

# A LECTURE, ON RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

DELIVERED BY SETH PAINE,

In Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., on Sunday Evening, Jan'y 6th, 1867.

[Phonographically reported for the "Spiritual Reporter," by W. F. Jamieson.]

I will read a few words from the 4th and 5th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing at the 31st verse of the 4th chapter :

31. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together ; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness.

32. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul : neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own ; but they had all things common.

33. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus : and great grace was upon them all.

34. Neither was there any among them that lacked : for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold.

35. And laid them down at the apostles' feet : and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.

## CHAPTER V.

But a certain man named Ananias, with Saphira his wife, sold a possession.

2. And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

3. But Peter—[of course with his clairvoyant eye]—said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land ?

4. While it remained, was it not thine own ? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power ? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thy heart ? Thou hast not lied unto man but unto God.

5. And Ananias hearing these words, fell down and gave up the ghost : and great fear came on them that heard these things.

6. And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

7. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in.

8. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much ? And she said, Yea, for so much.

9. Then Peter said unto her, How is that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord ? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.

10. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost, and the young men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.

[Mr. Paine read also from the same book, 10th chapter, 24th verse.—REPORTER.]

There are certain fundamental principles which are necessary to insure a permanent superstructure in the building of human society ; and securing human happiness as solid foundation, is to secure stability to large and weighty buildings thereon erected.

Yet men frequently, and more frequently, perhaps, than they violate the true laws of architecture in building houses, shops, stores and mills, do lay the foundations of social and religious systems on the ever-shifting sands of fleeting conditions and circumstances, only to be swept away, no matter what the destruction, when the storms of agitation and the whirlwinds of revolution come upon them. Nor, in this respect, do men learn wisdom from experience, as they seem to do in the ordinary round of every-day life. Especially is this true in religious systