christ and made his life and teachings his guide, is found this noble manhood and purer civilization.

Latitude and longitude, race and climate, do not seem to change, or in the least degree to modify the effect. Where Christianity is accepted, its salutary effects can be seen alike in every nation, people, or clime. The effort to rob it of its well-won laurels as the mighty civilizing agency is a miserable failure. The boldest and most reckless infidel has not yet had the audacity to undertake to show that the highest types of men, and the happiest homes, and the best laws, and the most permanent and most liberal governments, are found in other than Christian lands.

In Leckey's "History of Rationalism" may be found this eloquent tribute to a pure Christianity; and, coming from one who is regarded as high authority among skeptics, may justly be regarded as a glorious triumph for the cause so dear to all Christian hearts. He says: "If we were to judge the present position of Christianity by the tenets of ecclesiastical history, if we were to measure it by the orthodox zeal of the great doctors of the past, we might well look upon its prospects with the deepest despondency and alarm.

"The spirit of the fathers has incontestably faded. The days of Athanasius and Augustine have passed away, never to return. The whole course and tendency of thought is flowing in another direction. The controversies of bygone centuries ring with a strange hollowness on the ear.

"But if, turning from ecclesiastical historians, we

apply the exclusively moral test which the New Testament so invariably and so emphatically enforces; if we ask whether Christianity has ceased to produce the living fruits of love and charity and zeal for the truth, the conclusion we should arrive at would be very different. If it be true Christianity to dive, with a passionate charity, into the darkest recesses of misery and vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all societies of humanity in the circle of an intense and efficacious sympathy; if it be true Christianity to destroy and weaken the barriers which had separated class from class, and nation from nation, to free war from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences; if it be, above all, true Christianity to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, a spirit of candor and tolerance towards those with whom we differ,—if these be the marks of true and healthy Christianity, then never since the days of the apostles has it been so vigorous as at the present."

The assaults that have been made on Christianity by the polished skeptical historians, who claimed to have solved the mysterious problem of human progress, have not been aimed at its code of morals, but rather at the Church as an organization.

The Church claiming civil authority, or allied with and the main supporter of despotism, is not the Church of Christ. A Church claiming the right to compel mankind to accept her dogmas—a Church

knowing no toleration, and whose hands are red with the blood of persecution—is no more the representative of Christianity than the car of Juggernaut or the guillotine of the French Revolution.

In the darker ages, when education was confined to the few, and ignorance for the many was regarded as the mother of devotion, these things were done, and the wrongs and outrages were charged up to the account of religion. But Christianity is one thing, and religion is another. A religion that is not permeated with the spirit of Christ, and is not under its supreme control, is not the Christian religion.

Yet with all the evils growing out of a union of Church and State, and all the bloody history of such an unholy alliance, Guizot, the historian, felt compelled to make this confession: "Notwithstanding all the evil, all the abuses, which may have crept into the Church—notwithstanding all the acts of tyranny of which she has been guilty—we must still acknowledge her influence on the progress and culture of the human intellect to have been beneficial; that she has assisted in its development rather than its compression, in its extension rather than its confinement."

Henry Thomas Buckle, in his wonderful "History of Civilization," attempts to count Christianity out as one of the important factors in the progress and development of the race. He says: "Looking at things upon a large scale, the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, and not the cause of it."

While we deny *in toto* the truth of the statement,

yet admitting its correctness, he pays a compliment to religion. If, as he argues, intellectual activity must precede religious convictions, then the fact that the improved man grasps at Christianity as a round in a ladder to raise him higher in his aspirations to attain to the noblest and best, is a confession that Christianity is at last, if not at first, an elevating force.

The impartial historian of the human race, who writes not to bolster up a preconceived opinion, but to find out the mysterious forces that awaken the human mind to even a feeble conception of its powers, and continues to rouse it to a wider range of vision, must give Christianity the first, and not the last place. Impress upon the benighted mind of the barbarian, on the feeble intellect of the child, that God is the Father of all, and has stamped his own divine image on every soul; and that the infinite and boundless love of the All-Father goes out to all his children; that all alike are equal to him; and this life is but the preparatory life for the better one beyond,—and then you have the very starting-point on the highway of human progress.

Let the great truth be accepted that one omniscient God created the universe, and made laws for its government; and the desire to know the operation of those evidences of his wisdom and goodness energizes the human mind and stirs the human soul as nothing else has ever done. Science is the child of Christianity, and not the parent; and knowledge is not the forerunner, but the follower.

To comprehend and understand the laws that God has made governing mind and matter, is the highest

aim of science. To accomplish this, one scientist brings the magnifying power of the telescope on the countless worlds above him; and another puts the atoms of matter under the microscope, and compels them to surrender their mysteries, and disclose where the finger of the Unseen has written the law for their government. The learned metaphysician invades the inner temple of God's creation, the very *sanctum sanctorum* of his omnipotent work, the human mind; and he is overwhelmed with the evidences that the Maker and Author of all this mystery had not only infinite intelligence, but was moved with boundless love.

The biography of these learned men, in many cases, would disclose the fact that a Christian mother's love revealed to them their first knowledge of the existence of the All-Father, and incited them to cultivate and develop their mental powers to the highest point, that they might penetrate the mysteries of his works. This was the grand incentive that put the youthful student at his life's work. If the mother had been a disciple of Confucius, or the worshiper of the blind god of Chance, or an evolutionist, the learned scientist would never have penetrated the arcanum of nature. But with an ingratitude strange as it is senseless, some of these scientists, in their later life, ambitious to be called advanced thinkers, attempt to reason God out of his own universe, and to ascribe all the wonder, majesty, power, beauty, goodness, and harmony of his works to the accidents of chance or the effect of an indefinable evolution.

Well did the sweet singer of Israel say, "The

fool has said in his heart there is no God." But all the folly does not arrest the march of truth. As the generations come and go, the dial-plate of human progress records that an advance has been made. The motive power and elevating force that is thus surely lifting the human race to a higher plane is the Christian religion.

What, then, is the secret of this power? What is the essential quality, the essence, of this reformatory and elevating force?

To these questions would come a great variety of answers. The sectarian would declare that it was the construction put on the teachings of Scripture by his Church, and the adherence to the venerable forms and ceremonies adopted long since by ecclesiastical courts and councils. Another, rejecting the idea of a reign of law, and having the fullest faith in a constant and continual intervention of special providence, would answer that the Almighty directed every movement, and that man was the mere passive agent, responding only to the supernatural influences thus brought to bear upon him. Some would reply with long statistical tables, showing the number of ministers and churches and Sabbath-schools, colleges and universities, the millions and hundreds of millions who have their names on the Church-rolls, and the great wealth they possess to carry forward the work of evangelizing the world. Some would claim that the strength of religion consisted in an abiding faith and trust; and others, in ceaseless work for the cause of Christ. The replies would be too numerous to repeat. It might safely be asserted that all of them would

contain some truth, and perhaps none of them would be free from error.

In order to solve the difficult problem, let us reduce the question to the very narrowest bounds. Take an individual Church of any denomination, and let us try to discover the measure of its power and influence on those who live within the sound of its church-bell. It is not the costly edifice erected for worship, the height of the church-steeple, the width of its richly carpeted aisles, its expensive pews, its gorgeous frescoing, or its grand organ. It is not that the members are the wealth and fashion of the town or city, or that the great and influential fill the pews. It is not that it has a choir that can compete with the opera in the excellence of musical performance. It is not that the minister may have a world-wide reputation for eloquence, so that people cross the continent, and even the ocean, that they may have it to say that they have seen and heard him. A Church may have all these and many other apparent advantages, yet if the spirit of the Master is not there, they are none of his. They are not in the battle of sin and wrong; it is the mere dress-parade. It is not the forward march; it is but marking time.

The power of Christianity is not visible. The visible and material that attach themselves to religious observances may add to their force; and they may detract from it. If religious worship is the mere observance of Church requirement; if the tone and manner of it is but the compliance with the fashion and style of religious ceremony,—then nothing is accomplished by it. It is a mere travesty on Christianity.

The strength of the Church is not her wealth, or her ancient creeds, or the pomp of her ceremonies. The Pharisee had all these things at the time of the Savior; yet the Master denounced him as a hypocrite and a robber.

The power and force of any organization consists in the number of its members who are so imbued with the spirit of Christ that the chief ambition of their lives is to be as near like him as it is possible for poor, weak human nature to be. This invisible power is the force that has elevated man and revolutionized the world, and is constantly widening the area of civilization. It drives out the dark brood of evil spirits—hate, malice, envy, jealousy, avarice, and pride—and calls in love, charity, benevolence, and humility. These godlike spirits take control of human life and action; as the new man comes in contact with his fellow-men, they see the great change and note the conversion; and thus the divine leaven goes out into the social life of humanity, and silently yet surely works reformation. And just in proportion as the individual Church sends out this blessed influence from its walls is it strong, and an important factor in the improvement of the race. The persons who have this spirit may be poor and without influence, yet they do the work at last.

The great mass of the business world, and those whose large fortunes beget a disposition to spend their time in the gratification of their tastes and appetites, may sneer, or at least give but little thought to the comparatively few who gladly hear the church-bell, and with sincere and earnest hearts go to the place of

prayer and worship. They do not stop to consider, that all these little churches are centers of influence; that here conscience is awakened to a keener conception of right and justice; that here is given a deeper and broader view of the significance of human existence; and that these forces modify and correct public sentiment; that they form public opinion, and write the statutes against wrong, and bring the violator of law to justice. It does much more than this: it gives a sense of safety and security to every citizen in constantly giving him better laws and a more stable government. It stills the angry and unreasoning mob, and prompts the courts to go forward in the faithful and impartial enforcement of law.

And while the people who give no thought and care nothing for Christianity, in their hot pursuit for riches, or their restless ambition to attain the world's honors, may ignore the little church and the Christians who love it, yet to it are they indebted for the protection of their fortunes; and they also fail to remember that the right to worship God, untrammeled, led our fathers to land on the sterile rocks of New England, and found a government where the honors of official position would be in the reach, not of a royal family only, but of every citizen.

The preaching of the gospel, and the general dissemination of the knowledge of the ethics of the New Testament, is the source of opposition and agitation when great social and civil wrongs exist. It is the death-knell of tyranny. It wrests from the grip of tyrants the right they have stolen from men. It has overthrown many a despot, and limited the

prerogative of many a monarch, and restored to oppressed humanity what God had given to his children.

The stern and staltwart Puritan hurled his anathemas at the wicked and cruel oppressions of a British king, and the War of the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the American Union with its broad toleration and equal rights for all, were the result.

The cupidity of the British slave-trader had fastened on the Colonies the curse of human slavery, and Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin made it very profitable to the slaveholder, so that it not only intrenched itself behind the mercenary interests of the slaveholder, but secured constitutional guarantees and laws for its protection. When the muttering storm of agitation began to be heard, it fortified itself with compromises, and placed its supporters in the chair of State and on the Supreme Bench, and thought itself secure. But Thomas Jefferson said, in speaking of its perpetuity, that "he trembled when he remembered that God was just, and that some time the alarm would come like a fire-bell in the night." So it did come. And it came from those who had been taught the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them."

Beneath all the tinkering of politicians and the compromise legislation of law-makers, was the conscience of the Nation awakened and aroused, and clamored for justice to the downtrodden race. It could not be hushed by expedients. The toys and tricks of mere policy could not lure it away from its unswerving devotion and allegiance to principle. The agitation went on and on, and deeper and wider be-

came its current, until it swept from the face of the land the last vestige of the offending evil.

From whence came this quickened conscience and this uncompromising moral sense? Why did millions of men rush to the deadly conflict? What was it that made liberty so dear and slavery so hateful and hideous? Who can get the consent of his mind that the philosophy of the scientist, or the labored statistics of the political economist, could have wrought out such a revolution? Who will be bold enough to deny that it was the Christ of the ages, with his stately stepping, demanding equal justice to all men?

There is another great evil, whose dark shadow falls across every hearth-stone in the land. It is a standing menace to the peace and happiness of every home in the Nation. It is the open foe to education and religion. It has done more to hinder and retard the civilization of the race than any other evil. In every community may be found the wretched victims of this curse, with broken and shattered constitutions, and dazed and bewildered intellects. In every jail, penitentiary, and lunatic asylum may be found the countless numbers sent there by this wicked business. The statistics of crime, pauperism, and insanity it furnishes are appalling. Every true Christian Church in the land is the open foe to this enemy of humanity, and every true minister of the gospel of Christ is constantly stirring up the consciences of his members to keep up the warfare.

The most casual observer can but note the constantly rising tide of public sentiment against the men who make drunkards. The victories gained

here and there over this great enemy, give new zeal and energy to the conflict. The agitation will go on.

The mercenary spirit of this money-getting age, that recognizes nothing but riches as the one object worthy of attainment, resents the agitation, and treats it as an impertinent interference with its plans. The partisan politics of the country is also arrayed against this great moral movement, as a disturber of the scheme to utilize the evil for the accomplishment of political ends. But over all these great obstacles the waves of agitation rise higher and higher. What is troubling the waves? Why are not these powerful opponents able to produce a calm, and allow this business to go on undisturbed? It might be done if the doors of every church were closed, every Bible burned, and the sweet rest and contentment of the Sabbath-day turned into a day of amusement and dissipation.

Here again is the Christ of the ages lifting man up to a higher conception of his duty and his destiny, and here, too, is he fulfilling the prophecy he made of himself, that he came not to bring peace but strife. First pure, and then peaceable, is the language of St. James.

The fearful conflicts between capital and labor, causing the nations to turn pale with fear lest everything may be involved in a common ruin, indicate that the mercenary spirit of the times is a most formidable obstacle to the elevation of the race. The temporary expedients adopted from time to time do not reach far enough to give assurance that the danger is lessened. It is but postponing the destruction that may

come like a cyclone and sweep everything before it. The capitalist must have a deeper humanity and more active charity, so that he will love man more than money. The laboring man must have a clearer conception of the great principles of justice and right. Both must let the Golden Rule of the Savior, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," have the supreme control of their conduct in dealing with their fellow-men. These words of the Master put into practical operation will still the tumult, and calm the angry waves of contention, as surely as they did when, in the storm, the affrighted disciples came to him in their fear and said, "Master, Master, we perish," and he rose and rebuked the winds and the waves, and said, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm.

What other refuge that gives any assurance of safety in the future? The disorganizing and disintegrating theories of the Communist, the red banner of the Socialist, do not cure but surely aggravate the disorder. The rule-or-ruin policy of the many organizations, which claim to have the interests of the laboring class at heart, defeat the very end they desire to accomplish, and often compel the State to protect property rights at the point of the bayonet, to shed the blood of her own people to maintain the majesty and supremacy of her own laws. That simply postpones the evil for the time. The innocent may suffer with the guilty, and the innocent blood shed may be used by the craft of the designer to fan anew the flames of discontent, and a more determined resistance to law and order may be organized which calls for more

bayonets and blood. That the ship of State would have been wrecked long ago, I have no doubt, had we not had the Master on board.

If this mercenary-spirit age succeeds, as it is attempting to do, in casting Him overboard, dethroning God and deifying Mammon, then all is lost. The virtue and intelligence of men are the foundation principles of good government—especially in a republican form of government, where every man, with his ballot in his hand, impresses himself on the statute-book, and places men of his kind at the helm to guide the State and execute her will.

President Washington, in his "Farewell Address," said: "Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who labors to subvert the great pillars of human happiness—those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens." If we would have capital and labor cease their warfare, and extend the hand of friendship each to the other; if we would correct the false notion that it is disgraceful to be poor and a crime to be rich,—then we must instill in the minds of all men the pure ethics of the New Testament.

This remedy goes to the very seat of the disorder, and a permanent cure will be the certain result. In addition to the higher conception of justice and right, it infuses a kindlier and more unselfish and self-sacrificing spirit among men.

When great calamities came in ancient times—when famine or pestilence, with a fearful scourge; or

when destruction appeared in fire or flood or volcanic eruptions to sweep away the homes and property of the race,—the efforts of the more fortunate were to placate the anger of the gods, and to offer sacrifices to appease the wrath of imaginary divinities. The unfortunate were left to perish.

In any Christian land, where any city or town is desolated by fire or flood, and hundreds of families are made homeless by the devouring elements, as soon as the news of the disaster is carried over the land with the speed of lightning, it is made the business of the whole people, at once, to extend the hand of help and sympathy. The swiftest agencies that can be commanded are put in requisition to carry the benefactions of sympathetic humanity to the suffering.

Or, if the dread pestilence is found doing its deadly work upon any portion of the people, and the cry for help is made, how our best physicians and most skillful nurses, with a heroism that is godlike, laden with the means of relief, hasten to the infected district, and battle with contagion and death to save humanity! And if the calamity has overtaken great numbers, as has been the case in our country within the last few years, other nations, peoples, and cities show by their sympathy and gifts that the mighty oceans which surround us are too narrow to separate us from humanity on the other side of the world.

These grand demonstrations of benevolence have done more to magnify our civilization and exemplify the progressive characteristics of this age than all our

wonderful inventions or the rapid accumulation of luxury and wealth.

If the attempt be made to take the crown of glory from the Christian religion, let it not be forgotten that, with all the culture and the abundant wealth that was in the world, they had no asylums for the blind, no houses of refuge for the insane, before He came into the world; that these, and a great many other kindred benevolences, have risen and grown to great proportions as the legitimate result of the teachings of the Savior, and his attention and love for the unfortunate while among men.

Not only is this sweet spirit of charity one to another developing a kindred spirit among men, but it is reaching out to the settlement of differences among Christian nations. The time is not distant when all nations under the influence of Christianity will not appeal to the arbitrament of the sword; but, free from passion and not blinded with national pride, will peaceably settle all disputes by a fair and just arbitration, and men will learn war no more. Before His coming, prisoners of war were either condemned to death or perpetual slavery by the most powerful and cultivated Nations. In the intervals of peace, they were whetting their swords for another conflict.

The signs of the times indicate a fulfillment of the announcement made at His birth by the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men." It is impossible to contemplate the life and sayings of our Savior without falling in love with all that is pure and good.

A Hindoo once said to one of our missionaries: "Reviling our gods, criticising our Shasters, and ridiculing our ritual will accomplish nothing; but the story you tell of Him who loved, and pitied, and came and sought, and suffered, and rose again,—that story, sir, will overthrow our temples, destroy our ritual, abolish our Shasters, and extinguish our gods." The heathen was correct; and if such be the effect of the story of Jesus among the heathen, it will not be the less wonderful in this enlightened Nation.

Our temples of selfishness and covetousness will fall before the assaults of Christ's pure teaching and example. Bloody and cruel war will flee before the white banner of peace; and slander, "the foulest whelp of sin," will hide away from the presence of universal charity. Such has been the fruit of a pure Christianity ever since its introduction in the world.

One has said: "Unlike the Jewish religion, it was bound by no local ties, and was equally adapted for every nation and every class. Unlike Stoicism, it appealed in the strongest manner to the affections, and offered all the charms of a sympathetic worship. Unlike the Egyptian religions, it united with its distinctive teaching a pure and noble system of ethics, and proved itself capable of realizing it in action. It proclaimed, amid a vast movement of social and national amalgamation, the universal brotherhood of mankind. Amid the softening influence of philosophy and civilization, it taught the supreme sanctity of love. To the philosopher it was at once the echo of the highest ethics of the later Stoics, and the expansion of the best teachings of the school of Plato."

In these latter days, especially among our young men, it is claimed as a sign of mental independence and advanced thought to reject Christianity and adopt the notions of modern infidelity. But it is a baseless fallacy. The chain of errors and superstitions that bound the human mind have been removed by the enlightening and liberating force of Christianity, and no mind is so free as the one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ.

Dr. Channing says: "I call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles, which it has deliberately espoused.

"I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but forgets what is behind, listens to new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions. I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world. In fine, I call that mind free which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power in the prospect of immortality."

The mental bondage of the idolater who attributed every storm, every disease, every eclipse of the sun or moon, to an incensed God; who thought he was surrounded with witches, hobgoblins, and familiar spirits; who was in constant fear lest the malice of an enemy should fasten on him the dreadful charge of witchcraft, and have him put to death for holding communication with demons,—is too horrible to contemplate.

The power of the gospel has broken link after link of these chains of ignorance and superstition, and the most enlightened of the human race are marching out of the prison that has so long confined them.

It is in no sense the evidence of advanced thought to extinguish the flaming torch that has lighted the way, and is leading the human race out of the dark vale of barbarism up to that higher plane of a better and clearer conception of their relations to their fellow-men and their Creator.

With the overwhelming and conclusive evidence that the motive power of all human advancement is in what Christ said and did while in the world, the man that would rob the world of that light is the enemy of his own soul, and the open foe to the best interests of his fellow-men.

THE DEMANDS AND DANGERS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT has brought this great assembly here to-day? It may be answered, This is Old Settlers' Day. But it can not be that curiosity to see those we have seen most and longest has attracted so many from their homes. That we honor and love the heroic old settlers, we can not doubt; but they are no curiosity. Neither are we here as partisans or sectarians; for before me are all shades of political opinions and religious beliefs. Have we not been drawn hither by that invisible cord of human sympathy that binds us all together? Did we not hunger for this social feast, and long to look into each other's faces, that we might give comfort and joy each to the other? The smaller meetings of our political party or the household of our Church faith does not meet entirely the larger want of the human soul. The irrepressible desire comes up to meet the whole family—everybody. So human ingenuity has invented county fairs, old settlers' meetings, and other innocent deceptions and devices, that this want may be met; that everybody may come, and meet high up on a plane above the world's strifes and contentions; that we, in the broadest and most comprehensive sense,

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Address delivered at the Annual Reunion of the Pioneer Association, Hunt's Grove, Ohio, Saturday August 4, 1888.

may have fellowship and communion with our common humanity. It is a good thing to do. We go hence broader and better every way. We become less of the partisan and more of the patriot; we carry down to our daily lives more toleration and less bigotry. We unload, on all such days as this, some of our selfishnesss, and take on more charity. We lose many a narrow prejudice, and find a broader fraternity. It is for this we are here. We rally round the old settlers, and utilize them for this high purpose. Do not understand me as depreciating the old settlers. In many points they represent this higher life. They were unselfish, self-sacrificing; and, whatever else may be said of them, they did not fail to cultivate their social natures. In that regard they exceeded their children. We may claim to have more education and culture than they; but they were more generous and self-sacrificing. Bold and brave pioneers fifty years ago, they contended with difficulties of which we now know but little, except we see that it developed grand, heroic qualities.

When we leave behind our buying and selling, and thus come together to inhale this purer atmosphere, we are simply following in the footsteps of those of the olden time, of which the old settler is the representative. I do not claim to be able to expound the philosophy of the proposition; yet it is true that all reforms have their origin in man's social life. Just in proportion as this is developed do we bring the race up to the full stature of manhood and womanhood. You may develop the intellectual and cultivate the spiritual nature of man; but he will be

a weakling and a dwarf, failing to fulfill his mission in life, if his social life is neglected. His intellect will be clouded, and his spirit heavy, and his countenance gloomy, unless the great social want of his life is met. Solomon says: "Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." When the artificial barriers that wealth and birth have erected are broken down, and the rings and cliques that fashion and folly may create are dissolved, and the whole mass meet on perfect equality as we do to-day, a reformatory and elevating influence seems to result from the contact, and we all go hence better equipped for the contest in life. If you want to know the degree of civilization of any nation, State, or community, get the exact gauge of the social life, and you will reach a correct conclusion without difficulty. The highest type of man is the one who is the most ardent lover of his race.

Philanthropy is the basis of our social life, and hence is the active agency in sharpening the intellect, warming the heart, and quickening the energy to fight the ills that destroy human happiness. The best quality of citizens and the bravest soldiers are the legitimate result of this high social culture, producing a people that will maintain the right in times of peace and are invincible in war. When the people are all anxious to come together, not to witness the contest in the bloody arena, as did the ancient Romans, but to taste the sweets of social life, and talk of the days that have gone and compare them with the present, it is a good omen. It is a prophecy of a better future. Away back in the centuries, religious fanaticism led men to

think the only safety for their souls was to flee from society, and live the life of a hermit in caves and cells in the desert. But it was an awful failure. They became so inhuman that they refused to see the faces of their own mothers, spurned from their presence their own children, and died in their filthy dungeons like beasts. They failed to comprehend the very essence of Christianity. They never began to inhale its sweet and refreshing spirit. A great writer has truly said that true Christianity is to destroy or weaken the barriers which separate class from class, to make a consciousness of essential equality dominate over all accidental differences. This can only be done by social contact. Men must come around a common altar, and lay their hearts often together that they may be warmer, and, with united hands, vow each to the other that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.

No recluse can be a reformer. The reformer must know his fellow-men; and reforms must be planted in the open field of every-day life, and have the constant sunlight of human sympathy. They must take root in our social life, and as they grow and ripen, they will stand the storms of discussion and the frosts of persecution. As the heat refines the silver, and eliminates dross from the gold, so do the warm debates and heated discussions of all differences among men result in the survival of the best thought.

These old settlers remind us forcibly that more generations than one have come, fulfilled the work assigned them, and have gone. These few that are

left are the relics of former times. In their life-time there have been many great changes, and in many directions great progress. We have advantages and improvements that they in their younger days never dreamed of. And on occasions like this, we are inclined to brag and bluster over them, and look back with mingled pity and contempt on the simplicity of their methods and the smallness of their results. While we can point to our increased locomotion, to our telegraph, to our telephone, to our improved machinery in every direction, to our electric lights and gushing gas-wells, and many other evidences of progress, yet we must not conclude that we are so much better than they because in their life-time all this progress has been made. The civilization that civilizes is that which makes man kinder and nobler. Let us take in all the surroundings before we indulge in boasting. We must look at the debtor side of the ledger as well as the credit side, in order to strike a correct balance of the account. What evil has come with all this good? "Watchman, what of the night?"

That these labor-saving machines and great discoveries and inventions have infused new life and energy in the minds of men, and put the human race at work with all their might, can not be doubted. Wealth has been placed in sight and within the reach of all. In the struggle for riches, men have forgotten their obligations to society and their duties to the Government. They have tossed aside the consideration that is due the public welfare, and ignored the claims upon them as citizens, in their hot anxiety to

compass their own personal aims. They have left the high and difficult task of good government to the idlers and vicious classes. The politics of the country is largely in the hands of those who care but little for law and order. While the industrious man is accumulating wealth, the tramp and the vagrant are at the caucus or the political convention. While the good citizen, as he thinks himself, is making money, the loafer is choosing men of his own kind to waste it or steal it.

I have but little patience with the sort of political sanctification that, with an assumed air of superior virtue, wraps the robe of the Pharisee about itself, and declares that it will have nothing to do with the dirty pool of politics. As the worst elements in society are the most powerful and positive forces in politics, men are now nominated for office with direct reference to securing this vicious influence. The decent and intelligent of all parties must come to the front and take control of their political parties, or the precious, patriotic blood of two wars for the preservation and perpetuation of human liberty will have been spilled in vain. Am I overstating the case when I assert that the supreme questions for a candidate for the people's suffrage are not qualification and character for honor and integrity, but can he get the support of the "b'hoys"—is he a good mixer and a hustler?

By this state of things, we scarce secure second-rate men for President or governor, about third-rate men for Congress, and for our State Legislature so poor a quality that they can not be rated,

except they might be properly termed the vulgar fraction of our politics. There are individual exceptions. I speak in general terms. You can not secure a good executive out of a mere mixer, nor will a Congress of hustlers be of any service to the country; and a Legislature composed largely of men who were candidates because they would set 'em up to the boys, will do anything to deplete the public treasury. Yet men talk seriously of civil-service reform, of engrafting it on the dying and rotten branches of our political system. The people, the very source and fountain of power, must be reformed They must be brought to see that the best legacy they can leave to their children is the rich blessing of good government—better than gold or silver, land, stocks, and bonds. To that end a halt must be called in the hot pursuit for wealth, and time enough must be taken to dislodge the bummer, to retire the mere mixer, and discharge the hustler from the responsibility of managing the affairs of State.

The better elements must take control of our public affairs. We must have bone and sinew and strong muscle in our political virtue. We must put down lawlessness, enforce the good laws, and repeal all statutes that were made for mere private or partisan interests, and are inimical to the public good. It were far better for posterity that the institutions of civil and religious liberty, for which our Revolutionary fathers fought, bled, and died; to establish and to preserve, which our brothers, with equal zeal and patriotism, went to the field of carnage and

death when the recent attempt was made to dissolve the Union,—I say it were far better for our children that we give them these inestimable gifts unimpaired than leave them large sums of money. To accomplish this, every good citizen and patriot must turn his attention to our politics. He will have to study to comprehend his country's needs, and then have the courage to compel his party to accept a policy that will reach that end. I do not speak as a party man. We are here as citizens of a common country, with a common interest in the general welfare, and to consider the things that reach that object; and I address myself to you as patriots and lovers of your race. If we who are animated with high conceptions of duty will come to the front, we can reform the many abuses that have stealthily crept into the management of political parties. And right here is the place for effective work for the reformer. Here is a fine field for the patriot and the philanthropist. Commence reform at the very bottom, and then build up sure and strong. Awaken the conscience of men so that they will make the public interest their interest. Have the great controlling masses as jealous of the reputation of the State as they are of their own families. Let the great, honest public heart be ambitious for the enactment of such laws as will best subserve the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the greatest number, and then see to it that they are strictly enforced. If the experiment of free government in the end should prove to be a failure, that would not establish the proposition that man is not capable to govern himself, but that he

simply failed to appreciate the importance of personal attention to the public welfare, and neglected to faithfully administer the great trust given him. We inherit largely our political opinions as we do our physical form and mental capabilities. This keeps alive political parties. One political party or the other has the charge, and is responsible for the management of the State. Through these party organizations the good is often made to serve the bad, for the reason that the evil is active while the good is passive. If the great moneyed monopolies or the liquor league select the Legislature, so that the laws are made against the public welfare and to subserve private interests, it is but the legitimate result of the indifference of the best men of the party to their public duties. Out of this indifference comes the demagogue, with his foul breath and lying tongue, to sow the seeds of discord and discontent among the ignorant, which will yield the bitter fruits of lawlessness and anarchy. It is not the presence of the demagogue that need create alarm, but the circumstance that makes his existence a possibility.

We have met to-day with glad and grateful hearts, and I doubt not that some of you who hear me will wonder why I do not present the brighter side of our national life. It would be more agreeable for me to do so, did I not think the time has come when the pulpit, the press, and the platform should sound a note of warning of present dangers and greater ones approaching. What is the cause of this failure to look carefully after the precious trust committed to us? Why this criminal indifference to the

national safety? Are we losing our love for our country and our race? What has deadened our moral sense and extinguished our patriotic fervor? In reply, I would answer that we are becoming too mercenary. We place too high an estimate on riches. The almighty dollar has come between us and duty. Like the children of Israel in the wilderness, the golden calf of Aaron has more charm than the tablets of Moses containing the commandments of God. To be industrious and provident is as commendable as laziness and extravagance is detestable. But money is to be earned as a means to secure a useful and happy life, and not as the sole end and aim of existence. The man whose only purpose in life is to see how many dollars he can gather together in half a century, has lived and moved on the lowest and narrowest possible plane. Love, charity, and benevolence, and all the tender sensibilities of life will flee from such a soul, and a hateful brood—avarice, covetousness, distrust, and dishonesty—will occupy the wrecked and ruined spirit, and he may die rich in money but poor in friends, and poorer still in the regrets of his fellow-men.

In such a land of plenty, our educational institutions should be as perfect as it is possible for man to make them, and our scholars should be the most finished and thorough of any Nation in the world. There being no censorship of the press, and being, as we are to a great degree, free from the superstitions and dogmas of the older nations, we ought, as a Nation, to be able to present to the world a literature that would make a new and brighter era in the history of

letters—a literature whose excellence would command the attention and admiration of the world—the dogmas of the darker ages being abandoned, and American thoughts and ideas substituted. We ought to have such an appreciation of the dignity of our citizenship as to seek the highest attainment of all the graces and culture that so adorn and beautify human character. No Nation should excel us in our social qualities or exceed us in the charms of polite intercourse. Our national advantages demand of us that we should stand in the very front rank in science, in art, in religion—in all that it is possible for humanity to attain in this life. The health and vigor of our national life ought not to be poisoned and weakened by corruption in high places, and the honor and fair fame of the American character should be free from the stain of official dishonesty. To be worthy the position that our national advantages and liberal form of government have given us among the family of nations, our national reputation as a Christian people should be above reproach.

We are compelled to admit the fact that we have not yet attained to that high position. We are too often made to blush with shame at the disgusting disclosures of breaches of faith and trust by those who should be models of integrity and purity. And so frequent are these exposures of knavery, in financial circles as well as in official positions, that it is creating a feeling of disgust and alarm, and most searching and vigorous investigation is the order of the times to detect and punish the guilty. The popular demand for these prosecutions and the vigor dis-

played in ferreting out these criminals, is a healthy indication, and worthy of all commendation. But the arrest, trial, and conviction of a defaulting cashier of a bank here and there, and the dismissal from office of an unfaithful public servant, does not seem to remedy the evil or arrest the tide of dishonesty and corruption that is sweeping over the land. On the contrary, these crimes seem more frequent, and our Nation is rapidly losing its high character for integrity, and the disgraceful appellation of swindler and sharper are attaching odium to the reputation of the American citizen because of the frequent defalcation of public officers and the dishonesty of those who have been made the custodians of the funds of others. In order to discover the remedy for this disorder, we must find the cause that produces it. The skillful and intelligent physician will not undertake to cure a patient afflicted with ulcers by healing up a sore here and there on the surface of the body, but will seek to cleanse the blood of his patient of the poison that produces the eruption. If we would cure the Nation's evil, we must not expect to accomplish it with mere applications to its surface indications, but we must go to the very bottom and apply the remedy to the very source from whence it comes. Whence, then, comes this evil?

Manifestly the rich and abundant blessings that God has so bountifully bestowed on the American people are being perverted by them, and they yet may make them curses instead of benefactions. Among the many blessings he has given us are the inexhaustible resources of the country and the indomi-

table energy of her people. We are misusing the one, and consequently misdirecting the other. The mere accumulation of wealth has become too much the end and aim of the American citizen, and to this base use is he prostituting his soul, mind, and strength. The inordinate desire for riches is begetting a mercenary spirit that is a reproach to our religion and a blot on our civilization. It is prostrating the self-respect of the American citizen, weakening his moral power, and, as a consequence, is the source from whence comes this flood-tide of fraud and dishonesty. Public sentiment is becoming so poisoned by this mercenary spirit that wealth, no matter how acquired, brings with it position and influence that can be secured in no other way. Wealth seems to cover a multitude of sins. Whether we intend it or not, we are teaching our children by our example that the chief end of man is to become rich. While we may tell them with our lips that God is the true, only proper object of worship, yet they see but too plainly that Mammon has possession of our hearts. They see all around them practices, that are essentially dishonest, commended and upheld because they pay well. They see how the wealthy villain, who managed the corrupt ring that robbed the public treasury, is feted and toasted, and perchance elected or appointed to some high position of trust and influence by men who profess to be patriots and Christians. This has occurred so often that they have concluded that success in corruption and rascality makes it honorable. They have noted that greed and the desire for gain override duty and trample under foot the sacred

tie of social obligation, so that in the scale of public estimation, the acquisition of money outweighs all the other aims and purposes of human existence. They have seen "how wealth has become a god, and how on its altar are sacrificed ease, peace, truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends, love, charity, and all the sweet and tender sensibilities of life."

In this money-getting atmosphere they are reared and trained; and when childhood's day is done, with all the ardor of young life they enter the lists for the prize. Their education has taught them that conscience is a weight that may easily beset them in the race, and that it must be laid aside—candor must be driven out, and deceit must take its place; that plain, single-purposed honor must give place to double-faced and cunning hypocrisy; that religion may be loudly professed, but never practiced, except where it will pay; that Christ, with his purifying power, must be expelled from the soul, and that Satan must reign supreme. This grasping spirit is thus imparted to the young, and becomes part of their very nature, and they enter on their career in life with it as the controlling motive power of all their actions.

The evil effects of this training may be seen in commercial circles as well as in professional life; in the mechanic and merchant as well as in the politician; in the lowest and humblest vocations. It is everywhere and all-pervading. We come in contact with and feel its malign power constantly. This strange and undue estimate we place on the value of money is the fountain and origin of the corruption of

the times. It is poisoning the life-blood of the Nation, and marring the beauty of our free institutions with the ugly ulcers of official dishonesty. It is creating a public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful. It is the great obstacle in the way of social, political, and moral reformation. It hardens the heart of man, effaces the divine image thereon, and sends him forth among his fellow-men a selfish demon. It places the material above the spiritual and eternal. It dethrones God, and deifies Mammon. It closes man's eyes to the beauty and glory of the universe of God, and, with his great endowments, imprisons him in the dark and narrow cell of his own selfish soul. It turns his thoughts from the contemplation of what is right and duty, and from the high consideration of what is truth, to the groveling inquiry of what will pay.

So strong and powerful is this spirit that its influence has become imperial. If the politician, rising above the bribes and corruptions of the times, denounces and exposes the rascally combinations that have become so common, he is threatened that he will be voted down unless he keeps silent. If the press dare expose the swindles that are concocted to rob the unsuspecting, the withdrawal of patronage is the weapon used to bring it to time. If the minister of the gospel is too free in denouncing covetousness, and holding up too specially its enormities, and turning attention to the perpetration of its wrongs, his support is withheld by those who love riches more than righteousness. This state of things is the most formidable obstacle in the way of progress and re-

form, and is the chief hindering cause in the way of our advancing civilization.

Whatever is a source of wealth, no matter how acquired—even if the business be a curse to the race, and at war with the best interests of humanity—must not be held up with all of its enormities to the public gaze. The money power forbids it, and the subserviency of the times yields a cowardly submission. We have an illustration of the effect produced on a large scale in our country during the present century. When slave-labor was unprofitable, there was universal assent to and confession of the sin and wrong of slavery, even from the slaveholders themselves. But when the cotton-gin was invented, and, as a consequence, wealth began to flow into the coffers of the master from the labors of the involuntary servant, the sin was first excused, then denied, and at last a subservient clergy was compelled to preach that the abomination was patriarchal and divine.

But equally culpable with the clergy were the politicians of those times, who came with their compromises and Fugitive-slave Law as their offering at the altar of Mammon; and the highest tribunal, not to be outdone in devotion to the money power, proclaimed from their exalted position, and under the solemnity of their official oath, that, in this land of freedom, and under a Constitution made to perpetuate the blessings of liberty for all coming time to those who choose to live under it, one class of men had no rights that another, of lighter color, were bound to respect. It not only compelled the pulpit and the press and the judiciary to submit to its de-

mands, but when the people, in the exercise of their Constitutional right, peacefully, at the ballot-box, expressed their condemnation of the system, it trampled the flag of our country under foot, declared the Union of the States dissolved, and appealed to the sword to maintain its position.

Had slave-labor not been a source of great wealth to those interested in it, these disgraceful facts would have no place in our history, nor would precious patriotic blood have been required to wash out the dark stain of human bondage. The blood poured out in the great conflict, and the immense treasure expended, evince the power and danger of this mercenary spirit which brought the Nation to the very verge of ruin. The same spirit is again sowing the seeds of dissension, that may grow and bring again the harvest of blood and anarchy. It is arraying capital against labor, and labor against capital. Capital is oppressing labor; and labor, by combinations and strikes, is seeking to impair the value of capital. Mutually dependent on each other—the one being helpless without the other—yet this mercenary spirit has engaged them in the senseless attempt to weaken and destroy each other.

This state of things enables the restless spirits of the Old World who have stirred up revolution and anarchy in other nations, and many of whom have fled to our shores as fugitives from justice, to organize secret associations, the purposes of which are to overthrow law and order, and to put person and property at the mercy and under the control of the mob. As a consequence, it is becoming more and

more frequent in our cities to witness processions with banners upon which are inscribed sentiments that threaten to trample all law and good government in the dust, and are intended as a menace to coerce a compliance with their demands to avoid the havoc of riot and anarchy.

These clubs and secret associations have had sufficient strength to overthrow monarchies and kingdoms, where no right of suffrage gave them a voice in the government. How much more is their power for evil in this land of ours, where, with the ballot in their hands, they seduce the statesman to become the demagogue, and through him succeed in introducing their lawless and turbulent spirit in the very halls of legislation! The extortion and oppression of the great moneyed monopolies give life and vigor to these dangerous combinations, and unless the evil is speedily remedied, an explosion will come that will shake, if not destroy, the very foundation of the Government. To refuse to see the danger that is thus menacing the prosperity of our National life, is the most criminal folly.

Another evil growing out of this rampant spirit of money-getting is the recklessness in trade and speculation. But a few years ago, with plenty on every hand, with our banking system on the firmest basis, with faith and hope cheering on the toiling millions, the country was startled with the intelligence of the failure of those in whom the whole people had confidence. The public mind at once became panic-stricken, confidence fled, bankruptcy and ruin followed, industry was prostrated, want looked in at the door of

the laborer, and the progressive spirit of the times was broken, and its energy paralyzed. This great calamity was the legitimate result of a few men undertaking to enrich themselves by purchasing worthless stocks and bonds with which to cheat their customers; but as their customers refused to be cheated, they were compelled to keep their worthless trash, and fail.

Its corrupting power goes farther still, and, extending into every circle of life, is the chief promoter of extravagance by inducing the less fortunate in obtaining wealth to make a show of success by adopting the expensive style of those who have the means to sustain expensive living. All manner of falsehood is resorted to by such to enable them to hold the much-coveted position, even for a brief period. They soon go down, covered with disgrace and dishonor. This mercenary spirit is no recent manifestation. It is co-existent with our National life and prosperity. It has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. The evils that I have mentioned are but a few that are the legitimate result of its controlling power. The evils are so numerous and so palpable that the earnest demand of the times is for an effective remedy for this disordered state of things. The disease being universal, contaminating the whole mass, the remedy, to be effectual, must not be applied to classes, but to the whole people. What, then, is the remedy for this disorder? In this age of progress, and in this land of rapid growth and development, no remedy which arrests the energy of the American citizen and holds him in check will be accepted by him. Acquisitiveness is the driving force

of his character, and has given the impetus to our National growth. Any remedy that would weaken that force, even if practical, is by no means desirable. Such a remedy would be attended with greater evils than it remedied.

Let a new spirit be infused into the American people in this regard. Let honor and integrity be the badges of American nobility, instead of wealth. The elevation of the life purpose of the American citizen, and the reformation of our public sentiment, must, to a great degree, be the work of the educated minds of the Nation. The power which is to go forth and stem this torrent of corruption, the influence that is to purify society and instill higher aims and purposes in the hearts of men, and to impart to the American citizen a more elevated conception of a true manhood, must be sent out from schools, colleges, and universities.

In all ages and times in the past, the best cultivated minds have guided the direction of the sentiments and opinions of the mass of mankind, and have been the leaders in civilization. It is so at the present time, and will continue to be in all the future. They are writing the books that constitute our literature. They are editing the papers we are reading daily. They are preaching the sermons we hear every Sabbath. They are on the platform, lecturing on law, medicine, politics, philosophy, theology, and, in fact, all the themes that interest and instruct mankind. In these, and in infinite other methods, they are guiding and controlling the public mind. From these influences much of our public

sentiment is formed, and from this source our civilization, in a great degree, receives its cast and color.

That an enlightened and Christian Nation should have become so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and thus brought upon ourselves such a magnitude of evil to corrupt and weaken our National life, suggests the inquiry that those who have in the past been prepared in our halls of learning for leadership in our civilization have not been well prepared. Is our educational system deficient in this regard? Is there not, down deep in the human soul, an attribute of nobility that it does not reach? Should not the graduates be as familiar with ethics as mathematics? Why so much of the classics, and so little of the science of knowing how to live? As the mental power of the student is developed and strengthened in the attempt to comprehend the laws that govern matter, and in demonstrating the propositions of mathematics, and in grasping the almost hidden mysteries of the laws of language, why may not a more complete and ethical training of ethics at the same time be bringing forth in the soul a deeper and broader charity, a more active and unselfish benevolence, and a keener perception of duty to God and man?

If any part of the education of the student be thorough, let the preference be given to the inculcation of the dignity and nobility of his being. Let the glory of living up to the requirement of Him whose image they bear be so deeply impressed on their youthful minds that, when mature life shall come with all its duties and obligations, it will be the supreme

principle of their lives—guiding and leading all their thoughts, words, and actions, above all sordid and selfish aims. In the cultivation of the mind of the student, let the training contain, as one of the principal elements, an inspiration of manly courage to rise above all mercenary considerations in sustaining the right and condemning the wrong. Our educated minds should be filled with a heroism that would boldly snatch the imperial scepter from Mammon, overthrow the throne of his despotic power, and, with their cultivated powers, make hateful and hideous the evils which have made dim the glory and tarnished the luster of our civilization.

As the overflowings of the Nile bear the dead carcasses from the barren sands, and leave benind on the sterile shores a rich and life-giving deposit, which calls forth an abundant harvest and beautifies the desert with fruits and flowers, so should an influence go out from our literary institutions that would purify the land from corruption, and make the places now barren for God and humanity to bring an abundant harvest of justice and righteousness, and cause the desert of selfishness to be beautified with the sweet flowers of benevolence and charity.

The mental activity of this age is not a more distinct and marked characteristic than its impressibility. The cultivated mind, prompted by a heart throbbing with a pure and active sympathy for humanity, in these stirring times can demand and have a hearing, and leave an impression on the restless American mind that never could be made in any former time. The fact that the whole energies of

the American people are aroused, and the mental powers drawn out to the utmost tension in the conflict of life, is the best ground of hope, and affords encouragement for the scholar and philanthropist to undertake the work of guiding these activities in purer channels and directions to the attainment of higher and nobler ends. As in the roar of battle and the smoke of conflict the flag of his country excites the deepest admiration of the soldier, if bravely borne, so in life's struggle, amid the mists and fogs of selfishness, will the banner of truth be hailed and cheered, if it be found in the hands of those who dare to fight to death the errors that have blasted the hopes and happiness of humanity. This is a most opportune time for the elevation of the life-purpose of the American citizen. There seems to be now, beneath the sordid and selfish in his character, an active and keener perception of right and wrong, and an earnest longing for the truth. While the American citizen is acting on a grade below his rank, and while the mercenary spirit of the time has lowered his high aims and purposes, and filled his soul with selfishness, yet down deep in his heart may still be found an earnest desire for a higher and better life. The bitter experiences of life, in his struggle for wealth, have taught him the deceitfulness of riches. The promised compensation for the great sacrifice he made to obtain it never came. The sweet cup of joy, for which he labored and toiled, he finds filled with the bitter waters of remorse. The recollection of life's conflict brings not the coveted peace and content for which he hoped, but faithful

memory fills his heart with shame and regret. He finds but too often that he is envied by the rich and hated by the poor, for whom he has shown no sympathy. If the thoughtful and educated minds have anything better to propose, he is now ready to give it a fair consideration.

Then let the painter portray on the canvas the hideousness of selfishness. Let the poet put songs of charity and benevolence in the souls of men. Let the scholarly orator thunder his anathemas at the corruptions of Mammon. Let the press, with its unmeasured power, burst the fetters that have bound it, and boldly assail this mercenary spirit and all the ills it has brought on the human race. Let the minister of the gospel, with the boldness of a Paul or the fiery eloquence of a Peter, impress the great truth of Christianity on the hearts of men, that if they have not the unselfish and self-sacrificing spirit of Christ, they are none of his. Let art, by her beauty, attract man away from the altar of Mammon. Let poetry soften his heart and inspire his soul. Let the power of logic impart to him a higher and broader conception of his being and mission; let religion impress on his mind the great truth of his immortality and let its purifying power cleanse his soul from all selfishness, and lead him to love God supremely, and his neighbor as himself.

Then will the grand forward march of our civilization be resumed, and nobler ends and higher aims animate humanity. The halting steps of human progress will be quickened; confidence among men will be restored; and peace and good-will will bring

joy and contentment to the hearts of men. Capital will cease to oppress labor, and labor will lay aside its weapons of warfare against capital, and cordially extend the hand of help and sympathy. The artificial distinctions that this mercenary age has created between the rich and the poor will cease to be recognized. Wealth will no longer be a badge of honor, and poverty will not be disgraceful. The honest man, wherever found, will be the nobleman that men will delight to honor.

The surplus money that is now prostituted to the base use of gratifying a miserly greed for colossal fortune, or squandered on the senseless tinselry that fashion and folly have invented as the guise and garb of riches, will be diverted in a thousand new channels to encourage and enlighten mankind. Our educational institutions will no longer languish for want of support, but the wealth which has been used to corrupt and debase man will furnish more teachers, more extensive libraries and cabinets, and complete endowments, so that the sons and daughters of the poor, as well as the rich, may participate in all the advantages of a liberal education.

As the evil power has been nourished and strengthened by feeding on itself, so will the remedy be effectively increased by its own application; and every effort made in the elevation of man will reenforce itself with double power; and grandly and gloriously will the work of the regeneration of the American citizen move on. Then will that righteousness that exalteth a nation call down the smiles of heaven on a happy and prosperous people; and then,

in the completeness of his character and the nobility of his being, will the American citizen be hailed as rightfully bearing the commission of the Almighty as the leader in the great work of liberating, enlightening, and elevating the human race.

SELF-CULTURE.

GROWTH and development is manifestly the law of the Creator. In the natural world this growth is not the effect of culture, but the effect of the operation of the unseen yet resistless law of God. We see its wonderful work on every hand. It challenges both admiration and astonishment.

From the brown earth in the spring-time comes forth an endless variety of plants and grasses from seeds so small as to defy the search of the curious, carpeting the earth with a covering too beautiful for human art to successfully imitate, hiding the desolations made by the frosts of winter. The little germ hidden in the earth sends forth a lily of such beauty and loveliness that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto it. From the smallest acorn this mysterious power calls out the little shrub which, by the slow growth and development of a century or two, becomes the giant oak, the storm-defying king of the forest. The barren branches of the solitary tree in the field, when the warm and smiling month of May comes and drives away the frosts, are bidden, by this wonderful law, to clothe themselves with fresh foliage, and are required each year to become longer and stronger, throwing farther and wider their

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Delivered at a meeting of young men on the Acton Assembly ground.

refreshing shade to the panting herds seeking their protecting shelter.

In the animal as well as in the vegetable kingdom we see on every hand the wonderful results of this mysterious force. Man himself comes up from feeble and helpless infancy to the full stature and strength of strong manhood by the operation of this law, and not by any will-power of his own. His physical growth is in the hands of his Maker, and man has no voice or control over it. He may desire it ever so much, yet he can not add a single cubit to his stature.

Man being the crowning glory of all the works of his Creator—the most beautiful and wonderful work of all, his form shaped by the hand of Divinity that he might appear, as well as be, the lord of all created things—God has expressly forbidden that man should mar the beauty of his own perfect work. He reserves his physical growth to himself, and man can not hinder or change it. All nature in this regard is like the Author, unchanging and unchanged, forever the same.

But God gave to man a portion of his own divine nature in bestowing on him the wonderful power of reasoning, and then placed the mental and moral growth in man's own keeping, holding him responsible for the result. He simply planted the seeds in the human mind and soul, and bade man cultivate and develop himself. Man's destiny in these regards is with himself. He may, if he chooses, by an earnest and constant cultivation of the natural powers his Maker has given him, grow on through all

the days of his life. The mental and moral man may be constantly putting forth longer and stronger branches, and be beautified with fresher and brighter foliage. He may be a dwarf or a giant, just as he may elect. From this stand-point I will present a few thoughts to the young men who are here to-day.

Real manhood—full, true, and complete manhood—should be the highest ambition of every young man. It is above wealth and higher than position. It was my fortune, a long time ago, to have known the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, of Maine. He was one of the brightest and ablest men this country has ever produced. You will remember he was appointed to the high position of Secretary of the Treasury. Filling the position for some time, he was recalled to the Senate of the United States by his State. His kind and genial manner and his high sense of justice and honor won all the hearts of the heads of bureaus, clerks, and subordinates of the treasury, so that when the day came that he was to retire, they came in a body to manifest their respect, and to express their regret at the separation. He made them a speech that has no superior for eloquence, truth, and beauty in the English language. I regret that I have not preserved it so that I might read it to-day.

The thought that so impressed me in his address was this: He said to those young men that no position was higher than that of a true gentleman; that a man, in all that the word imports, outranked any position that man could hold. It struck me with great force, and I have never forgotten it. It is to this manhood that I want to call your attention

to-day. Our young men are looking forward to the attainment of wealth or office or position. These glittering prizes dazzle their eyes, and attract their vision, and excite their hopes and ambition. The false notion largely prevails with our young men and boys that if these be beyond their reach, there is not much else worth striving for, and they give up and simply float along, consenting to be nothing and nobody in the world. Our false education has led us into this error.

When I was a boy at school, when the last great day of school came, and we were on hand with a great exhibition of our acquirements, some eloquent lawyer or minister would make a speech to us, and tell us that some of us would be President or governor or something of the sort. We, a lot of tow-headed urchins, would look at each other and smile at the insane suggestion. We could not grasp it; it was too far off. You tell a boy that he is going to be something in the future, and to begin now. If you convince him that he will become an author, he will sharpen his pencil and commence at once. If you tell him he will be a painter, he will beg you for a nickel to buy a box of paint, and commence daubing without delay. But you tell him that he is to be a banker or the President of the United States, and he does not know how to begin, and becomes discouraged, and thinks you are fooling with him.

I have often seen, and you have seen, parents, with maternal pride and fatherly affection, exhibit their children, with the remark that they intend to make a President out of that boy; or, if they are

less ambitious, they will say that they will make a lawyer or a doctor or a preacher out of him. Thus from infancy it has been rung in our ears that we are to be something in the way of holding office or having a professional standing among men. The profession or the position is made to outrank the man. Did you ever hear a parent say that he intended to make a man simply out of his boy—a man in honor, a man in education, a man socially and intellectually? The advantage of holding out this ambition to a boy is, that he can commence on it at once, and work at it all the time. As soon as he concludes that he will be a man he can begin. No matter how poor he is, he does not need any capital to set up the business of being a man.

If he has any bad habits he can commence on them. He can spit the chew of tobacco out of his mouth before habit fastens it there for all his life. He can throw aside his cigar, and spend the money that he wastes in that way for good books and magazines. He can cut loose from all vile associates who teach him to be profane and vulgar. He can put aside the dime novel and all such flashy reading that causes him to want to be a pirate, and read something that will make him want to be a man. He can stop going to the saloon, and join the Good Templars, and start in the smooth road of temperance and sobriety. All this he can do at once. If he wants to practice politeness and act like a gentleman, he has a chance to cultivate these gifts by being kind to his mother, and obedient to his father, and polite to his sister. All this any boy can do if he simply determines to

make a man out of himself. The result is with him; and if, when he becomes twenty-one years of age, and can vote, and is counted a man, he is yet ignorant, vulgar, and uncouth, corrupted by bad habits, it is the result of his own choice.

He may, by cultivation and watchfulness, keep his eye towards the better side of humanity, and fill his soul with charity and love for the human family, so that out of the abundance of his heart his mouth will speak words of praise of all about him, binding mankind in the sweet bonds of confidence and trust; or he may expel charity from his soul, and fill his heart with envy and jealousy; and then from the corrupt fountain within him will come defamation and backbiting, his wicked and lying tongue befouling and soiling the reputation of all about him with the venomous slime of slander—"slander, the foulest whelp of sin."

He may polish himself until he may sparkle like a diamond, or he may remain all his life as rough as the stone in the quarry. He may be so cultivated and refined as to confirm the declaration of Holy Writ, that he is but a "little lower than the angels," or he may remain as ignorant as the beasts of the field. He may preserve the purity and innocence of childhood, or he may become as vicious as a demon. He may, by the kindness of his soul and the gentleness of his spirit, carry joy and happiness with him wherever he goes, and be hailed with glad welcome by his fellow-men; or he may become a terror and a curse to all who may be so unfortunate as to be compelled to associate with him. It is within his power

to be an example of virtue, illustrating in his daily life, and in all his contact with his fellow-men, the beauties of the Christian religion, his very presence being a foretaste of the world beyond; or he may be so vile that his presence would suggest that he was an envoy from the regions of perdition. He may have in possession a soul filled with joy and contentment, rejoicing gratefully in the many blessings in life, loving and being loved; or he may have a soul poisoned with hate and ill-will, tossed on the angry billows of discontent, despising and being despised. He may become a bold and manly opponent to popular wrong, defying public clamor, standing all the time for right, or a skulking coward, fleeing before the harmless roar of public opinion. He may be a man of decision, seeing the path of duty before him and the difficulties in the way, and proceeding at once to overcome them, thus making his life a grand success and furnishing an example of what decision and force of character may accomplish, believing with the poet,—

> "What you can do, or dream you can, begin it:
> Genius has boldness, power, and magic in it;
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
> Begin, and then the work will be completed,"—

or he may halt and hesitate,—

> "Lose the day loitering, 't will be the same story—
> To-morrow, the next day, more dilatory;
> The indecision brings its own delays,
> And days are lost lamenting over days."

He may become an honest and honored citizen, or a loafer and a dead-beat. Possibilities for good, as well as possibilities for evil, may be his just due in

accordance with his own election and the heed he takes to his ways. He makes his choice himself, and shapes his own future. Circumstances over which he may have no control may modify the result in some degree; but the main truth still stands, that self-culture makes the man.

The mistake that our young men and boys make is, that they do not put a proper estimate on real manhood. They may have a longing to be lawyers, doctors, ministers, or politicians, and as that involves a good deal of study and the cost of an education, they give up, and float along without any definite object in view. It is no honor to be a lawyer or a doctor or a politician unless you possess real manhood.

Have you never seen a lawyer who had no hold on the public confidence? The profession did not help him or give him a character. Did you never see a doctor who was the victim of such bad habits that nobody respected him? His being a physician, though a successful one, did not give him the good opinion of those about him.

There are politicians who may have been in some degree successful, yet so destitute of principle and honor and having so few of the true elements of real manhood, that nobody will trust them. On the other hand, have you not seen men carrying hods, driving drays, working in ditches and at the mechanic's bench, who were noble men, the soul of honor and honesty, who had the good-will and confidence of all with whom they came in contact? Is it not nobler to be a man doing your duty well and faithfully in the circle you are called to move in, respecting yourself

and compelling the respect of others in the humble walks of life, than in what is falsely called the higher circles to be known as a knave and a cheat?

If you, young men, will fix your eye on real manhood, and determine to have it—to bring out all that is good in you and develop to the highest degree the gifts God has given you—you will be in demand in the coming future. An observing world will compel the mediocres and incapables to stand aside and make a place for you. The world needs more men. It will need them much more in the future. In politics we have so many voters and so few real men understanding the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, that the Nation is often on the very verge of anarchy, and some despairing souls are ready to say that the days of our Republic are nearly numbered. The State needs more men who have in their youth studied the form of the Government and the history of the country, so that they can silence the vaporings of the demagogue, and vote down the blathering politician who would take advantage of the voter.

We need more intelligent men in the Church; men who do not regard the Church as simply a ship to carry them safely over the troubled sea of life, and land them safely in heaven with as little expense and self-sacrifice as possible, but men who see in the religion of Christ the means not only of saving mankind, but also as a mighty civilizing agency to lift mankind out of the pit of ignorance and degradation to a full and complete comprehension of their rights and duties to each other and to God; men who so love to be useful that they will stand ready, not to

do as little as they can and retain their place in the Church, but be willing and anxious to make large sacrifices for the good of our common humanity. Religion languishes to-day and the Church is shorn of her power, not because so few men belong to the Church, but because there are so few who really comprehend the value of the religion of Christ to themselves and to the world, and who put so low an estimate on its value that they are not willing to sacrifice much to promote it.

The temperance cause is often injured by the intemperate zeal and lack of intelligence of those who have charge of it. Men, forgetting that all public laws must, in a free government like this, have their fountain and origin in a public opinion that must come from the calm and dispassionate judgment,—men thus rush hastily forward to pass extreme penal enactments; and, when they are on the statute-book, there is no healthy and vigorous public opinion to compel their enforcement, and they remain a dead-letter; and the rum-seller goes on with his work of ruin and death, and laughs at their folly. The men are but children in mind and judgment. They have grown physically to manhood, but their uncultivated minds have had little or no attention, and they know not how to manage this great evil. History is but repeating itself. If boys and young men would spend their leisure moments in looking after what has been in the past, and keep pace with the current events of the times, they would know better how to meet the responsibilities of their manhood than we men are meeting the demands upon us.

In passing through the country this last winter, going through several States, I have found at all the railway stations men standing with a vacant stare, looking as though they had not a hope or purpose in life. I have thought that Darwin must have been a traveler, and it was from seeing these sights that he was led to the promulgation of his theory that man was the progeny of the ape. These men, thus standing and gaping at the busy world, were once boys like you, but refused to think of their future or make any provision for their coming manhood; and you see the sad result.

It was Plato who said that "man is a two-legged animal without feathers;" and although he said it away back in the Dark Ages, if he lived now, he would repeat it, and stick to it.

Many a poor boy will say: "How can I be a man? I am an orphan;" or, "My father is too poor to help me; and how can I develop my mind, when I can not find the books, or command the means of culture?" We have in this country both public and private libraries within the reach of all who are ready to read; and our young men waste time each week that would, if applied to study, give them the contents of a volume of knowledge. The intelligence is at your command, if you really want it. The tree of knowledge is full of ripe fruit; and her laden boughs are reaching out towards you, if you will only partake of it. It is within the reach of all. We have good sermons preached every Sabbath, that are full of truth, thought, and information. You can learn there without cost, if you will attend. We

have Sabbath-schools that are free to all, with intelligent teachers; here you can find help. Come to this fountain of knowledge. Education and help is abundant on every hand, if you will avail yourself of it.

Let me say another thing by way of encouragement. If an observing world around you finds you are really doing your best to be a man, you will find help and words of encouragement on every hand. Boys and young men make the mistake that what they do is not noticed, and that they have no character and standing in society. That is a fatal error. Every boy and young man in this community has a character and standing, as well as the men. If you visit the saloons, and loaf around the town from day to day, and do nothing; if you associate with disreputable people, it does not escape observation; and the community around you are making up their minds in regard to your future. If, on the other hand, you are taking heed to your ways, seeking good associations, forming habits of industry and economy, and are trying all the time to improve your manners, you will have it all put to your credit; and you will soon hear words of commendation from those whose good opinion you desire to have.

And right here let me say a word to older persons who are present. When you see a boy doing his duty and trying to be a man, you ought not to fail to let him know that you observe it, and give him credit with an emphasis for all the good you see in him. It will cost us nothing to praise him; and it will do us good, as well as him. If we were as ready to commend boys as we are to condemn them, and as

ready to praise them as we are to blame them, we would be doing them a good service. Boys and young men like to be appreciated, as well as older people; and a kind word now and then will re-enforce a boy wonderfully, and help make a man out of him. You can in that way obtain the regard of the boy; and your good cheer will help him in his fight against bad habits and evil associates.

Among the bad habits that destroy all hopes for a true manhood is the habit of visiting drinking-saloons, and drinking there. It breaks down the self-respect of a young man. It puts him in association with the very worst young men of the town. He soon finds himself drifting away from good society, and is counted with the vicious and depraved. He is compelled to take that society, being all that is left him. All of their wickedness becomes his; and while his better nature and the consequences cause him often to halt and revolt, yet he feels that good people will not take him back into their confidence; and he goes on in his downward career, and becomes a drunkard, a tramp, or a criminal. The road to manhood is not through or by the grog-shop. You must give up the saloon, or abandon the idea of becoming a man in all that the word imports. The saloon has taken many a boy and young man, and, in less time than it takes for a course in college, it has graduated him a drunkard, a pauper, or a criminal. It has never graduated a man. Even those who are not so unfortunate are debased and degraded by strong drink.

Idleness is another enemy to the attainment of

manhood. A boy or young man who can consent to go day after day without work or trying to improve himself, will never reach manhood. He may grow up to the stature of manhood—he may become old enough to vote; but he will never be a man. He will fill no place in the world, and will be the slave and serf of the men of energy and industry.

I have seen some young men in my town—and I doubt not that the same sights may be seen here—standing day after day, leaning against the houses or hitching-racks, without seeming to have a single ambition to be or accomplish anything,—so lazy that they would not even grow to the height of a man physically if it required any effort on their part. Is there not some way by which the eyes of such may be opened, so that they may peer into the future, and see that there is a noble manhood before them that they may attain if they will wake up and make the effort? Are there not Christian people and humanitarians in every town who will speak a word of encouragement, and inspire a hope in these dejected hearts, and help them as they push out in the stream of active life?

Some young men will say that it is no use for them to try to do much; that they have no natural talents like others. In thirty years of active life I have been compelled to modify my opinions about these natural gifts. There is not much difference, after all, in the natural powers of men. I am led to conclude that these gifts are very evenly divided. Once in a century some great genius will come to the world, and flash like a meteor or a comet across the path of humanity; but the great mass of

men are very much alike. That one succeeds better than another is because he had in his boyhood a glimpse of the glory of true manhood, and, having faith that he could attain it, he determined to have it; and, while other boys were halting and idling away their time or weakening their powers with bad habits, he rushed past them; and when the time came to be a man, he was a man. Then the world would say, What gifts God has given that young man!

Other young men will say, I can not make my life a success because of poverty. Poverty is a blessing to a young man, if he has the real, true grit. It is an obstacle in his way that calls out his energy to surmount it; and if he wins—as win he can if he determines to do so—the victory will be greater and the reward sweeter than if somebody's money put him through.

Poor young men have this advantage over rich ones—when a poor young man shows, by his energy and industry, that he intends to be a man, he excites the sympathy of all good people, and they are inclined to help him. They are not expecting so much from him, and if he exhibits the true metal they will rally round him and assist him. This I know from absolute experience. I have gone the rough road of poverty in my boyhood, and I know how it is. And while I thought it was very severe then, I look back and thank God with a sincere gratitude that my father did not, and could not, give money to make me indolent and worthless, as it often does. Poor as you may be, and moderate as you may think your abilities, may be you have some element of greatness

and power within you that may make itself felt and recognized if you go at the work of life in earnest, determining to succeed.

Do not forget, also, that you must learn to do something well. Do not fail to remember that it is infinitely more honor to be a good mechanic than a poor lawyer; that it is better to be a brakeman on a railroad than a brakeman on the train of human progress by trying to do something that you are not adapted to. All work that is useful to the human race is honorable to the worker, and the honor increases in exact proportion to the perfectness of its accomplishment. A trade or calling of some kind within the range of your capacity is absolutely essential. But the difficulty will be presented, that if you do prepare for manhood, you will not be able to find a place to work. Be not content with finding a place. Make a place; that you can do. If you do your work well, and are honest and intelligent, the very necessities of human affairs will make a place for you. The world is full of half-men, half-skilled, half-hearted, half-energy, half-honest men. If you are a full pattern of a man in the circle in which you are called to move, by common consent the others will stand aside for you.

As the race of man improves, as new life and energy is infused into every department of human society, that new energy will produce new work and more of it, the comforts of life will have to be provided for this better type of manhood, and there will be enough to do. This Nation wastes enough each year in her vices and in her extravagance to give

work to the whole human family in providing for what the world really needs.

And, again, let me ask this question: Do you not really want to be a man for the glory there is in real manhood; a man as perfect as human nature can be; a man in harmony with himself, in harmony with his fellow-men, in harmony with his God; a man so developed and cultivated that he meets all the demands made upon him by his social, his intellectual, and his moral nature; a man that comprehends his responsibility in living, and who has a heart so in sympathy with his fellow-men that he is ready to rise above self and selfish ends when the demand is made, and, to the extent of his ability, assist in bearing the burden of others; a man whose whole soul sings to him the sweetest songs of approval when each day's work is done; a man whose conscience will cheer him on with the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant?" That nobility of manhood, in this good land of ours, with her free schools, her cheap literature, her open Churches, is for every boy and young man here. He can have it, if he wants it. He can command it, if he will take heed to his ways. No power can keep him from it. Nobody has a patent on this, the noblest work of God. To obtain it, it is not necessary that your father should be rich or a man of distinction. It is free and open to every one who has the energy and the industry and the manliness to commence now to win it. You can not fight this battle for manhood with a substitute. You must win by your own strong heart and patient endurance. If your purpose be pure and unselfish; if

you want to make return to the great Creator for the gifts that he has given you; if you want to be a man, filling your place in the world, and making mankind better all the time by your good work and better influence,—then will come that more than human help, the Divine power, to re-enforce you in the conflict.

It can not but be that any rational mind, undertaking to fulfill his mission among men, will fail till it seek for that Spirit that animated the sinless life of the only perfect Being that was ever on the earth. Every young man, therefore, with the loftiest aspirations, desiring to be as perfect in his humanity as our fallen nature will admit, will be a Christian. It purifies the purpose of his life, magnifying, expanding, and extending it beyond this earthly conflict, holding out an eternity of joy, peace, and love with the best and purest that have lived in the world.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ODDFELLOWSHIP.

WE LIVE in a practical age. As Odd Fellows we must be able to give good and sufficient reasons for our existence as an Order. What is the equivalent for the time and money spent in perpetuating this organization? Why this pomp and parade, these gorgeous regalias, and those large and costly lodge-rooms? Is our Order a helper in elevating and civilizing mankind? Does it do a work that would not be done but for us? In the short time that I will claim your attention, my brethren, and this large assembly of friends, I will try to answer these plain and pertinent questions.

It was the great Edmund Burke who said that "the spirit of civilization is composed of two parts—the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman." Assuming this to be true and a correct definition, we may justly claim that our Order is a mighty civilizing force. In the first place, Oddfellowship makes belief in God and the essential truths of Christianity the very corner-stone of her temple. No man can enter the threshold of the lodge until he has given his sincere assent to this article of our faith. The great moral maxims of the Christian religion are found all through the ritual and go to make up the Odd Fellow creed.

Delivered at Providence, Rhode Island, and at a public meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

We make war against vice in all its forms, not only because it is injurious to the human well-being, but because it is forbidden by a kind and loving Heavenly Father. While we do not claim to be a religious institution, we do insist that the spirit of religion permeates our Order and is its best feature. We simply claim to be a helper to raise man to a nobler and higher life. Tried by the broader test that whatever makes man kinder and nobler, more useful and self-sacrificing, is in accordance with the spirit of Him who founded the Christian system, it might be claimed that our Order, both in faith and practice, is in some degree an exponent of the pure ethics of the Bible. Oddfellowship, having in no small degree the spirit of religion, has within it the elements of culture to make those within the range of its influence gentlemen in the broadest sense of the word.

What constitutes the gentleman? In an old English law-book a gentleman is defined to be, "One who, without any title, bears a coat of arms, or whose ancestors have been freemen;" and according to another old book, "Whosoever studieth in the universities, who is familiar with the laws of the realm, who professeth the liberal arts and sciences, and, to be short, who can live idly, without manual labor, will bear the port, charge, and with the countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called a gentleman." That might do for an ancient English gentleman; but to us it has some of the ear-marks of the latest and most improved style of the genuine American loafer.

It is to be confessed with shame that we free and independent Americans have not entirely rid ourselves of the English prejudices in favor of wealth and birth, and still associate gentility with those who claim to have had distinguished parentage, or who have inherited somebody's wealth. But the better judgment of the American mind defines the gentleman to be one who, in all things, according to his opportunities, is the highest type of real manhood. This places all men on their individual merits, and, rising above all questions of rank or riches, opens the way to the highest position to all who have self-love or self-respect enough to seek to attain it.

It is the mission of Oddfellowship to develop and strengthen this self-respect in all who connect themselves with the Order. It takes no cognizance of the wealth, culture, or literary attainments of those who knock at our doors for admission. It only looks carefully at the manly qualities of the applicant. When admitted, he knows that that was his only passport. He therefore knows that he must be a gentleman to maintain his position. He begins to have a deeper respect for himself, and commands the respect of his brethren. He finds that the tone of the lodge is above mean actions and vicious habits; and he commences the work of self-reformation, if he has been the victim of bad habits in the past.

Every effort of man to make himself more just to himself will bring with it a corresponding desire to be more generous to others. Create in man an ambition to be noble, to bring out of himself all that the opportunities will allow him to do, and you have

from that time, within him as a motive power and animating force, the spirit of a gentleman. The purposes, principles, and peculiar organization of our Order seem to be exactly adapted to this work. Fraternizing human hearts on a platform broader than party, wider than sectarianism, induces a generous spirit of toleration, and breaks down prejudice. It cultivates large charity for the opinions of others, and is a friend to the promotion of truth, and a foe to error. Binding these men together with the strong bands of Friendship, Love, and Truth, for the high and holy purpose of alleviating human suffering and bearing one another's burdens, makes the individual joy sweeter, and the personal burdens of life lighter.

In order to prevent men from becoming selfish, they must be reached through their social nature. They must often be called away from the buying and selling and getting gain, and be made to see and feel that life is something nobler than this. They must be taught that the sweet consciousness of being helpful to their fellows is the most delightful cup of joy that this life affords; that the thing this world needs is not more money nor more brains; but more heart, more sympathy, more self-sacrifice. It ought not to be, as it is, one of the proverbs of the world, that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The truthfulness of this proverb is a sad commentary on the condition of the human race; not only the inhumanity of positive acts of cruelty, but the blasting indifference that sweeps over and through society like the simoom of Sahara, drying up all the

refreshing fountains of human sympathy, withering and blighting the sweet flowers of friendship and love, and poisoning the soul with envy, slander, and avarice.

This disordered state of things has made this Order, and others of like character, a necessity. Men wanted to come around a common altar and lay their hearts together, that they might be warmer, and with united hands vow, each to the other, that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. As the scales that avarice had placed over his eyes begin to fall off, as the hard crust of selfishness that had inclosed his heart is removed, he begins to see new beauties in the lives of others, and the liberated heart begins to beat and throb for others' woes. It must be conceded that the chief cause of the selfishness of the world—the lack of sympathy among men, and the reason why human society is so filled with jealousy—is, that mankind stand so far apart as never to know each other.

The mountain, when seen from a distance, repels the beholder with its beetling cliffs, its cold and barren rocks, and its snow-covered crest. But on a nearer approach may be seen the sparkling brook, leaping, laughing; among the rocks may be seen the flowers here and there, lending their sweetness to charm the beholder from the contemplation of the rougher aspect; and the experienced eye may discover in the caverns and gulches the indubitable evidence that the forbidding surface covers mines of the most precious metals. The mountain exterior may be rough and repulsive, but its heart is filled

with gold and silver and the most precious metals. So of human character. Let its dark and forbidding aspects be inspected by him who carries the lamp of charity, and whose soul sends out the light of truth and love, and a thousand new beauties appear, which, but for this nearer and better approach, would never have been discovered.

"What might be done if men were wise,—
  What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,—
Would they unite in love and right,
  And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
  With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour from shore to shore
  Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
  All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn, to each man born,
  Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
  The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect,
  And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
  And more than this, my suffering brother,—
More than the tongue ere said or sung,—
  If men were wise and loved each other."

Seizing hold of this important fact, we have organized this Order, and to cultivate nearer fraternal relations among men is our high purpose. That we have succeeded in the past, and are succeeding now, all true and earnest Odd Fellows know to a certainty. The Odd Fellow may be poor; he may have

hard and rough hands and a sunburnt face; he may feel that a cold and indifferent world passes him by, careless of his toils and burdens; but he knows that, with his labor-stained and scanty wardrobe, he will meet with a hearty welcome from his brethren wherever he may meet them, and a willing ear and a sympathetic heart for all the sorrows of his life. In coming to his lodge-room, he knows he will meet there the very ones who were first at his bedside when the heavy hand of disease was laid upon him; will meet there those who kept their untiring vigils by his side through the long nights of his suffering, and who assuaged his pain with the tender touch of fraternal regard; those who, when disease has wasted his strength, and robbed his wife and children of the support that his strong arm had brought—when gaunt want came in and sat down in his household as a guest by the side of poverty—unlocked the treasure of the lodge, and, if that was empty, opened the inexhaustible treasure of generous hearts, and drove away want, and bade plenty come in and abide at his hearth, a constant guest.

He knows, further, that if death should lay his cold hand upon him, that if an indifferent world should pass by on the other side, these, his brethren, would, with tenderness and sorrow, follow him to the grave. He knows that, living or dead, they will not forsake him; that when he is buried they will cherish his memory, and continue to make a practical demonstration of their regard by protecting his widow from want, and by clothing and educating his orphan children. He has himself borne these burdens and

performed these kindly offices for others. He has been an eye-witness to such humane ministrations. He knows that it is not the mere empty profession of charity. He has given as well as received; and, whatever may be his wealth or position in life, he is made to feel, at a common altar, consecrated to this sacred work, that he is the peer of any of the noble men who constitute this fraternal band. And so he is.

It can not but be that men bound together by the performance of such kindly deeds toward each other will develop for each other the strongest fraternal feeling. In this world of disappointment and trial, in this cup of life that has so much of bitterness and gall, making the spirit to flag and the heart to become weak, there is no tonic so agreeable to take as human sympathy. And the time when the heart will most gratefully remember and appreciate kindness is the time of adversity. Leigh Hunt wrote:

"Abou Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names that love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest."

This is the holy bond that binds our Order together in closer relations than men in the ordinary ties of life are bound. These blessed results are not confined to the lodge-room. We feel kinder towards all men. It makes us better citizens. There is nothing selfish about the teaching or practice of the true Odd Fellow. While we have all the faults that are common to humanity, while we make no claim to perfection of character, yet we do insist that the teachings we are constantly receiving in the lodge-room cause us to be more charitable and tolerant with our fellow-men. There are no men who indulge less in slander, or who are slower in holding up to the public gaze the faults of humanity, than members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. There are no men who average better in the honesty of their lives or manly purpose than members of our Order.

One of the noblest ambitions of human life is the earnest desire to stand high in the good opinion of the best. It is a mighty lever to lift a man above mean actions, and a strong prop to hold him from falling into vicious habits.

What better agency can be found to stimulate this ambition than our Order? Character is the only test that admits to membership, and to hold the one the Odd Fellow must maintain the other. This develops his self-respect. It calls out his manly qualities, and suppresses the sordid and selfish tendencies of his nature. The bravest and best soldier is always the best loved and has the most friends at home. Such a soldier places too high an estimate on his reputation to stain it with cowardice. The skulks and cowards

are those who never put any value on the good opinion of others. The same rule will apply in the contest in life. Those most anxious to stand well in the good opinion of the virtuous and the best will make the bravest fight against the temptation to form evil habits, and will fight longest and stand firmest for the right.

Therefore I proclaim it as my belief that whatever prompts these fraternal relations, and magnifies this sort of self-respect, is in the interest of humanity and the correct conduct of human life. It seems to me that this proposition is self-evident, that the theory and practice of our Order does have this effect. I do not include in this statement those who only have a name in the Order—those who belong to it but do not apprehend its character, and stand so far off as not to imbibe its spirit, and never drink from its deep, fraternal fountains. To be an Odd Fellow in spirit and in truth there must be a full comprehension of the aims and purposes of the Order, and a devoted consecration to its work. A spirit of self-sacrifice must be cultivated, and a cheerful willingness to bear the burdens of others. To such an Odd Fellow connection with the Order is a continual joy. His work comes like a benediction to his own soul. He has never really lived who has not blessed others. He may have existed; he may have passed his allotted time from the cradle to the grave, but he has known nothing of the exquisite enjoyment of life. He may have had all that wealth could purchase for him; he may have been supplied with every want; he may have inhaled all the sweet odors of flattery

that float around those in high places; but his soul will at last be as barren as a desert if he has never wiped a tear from the face of the weeping, or planted a new joy in the heart of the desponding. The poet in his fancy wrote:

"Man hath two attendant angels
  Ever waiting at his side;
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
  Wheresoe'er his feet abide.

One to warn him when he darkleth,
  And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature,
  And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
  All his life's minutest part;
Looking in his soul and listening
  To the beatings of his heart,—

Each, with pen of fire electric,
  Writes the good and evil wrought;
Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
  Purpose, action, word, and thought."

Taking the poet's fancy for fact, how would men shrink from the inspection of the record they are daily making! How would its each page be shaded with the dark lines of selfishness; how would it be marred with the somber hue of covetousness, and too often smeared with the blood-stains of injustice and cruelty! Did they question its accuracy, how would their denial put tongues in the gaping wounds they have made in the peace and happiness of others, to testify against them! How would the bony fingers of gaunt want and shrunken poverty

point out their delinquencies, and, from the depths of sin and shame, from the purlieus of wickedness and the slums of degradation, come that most woeful of all cries, pleading in their ears, "No man careth for my soul!" How many might be saved if, when adverse winds begin to drift them away, they received a helping hand or strengthening look, or even a loving word, from those about them! But, failing to receive any help, and chilled with the indifference of those from whom they expect re-enforcements, these despairing souls give up all resistance, and, floating out on the whirlpool of dissipation, are broken and crushed on the rocks of their own vicious habits.

The world is filled with the wail of those who are being destroyed by the weight of their own vices, and on every hand is heard the harsh note of contention and strife. Men meet in the arena of life, and struggle for the mastery. Men look complacently on the ruin of others, and rejoice at it if their own interests are promoted by it.

The grand object of our Order is to right the wrongs that hatred and selfishness have fastened on our social life, and to develop love and charity for our neighbors. It is one of the divisions of organized resistance to the assaults of malice on the peace and happiness of mankind. To be good soldiers in this army, we must see to it that our own hearts foster no evil. Not only must we expel envy, jealousy, and hate, but the embers of love and charity for others must be fanned into a flame, so that we will joyously, as well as bravely, fight for the redemp-

tion of our fellow-men. To this work the attention of the best minds must be turned at once.

The percentage of ignorance and worthlessness is fearfully large among men. When we come to remember that they constitute so large an element of power in this Government, it is alarming, and portends evil for our National stability. It is the highest patriotic duty to purify the fountain of power. If the people are virtuous and intelligent, their representatives and servants will be upright, and justice and good government will prevail everywhere.

While our Order takes no part in political strife in a partisan sense, yet the first duty an Odd Fellow learns, even before he is declared to be a member, is to be faithful to his country. There is one patriotic duty we can do,—to be right ourselves. That duty we ought to keep constantly before us. Our beloved Order requires of us that we should be honest, upright, and faithful citizens, teaching all about us, by example, the beauty of integrity and purity, so that our presence and life will be a constant rebuke to the vulgarity of vice. The Odd Fellow should by word and deed—and by his money, if he have any surplus—encourage the desponding, impart hope to the despairing, and procure employment for those who would work if they had a chance; to see to it that the many neglected children are brought into our free schools; to inspire in their young hearts to be something more than tramps. There is so much to be done all around us that we may all have a chance to work. None of us, my brethren, is so

poor and insignificant but he can do something for our common humanity. It requires no large capital or extensive influence to do good if our hearts are enlisted in the work. As Odd Fellows, let us not forget the aims and purposes of our Order. Let us also remember that the world will judge us by our works, and not by our professions.

The age in which we live is so eminently practical that mere profession counts for nothing if not sustained by corresponding action. The world is sick and tired of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" of empty profession. The old rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," has never been more rigidly enforced than now. We must be able to stand the test. When in forty years we find the whole American continent checkered with railways, connecting ocean with ocean, binding the zones together with iron links; when we lay the telegraph wire in the depths of the sea, and enable the Old and the New World to talk familiarly together; when on the high towers of our great cities Edison swings out to an astonished and admiring world his electric light, so that the very midnight darkness flees away seeking a place to hide, and the domes and spires and gorgeous palaces appear as at midday; when the telephone enables a whole city to talk together as if around the same table,—we begin to boast of this grand age, we look with pity and contempt on the ages past.

We talk of our rapid progress and higher civilization. It remains to be seen what are the substantial advantages of these grand discoveries. That can only be told when sufficient time shall disclose to what

extent their influence and power elevate and better the condition of the great mass of humanity.

If this boasted civilization reaches man where he may be found, and fills him with the noblest aspirations to be like his Creator, to make his life nobler and his heart kinder, then let the song of praise be sung; let the shout ring out loud and clear, that man, immortal man, is coming up by our improved locomotion to a higher plane; that the electric light has made him see, with a brighter and clearer vision, his duty and his destiny, and that the telegraph and telephone have put the language of truth and soberness to his lips. Then we can say with joyful huzzahs, "All hail, progress!" But if this can not be truthfully said, then let our boasting cease. If the lever of human progress is not long enough to reach man wherever he may be found—if it is not strong enough to lift him to a better life—it is not worth the name. Man must be the focal point for all this modern light, or it is no better than darkness. The chiefest and best science is that of knowing how to live.

When the last page of the history of the race is written, and the record of human progress is complete, that page will be the brightest that contains the record of that peerless time in which more was accomplished than in any other period in subduing hate and conquering human selfishness, in elevating the great mass of humanity out of the marshes and malaria of discord and strife to the high and generous plane of regard for others' rights and reputation, where they may inhale the pure atmosphere of mutual confidence and respect. It will outshine the boasted

times that produced here and there a mighty warrior, a gifted statesman or an orator, an accomplished painter or an eminent poet. These men of wonderful power and gifts come once in a century, and flash across the pathway of humanity like a brilliant meteor. The golden age will be when men, of whatever talent or station, come to a better understanding of themselves and their relations to God and their fellow-men.

We have given too much attention and worship to the individual genius and not enough to the ordinary man. Let not so much care be given to improved machinery and increased locomotion, but rather let the deep concern be for a higher type of man. Let us take a broader view. Law, science, education, art, and society must all have for their prime object the improvement of the common man. With the religion of Christ in the forefront, let all these be helpers in the grand work of redeeming man from the many ills that poison his life.

The grand mission of our Order is to bring men into better relations. If filling the heart of man with love for his fellow-men crowds out wrong from his life, then Oddfellowship is a blessing. If visiting the sick and the suffering, burying the dead and educating the orphan, make the heart of man softer, and expel selfishness from his nature, toning down the harshness of his character, and making him kinder and gentler, then is our Order to be hailed as a benediction. If overlooking the mere artificial distinctions society makes between the rich and the poor, and the bringing of all good men up to the same level, making character the only test, and giving the same hon-

ors to all alike, and permitting all to participate in the same benefits,—if these be calculated to raise man above the mercenary spirit of the times, and teach him to live for nobler ends and aims and higher purposes, then indeed must Oddfellowship be hailed as a benefactor to the race. If the cultivation and development of man's social nature make the burden and ills of life less heavy, and the joys of life sweeter and more enduring, then may we justly claim that this institution is largely increasing the sum total of human happiness.

We who love her principles and joyfully participate in her beneficent practices most sincerely believe it does accomplish all these things. Therefore we hail with pride the standard of Oddfellowship, and on this occasion come together rejoicing in the triumphs of the past and animated with high hopes for the future.

For many years our Order has existed. While she has improved the methods of working, she has never for an instant been diverted from the humane purpose of her organization. She has moved steadily forward, taking no part in partisan warfare or sectarian wrangling, but all the time and constantly seeking to fraternize mankind and elevate human character. With the divisions and classifications of human society our Order holds no communion. Party and sect, that too often produce discord and strife, find no countenance in our lodges. The politician is expressly forbidden to attempt to use the Order for partisan purposes. He is no more permitted to lay his hands on her altar than was Uzzah, the Benjamite, to touch

the Ark of the Covenant. It is our constant practice and purpose to unite mankind in deeds of benediction; for discord, to substitute good-will; to drive Hate from the throne he has usurped, and crown Love the empress of man's heart.

It has been urged as an objection to our Order, that it is a secret society. A half a century ago this was a most formidable objection in the way of our Order. Year by year the narrowness of this objection has become more and more manifest, until its opposition has become so feeble that it is not worthy of notice now. It is not pretended by the most stubborn opponent of the secret character of our Order that our principles or practices are not made public, but that we meet behind barred doors, and that none but members are permitted to take part in our deliberations. The common sense of mankind has long since pronounced this a most trivial objection. All organizations—religious, benevolent, or political—have their private and confidential meetings, and rightfully and properly have their own secrets that they withhold from the world outside. Every well-conducted family is a secret society in the same degree that we are, and every individual has locked in his own breast a volume that will ever remain a sealed book to the rest of mankind. Against all these there can be found none so stupid as to urge an objection.

When all other organizations allow the world to know all they do; when domestic planning is done on the house-top or on the street; when the most radical objector to secret societies will make public proclamation of all his thoughts and purposes,—then,

and not until then, will we seriously consider the propriety of dispensing with the services of the outside and inside sentinel.

It is also urged against us that we profess more than we practice. To this charge we plead guilty. Candor compels us to do so; but in doing so, we must be permitted at the same time to claim that we have no patent right on this human frailty. It is one of the strange phases of human character that our profession does run so far ahead of our practice. It is one of the impenetrable mysteries that is beyond the bound of human philosophy. All mankind are at fault in a greater or less degree, both individually and in their associated capacities. Even political parties and politicians are not entirely free from the fault. The Odd Fellows come as near practicing what they profess as anybody; and, but for the fear that I would be charged with being an enthusiast, I would say that we come nearer.

To establish this fact, I would call, as corroborating witnesses, the many poor men who are this day on beds of affliction, and whose sufferings are increased because of their inability to put on their regalia, and march with their brethren, and participate in the joys of this occasion, but whose hearts are at the same time made glad that the beneficial provisions of our Order prevent want from re-enforcing affliction. I would call on the many widows of our deceased brethren, the burden of whose grief has been lightened and the bitterness of whose sorrow has been assuaged by the sympathy and relief given by the brethren of the deceased. I would call on the

many orphans, an almost countless multitude, to tell if we have not, in compliance with our promise and with our profession, fed, clothed, and educated them—if we have not been a father to the fatherless. I would call on you, my brethren, to say if your daily life has not been lifted to a higher plane by the fraternal spirit of our Order; if it has not toned down the asperities of your temper, has not made your spirit kinder and gentler, and your hearts more unselfish and self-sacrificing.

If we would continue to retain the confidence of mankind, and maintain our existence as an Order, we must continue to be true to our profession. Let not the unparalleled prosperity of our Order and its growth into popular favor cause us, in the pride of our hearts, to lose sight of the simplicity of her aims and purposes. Let not our large and stately lodge-rooms, the costly regalia, and the pomp and pride of such a gala-day as this, call our minds from the grander mission of fraternizing human hearts and alleviating human suffering. Let us be able to stand the test. All worthy organizations have more to fear from prosperity than persecution. This is our danger now. Let us begin our next year with high resolves to be true to ourselves, true to humanity, true to God.

We live in a boastful age. High claims are made for the progressive characteristics of this present time. The improvements in locomotion, in communication, the labor-saving machines, and a thousand other inventions, are called to bear testimony to human progress. Old forms and usages are abandoned, and new

ones accepted to take their place. Venerable systems are abolished, and ancient customs are neglected because of their antiquity. The organic laws of government are made to give place to new constitutions, and old statutes are constantly being repealed or amended. Is all this real or imaginary progress? It is real, if man be the focal point for all this modern light. If the changes and novelties of this restless age result in leading him to a loftier plane, from which he will have a clearer conception of his duty and his destiny; if they be constantly bringing him into better relations with his fellow-men, and investing him with all the rights God gave him; if they be infusing into his soul a better conception of the dignity and nobility of his being, and inspiring him with the high purpose to fulfill his mission in life,—only so far as they accomplish this may we boast. A civilization that does not do this, a reform that does not reach man, is not worthy of the name.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows will demand an honorable place in the battle-line. In the thickest of the fight we will bear our banner of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," and if we see no flaming words in the sky, as did Constantine the Great, we will move forward with the same words in our hearts, "By this sign we conquer."

It is but natural in such work, so congenial to her taste and her gentler nature, we should have the earnest co-operation of woman. Woman, first at the tomb of the Savior and last at the cross, with her loving heart has, in all ages and times, been a ministering angel to the suffering. In our Christian civil-

ization, where her merits are fully recognized and all her many good works duly appreciated, she has a wider sphere for usefulness. We are cheered to-day by the presence of the Daughters of Rebekah. To their helping hand our rapidly growing Order is indebted for its increasing usefulness. Encouraged by the approving smiles of our sisters, we here renew our pledges of fidelity to our sacred trust, and enter on another year with renewed zeal, and animated with the hope that we may be instrumental in hastening the coming of the good time described by Pollok:

"Love took the place of law; where'er you met
A man, you met a friend, sincere and true.
Kind words foretold as kind a heart within.
Words as they sounded meant, and promises
Were made to be performed. Thrice happy days!
Philosophy was sanctified, and saw
Perfection, that she thought a fable long.
Revenge his dagger dropped, and kissed the hand
Of Mercy. Pride stooped and kissed Humility.
. . . Falsehood laid aside
Her many-colored cloak, and bowed to Truth;
And Treachery upward from his mining came,
And walked above the ground with righteous Faith;
And Covetousness unclenched his sinewy hands,
And oped his door to Charity."

DECORATION-DAY.

IT IS well to devote one day at least in the year to the consideration of those high and noble qualities that constitute heroism. The decoration of the graves of the men who fell in battle and those who outlived the dangers of war, but have since joined their fallen comrades, brings closely to our thoughts these godlike attributes of humanity.

Heroism has a broader and deeper meaning than that of fearlessly braving danger and death. Man's devotion to a principle that he conceives to be founded in truth and justice—a principle that, applied to human society, promotes the general good and greatly increases the sum total of human happiness—must be the inspiring cause to his gallantry and courage. It is this devotion to principle, and not the indifference to death, that makes him a hero. While such a man has a broader view of life than the narrow and selfish possibly can have, and consequently his existence has more significance than that of others, yet he is willing to die, if need be, that the truth may live.

There are no second-class qualities in the constituent elements that make up the heroic. Heroism gives to human life the majesty of divinity and the

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Delivered on Decoration-day, on the invitation of the G. A. R. Post of Greensburg, Ind.

charm of angelic beauty, because the man comes out of himself and declares for the promotion of the general welfare, even if he has to become a martyr to his convictions. Self-sacrifice is the very essence of heroism and the essential quality of courage. Whether in war or in peace, we honor and love a self-sacrificing spirit; and we to-day decorate the grave of the dead soldier, not simply because of his courage, or thankfulness that he prevented the dissolution of the Union and the success of secession, but because he exhibited the divine trait of self-sacrifice, the highest and most essential element of true heroism.

And let me say to the comrades here to-day, who feel the burden of old age and suffer from the pains of disease contracted in the service, and, in addition, endure the constant bitterness that comes from the pinchings of poverty,—let me say, notwithstanding all these things, you have a rich inheritance. The man of wealth, who had no part in the great struggle, who could not or did not enlist when you enlisted, but became rich while you were giving all for your country, would now give all his wealth if he could have the same record that you have made. If you envy him his ease and comforts, he envies you more that you are enrolled among the heroes. Man is not rich for what he has, but for what he is.

Whatever, then, may be your lot, and whatever of adversity may be your portion, do not depreciate the great fact of your life, that when the Nation needed men you had the heroism to be a man. And if you have no landed estate, or money, or stocks

and bonds to leave your children, you can leave them something that all their lives they will regard as a far richer inheritance, that their father was a brave soldier—that he was willing to die that his country might live. The old Roman said: "God likes to see if your hands are pure, not if they are full."

If troubles come in the future from within or without, and the life of our young Nation is assailed from any quarter, what a mighty army of the sons of the heroes would rise, prompted by the heroism they inherited, and go to battle, if need be, and make a record like that of their fathers! Let it be a consolation and comfort—yea, more, a daily inspiring joy—that you have widened and deepened the current of American patriotism, and not only saved the country from the great peril that threatened her existence thirty years ago, but you have infused a spirit into American citizenship that will guide and protect the American Union for a century to come.

The dogma, born of despotism, and sustained by selfishness and upheld by greed and gain, that one man has the right to buy or sell another man, and appropriate his toil, and make chattels of his wife and children, was shot to death by the Union soldier, and buried out of sight when victory came—buried to know no resurrection—and the bright sun of a newer and brighter and better civilization rose upon us after the surrender at Appomattox.

When years and centuries have come and gone, it will be said of you, my comrades, by the faithful historian, that to you is the meed of honor to be given. It will be the pride of coming generations to

trace back their lineage to the very men whom I have the honor to address to-day. Let no soldier complain; let no Grand Army man depreciate his proud position, whatever may be the ills or misfortunes that may beset him; let what he has done for his country, for liberty, for humanity, be a constant source of joy; and let the consciousness of having done his duty cheer his heart in the darkest days of adversity.

A whole generation has been born and are now citizens since you enlisted. They honor and revere your fidelity and your self-sacrifice. Those still living who were not active participants with you in the great struggle at the front, yet who know so well the uncertainties and anxieties of the great conflict—they honor you still more, and the Government has opened wide her treasury and is doing more than any other Nation in the world to show the full appreciation of, not only her brave defenders who survive, but the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle or have since died from the hard service in the field or camp. And while their compensation may not be equal in all cases, while too much may be paid in some cases and not enough in others, yet all good soldiers will give their country the credit of aiming to be just and impartial in her bounties. It is not the fault of the law that injustice is done; but the impossibility of making a law, that is general in its application, meet equally and fairly in individual cases.

But this is not the time nor the occasion for the discussion of these things. We have met to-day to honor the dead, to cast upon their last resting-place

the fresh, bright May flowers as an earnest of our appreciation of what they have done for us, and enkindle anew in our hearts the flames of patriotic devotion to our young Republic. The impulse that prompts the assemblage of this great multitude comes from our higher and nobler nature. It is the divinity that stirs within us. By the observance of this day, and the performance of these sad ceremonies, we magnify our humanity and do honor to our manhood.

The moldering bodies of the dead heroes, the occupants of the narrow earthen houses that we cover with the beautiful flowers of this smiling month of May, are all unconscious of our words of praise and eulogy and tender deeds of remembrance. We are powerless to make these dead ears hear again. Whether their spirits take cognizance of what we are so lovingly doing we know not—we hope it may be so; but of this we are well assured, that we awake the best purposes in the souls of the living. The flowers we have strewn on their graves will soon disappear; but the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice that comes welling up in our hearts will make us nobler all our lives. The flowers that we give to the dead in the morning, perish and are gone in the evening; but in their stead come in the hearts of those who gave them the perennial plants of a deeper reverence for the Ruler and Maker of us all—a nobler and loftier patriotism, a warmer love, and a more tolerant spirit for our fellow-men. For this we left behind our personal cares and conflicts, our greed for gain, our buying and selling, our selfishness and sordid aims, our political strifes and religious differences.

While these flowers keep green and fresh our remembrance of the dead, they are, at the same time, educators of the living. We catch the noble spirit that animated the departed ones, and go hence better soldiers in the battle of life, more generous towards each other, and more self-sacrificing for the good of the whole family of man.

This oneness of purpose, this unity of sympathy and feeling, when the occasion that brings it about is noble and elevating, goes a long way towards breaking down the walls of separation that divide man from his fellows. It so warms up our hearts that the senseless, impracticable theories and foolish dogmas which only produce strife and division, lose their power, and never fully regain it. Prejudices, often unfounded and bitter, can not exist in hearts moved by a common sympathy; and the silken chord that this day brings us nearer together will leave us in closer relations than it found us.

The proverb-writer says that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than feasting." While we beautify the grave of the hero with fresh flowers, and for even a day cause delicious odors to float around his last resting-place, does not the very act of the kind hands that bring these sweet tokens, and the motive that prompts it, so beautify the life and character of the actor that the sweet incense of a nobler charity goes out from the heart forever afterward? Every age has its martyrs and heroes. The sacrificial offerings of these noble spirits seem to be essential to the elevation of the race.

When we follow the Savior as he went among

men we are charmed and astonished at his grand utterances in that wonderful Sermon on the Mount; we love and adore him as he goes among the poor and the sick, and comforts and heals them; but when we behold him dying on Calvary for his principles and to promote human salvation, we tenderly and humbly bow our heads, and confess the divinity of his mission. So stubbornly does the human race resist progress, it seems that the corner-stone of every temple of civilization must be builded on the bones of its martyred founder. This has been the history of the race from Calvary until now. The martyrs did not die in vain. We can recall no period where great human rights have been wrested from the grip of tyrants, and where man has regained what God gave him, that the recovered gifts have not been stained with the blood of the hero and martyr. The records of human progress and civilization confirm the truth of this statement. All the past so speaks to us. Whether it will be so in all the future, we can only speculate. But this we can confidently assert, that the martyr-spirits of every age will call out the best affection and reverence of those who survive them; and, if not with flowers, in some way they will gather around their graves, and testify to their high appreciation of the value to humanity of their noble lives and grander deaths.

Let us not then, on this occasion, confine our contemplation to the death of the soldier, but let us consider his life as well. Let us remember, at the beginning of his soldier-life, the sad parting with wife and children, with father and mother, with brother

and sister; the bitter separation from her whom love has associated with all his plans of happiness for the future that love and hope have painted so rosy and bright. The exchange from the sweet liberty of home, the kindness of those who love him, for the harsh and unsympathetic commands of his superior officer, is the first crucial test of his patience. The terrible leveling process, that places the virtuous, refined, and cultured soldier in the same mess, and in constant contact with the depraved and ignorant; the dreadful military necessity that, in the suppression of the good sense of the private soldier, under military law, requires absolute obedience and submission to the inferior mind; the long dinnerless and supperless marches, and the weary and anxious nights on the picket, a target for the enemy,—I need not dwell upon here. Many before me in this audience have now in their minds a thousand memories that make a picture far more vivid than any poor words of mine can paint. The lesson that we learn is, that from the time the soldier shoulders his musket until he falls in battle, his whole life is heroic. It requires the same heroism to do the daily duties of the soldier cheerfully as it does to march up to the enemy's guns amid the iron hail of death. If doing honor to the dead soldier excites within us the self-sacrificing spirit of the martyr, let not his life fail to make its impressive lesson on us as well.

This life of ours is a battle. Within us are fierce, contending passions, that must be conquered and made obedient to the law of justice and right. Over them we must hold the mastery. Our social and po-

litical life does not always result in the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the worst, compelling us to be submissive and bide our time. A large stock of patience must be had all the time, to act as an emollient to keep down the inflammation and irritation constantly produced by the little annoyances that seem inseparably connected with our existence. Is it not true that the heroic lives of our soldiers inspire the living with more courage, a deeper reverence for law and order, and a more patient endurance of the ills of human life?

In every aspect of the occasion, the day is well spent. It is due the soldier and the cause for which he died that we should decorate his grave, and keep fresh and green our memory of his life and death. It is due the living that one day of the year should be set apart to the contemplation of the high qualities that make life heroic. It is not the mere physical courage or the self-sacrifice of these brave men that reaches our hearts and affects our lives. When we pass the grave of the man who died in the contest to establish the fact that he had the best physical development, and was thereby entitled to wear the belt as the champion prize-fighter of the world; when we read of the romantic and shallow sentimentalism that prompted a brave and gallant knight to lay down his life to prove that his lady-love was more charming than that of his antagonist; when, in turning the pages of ancient and modern history, we read of the countless number who have been compelled to go to battle at the command of some despot to increase the area of his tyranny, or to rob, pillage, and enslave the people of a weak neighboring province,—we have

no such sublime feelings as we have to-day around the graves of our own heroes. The godlike motive that prompted them to make the sacrifice is the inspiring cause of our love and admiration.

These men believed, as we believe, that a dissolution of the American Union, the erection of a rival Government on the soil where our Revolutionary fathers established but one, would, in the end, result in the overthrow and destruction of the principles of free and representative government; that our fathers made the American Union the custodian of the priceless jewels of civil and religious liberty, and the dissolution of the one meant the possible destruction of the other; that to maintain the proposition that man could govern himself without the intervention of the kings, the very Government made by the patriots of the Revolution for that high and holy purpose should not be rent asunder by secession and resistance to its supreme authority. These men fought, bled, and died rather than trust to the experiment of risking the preservation of these precious rights to the scattered fragments of a broken Union. To them the old starry flag, baptized with the blood of our noble sires, was a banner of beauty. They followed it in the storm of battle and in the smoke of deadly conflict because it was the symbol of a Government where all men were free and all men were equal. It was for such a Government that our fathers went to battle. It was for such a Government that their sons, our brothers, whose graves we decorate to-day, gave up their lives, and are numbered by the thousands in this beautiful cemetery. They died to make perpetual and enduring

the Constitution and the Union, forged and shaped for freemen in the fire and flame of the Revolution of 1776. The high and holy trust imposed upon us and our children is to keep and maintain that which our fathers and brothers died to save. Neither the one nor the other would have shouldered the musket or borne a sword to establish or maintain a Government that would not stand as guardian for the rights of the humblest citizen.

They fought for a free ballot, and an honest count of the ballot when cast, that bloody and despotic intimidation should not deter the voter, and that the filthy fingers of fraud should not touch his ballot when deposited. They died that the blessings of a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people might, like the dews of heaven, descend on all alike, and not that it should be used as a wicked instrument in the hands of corrupt rings to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. They battled for solid principle, and not for the empty and meaningless declarations of mere party platforms. They elevated single-purposed patriotism far above double-faced partisanship. They had a higher conception of politics than that it is a mere game by which a host of hungry politicians are to secure places where they can grow fat and flourish at the public expense on unearned salaries. Such was the spirit and purpose of our noble sires in their contest with Great Britain.

The patriots of this generation, when the day of trial came, when the dissolution of the American Union or the dread realities of civil war presented themselves, did not hesitate, but rushed to the con-

flict by the millions; when defeat and disaster came, they, like the fathers, closed up the ranks and renewed the battle, and, like them, fought on for years until they gained the victory. It was glorious to build such a Government; it was no less glorious to defend and uphold it. The patriot son ought to be given, by all who now live and by the generations which come after us, the same honorable place in history as the grand Revolutionary father. Side by side let them stand on the grand monument that their own achievements have built for them, equal in patriotism, equal in self-sacrifice, commanding from mankind equal gratitude and homage. Let both alike be guides to us and our children. Let the glorious deeds of both give a double assurance to our hope that, come what may, the American Union will ever stand. As we contemplate their glorious work, let us be cheered with the belief that the same patriotism that brought this good Government into existence, and has kept and guarded it amid the surging billows of secession and rebellion, will not be wanting when other dangers come in the future.

Having such noble men to lay the foundations of our Republic, and having those no less worthy to defend and protect the blessings of freedom; looking at the blood and treasure that has been spilled at both periods, and the intense agony and self-sacrifice attending each crisis of our Nation's history, we would be recreant to our trust if we did not look without fear or flinching at all the dangers that seem yet to threaten the life of the Nation. Not only should we boldly look at these dangers, but, with the same spirit

that animated those who died for us in both wars, we should brave all danger, and put aside all selfish ends to remove them.

Peace has her triumphs as well as war. It will be better for us to remember that, for more than half a century before the Revolution, our fathers gave great importance to the faithful and thorough education of their children. They not only taught the natural sciences and the science of government, but the lessons of morality and religion were deeply impressed on their minds. The private soldiers who followed Washington, and suffered with him all the privations of the Revolution, were not an ignorant and brutal soldiery, thirsting for revenge and the blood of their enemies, but, for the most part, were men of such broad culture and such lofty conceptions of human rights as to make them invincible. The common soldiers of the American army at the time of the Revolution outranked, in their education, most of the lords and nobles of England. Had the king and Parliament of Great Britain taken the trouble to inform themselves as to the real character of the Colonists, they would never have been guilty of the folly of attempting to conquer them. William Pitt was the only man who comprehended the situation, and he boldly told them the truth; but they would not believe him. Had not the men of 1776 been men of thought and culture—men whose hearts had been made strong and pure by the inculcation of the principles of morality and religion, thus doubling their power—they would have failed to meet the demands of their time.

The foundation-stones of this republican Government are intelligence and virtue. This has been the foundation from the first, and is now. On these the pillars of civil and religious freedom will remain unshaken amid all the storms and conflicts incident to human government. They are the cohesive powers that bind the people and States together, on the one hand resisting tyranny and oppression, and on the other warding off the evils of anarchy and lawlessness. Where there is such a general dissemination of intelligence and virtue among the people, the happy medium in government is found, which results in protection to person and property without infringing on the God-given rights of any. That a free government can stand on no other foundation, the history of the world abundantly proves.

With a wide and extended suffrage, our danger is the existence of vice and ignorance among the people. Mexico, with her ignorant population, is an example in point. She has made the attempt, time and again, to establish a free government. She has not now, nor has she had for half a century, a permanent government. The dark and bloody waves of rebellion and revolution sweep, year after year, over the face of her fertile plains, and carry away the resources of her people, and debauch and demoralize the already degraded masses of men. The common people, too ignorant and degraded to know their rights, are but tools in the hands of military leaders and political adventurers. In many places in Mexico, at all times, there is no government, no protection, no law, no liberty, no order. In place of all these are the horrors

of disorder, lawlessness, and anarchy. Such has been the history of Mexico for years, and so it will continue to be until religion and civilization shall be diffused among the people. Spain attempted to found a republic, but failed for the reason that the common people had not the necessary virtue and intelligence to maintain it.

If we be patriots, worthy of our honored fathers and fallen brothers and the rich inheritance the one gave us and the other defended, we must make war on ignorance and vice; we must, individually and collectively, do all within our power to enlighten the minds and purify the hearts of those who are to have the right of suffrage, and to be invested with sovereign power in the future. When we shall have enlightened and purified the American mind and heart, then that vilest of all creatures, that has ever been the greatest enemy and curse of our free government, the demagogue, will hide his face in shame, and be driven by an enlightened and elevated public opinion to conceal himself in obscurity. His poisonous breath will no longer pollute our politics, and his false tongue will cease to sow the seeds of discord and discontent among the people.

It is not the existence of the demagogue that needs create alarm. It is the circumstance of ignorance and depravity that makes his existence a possibility. No politician would be bold enough to attempt to array capital against labor, and labor against capital, and put these dependencies at war with each other, if he knew that a large majority of the people whom he addressed had sufficient intelli-

gence to expose his falsehood, and the virtue and independence to condemn it. The true statesman would not halt and hesitate in telling the voters the real truth and the whole truth, unmixed with sophistry, if he felt assured that they would comprehend and appreciate it. The political parties would not proclaim platforms and principles that, like the Delphic oracles, may mean one thing or another, to catch the voters of all shades of opinion and prejudice, if we, the people, had a higher degree of intelligence and a keener sense of honor in our voting population. No political organization would have power enough to hold the voter to the support of men of notorious bad character, and push them through to success by the aid of party machinery. We have abundant evidence on every hand of the existence of this great danger; and he is not worthy the high distinction of being an American citizen who will not do all in his power to aid in the elevation, enlightenment, and purification of the American character.

President Washington, in his Farewell Address to the American people, says: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indespensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars, these foremost props of the duties of men and citizens."

Another danger that stands in the way of the elevation of the character of the American citizen, and unfits him for the rightful discharge of his

duties as such, is the mercenary spirit that has stolen into his life. The mere accumulation of wealth has become too much the chief aim of the American citizen, and to this base use is he prostituting his soul, mind, and strength. This mercenary spirit has been begotten by our inordinate desire for riches, and is a reproach to our religion, and a blot on our civilization.

Comrades, we can scarcely realize the fact, yet it is true, that almost a quarter of a century has gone since you took arms to save your country. Almost a whole generation are now voters who were unborn when secession and rebellion called you to the front to preserve the Union and compel obedience to her authority.

Comrades, as we, when children, used to gather around the white-haired Revolutionary sire, and hear of his participation in that great struggle, and the trials and sacrifices then made to lay the foundations of the American Republic, so will the children of this new generation, as the years come and go, gather around you, and listen with the same interest to the many incidents and sacrifices made by you in your patriotic and successful effort to keep what our Revolutionary fathers had given us. You who entered the army in the full strength and vigor of middle life and are now old men, and you who were, in 1861, just entering your manhood, fired with the ardor of youth and enthusiasm, are already prematurely aged from the hard service of army life. Year after year, as you gather around the graves of fallen comrades, you will find new and fresh mounds

to decorate, and fewer and feebler hands to assist you. And when the time does come when the last soldier calls the muster-roll, and there is none left to respond, no elbow to touch, and no soldier-step by your side, and when you shall take your place with your comrades, your sons and daughters will come with the brightest flowers, and after them their children, generation after generation, to attest your fidelity to the American Union. The little hillocks that mark the resting-places of the Grand Army of the Republic, with all their silent and solemn surroundings, will be as shrines where devotion to country, self-sacrifice, and all those high and noble qualities that go to make up the true soldier, will be instilled into the hearts of the coming generations. A higher, nobler, and law-abiding citizenship in time of peace, a better and braver soldiery in time of war, and a perpetual Union of the States—the only protecting ægis of human liberty—will be some of the results of the grand soldier record you have left behind you.

Shakespeare has Mark Antony say over the dead body of Cæsar:

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interréd with their bones."

This is the oft-quoted proverb of the Bard of Avon, and is accepted as true. It is meant that evil is a positive force, going on forever, and that virtue and courage perish with their possessor, or soon after he ceases to exist. I reject the proverb as false. The converse is nearer the truth. The good influences that brave men exert never die. The courage, the

self-sacrifice, the broad and exalted patriotism of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be silent yet potent forces that will nerve the hearts of all coming generations to rally to the Nation's standard whenever the honor or the life of the Nation is assailed.

"Is this the land our fathers loved,
  The freedom which they fought to win?
Is this the soil they trod upon?
  Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we their sons, by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?
And shall we crouch above their graves,
  With craven soul and fettered lip,
Yoked in with marked and branded slaves,
  And tremble at a master's whip?
By their enlarging souls, which burst
  The bands and fetters round them set,
By the free pilgrim spirit nursed
  Within our inmost bosom yet,—
By all around, above, below,
Be ours the eternal answer—No!"

DOMESTIC SANITATION.

THE importance of the subject we have met to consider can not be overestimated. Perfect health is the choicest blessing given to man. How to secure it, and how to retain it, are the most important questions ever presented to the human mind. Health is the foundation principle upon which rest all our hopes, our happiness, our success, our everything in life. Such are the intimate and mysterious relations between the human body and the human mind that when the former is diseased, the latter is in like manner disordered. Hope, happiness, and often reason, flee when the body is diseased, and the invalid becomes a burden to himself and a source of trouble and anxiety to all interested in him.

Disease is the penalty for violated law. If the human race would study the laws of hygiene, and would try to know the mysteries of their own being, and faithfully observe what is required, the roses of health would adorn every cheek and the light of hope and joy would flash from every eye. The brain, now clouded and befogged, would be clear, and an impetus would be given to progress and civilization that would disclose how, in its pitiless fetters, disease binds and holds back the energies of the human race. Mental and physical weakness would not begin at

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Delivered before a Sanitary Convention at Greensburg, Ind.

threescore years, but a whole century would be required to exhaust the power and usefulness of the improved man. He would not only double his power and happiness, but he would also double the years of his life. The riper and richer experiences of his life, now lost, would be an incalculable benefit to the world. Men die now just as their lives begin to be of the most value to mankind. It takes a man a half a century, even if he is blessed with health, to know himself and his fellow-men. In no less time can he gain even an imperfect knowledge of the duties and obligations growing out of the relations existing between him and them. Even if he is not hindered and fettered with disease, he can not know how to meet all that is due to his God, his country, and his fellow-men until twoscore or more of years have steadied the impetuosity of his youth, and reason and experience have cooled the fervor of his hope and imagination, and so trained his judgment as to show him how he can best fulfill his mission in life. The human race, inheriting the seeds of disease, and then disobeying the laws for the preservation of health, die just as they ought to be at the prime of life.

If the present generation were to begin now to study and faithfully to practice the laws of hygiene, while they could greatly improve their condition in every way, they would still have to combat the ills they have inherited. It would take two or three generations to eliminate the diseases that are hereditary; but it could be done. Nature, the great physician, is constantly struggling to expel the diseases that are born with us, and if she were re-enforced

with a life obedient to the laws of health, she would in the end succeed in expelling from the human body all the diseases that flesh is heir to. It seems strange that an effort has to be made to create in the public mind an interest in a subject of such vital importance to each individual. It is a matter of astonishment that we are so ignorant of the rules and regulations, the observance of which would add so much to our comfort and our power. Even the quality and quantity of food we ought to eat, the hours of sleep we require, the kind of clothing we should wear, and the amount of labor we can perform, manual or mental, are matters of which most of us know but little, and, stranger still, we care less. We constantly violate the laws of health, and groan and complain when the penalty is inflicted, as it surely will be. In this department there is no forgiveness of sin, yet the certain and speedy infliction of the dreaded penalty does not produce reformation.

In the country the farmer will breathe malaria from a pestilence-breeding pond year after year until his whole system is poisoned. He aches with the chills and is scorched with the fever, and has added neuralgia to complete his misery, yet he rarely inquires as to the cause of his ill-health; and if he knows, he will not spend a day to remove the source of his trouble by draining the pond. In the towns and cities dwellings are crowded together, and the garbage and the slops from the houses are thrown in the streets and alleys, and from the rotting mass comes the deadly typhus or the pestilence that walketh in darkness to kill and destroy the people. Cen-

turies came and went before any steps were taken to avoid such a calamity.

The preservation of the public health everywhere is a proper subject of legislation. The public mind is becoming more and more awakened to this subject, and laws are being enacted that will to some extent remedy the evils that have so unnecessarily afflicted the human race. But to make legislation effectual to remedy any evil, there must be an enlightened public sentiment in regard to it. It is of the utmost importance that in all our common schools the laws of health should be taught, and no teacher ought to have a certificate as a teacher who could not pass a thorough examination on this branch of education.

It is but a small part of the evil that can be reached by law. You can not prevent gluttony by law, nor can you by law compel bathing. The children must be taught the importance of abstinence and the necessity of cleanliness, so that they will voluntarily undertake the preservation of their health. Physiology is a more important branch of education than grammar or geology. It should never be omitted in the course of training. The process of digestion ought to be taught thoroughly, and all ought to know what is digestible and what is not.

As far as it is practicable to do so, the art of cooking should be taught in our schools, and it ought to be regarded as a greater accomplishment for a young lady to prepare a first-rate loaf of bread than to move gracefully in the waltz—to know more about biscuits than bangs, and fritters than frizzes. She ought to so understand and practice the laws of

health that her pure and healthy blood would paint the roses in fast colors—roses that would excite more admiration than the five-cent article purchased at the drug-store, which has to be daily renewed. The legitimate effect of tobacco and alcohol on the stomach and brain, ought to be impressed upon the mind of every scholar of our public schools, that there would be fewer drunkards and chewers and smokers of the vile weed in the next generation.

A host of bold reformers ought to be sent into what is called the first circles of American society, and make it fashionable to be healthy. It seems to be entirely out of style to be vigorous and strong among the *bon-ton.* To have the *tic-douloureux,* or to be full of malaria, and to be the constant owner of a first-rate article of neuralgia, will make up, in fashion's eye, for a shortage of bank-stocks or money. Indeed, you can make a pretty fair specimen of upper-tendom out of a little blue blood and a long list of complaints. Those who are not compelled to rush around to watering-places and medical springs; those who eat three square meals every day; those who can go to sleep without opiates, and wake up without a fearful headache, hold a very doubtful position in the fashionable world. They will require an abundance of wealth, some distinguished relations, and plenty of grit and independence, to maintain their standing. All this ought to be reversed. If our social life were formed on a different basis, and if it were deemed low and vulgar to parade a long list of ills, most of which are imaginary, and it were regarded as the very height of fashion to be well and

hearty, we would soon see an improvement in the health of the upper circles.

It seems that an aristocracy based on disease, high-toned invalidism, is not just the thing to establish the fact that this is a progressive age. To accomplish this reform, it will be required to make a radical change in the customs of social life. The intemperance and gluttony of the midnight dinner will have to be abolished, and the feast of reason and the flow of soul will have to be substituted. It is the *champaign* of the night before that lays the foundation for the *real* pain the next day, if you will tolerate so old and bad a pun as that. It is a serious obstacle to social life, as well as detrimental to health, that an expensive banquet, with a silver-plate accompaniment, is necessary and essential to social existence. All who can not afford it, and who think too much of their health to sacrifice it in this way, abandon society and live within themselves, rather than pay such a high price for the little return they get from the fashionable world. Thus it seems that our health is sacrificed on the altar of custom and fashion, as well as to gratify our gluttony and intemperance. And while it may not be said that we are a sickly looking people, yet it may be asserted that a real healthy countenance is rarely seen among those in mature life, and, when seen, attracts attention and remark. Health ought to be the rule and disease the exception; and so it might be, if we would be so impressed with the importance of the subject as to give the matter our constant and earnest attention.

In this beautiful land of ours, with our clear blue

sky, our delightful climate, our grand and lofty mountains and lovely valleys, our streams of pure spring-water gushing from the hills, we have more doctors in proportion to the population than any other nation on the earth; and, notwithstanding all these and many other natural advantages to preserve our health, we manage to have aches and pains and sickness enough to furnish them all some sort of subsistence. If the streets and alleys of our towns and cities were kept clean, and tile-ditches were placed all through our low lands; if we would regulate our diet, quit the use of tobacco, beer, and whisky, and bathe regularly and persistently, it would take the practice of a whole county to furnish a decent support to one doctor, instead of forty or fifty subsisting off our misery.

In some countries disease results from the overcrowded population, low wages, and high price of food, and consequent starvation. No such reason exists in this land of ours. In this regard we are the most favored people in the world. There is plenty of room and an abundance of food, and that of the best quality, and the industrious can command such compensation for their work as will bring plenty into every home. We ought to be the healthiest and most vigorous people on the face of the earth; yet we are not. We are not as strong as we seem to be. That fact was disclosed during our late war. When the drafts were ordered, many an apparently able-bodied man, who had carefully concealed the fact that he was diseased, and succeeded so well that nobody suspected that there was anything wrong with his

health, under the searching examination of the army surgeon was compelled to surrender the secret, and was thus prevented from taking part in the glory of the war, and had to beat an ignominious retreat toward home. And the healthy men we sent to the service were of such delicate constitutions that many of them contracted disease there, and are now on our pension-rolls. I can but think it was a bad stroke of policy for Congress to order the publication of the long list of our pensioners; for if these lists fall into the hands of other nations, it is to be feared that they will conclude that we are so weak and effeminate a people that they will all want to pick a quarrel with us, under the mistaken idea that they can whip us.

Disease affects us religiously as well as socially. I have known those who claimed to hate the world, and to live far above all its pomps and vanities, and who had persuaded themselves that it was the legitimate result of their deep religious convictions, when, in truth and in fact, they could not make a distinction between a quickened conscience and a torpid liver. Want of physical health not only impairs our spiritual vigor, but it puts us out of harmony with ourselves and everybody else. It begets a spirit of worry, and engages mankind in the senseless combat with the inevitable. This too often becomes the fixed habit of our lives, even after the cause is removed. This shortens life. It re-enforces disease. If the truth were written on the tombstones, they would tell the tale of the vast numbers who found a premature grave in their attempts to control what was entirely

out of their jurisdiction, and then worrying themselves because of their failure.

I am not certain but I am traveling out of the bounds and purpose of this Convention. If I am doing so, I will venture the remark in self-defense that a community of grumblers and complainers are in the very worst possible sanitary condition, and are the most proper subjects for a Board of Health or a Hygiene Convention. What I may say is not to be regarded in the nature of a Presidential Message, and therefore I feel warranted in taking some latitude; and if I do wander beyond the lines, the Convention will have too much sense to follow me. I wish to congratulate our health officer, Dr. French, on the intellectual feast he has been preparing for us, as disclosed by the program for the day and the evening. He has secured for our instruction and entertainment able and experienced men, and the subjects they have selected are so practical that I am sure, in their consideration, they will present them so clearly that those of us who do not claim to be professional and scientific will be able to comprehend them, and will profit largely by hearing them.

It seems to me it is a shame and a disgrace that the American people, so intelligent on many subjects, should be so ignorant in regard to the subject we have met to consider. I trust this meeting will be the beginning of many to come after it, and that it may be the means of creating a spirit of inquiry and investigation, so that we may all know better how to take care of our health and life.

I know you will all join most heartily in the

earnest welcome Dr. French has extended to these distinguished gentlemen, who are here as our teachers and guides. The greatest science of all is to know how to live. The true test of progress is not that of our inventions for rapid locomotion, or the quick transmission of our thoughts to those at a great distance, but is rather the process by which we are able to present the highest type of real manhood. Man is the noblest work of God. From the human brain have come the wonderful conceptions, revealing some hitherto hidden laws of the universe of God. Man ought to know, first of all, the laws that will bring him up to the highest point of perfection, physically and mentally. Let not the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the cloud-capped towers, and the gorgeous palaces, tell of his genius and his power, and he at the same time be a dwarf and an invalid. Let him be as God intended, in the beauty and perfection of his being, the crowning glory of all.

POLITICS AND SANITATION.

THE program discloses so many interesting topics for this afternoon that I am admonished to be very brief. The committee have assigned to me for a subject, "Politics and Sanitation," and in so doing I can but think that they concluded that if I were not well posted in hygiene, I might know something of politics; and I credit them with a broad and liberal disposition to help me out. But to discuss the two together, and successfully show that there is a logical connection between the front and the rear of my subject, may be so difficult that I may lose in the end all that was gained in the beginning.

I heard of a preacher, once, who took for his text, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him," etc. He said he would first try to impress his hearers with the necessity of agreement; secondly, he would show that the adversary is the devil; and, thirdly and finally, he would make a practical application of the first and second propositions. His plea in favor of harmony was admirable, and even poetical; and he made a great success out of his secondly, "And the adversary is the devil;" but when he came to unite the two, and make his practical application, he found himself

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Address by Hon. Will Cumback, before the State Sanitary Convention, at Lafayette, Indiana.

very unexpectedly advocating agreement with the devil. The situation was embarrassing, and he invoked the prayers of the pious, or he would fail on his thirdly. I may make a like unfortunate ending.

The real purpose of this meeting is to discuss and consider the best means to promote the health of the physical body, and not the disorders of the body-politic. I feel warranted in the belief that I am to be permitted to wander out of the path the Board of Health has made, and roam around in a larger field, and discuss political health. The assignment of such a topic is my license to do so; and yet that part of the subject is too broad for the brief time that is allowed me.

That the health of the body-politic is bad, all will concede; that the political atmosphere is charged with malaria, and that we are constantly inhaling the poison, can not be denied; that there is no improvement in this respect over former periods will also be admitted, and the hope for a better state of things is exceedingly faint.

An Indiana statesman, some years ago, gravely said to a large audience of his countrymen, on a public occasion: "Things are in a very bad condition in this country; and if there is not a change, things will remain about as they are." I fully agree with this truthful and profound remark. When a contagion comes, and the public health is threatened with an epidemic, by quarantine and pest-house regulations the diseased may be separated from the healthy; the garbage may be buried, the filth may be carted off, the pestilence-breeding pond may be

drained, and the Board of Health may be able to head off the disease and arrest the epidemic.

All of that is only a recent discovery. It has not been many years since, that the presence of an epidemic was universally regarded as the undoubted evidence of the displeasure of the Almighty, and to battle against it was not to be thought of, beyond invoking his mercy. But the reign of law is now better understood. The human race, having learned that the causes of disease are natural and not supernatural, have come to understand that, if the cause is removed, the effect will cease, and health will take the place of disease.

We have not learned the way to heal our political disorders; or, if we have learned anything, we have not tried the remedy. We have an epidemic every four years. We have just come out of one. The fever was broken on the fourth of this month, but the public pulse is yet weak and irregular. Everybody has been feeling the public pulse, and it is exhausted. The public tongue is still heavily coated with the poison of the campaign, and the general condition of the body-politic is very much worse than it was before the contagion appeared; and if some life-giving tonics are not promptly and intelligently applied, it will not reach its normal condition before another quadrennial attack.

During the existence of the epidemic you can have no quarantine or pest-house, for the reason that all take the disease at once. You can not remove the garbage; for the partisan press dump an additional quantity on your door-step every morning; and the

public speakers come and scatter these heaps of filth among the people; and then the people put some of it on poles and transparencies, and carry it through the streets; and the political atmosphere becomes so poisoned that a morbid appetite is created for slander, and good men actually relish filth and enjoy a lie. The blood becomes so corrupted that the ugly and health-destroying ulcers of fraud at the polls appear on the body-politic—sores that never heal, but continue to poison the vital fountain from which comes our political health.

And right here may I not begin to tie the two ends of my subject together, to establish a sort of a connection between them—one that is not altogether imaginary, either? The relations between the mind and the body are mysteriously and incomprehensibly intimate. If you touch one, you affect the other. If one is hurt, the other is wounded by the same blow. If the man who, for the time being, inhabits the body allows his manhood to be soiled, he will in some measure cease to care for the cleanliness of his body. If men spend a whole campaign in throwing dirt at their adversaries, each flinging as much as he receives, so that all are covered with the black mire of defamation, they will conclude that they can not be clean any way, and will neglect the bath-tub, and the body will soon become as filthy as its inhabitant, and physical disorder will be begotten by moral disease. When men are conscious that they have acted the hog in politics, they are apt to conclude to be a hog, and be done with it. I am sure I have seen men who were once neat and cleanly, but who became active in poli-

tics for a few years, doing the dirty work for the party, and they became as filthy in their person as the work they were engaged in.

A man who will soil his mouth with all the campaign slanders of a red-hot political contest will soon begin to have so little respect for that opening in his countenance that he will make it the receptacle of other things, the odor of which can not be suppressed with cardamon-seed or burnt coffee. And if this proposition be true, the converse can not be false. If dirt will strike out, it will also strike in. If a man never washes his body, he will not be careful to keep his spirit clean; so that dirt and disease will re-enforce disease, and the propriety of the discussion of politics and sanitation becomes dimly apparent.

Our fathers in Indiana, twenty years ago, had rather an unhappy time. If they could not raise a good crop of corn they had a fine yield of malaria, from the timber as well as from the cleared land. The smallest patch of ground would produce ague enough for a large family, lasting the year round.

It may now be denied, but I make bold to assert, that it was his necessities, rather than his knowledge of hygiene, that induced the Indiana farmer to underdrain his land. His experience taught him that carp and cabbage could not be raised in the same patch at the same time. And I presume that when the tile-ditches took off the surface-water and the chills and fevers at the same time, he simply concluded that he had become acclimated, and had beaten the ague by a large majority. It was, with him, not a contest for protection against disease, but a struggle for revenue

only, and for subsistence exclusively. Out of man's direst extremity come the grand discoveries that lighten the burdens of his life, and sweeten the cup of his existence. The malaria not only gave the people the shakes, but even a worse evil: The quack doctor, like the gnat and the mosquito, came out of the swamps. With his lancet and his leeches, he took out of the bodies, emaciated with disease, what little of life and strength was left.

Returning to the political situation, we find that the political field is situated on the low, flat region of Bummerdom; that the better citizen allows the ticket to be made, and the caucuses and primaries to be held in that unhealthy region; and he stays away, and the bummer is the boss. The press and the politician, recognizing that this boss is the most active and aggressive man in politics, the editorial and the key-note are written and sounded at his dictation, and, instead of draining the pond, it becomes more and more unhealthy every year. Out of this pestilence region comes the demagogue, the quack doctor of politics, and his foul breath and false tongue cause honest men to hold their noses and stop their ears in his presence. If the good men of the country will take hold of politics, attend the primaries, and lift it out of the low grounds, and bring it up to the higher plains of decency and respectability, the health of the body-politic will so improve that quack doctors will disappear; and when a political campaign comes, we will have a discussion of the principles involved in the contest, and slander and falsehood will go with the demagogue and the quack.

We think it was barbaric for our ancestors, a few hundred years ago, when there was an eclipse of the sun or moon, to come out with drums and kettles and make a great racket to scare away the eclipse. And so it was. But how much less so for a political party to attempt to drive the opposition from the field by having the largest torch-light procession, and by yelling the loudest and longest? Like the Indiana farmer, we will be driven, from sheer necessity, to drain our political pond. We will have to establish a Board of Health for our politics alone, and they can co-operate with the present board.

Again, I can make the connection between the Alpha and Omega of my subject. The late hours of political meetings, the howling and yelling of our midnight parades, the drunkenness which too often follows and is part of the revelry, undermining the health of the citizen, are proper subjects for a joint meeting of the two boards. But neither the one Board of Health nor the other, nor both together, will work out any reform until the best minds of the country can be enlisted in the work.

The enervating effects of poisoned atmosphere and ignorance, or a total disregard of the laws of health, make the human race an easy prey to the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday. When the destroyer appears, men will cease their buying and selling, and, panic-stricken, will organize for sanitary purposes. But the enemy has the advantage. How much better to anticipate his coming, and coolly and wisely prevent it! It is the dead and decaying carcass that attracts the vulture. Intem-

perance, gluttony, and filth in like manner attract disease.

You may think that it is not just to thus portray our political condition; that the picture is too highly colored; that the case is not so desperate, and the danger is not so great; that the diagnosis of our political disease is not fairly made. If you so think, I hope you may be right and I may be wrong. I make it on this basis: The better citizen is animated with the desire to promote the general good, while the vicious element of society is led by some mercenary and selfish motives.

It is a poor compliment to our common humanity to say that the latter is the more uncompromising of the two. And yet such is the fact. Virtue is quiet, happy, and content. Vice is restless, active, and aggressive. In this land of universal suffrage it is easy to be seen which element the aspiring politician strives to placate.

Virtue comes with a smiling face and a conservative spirit to persuade, and with a reason to convince. Vice comes with knit brow and clenched fists, and demands; and while virtue gently expostulates, vice boldly, and with horrid imprecations, threatens; and while the virtuous outnumber the vicious, yet what the latter lack in numbers they more than make up in clamor; and political parties and politicians yield to force rather than risk their opposition, knowing that it is easier to keep the good citizen in the party lines than the bummer. If the latter will not obey the behest of party, and rebels, his fault is promptly forgiven and his offense is

condoned; but the good citizen must vote an unscratched ticket every time, or lose his standing in his party. If he rebels for conscience' sake, the brand of unreliability is put on him, and he must wear it and abandon all hope of political preferment. There is a fearful lack of combativeness in our political virtue; and from this, more than any other cause, comes the disease to the body-politic.

In hygiene we know that dead animal and vegetable matter in the neighboring pond, under the rays of the burning August sun, is poisoning the atmosphere; but we conclude that in some way the air will purify itself, and we go on about our affairs and risk the consequences. In politics we know that the bad elements of society are polluting the public virtue, are controlling the legislation and terrifying the courts, yet a correction of the evil would involve a conflict, and we say "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, and seem to think that in some mysterious way the evil will correct itself. Evil is evil, and that continually. It never corrects itself.

We are a Nation of freemen. No portion of the American people are born with saddles on their backs for another portion to ride on, and a soldier with a bayonet to keep the rider from being thrown. Every man is a sovereign, and none are serfs. The responsibility of preserving the political health lies at every man's door, as it does of the public health. Yea, more; for he may not be able always to control the one, but he can aid to organize the better elements; so, with firmness and courage, he can prevent serious disorder in the other. It must be done now, before the health of

the body-politic becomes so feeble that it will not rally under proper treatment. If we wait until the poison has inflamed every nerve, and diseased every muscle and fiber of our political system, until the delirium of anarchy sounds the note of warning, then it is too late, and dissolution is near and certain.

Do not put me down as a croaker. I am more of an optimist than a pessimist. I do believe there is yet health and strength enough in the patient, if wisely applied, to banish the disorders that now so impair his vigor and threaten his life. Assuming, for the sake of my subject, that a political Board of Health has been organized, and is now in session, is there no work they can do together? Is there no common enemy against which they can mass their forces and fight to advantage? Can politics and sanitation, shoulder to shoulder, make a grand charge on any of the enemies' works? They can.

Look at that whisky-saloon. Out of it come gaunt want and shrunken poverty; out of it come ignorance, disease, and discontent. It is the rendezvous of the idle horde that go from thence to the caucus to vote down good men and vote up their own class. Out of that come shattered health, broken constitutions, delirium tremens, and death. Out of that come communism and crime. While it poisons the blood of its victims, it is also corrupting the life of the Nation. The treatment must be prompt and heroic. The patient has yet vigor enough to survive it. If the saloon can be closed, and the vast sums of money that now flow into it can be used to purchase homes, clothing, food, and school-books for the families

of the drunkard, it will not be long until no more tramps will be seen on their weary pilgrimage of want and shame; idle men will not be seen shivering on our street-corners, without an aim or hope in life; and our social and political fabric will not be in constant danger from a communistic earthquake, or of being buried beneath the red-hot lava of anarchy.

The ashes from the crater of the one may be seen even now, falling here and there, and the listening ear may hear the deep and portentous rumbling of the other. Let politics and sanitation join hands, and wisely and firmly apply the remedy. Let the citizen come out of the primary department of partisanship up to the high-school of patriotism and philanthropy. Let quacks and demagogues be reduced to the ranks, and let the commissions to lead be given to the honest and capable men who love their race and country more than they prize money and position.

WELCOME ADDRESS.

WORDS of welcome are the forerunners of love and joy, and always bring with them that happiness which is their constant attendant. The welcomes of this world make up a very large portion of its enjoyment. They sweeten life's bitter cup, and make lighter its heavy burden. How the dearly prized welcome, that the weary know awaits them at the end of the toil of the day, nerves the almost paralyzed arm for the struggle, and strengthens and supports the tottering limbs to bear the burden that otherwise would be insupportable! How grateful to the heart to know we are welcome, and how full of sweet music are the loving words that bear the message! How the consciousness that our coming has brought to those to whom we come the blessings of joy and peace fills our own souls with the same comfort!

If the home welcomes enable the weary and heavy-laden of this world to better endure their toil, and with more courage perform the duties of life, may I not say that the hearty welcomes we receive each year at the place appointed for our meetings quicken our zeal, and sweeten our labor, and cause us to be more devoted and self-denying in promoting the good work?

Delivered at the meeting of the Indiana State Sunday-school Convention, at Anderson, Indiana.

I am sure such is the fact. On this, our first assembly together, we have not only the hearty welcome of all the good people of this young and growing city, tendered to us in the eloquent words of our brother, but, coming as we do from different and distant parts of this great State, we welcome each other to this annual convocation; and, being bound together in a common cause by a kindred sympathy, we together lift our voices in praise and thankfulness that another year has been given for work; that we have one more year of experience, one more year of usefulness; that we are older, and, I trust, better soldiers in the contest with vice and sin. Let us, then, while we are gratefully receiving this, the hearty welcome of our friends at Anderson, tender to each other the earnest congratulations of grateful hearts.

The good brother has told us, in earnest and stirring language, the magnitude and importance of this work. Who among us but feels honored in being permitted to bear a part in it? Who among us but loves all those who, by their devotion and self-sacrifice, are doing good and effective service to the cause?

On the plains of Bethlehem, at the birth of the Savior, a sin-cursed world was made to hear the glad tidings that that event would bring peace on earth and good-will among men. His advent was welcomed by this grand, prophetic announcement. To my mind there is no instrumentality more effective in hastening the complete fulfillment of this prophecy than the work in which we are engaged.

The mission of Christ was one of peace—the thing above all others that the world needs—the blessing that it will certainly have, so soon as every knee shall bow to him, and every tongue shall confess his name. Not only will the nations cease to meet each other on the field of blood, but the wicked spirit of strife will be driven out of men's hearts; and in every nation, in every community, in every household, and in every heart the sweet spirit of peace and love will reign supreme. While it may be that that happy day is in the far-distant future, yet it is no less true the assurances of its certain coming are each day becoming stronger. Civilization everywhere is elevating the great mass of humanity, and enlarging the sphere of thought and action; and hand in hand with it is Christianity, with its open Bible and Sabbath-schools and other agencies to purify the heart of man, leading him upward to a higher and better life.

Thus rapidly the great work of human regeneration goes gloriously and grandly forward. One after another the wicked contrivances to keep man in ignorance and rob him of the rights God has given him are being compelled to surrender to the advancing hosts of light and truth; and, let the croakers say what they may, there has been no time in the history of the world when it has been blessed with so many wise heads and pure hearts as now. He is stone-blind who can not see it, and a miserable backslider who proclaims to the contrary.

To bear a hero's part in this work of reformation ought to be the ambition of every one of us. The

luxuries that wealth may bring, in some degree compensate for the toil and care to acquire it. The applause of men, and being elevated to high position, are doubtless gratifying to our pride and self-love; but, after all, there is no such consolation in any and all these things as that which flows to the heart in the delightful consciousness that we are the honored instruments in making the world wiser and better, and that when our work is done and we go to our graves—soon, alas! to be forgotten—we will leave mankind in some degree better and happier because of our work.

In the pursuit of wealth or fame, we may not attain either until near the end of life; and if it brings enjoyment, we are permitted to have it but a little time; but this blessed work pays us for all time, and ever and constantly brings to the heart of the worker a deep current of joy and consolation. The prospect, as well as the retrospect, of the good fills the soul with joy and peace. In all this joy the selfish have no part. Wealth may come, and may gather around its possessor a host of sycophants and heartless flatterers; fame may sound your name to the end of the earth, and write you down among the high and the great; yet to the one who may have attained all these, if he can not feel that he intends using any of them for the elevation of his fellow-man, or has never thought or done anything for anybody but himself, the shame and remorse will come, and turn all the sweets of life to bitterness and ashes.

If you ask me to point out the happiest man in any community, I will not go to the mansions of

wealth, or confine my search to those who have attained distinction, but will try to find that one in whose heart is strongest the spirit of self-sacrifice; who has visited the home of the poor; who has, animated by the spirit of the Master, scattered his benefactions among the lowly; who has ever been ready, when a good work is to be done, to ask himself, not how little he could do, but how much to promote it—one who could forget himself and deny himself for the general good.

The Sabbath-school work is purely an unselfish work; and I feel confident that, in searching for the happiest man, I would find him in that work. I say, then, the more we can do in this work, and the better we can do it, the happier we will be. Sunday-school work is no longer an experiment. It needs no argument in its favor. Its utility in making the world better, and consequently happier, is a fact so well established that none can be found to gainsay or deny it.

In the few remarks that I may add, I will avoid the well-beaten track of Sunday-school commendation, but will consider, rather, the best mode of increasing the efficiency of the institution. The great minds of the world have recently been turned to the consideration of this important question, and have brought to light many important plans which, when put in operation, have given great progress to the good work, and have caused our Sunday-schools to keep pace with our constantly advancing civilization. Yet we must not be content with present attainments. The very little time devoted to Sunday-school instruc-

tion makes it a question of the greatest moment as to how that time can be best employed.

In this fast age youth hurries away to manhood and womanhood, and in that fleeting period all, or nearly all, of this Sunday-school work is to be done, and but fifty-two hours each year for this kind of instruction. Each moment, therefore, is golden; and how to avoid wasting the precious time, and how it may be best employed, should be well considered at this Convention. I will beg to offer a few thoughts now on the subject, and leave to others who have a riper experience and a better comprehension of the subject, to enlarge and farther instruct us on this point at our subsequent sittings.

I will spend no time in making suggestions as to how we should open and close the school, farther than to say that all the exercises should be of such a character, and conducted in such a manner, as to command the undivided attention and interest of the children, so that no other means will be necessary to maintain the most perfect order in the school. To accomplish this, a great many most excellent methods have been suggested by those who have considered the subject, and here, as well as elsewhere, is very marked improvement in all our schools. All these plans, however, will fail if those who have charge of the school, and more especially the superintendents, have not a double portion of the love of Christ and Sunday-school work in their hearts. But I will not stop to consider this question, but will, for a few moments, offer some suggestions as to what we should teach the children in the time allotted for that por-

tion of Sunday-school work; and although I have been for twenty-five years a Sunday-school teacher, and have felt the deepest interest in the work, yet I confess I feel unfit to instruct on this point.

In my experience of a quarter of a century there have been many changes in the manner of teaching, as well as in the things taught; yet it must be confessed that some of these changes have not been improvements; and as these changes have been introduced, one after another, in our teaching department, I confess that sometimes I have felt a desire to seek for the old paths. The Sunday-school is exclusively a Christian institution. It is no part of Sunday-school work to instruct in the sciences. For the instruction in the arts and sciences we have our excellent common schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities, and the whole week for that work. It is deviating from the real purpose of Sunday-schools to devote any of the time to the acquisition of this sort of instruction. I would go further, and say that, in my judgment, it is not a wise employment of the time of the Sunday-school in studying the biography of the great men of the Bible, or stopping to learn all about the geography and topography of the countries in which they lived, and in which the great events mentioned in the Scriptures occurred. It is important to know all these things. Let them be taught elsewhere than in the Sunday-school. Had we another hour each Sabbath for our labor, we might consider these things profitably in the Sabbath-school; but as that is impracticable, I think it better to spend the little time we have more wisely.

As I said before, the Sabbath-school is pre-eminently a Christian institution. Christ is the great central point of attraction; and it seems to me that, when we meet our classes, we should adopt the language of the great apostle to the Gentiles and know nothing but Christ and him crucified for the sins of the world. I know that the objection will at once be made that the theme, because of the want of variety, would lack interest. This is a hasty and ill-considered objection. The Sunday-school teacher who is qualified to teach will find that the variety and magnitude of the subject, rather than any other cause, will be a subject of embarrassment.

At the very threshold we have the goodness of God in sending his Son to die for the sins of the world. What a delightful theme for the teacher, and how profitable for teacher and scholar! Its consideration opens the book of nature, with its endless pages, on which are written in bright and glowing characters His love for man. The teacher can take his class, and show on every side that this beautiful world—with its rivers and mountains, its music and flowers and inexhaustible stores of wealth, all for man and his happiness—is provided by the same kind Father who sent his Son to die that we might, in endless eternity, bask in the sunshine of eternal joy. The very beginning of Christ's history turns the Bible student's attention to this great and important feature of the Christian religion, and has made more for the cause ten thousand fold than all the terrors that have been held up before men for violated law. Nothing so softens the heart of rebellious man and arrests him in a course of

crime as a thorough belief that the almighty, omnipotent God loves him and desires his happiness in time and throughout eternity. It begets love in his own heart, and repentance and obedience quickly follow.

We can not, then, commence the study of Christ's mission in the world without having our hearts turned to God in love. We love him because of the indisputable evidence that he first loved us. He who loves God obeys him, and obedience to his commands makes the Christian. But when we come to the record of the sinless life of Christ, and what he has said for our guidance, then our thoughts are turned to the other important feature of our religion, that strikes down all selfish pride, and brings peace and joy to the world,—that of loving our neighbor as ourselves. It is impossible to read and contemplate the life and sayings of our Savior without falling in love with all that is good and pure.

We often present before our children the life of some good man or woman as a model for them; but human nature is frail, and some blemishes are found in the human model that mar the beauty and weaken its force and influence. But not so with that of Christ. The beauty of the teachings of Christ is in their plainness and simplicity. In these his lessons are like his life. It is worthy of remark that it is not what he said that is made the foundation of the wrangling and disputation that have impaired the good influence of the Church. In his enlarged view of the work he came to do, he made no point on modes or ceremonies. On the other hand, he looked

with pity on the hypocrisy of those who made broad their phylacteries and attended only to forms, to the neglect of the purification of the heart. And here I claim we have an argument in favor of what I insist should be taught in our Sabbath-schools.

In our Bible-classes we have, in almost every school, the members of different Churches, and many who have no Church relations, and perhaps no well-settled religious opinions. I have often witnessed in those classes the warmest disputes on doctrinal points, the fiercest wrangle as to whether this Church platform or that is according to what Paul or Peter taught, and the whole hour of teaching was worse than wasted, and the sincere student who came to learn what the Bible taught went away confused and doubting. I have ever regarded with abhorrence these theological wars, and I am glad to know that they are becoming less frequent. To my mind they are objectionable in every place, and especially so in the Sabbath-school.

To avoid this controversy, take the word of Him who spake with divine authority. Every word is aimed at sin; every sentence of Christ is a lever to lift man to a higher, purer, and better life. He pronounces his blessing on the pure in heart, on the merciful, and on him who thirsteth, not after distinction and wealth, but after righteousness. He pronounces his benediction on the peace-maker, and commands man to do unto others as he would have others do unto him. His declarations against harboring revenge or ill-will in the heart are clear and explicit, and he commands us that we must love even

our enemies. He condemns slander, and inculcates charity. He denounces hypocrisy, and teaches honesty in motive as well as action. He shows the folly of covetousness, and points the mind to the consideration of true and substantial riches. He shows that to God we must look for all our blessings; and then he teaches us how to pray to him.

But time would fail me to go further in mentioning the many points in this code that has been the foundation of all sound legislation for the protection of man's God-given rights. The words of Christ, as they have become disseminated among the nations of the earth, have been for the healing of the nations. Bad laws have been repealed; the thrones of despotism have fallen before the doctrine of the universal equality and brotherhood of man. No slavery or tyranny can long exist in any nation where the teachings of Christ are everywhere known and believed by the people. In the light of the Gospel of Christ, oppression is seen in all its hideousness, and must hide away among the nations where there is no Bible—no Christ.

Christ's teachings not only make him who follows them happy, but the dissemination of this truth promotes the general welfare of the State, and makes strong and permanent the very pillars of liberty and freedom.

It is, then, the highest patriotism to proclaim his word, and fill the hearts of men with his gospel; and, to my mind, the attempt to exclude the reading of the Bible in our common schools is a piece of wicked folly, not in line with the march of our

advancing and enlightened civilization. What gives so much force to all he said is the fact that his life was an illustration of the beauty and simplicity of his teachings. He had the right to pronounce his blessing on the merciful; for his mission to this world was one of love and mercy. He could lay down the law to love our enemy; for his last prayer was a petition of forgiveness for the cruel, bloody men who put him to death. It is his gentle and loving spirit, manifested in his life and presented to the world, that is overthrowing selfishness and making men more and more like him. The subject is too large to attempt any elaboration of it on an occasion of this kind. It was only my purpose to call your attention to it, that it might be fully considered at this Convention.

I think the Uniform Lesson is a grand conception. It serves to stimulate teacher and scholar, to know that, all over this broad land, the same lessons are being taught and learned each Sabbath. But let that uniformity be the theme I have suggested. Why should we wander over the time of the old dispensation for types and shadows of the promised Messiah, when we can go at once to the New Testament, and there read his life and learn from his own words what his religion is? Why spend much time, when we have so little for Sabbath-school instruction, in the dim light of mysterious prophecy, or stumble in the types and sacrifices, after the prophecies have been fulfilled, and the Son of Righteousness has arisen, and the great sacrifice fice for sinners been made? Let us go to the fountain at once, and learn of Christ. Let his life, his

deeds, and his words be constantly our theme; and let us continually, and with humble hearts, seek for the same spirit; and let us hope that all of us, and those we represent and try to teach, may have all the benefits of his great atonement.

METHODIST FRATERNITY.

AT the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held two years ago in Baltimore, of which Conference my colleague and myself had the honor to be members, it was the great pleasure of that body to welcome Rev. Dr. James A. Duncan and L. C. Garland, LL. D., as fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Not only were we made happy by their manly and eloquent words, conveying to us your fraternal regards, but we were filled with a still deeper joy by the love-letter sent us by the venerable Doctor Pierce, whose afflictions prevented his coming to us in person with his colleagues. May we be permitted to join with you in gratitude and thankfulness that God, in his goodness, has spared his useful and holy life to still stand as a living monument of that past when we were one Church organization, and to plead with an eloquence akin to inspiration for Christian unity, peace, and love in the whole Methodist family? Could you all have been present, and have seen for yourselves the warm and earnest greeting given these honored brethren, and heard the hearty responses of the bishops, ministers, and laymen of that large body of the representatives of our Church, or the eloquent words of my colleague,

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Delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Atlanta, Georgia, May, 1878.

no poor words of mine were needed to convince you that, with the Methodist Episcopal Church we have the honor to represent, fraternity is a living reality.

We have come to say so to you, we deem ourselves fortunate and honored that the proper authority selected us at this time to come, and, as well as we may, respond to the loving message you sent us at Baltimore. It is indeed a matter of congratulation and joy that, in the Methodist Church in this country, there exists to-day a better understanding than at any period since the separation. The red-hot coals of difference that had been fanned into a flame by the blasts of war are dying out, and there is nothing left now but the ashes of former conflicts. We can not afford to quarrel over that. There is not enough in it to hinder complete fraternity.

We come, then, tendering to you the affection and good-will of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and rejoice in the hope that you will not allow us to do more than yourselves in binding the Methodist family in the bonds of a sincere and earnest Christian fraternity. We are here to-day to give our hearty indorsement of the Church we represent to the eloquent words of one of your fraternal messengers at Baltimore. He said to us: "But what is fraternity? Is it only a quadrennial ceremony, a sort of ecclesiastical court formality, a specious parade of public addresses? Is it a mere form? Sir, I humbly conceive that Christian fraternity is something more than such solemn mockery—something deeper, more vital, and more sacred. It is a great Christian movement, giving concurrent expression to the great brotherly

kindness of more than a million hearts. It is a sublime Christian alliance, in which charity becomes supreme over all disputations, and reaffirms its meaning, its power, and its consequences."

These grand and sublime words of the now departed Dr. Duncan sent a thrill of joy to the vast assembly who had the privilege of listening to him. We accept his definition, and in a like spirit come to you, bringing with us the hearty "Amens" of more than a million and a half of Methodists. And why should it not be so? If our religion is not broad enough to take in the whole Methodist family; if it be too weak to conquer hate and overcome revenge; if our Christian charity is too narrow to extend beyond State lines, and is cramped in sectional boundaries,—then had we all better look into the genuineness of our conversion.

The politicians, for personal aggrandizement or party triumph, may attempt to renew past differences and fan the dying embers of past conflicts, but the Christian man can take no part in such a work. The very essence of the Christian religion is love, and her voice is ever for peace. It seems to me, therefore, that at this time there is a large responsibility resting on the Methodists of this Nation. We are the largest denomination. We should take the lead in all good works. What better work can we do than, by example as well as precept, to bring these many million American citizens to a proper understanding with, and a right appreciation of, each other? Such a work not only subserves the great interests of religion, but it kindles anew the patriotic fires that

lighted the way of a common ancestry from the thralldom of oppression to the enjoyment of liberty.

Skepticism may scoff, and infidelity may sneer; but the truth still stands, that there can be no civilization worthy the name that is not the outgrowth of Christianity. We who profess to love the gospel must so have it in our hearts that we will show in all our intercourse with each other that it is our guide, our rule of faith and practice. I am fully convinced that, if our free institutions are maintained, if our tolerant form of government remains in perpetuity, it will not be because of our armies, our navies, our increasing population, our many States reaching from ocean to ocean and covering this mighty continent, but rather because, in all this vast population and in every part of all these States, there may be found so many Christian men and women teaching by precept and example the pure and elevating doctrines of the Christian system. From the family altars is to go out a silent influence strong enough to still the ragings of revolution, to extinguish the eruptions of anarchy, to inspire a deep and profound reverence for law and order, to so clear the vision of mankind that prejudice will not be mistaken for conscience or policy for principle.

As Methodists we must measure up to the demands upon us. On this question of fraternity we are rapidly coming up. Indeed, we are recognized as being already in advance. At our last General Conference we had, as a fraternal messenger from the Presbyterian Church, that distinguished divine, the Rev. Dr. F. S. Patton, of Chicago. He was present

when your delegates were introduced, and heard your kind words to us. At the session following he was presented, and delivered his message. He alluded to the eloquent words of your fraternal delegates, and, with a joyful countenance and hearty emphasis, he said to us: "I congratulate you on this happy consummation." But with a sorrow that he could not conceal, he added: "My only regret is, that your Church, in this respect, is so far in advance of ours." The Presbyterian Church, North and South, seems like a sea whose waters roll apart, because a ledge of rocks lifts its persistent head above the waves. We have been trying to remove the obstruction, to blast the rock. Committees have set, and editors have written, and private correspondence has been undertaken, with results that fall short of complete success. But what is not done by one agency will be done by another; for there is a tide of Christian brotherhood rising fast, both North and South, which, when it shall have reached its full, will hide, deep and out of sight, the rocks of bitter memory. The tides of human feeling, like the ocean, come not at human bidding, but are under divine control. And we are thankful for the fact that this tide, which is setting fast, though it rises too slow for those who are impatient of delay, rises at the same time too surely to make it safe for those who stand in the way of its advance. If we are worthy the compliment paid us by Dr. Patton; if the tide of fraternal feeling in the Methodist Church has risen higher than that of any other sister Church; if we do love each other more, and seem more willing to forget,—let us then pray

God that he may honor us with a rapid growth in grace in this direction, that we Methodists may be first to raise the shout that the work of conciliation is complete, that love reigns and rules in American Methodism.

Not many months ago, the President of these United States and his Cabinet came to this good city of Atlanta, to shake hands with your distinguished governor and the good people of this State of Georgia. The whole Nation read with interest and gratitude the speeches made by the President and his Cabinet, and the responses made by your governor and other distinguished statesmen of Georgia. The telegraph sowed the good seed all over the continent, with the quickness of lightning. The American people caught the good spirit that prompted the kind words then uttered by all the speakers; and a strange, sweet peace seemed to settle down on the hearts of all good citizens, accompanied with a stronger hope and a better confidence for the future. After all, they but represented what politics may do in the work of conciliation. They pointed to the country's banner as the source of their inspiration.

We are all here to-day to show what religion may do to bring the hearts of the people of a common country in closer sympathy, holding higher than any other banner the banner of the Cross. The good seed was sown by them all over this land. Some fell among thorns and briers of deep-rooted prejudices, and were choked to death; some fell on the stony ground of mere policy, and will be scorched and blasted in the heat of the next political cam-

paign; some fell on the hard wayside of American politics, to be devoured, if not by the devil, by his familiar, the American demagogue. The good seed sown by your representatives at Baltimore two years ago, and, I trust, that which we have come to sow here, has fallen and will fall on good ground, and bring forth abundantly; and after a while, and that at no distant day, we will all shout and sing together at a glorious harvest home.

Let us, then, hold higher and still higher the banner of the Cross as the truest and best ensign of the grand and rapidly increasing hosts that are demanding peace and good-will; and as men take cognizance of our fraternal spirit and brotherly kindness, they will, whether skeptic or believer, be compelled to say as did Constantine the Great, "By this sign we conquer."

Let us not halt and doubt. Let us not wait until complete fraternity comes, as come it will, from other influences. Let the Methodists of this country, under the blessing of God, overcome any difficulties in the way, and usher in the happy day of complete harmony. They can do it, if they will. The Methodist preacher reaches every community in the land. He is everywhere. He does more to mold that potent influence, public opinion, than anybody else. We can do more, then, from the peculiar organization of our Church, than any other religious body, if we will be but true to God, true to our country, and true to the demands of our advancing civilization.

We are here to say, in behalf of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, that she heartily rejoices in your prosperity, as we are confident you rejoice in ours. Let us know each other better, and we will love each other more. We, then, on behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church, earnestly invite you to send us your fraternal messengers when we meet in General Conference two years hence in Cincinnati. Let these words of love continue to be spoken and heard. Let this honest courtship go on, and after a while it may be said of us: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

Y. M. C. A., CINCINNATI, O.

THE number of distinguished gentlemen that follow me admonishes me, notwithstanding the latitude given by your worthy president, that I must be brief. It will be out of my power to adduce any argument, or bring forward any array of facts, that will better commend the Association to the public than the able and interesting report of your worthy corresponding secretary. And when I consider, in connection with that report, the report of the treasurer, it is a matter of astonishment, and yet of congratulation, that so much has been done with the money expended; and I feel that if all the good men of your city could see it, there would be a simultaneous opening of hearts and pocket-books to sustain this good cause.

I am exceedingly gratified that it is my privilege to meet with you on this anniversary of your Association, and to congratulate you and rejoice with you over the good you have accomplished in the past year; but I should be far happier if I felt prepared to add anything to the interest of this occasion, or if, by any words of mine, I could inspire you to greater zeal in this good work. I accepted your kind invitation to be present to-night in the hope that I might be benefited by coming; and I am happy to say that my hope has already been realized.

An Address to the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati, Ohio, Twenty-first Anniversary.

To the Christian philanthropist and patriot, with his soul awakened, purified, and enlarged, with earnest love to God and his fellow-men, as he looks abroad at the vice and crime in our country, and the mighty obstacles in the way of its removal, how sadly true are the words of the Savior: "The harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few!" Yet we thank God and take courage from the fact that there are more now engaged in the work of the world's salvation than ever before, and that while the army of the Lord has increased in numbers, it has also increased in efficiency and power. And to that comparatively small band who have been fighting so bravely to bring a rebellious world in harmony with the good government of God, there has been no reenforcement so timely and effective as the Young Men's Christian Association. Composed as it is of Christians of every name, untrammeled in its glorious work by any sectarian aims or objects, with only "God and humanity" on its banners, and with the teachings of the Savior for its rules of faith and practice, this united band of active Christian workers goes forth to war against Satan in his very stronghold, and may and does rescue his captives from the very gates of hell itself.

The Young Men's Christian Association may be fitly called the skirmish-line of the army of Christ, preparing constantly the way for greater and grander conquests for the hosts of the Lord. Such Associations may and do reach a large class who have hitherto been overlooked and neglected; and especially is it true in a large city like this. It is

almost useless to pray with a hungry man before you have fed him, and to give the Testament to the naked before you have clothed him, or obtain the ear of the stranger until you have convinced him by substantial acts of friendship that you are really his friend. Or, as St. James has it, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and hath not works? Can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

If I understand the workings of these Associations, the aim is to seek out the destitute, and by acts of kindness and Christian sympathy commend to them the religion of Christ. In this way the fallow ground is broken up, and their hearts are made ready for the good seed of the gospel.

Another interesting and very important feature in your work is to seek out the young men who are strangers in your great city—young men whom the calls of business have separated from the communion of kindred spirits and from the sweet and sacred influence of father, mother, and sister. This separation has made them sad and lonely; and when the hours of leisure come, they fall an easy prey to evil influences, and soon are seen in the gilded saloons of sin and crime. It is indeed a glorious work to lead such away from the grog-shop and gambling-hell and the dens of pollution, and turn their feet in the paths of virtue and honor. How many such in

years to come, will rise up and call you blessed; and how sweet will be your old age, if then you have the gracious consolation that God has honored you by making you the instrument of saving a single soul from a life of sin and infamy in this world, and if then you can look forward with unwaning faith that, when God judges the world, the sacred hand of the blessed Savior will place even one star in your crown in the day of your rejoicing!

The range of duty and usefulness for Christian young men in this day and age of the world, and especially in this free Government of ours, is almost without limit. They must make themselves felt everywhere, and leave their impress for good on the State as well as the Church; and while the work to be done is of incalulable magnitude, yet the motives to incite to action are of the highest and most ennobling character.

It is too late in the day to deny that the supremacy of our institutions depends upon the dissemination of Bible truth in the hearts of the people. That question was settled long ago, and the great truth uttered long since, that it is "righteousness that exalteth a nation," is no longer doubted. It is not our mighty armies or our gallant navies, our many and populous cities bound together by the iron bands of our numerous railways, our lofty mountains, our extended plains of unsurpassed fertility, our majestic rivers, our commerce, or our money, that constitute our National strength. It is not any or all of these that give us the assurance that the blessings of civil and religious liberty will be the rich inheritance of

those who may come after us. If justice is firmly established, and the blessings of liberty secured to our posterity, we must be a Nation that fears God and keeps his commandments. The more true religion we have, the purer and stronger will be our love for our country. True patriotism is the child of Christianity. In India and other idolatrous nations they have no word in their language that means love of country. The divine law as thundered forth from Sinai, and the pure and just doctrines of Him who spake as never man spoke, are found, after the experience of many centuries, to be the best guides for the best government of men. It is a code that tolerates no despotism, no slavery, no inequality before the law.

The Bible, then, should not only be read in our churches and in our families, but the divine truths and moral precepts should be instilled in the hearts of the young at all our public schools. [Immense and prolonged applause.] And from my stand-point I must say that the exclusion of the Bible therefrom is as unwise and unpatriotic as it is wicked and senseless. [Enthusiastic applause.] Look at Mexico and some of the pretended Republics of South America, and you will see the practical results of this policy. Their attempts to maintain a republican form of government, with a voting population almost entirely ignorant of Bible truth, have in all cases been a miserable failure. Revolution and anarchy are the legitimate results, and in these Governments it can scarcely be said that there is safety to either person or property.

The situation of our country at this present time is peculiar and interesting. The enfranchisement of a large number of citizens, who, before their citizenship was declared, had been kept in slavery and ignorance; the recent expansion of our territorial limits, by which is added a large number of persons to our population, not noted for their virtue or intelligence; the constant influx of ignorant Chinese, who know nothing of our form of government, our civilization, or our religion, who may become citizens and voters,—all admonish us that this is no time to lower the standard of religious instruction, or to exclude the Bible from our common schools.

These are stirring times in which God has called us into being, and we must be up and doing, and show ourselves equal to the grave duties required of us. If this mass of ignorance is to be enlightened and Christianized and qualified for the duties of citizenship, the work must, in the main, be done by the Christian young men of the day. It must be done. The perpetuity of the blessings of civil and religious liberty depends upon its accomplishment.

Let us, then, with honest hearts, ask God to guide us in the work before us, and grant us courage to do our whole duty in the promotion of his cause; and while we rejoice at the growing greatness and power of our young, free Nation, let us accept the higher and sweeter consolation that our growth as a people in virtue and intelligence is more rapid still.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

A COMMITTEE, duly authorized and empowered, have imposed upon me the duty of introducing to you, as visitors to your body, the Southeast Indiana, the North Indiana, and the Northwest Indiana Conferences. I take great pleasure in performing the service thus required of me, and beg to tender you and them my hearty and earnest congratulations that the opportunity is thus offered you to look again into each other's faces, and again to grasp each other by the hand, and once more to talk over your conflicts and joys, your trials and your triumphs, your few defeats and many glorious victories, and generally to encourage each other in this, the most important work that can engage the attention of man—the salvation of the world.

I have no doubt that those of you who once met in one Conference, and have now for so long a time been separated from each other, have looked forward to this meeting with the brightest anticipations of happiness in being permitted to meet old, tried, and true companions in the service of our blessed Master. We of the laity beg to express the hope that you may all more than realize the happiness you anticipate, and ask that we, too, may have a share with you on this joyous occasion.

Address at Indianapolis, Indiana, at the meeting of the four Conferences of that State, in 1866.

God, in the plenitude of his mercy and grace, so blessed your labors in the rapid increase of members of one Church, and the opening for you of so many new fields of labor, that a division of the Conference became a matter of absolute necessity in order that the work be more effectually done. In that noble spirit of self-sacrifice that has ever so pre-eminently characterized the Methodist ministry, you then broke up the tender and sacred ties that bound you to one Conference, in the anxiety to promote only the cause of Christ. For this sacrifice, as for all others that you have made in this cause, a glorious reward awaits you.

And as I look over this vast assembly of ministers, and see that they are mostly young men, I am sadly admonished of the fact that but few remain who met together in the old Indiana Conference. To the great majority of the noble spirits who then met, the Great Captain of our salvation has said, "It is enough, come up higher;" and they have passed from a mortal life of labor and conflict to an immortal life of rest and reward, and, with the palms of victory in their hands, are to-day having their reunion around the throne of God. Let us indulge in the comforting belief that their happy and sanctified spirits are fully cognizant of this happy meeting of their brethren here. And while we sing to-day that grand old hymn,—

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise,"—

can we not almost hear them echo back to us those other grand words?—

"Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family we dwell in Him—
One Church above, beneath—
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host has crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

I remember many of those glorious and brave men, and could mention their names and give many incidents in the history of their great usefulness; but I will leave that duty to others more competent to perform it. I see before me a few of their old associates, who will doubtless favor us with a recital of some of the noble deeds of the departed. Neither they nor their labors will ever be forgotten. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for their works do follow them."

It was these men, with you, my aged brethren, at a time when you were few and widely separated from each other, and when Indiana was comparatively a wilderness, who, overcoming difficulties and surmounting obstacles with a courage and fidelity to the cause akin to that of St. Paul's, laid deep and strong the foundations of the Methodist Church in Indiana. Their devotion and yours entitle you and them to the brightest place in the history of pioneer life in our

State. Let us, who are younger and who are enjoying the fruits of the labors of our seniors, learn wisdom from their example, and humbly pray that we, too, may have in a large measure the same courage and self-sacrificing spirit in promoting the cause of Christ.

As one of the results of their services, I see before me more than a half thousand ministers of the gospel, representing a membership of one hundred thousand Methodists in Indiana. That the mantles of the departed have fallen on those that are worthy, I have but to point to our well-built churches in every neighborhood, town, and city, to our flourishing colleges in all parts of the State, and to our excellent and prosperous university. But time will forbid that I should even mention, much less enlarge on, the many evidences of the rapid growth and progress of our beloved Church in Indiana.

We are permitted, under the providence of God, to live at a most interesting period of the Nation's history. The civil Government waked up to the truth, long since uttered by John Wesley, that "slavery is the sum of all villainies;" and amid the clangor of arms and the din of strife, the awakened conscience of the Nation proclaimed the freedom of the oppressed. The cruel and wicked laws of the Slave States, which forbade that the slave should be taught to read, fell with the accursed system that called them into existence, and to-day these people are holding out their hands to us for the bread of life. They not only have all the claims of a common humanity upon us, but we owe them a debt of gratitude besides for their loyalty to the Government, and for

their effective aid and active sympathy in preserving from destruction this temple of civil and religious liberty. Let us open wide to them the doors of the temple of knowledge, and lead them in the paths of righteousness, and they will become, not only good and faithful citizens and effectual co-workers in upholding this good Government of ours, but will be also valuable auxiliaries in the salvation of the world.

I am fully impressed with the belief that our Missionary Committee duly appreciate the importance of this work, and will give to its promotion their well-known piety and ability. Let the Methodist Church in the future, as in the past, do more than her full share of this missionary work. But this is not all the work that this changed state of things has made for earnest Christians. The doors that had been closed against all those who spoke against the great National sin are now open, and each day the South is coming nearer the enjoyment of her Constitutional rights.

The free press, the free pulpit, and the free speech that slavery had for years banished from the Slave States are being rapidly restored to them, and a full and complete enjoyment of those blessings guaranteed to the people by the Government, and protected by her strong arm, will enable the great truths of civil and religious liberty, planted there by the loyal and the good, to germinate and bring forth the peaceable fruits of loyalty to God and this good Government under which we live. New duties and responsibilities are upon us. Let us not hesitate, but go up at

once and possess the land. No reconstruction will be so effectual as that which will enlighten the mind, purify the heart, and convert the soul. If we can bring a rebellious people in harmony with the government of God, they will be in full accord with the civil authority.

But I am saying too much in introducing those who were before old acquaintances. I again congratulate you that you are thus brought together, and will close by expressing the hope that all our hearts may be so warmed by the grace of God and this meeting together, that we may go hence with new zeal in the promotion of every good work!

N. P. BANKS.

AFTER more than a third of a century has come and gone, the remnant of that gallant band who for nine weeks stood together and voted for N. P. Banks for presiding officer of the Thirty-Fourth Congress are permitted to meet in this beautiful Capital, where the great contest was fought and won. With mingled joy and gratitude we hail our great leader in that contest, and with a delight that no words can express we grasp his hand and send up a sincere invocation that when we, who may be left, shall meet again in the future, he, too, may come and preside at our banquet. But with the joy come the tears of memory, that three-fourths of our number have finished their work and crossed the dark river. Let us indulge in the pleasing belief that their spirits are here to take glad cognizance that they are as fresh in our memories as they were at the adjournment of the Congress that gave them all a place in the history of the Republic.

The faithful historian will not fail to record the 2d of February, 1856, when that brave old apostle of human liberty, Joshua R. Giddings, administered the oath of office to Speaker N. P. Banks, as the commencement of a new era in the young Republic.

Delivered at Washington, D. C., at the Reunion of the Members of Congress who voted for the Honorable N. P Banks for Speaker.

It planted a new hope in the heart of the slave, and gave a new fear to his master. Liberty smiled at the victory; and slavery trembled with rage at its first great defeat. Freedom, and not slavery, was to name the committees and shape the legislation in the people's House of Congress. Our success gave new courage to the moral sense of the patriotic masses, and a new impetus to the agitation that had awakened the conscience of the Nation. In the newer and brighter pages of progress and civilization that have since been written, let each page show that our nine weeks' contest for the speakership, and our glorious victory, made possible all the grander results that followed.

We have met to-day to honor our great leader—to exchange greetings, and recall the incidents of that great struggle. We rejoice that among the living to greet the few that remain, is the gallant hero of that contest—our leader then, our idol now. Let us congratulate the country that the House of Representatives has now the benefit of his ripe experience and of a courage that threescore and ten years have not weakened. If we could have but one of our number to sit in the House of Representatives, and the roll were called as to whom it should be, the voice of the living and the spirits of the dead of our number would answer as aforetime, N. P. Banks! Long may he live to sit in the councils of the Nation, and to aid in perfecting what was begun in his election to the speakership—the securing of the inalienable rights of every American citizen, be he white or black!

Two of our number—Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, and John Sherman, of Ohio—are, and have been for many years, honoring their respective States and the whole Nation by their great ability, spotless integrity, and patriotic devotion to the best interests of the country, in the Senate of the United States. This leads me to proclaim it as my belief that if the rest of us were in the Senate, it would greatly contribute to the dignity of that branch of Congress, and add largely to the general average of respectability and usefulness of its members.

Senator Morrill is the author of the measure that has enabled our country to manufacture her own goods, thus furnishing labor and good wages to the laboring classes, and compelling the foreign manufacturer who seeks our markets, that have been created by the enterprise and energy of our own people, to pay for the privilege of selling their cheap products,—thus furnishing a revenue to carry on the war, sustaining constantly the National credit, and enabling us to suppress the Rebellion. It has furnished the revenue to rapidly extinguish our great National debt, and put the Nation's credit on a better basis than that of any other Nation on the face of the earth.

John Sherman has been in Congress ever since this event that has called us together, except the four years he was Secretary of the Treasury. During those four years he so managed the finances as to resume specie payment—a consummation that public clamor and the prophets of evil pronounced an impossibility. It took courage, but he had it; and while everybody predicted ruin and disaster if the

attempt were made; yet, under his wise management, resumption came as gently as the dew falls at midnight; and the credit and honor of the Nation were saved. While the soldier saved the Nation's life, John Sherman saved her honor, which is dearer than life. Both alike are heroes, deserving equal honor from a grateful people. In the Senate chamber, John Sherman has no superior for broad statesmanship, devotion to his country's best interests, and for the courage of his convictions. He has made it a matter of so much distinction to be a United States Senator from Ohio, that there is a reasonably well-founded rumor that citizens of Ohio, and even residents of New York, are inclined to spend large sums of money for the honor of being his colleague. There is but one way by which the country can show the full appreciation of the great service John Sherman has rendered; and in doing so the Nation will honor itself more than him. I hope some of our later reunions will be at the White House.

Among our number, and the senior in years, is our honorable and venerable friend, Francis E. Spinner. He was the intimate and trusted friend of Lincoln, Stanton, and Chase, and a valued counselor of all of them during the great Civil War. For fourteen years the Treasurer of the United States, with the care of billions of money, there is no stain on his integrity, his signature on the greenbacks being the only crooked official act. His efficiency and fidelity in every position is a part of the well-known history of the country, and the whole Nation takes pride in doing honor to the old veteran.

These are some of the living men who in that great contest voted for Banks. I need not speak of the distinguished dead of our number. They have their sure place in history, and their fame is secured in the hearts of a grateful country.

The great apostle, writing to the Hebrews, in speaking of the faith of Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, and others, said: "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness became strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." So time would fail me to speak of each of our noble band. Among the names I have not mentioned are the Gideons, the Davids, the Samuels, and the rest of the circle of patriots who assisted in freeing the oppressed; who waxed valiant in fight to save the life of the Nation; who stopped the mouths of opposition lions; who wrought righteousness in pensioning the soldiers of the Republic; and who aided the Government to turn to flight the armies of the Confederacy.

I do not claim to have a marked personal resemblance to the apostle Paul, but I have not the slightest doubt that I feel on this occasion even more intensely than he did when he was discoursing of the faith of the worthy saints of those Old Testament and barbaric times. I say more intensely, because

my enthusiasm has a better and sounder basis. In many respects the remnant of our political Israel is superior to the heroes mentioned by the apostle. Moses acted so badly that he was only permitted to *look* at the promised land, while Barak refused to take his army and go and fight Sisera until a prophetess by the name of Deborah (and another man's wife at that) would go with him. Samson allowed his wife to get away with him on the riddle business, and then he killed and stripped the garments off of thirty men, and paid his bet with the Philistines in second-hand clothing. And Jacob got up a mean combine and trust on Laban, his father-in-law, in the cattle business. But when we come to Joseph we take off our hats. Paul has us there. We may have the equals of Joseph in our little circle, but he has never had a superior in ancient or modern times.

Between the past and the present there are no missing links. We old men hold that connecting position, and with the most of us it seems to be the only office that has been persistently searching for us. And yet, with our long experience and close observation of men and affairs, we might be useful to the country if a loud call should be made for our services. As just now the antique seems to be the latest fad, some of us would make splendid ornaments to decorate and beautify an Administration. We have not found it delightful or profitable to play the dark-horse act during the convulsions of nominating Conventions. But we take comfort in the fact that we are sovereigns, and not servants. In that dramatic period, from 1856 to 1866, we played well our part

in the first act. Let us wear the laurels we have won, gracefully. We can do as they do on the eastern coast of Old Virginia, "Live on oysters and past recollections." Let us be smiling, jolly old optimists, and not whining, complaining pessimists. Let us endeavor to feel as our own Whittier did when he wrote these lines:

"O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold:—
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere."

THE TOAST—THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

A NEW generation has been born, and has had thrust upon them the duties of citizenship, since the close of our Civil War. To that generation the beginning, the continuance, and the end of the war—the causes that brought it on, its tragic events, and its glorious results—can only be known from history and tradition. Their knowledge of the attending environments, from the beginning to the close, is as limited and imperfect as is ours of the great Revolutionary struggle that resulted in the formation and establishment of the Republic. History and tradition may turn their brightest lights on the conditions that existed nearly thirty years ago, yet, viewed now through this vista of three decades, the picture thus drawn gives them a view of the real situation as shadowy as the photograph does of the true character of the living person it represents.

All has been done in that direction that human genius and ability can possibly accomplish. The statesman, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, have done their utmost to aid posterity in seeing the lights and shadows of this, the greatest event in human history,—the greatest because it was to settle the question whether a Republic like ours had the inherent strength to maintain her own existence; a question that interested the human race in every part

Responded to at the Loyal Legion Banquet, at Indianapolis.

of the civilized world. Because if the civilized man could not govern himself—was not able to formulate a government that would protect him in all his rights as a man without the domination of kings and standing armies—then the reign of tyranny must be perpetual, and despotism continue to rob man of the privileges that inhered in his very manhood, causing him to remain the mere tool and serf of another. The monarchs of the world and their courts laughed and took courage at our calamity, while oppressed man in all the domain of despotism, the world over, wept and prayed for our triumph. Thus our Civil War was not only the great event of the century, but, as the years come and go and we get farther and farther from 1861, we become convinced that it requires no gift of prophecy to declare that the beneficial effects of our glorious triumph in saving the young Republic from dissolution has made it *the* event in the history of civil government.

It may have seemed to us, in the beginning, to be a contest only to assert the supremacy of the General Government, and maintain and preserve the Union of the States. Looking at it now, we see that it had a much broader and deeper significance. It was to determine and solve the question whether the common man could be trusted with the solemn responsibility of sovereignty; whether even-handed justice to every man was not a stronger element of power in the policy of civil government than the might of monarchs backed by standing armies and ships of war; whether the virtue and intelligence of the citizen is not a better safeguard to national stabil-

ity than well-equipped fortifications and the most destructive weapons of warfare.

If the gifted minds who have tried to make the new generations see the war, with its tremendous import, as it really existed, and have been only able to dimly outline the causes that brought it about and the spirit with which it was conducted, I can not hope to throw a single additional ray of light on the picture. And even those of us who do recall these stirring times, who enlisted in the prime and vigor of our young manhood, did not then begin to comprehend the grandeur and glory of the times. We thought we were fighting for our Constitution, our Union, and our flag. We see, now, that in doing so we were making battle for humanity everywhere. In anticipation that our Civil War would destroy our national unity, the emperor of France took advantage of the disordered condition of Mexico, and sent Maximilian to that unhappy Republic, declared him the emperor, and held him on the throne by French bayonets. But the success of the Union army compelled the French to evacuate Mexico, and the Mexicans took possession of their own country, captured Maximilian, tried, convicted, and shot him as a usurper, and re-established the Republic on a firmer basis than before. Since then the liberty-loving people of France have driven Napoleon into exile, and established a Republic on the ruins of monarchy—a Republic which grows stronger every day in the love and confidence of the French.

Is it too much to assume that the success of our armies and the maintenance of national authority

made Gladstone the friend of human liberty and caused him to give a listening ear to the wrongs that had been inflicted on Ireland, making his last days glorious by wresting from the British Empire the rights they had stolen from the Irish? Who will be bold enough to assume that Dom Pedro would have been driven from Brazil, and the Republic established there, had we failed to maintain the unity of our own Republic? That our country stood the strain of the great Civil War, and came out without the stain of oppression on her escutcheon, stronger and purer than at the beginning, has awakened and aroused the spirit of liberty in the downtrodden everywhere. The laboring classes are more pronounced in their demands for their rights. The abolition of slavery removed the stigma that chattel manhood had placed upon labor. We now see that the young and proud emperor of Germany concedes that it is best to bow his imperial ear to listen to the prayers of the laboring classes of his people, and call a council to devise means for their relief. We see also the czar of the Russias doubling his guard, and trembling with guilty fear in his castle, dreading the wrath of his oppressed people and the vengeance of the friends of the Siberian exile. The South American Republics send their trusted representatives to gather round our hearthstone, to promote closer commercial and fraternal relations, and to learn the lesson here and imbibe the progressive and independent spirit that has made our national success the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

The Union soldier did not know, when fighting

to save the Republic, for how much he fought. The magnitude of his triumph will only be known when despotism is a thing of the past, and man everywhere stands erect in his own liberated and glorious manhood. Could the soldier of the Republic have seen it then, as we see it now, it would have added more patience and courage in defeat and heightened his joy in the hour of victory.

But I am digressing. I am expected to say something about the cause of the war, and the incidents attending its inception. It is generally spoken of as a sectional strife, a conflict between North and South. But there is nothing in latitude and longitude to cause a disturbance. It was not the location of the parties that made them meet on the battle-field as enemies. It has been conceded, on all hands, that the system of human bondage that British cupidity had fastened on the Colonies was the inciting cause. The slaveholder would tolerate no discussion of slavery in the territory where it existed. Some brave spirits attempted it, but did it at the peril of their lives. So that the freedom of the press was silent, the pulpit was muzzled, and liberty of speech on the public platform was absolutely suppressed in the domain of slavery.

The monstrous assumption that one man had the right to buy and sell another man as a chattel, and that no discussion of it could be tolerated, would necessarily be resisted by a high-spirited and liberty-loving people. It was an incongruity in a free Republic. Peace was only preserved and war deferred because the friends of the slaveholder held the reins

of Government. When the people in their sovereign capacity, and in strict compliance with the Constitution, took the National Government out of their hands, then the slaveocracy prepared for war. Before open hostilities commenced, the American Congress offered them such terms of peace, as, if accepted, would have blackened the good name of the Republic forever.

Some one has said: "Against stupidity, even the gods are powerless." The Secessionists were too mad and too stupid to accept the terms; and from that hour slavery was doomed. The Confederates expected sectional pride to carry the whole South against the Government, and party pride to divide the North, and thus give them an easy victory. They underestimated the patriotism of the American people. They were sadly mistaken in both of their assumptions. There were thousands and hundreds of thousands of patriotic men in the South who loved the whole Union more than a section; and the first gun fired at the flag at Fort Sumter snapped all party ties in the North; the partisan became the patriot, and men of all parties rushed to the defense of the Nation as to a banquet. The few who attempted to make party capital out of the Nation's calamity became so infamous that it is not probable that any will ever follow their example in the future.

I am well aware that all these facts have been often repeated; and my only apology for again referring to them is, that the topic assigned me seems to demand it. They are the inexorable facts of American history, that give the terminal point to American

slavery, and indicate the commencement of a higher and better civilization.

Twenty-nine years ago, in this beautiful month of May, the capital of our State was the rendezvous of men who had come from the farm, the workshop, the office, and the pulpit, to maintain the Nation's honor and uphold the Nation's flag. Twice as many responded to the President's call as were invited,—as would doubtless have been the case if the call had been for ten times the number. The companies that were accepted were envied by those less fortunate; and they were mustered into the service, and put into camp; and the work of regimental organization commenced. The citizen became the soldier. When the private put off the long-tailed coat, and put on the bob-tailed roundabout, and discarded the slouched or plug hat for the natty cap, and the officer assumed the double-breasted blue coat garnished with brass buttons and epaulets, and secured with a fiery red silk sash and bright leather sword-belt—to which were added yellow buckskin gauntlets on his hands and arms, and his hat covered with plumes and feathers—and the faces of private and officer were bronzed by the wind and sun of the drill-ground, the change was something amazing. If the numerous creditors left behind had come to camp then, they would not have known to whom to present their accounts. If the citizen could have acquired the duties of the soldier as easily as he could put on the uniform, it would have simplified matters, and very greatly relieved the situation.

It would be a large volume that would contain all

the absurd sayings and doings of the first month of a volunteer regiment's existence. The disposition to discuss the propriety of every military order, and the inclination to complain about the regulations of camp-life, was a ludicrous exhibition of the citizen in soldier's clothes. The inflated mental condition of the little, shallow man who had by some accident a commission, and the humiliation of the man of sense who was obliged to obey his military superior, presented a grotesque picture. The independent citizen, in the majesty of his sovereignty and the pride of his individuality, had never before been required to obey the dictum of another. It was an interesting study in camp-life to note the questioning spirit with which he met these new and extraordinary demands of military life.

But he had given up his business, and all the air-castles that hope and expectation had created therefrom; he had given up home, the dearest place on earth; he had left those he loved in tears; he was now called upon to surrender himself, to give up his individuality, to realize the accomplishment of the high purpose that prompted it all—the perpetuity of the Union of the States and the salvation of his country. And he did it—did it like a hero, as he was.

The citizen, in fighting these great battles with himself, and the victory his patriotism won in becoming the soldier of the Republic, displayed as high a type of courage and as noble a spirit of self-sacrifice as he ever did afterwards on the battle-field. As his patriotic fire transformed the independent

citizen into the self-denying soldier, let the same praise be given for his enlistment as for his faithful service to the end, and let our sentiment be, as it will be of all coming generations, "ALL HONOR TO THE CITIZEN SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC!"

THE TOAST—OUR GUEST.

BEING "our guest" on this occasion, it would not be in accord with the rules of hospitality even mildly to protest against the requirement to respond to a toast so personal to myself. Allow me, however, to say that it is not comfortable for a modest man to speak of himself, and an intelligent audience such as this can not endure egotism. But my grateful appreciation of the fact that I am thus honored by being your guest, ought to make any demand you choose to make of me an agreeable one. There have been guests in all ages and times; but I can not imagine that any of them, public or private, has ever been more honored or made happier than your guest at this banquet, which you have so generously and kindly given him.

Banquets are as old, yea older, than civilization. Alexander the Great and Belshazzar gave great feasts, and banquets were common with the Greeks and Romans. And, following down the current of American history to our own time, we find, all along the line of the centuries and ages, that banquets have held their place, while many other customs have disappeared. I imagine that they have been thus continued because they gratified the social wants of

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Responded to by Mr. Cumback at a banquet given in his honor by his neighbors.

humanity, and they will exist as long as man loves his neighbor.

Banquets have been given from many different reasons, and sometimes to compass selfish, political, or personal aims. When given to an honored guest, it has been generally because the guest has, by some great feat in war, politics, or literature, attracted the attention and wonder of mankind—sometimes, and indeed often, because he has been lifted to high position in the State or the Government, or promoted to an exalted place in one of the many fraternal organizations of human society. The banquet is thus made the chosen medium for his neighbors and friends to express their gratification and appreciation of his good fortune, and to show their joy at his promotion. But even then it has happened, in some instances, that selfish and sinister purposes were concealed in the hospitality. But not so here and to-night.

I never read, heard, or knew of such a banquet as this,—your guest a quiet private citizen, plodding along day by day, doing nothing extraordinary, accomplishing no wonderful works, holding no position in the State or Government, controlling no gifts of office or patronage, and powerless to make any adequate return for the great honor you confer upon him. Most banquets exhibit the worthiness of the guest; this one proves the magnanimity of the host—a host composed of my neighbors, with whom I have lived for more than a third of a century. It is indeed an honor, the grateful appreciation of which I can find no words to express. When I received the

invitation from one hundred of my neighbors to be your guest on this occasion, I asked myself the question, What have I done to merit this distinction? I could find no answer. But now I see that you intend, by this banquet, to let me know that I have your regard and confidence.

The most successful man, after all, is not the one who wins great honors from the State or builds up a colossal fortune, but he who secures the love and confidence of those who have known him best and longest. You have given this banquet that I might feel that my uneventful life has not been a failure. I regard this as the great event of my life; and in my own name, as well as in the name of my wife and children, I give you the sincere thanks of a grateful heart, conscious that I am now one of those fortunate ones who have received more than they deserved.

Heaven bless your generous hearts! This is a new incentive to try to be more worthy such noble fellowship as this.

"Let us live for those who love us,
For those who know us true;
For the heaven that smiles above us,
And awaits our spirits, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the justice in the distance,
And the good that we may do."

LIBRARY PRESENTATION.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR WALKER.

MAJOR,—This company of military gentlemen have taken possession of your quarters with no hostile intent. However formidable our appearance in numbers or in rank, I am permitted to assure you that your servants are true men, and no spies; that no assault upon your person or your liberty is intended; that all weapons are sheathed save those of wit, all bonds unthought of save those of friendship, and all explosives removed save the bloodless artillery of Heidsic or the Widow Clicquot.

It is my pleasing duty on this occasion to be the medium, in behalf of my brethren and assistants in the Pay Department of this district, through which shall pass this goodly piece of furniture, and the books which fill its shelves, into hands so well worthy to receive them as your own. The gift tells its own story without feeble words of mine. It is the offspring of our friendship for our chief—a friendship which each one of us shares; which binds us to you by more than official ties, of which your official relation to us has been simply the opportunity and not the cause.

It is difficult for me to address you, Major, in

Address of Major S. A. Walker, and response on the presentation of a library to Major Cumback by the officers reporting to him for duty.

terms which, out of this circle, would not be considered those of adulation; but less forcible would fail to express the sentiments of the donors of the gift. We feel that your administration of the affairs of this department has exhibited remarkable traits of character on your part. You can say to one, "Go, and he goeth;" to another, "Come, and he cometh;" but we are all witnesses here this day that justice is administered with an even hand, and, moreover, that no authority or pride of place has ever been able to make you haughty or dictatorial. You are the most approachable of men; no mystery of sublime authority surrounds you, nor do supercilious looks and lofty bearing ever remind us that our presence is an impertinence.

We regard this freedom from vanity a remarkable and worthy trait of yours, Major, in these days when every staff officer is as chary of his presence as an Oriental monarch, and when it is only after low obeisance made that we can obtain our just dues of a quartermaster.

You have proved, moreover, that the work of your department can be done, and well done, without a punctilious straining for official regularity and needless waste of red tape. We trust you have found us not the less willing to obey because you are not always straining the reins of authority over us. And if there has been any alacrity for duty on our part, any disposition to exceed written instructions in furtherance of your wishes, it has all been because we felt we were called, not servants, but friends. It is easy for the bride at the altar to promise to honor

and obey when first she has plighted to love. We believe our readiness of service has a similar cause. If friendship can thus dignify and ennoble dry official relationships, we may well say, "*Solem e mundo tollunt, qui tollunt amicitiam.*"

This offering, Major, has been long in contemplation. At one time, since its inception, we feared that the machinations of friendly politicians in your neighboring State might make this gift, contrary to our intentions, a parting one. It is a matter of great satisfaction to each one of us to think that their loss is our exceeding gain, and that this present is not the memento of an intercourse ended, but the emblem of one long to continue. We trust that the nature of our present you will regard as not otherwise than complimentary.

Silver and gold, in forms of cunning workmanship, though proper emblems of the purity and value of our regard, are always fair plunder for housebreakers, and, moreover, never enter into and make a part of daily life, as we desire our memory should. A horse, or a pair of them, is a pleasant thing, both to give and to possess; but ten years from now, stumbling with age and burdened with equine infirmities, such a gift would be but a paltry symbol of the friendship we trust may be perpetual. But books—how well they suit the cultivated mind of him who receives them, and how fitly do they symbolize the regard of those who bestow!

We shall be omnipresent with you henceforth. On those shelves there is thought for every mood, tense, and case of existence. There is humor and

wit, should you be despondent; in trouble, there is consolation; counsel, when you need it; and a ready fortification in facts and history, for use in the forum or at the bar. Thus, by the nature of our gift, have we incorporated ourselves into your existence, and made Shakespeare, and Irving, and Prescott, and all the worthies of literature, suggestive of ourselves. For thus invading the sanctum of your inner life, our pure friendship is our only apology.

And, Major, in years to come, when the wearisome days of war are over; when the trying and unsatisfactory life we are leading, which is made endurable only by the thought that others are suffering more than we, and that the sorrowing land puts trials at the door of all; when our Nation's deliverance is accomplished,—

> "When the mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
> And mountain unto mountain call, 'Praise God, for we are free!'"—

when in our quiet homes by the Atlantic shore, by Northern lakes, or by the winding waters of the West, we shall have resumed callings we have willingly relinquished,—then, what a pleasure to each one of us the thought that in the public positions to which you are likely to be called we are still remembered; and, more than all, in the private sanctity of the home which your presence adorns, and where you love to be—among the dearest of earth, in the fond circle of your family—we, though a scattered band, have, by virtue of this evening's gift, a place in your household, a home in your memory.

RESPONSE OF MAJOR CUMBACK.

Major Walker and Gentlemen,—I know your generous natures too well to expect me to make a suitable response, taken, as I am, at this great disadvantage. I am overwhelmed with the consciousness of my unworthiness to receive from you this magnificent token of your regard. Your kindness to me during our official intercourse, your promptness and cheerfulness in complying with all my wishes, and your disposition to throw the mantle of charity over my faults, has borne with it the very comforting assurance that I have your confidence and regard. But when you tender to me this splendid symbol of your affection, to take with me through all the journey of life, keeping me constantly with you, although we may be separated, you touch the tenderest chords of my heart, and I am prevented from making such a response as it is meet that I should make.

I can only say that I accept, with more gratitude than I can now express, this evidence of your regard, pledging you that I will endeavor to be more worthy your esteem by a faithful performance of my duties. The Major has told us that the work has been well done in this district, and in his generosity has improperly given me the credit for it. I agree with him that the work has been done well, but to you all, and not to me, belongs the praise.

Let us all, gentlemen, renew our vows to be more vigilant and active in upholding our glorious Government in this her hour of trial; and when the hoarse, discordant notes of War shall be followed by

the gentle whisper of Peace, if our names are not as high on the scroll of fame as others, we will bear with us the proud consciousness of having done our duty. As one of our members has so well sung:

"There is a joy, which, midst all joy,
  Sits crowned upon a throne—
The only one without alloy—
  It springs from duty done;
And he whose throbbing bosom glows
  With this supreme delight,
Does more than dream—he sees, he knows;
  The future makes all right."

Gentlemen, I will preserve this gift just as it now stands before me. I will take it with me to the home I love so well, and when the days of my life are numbered, I will give it as a rich legacy to my children, teaching them to honor your worth, emulate your virtues, and to be like you, faithful and vigilant in the discharge of every duty demanded of them by their country.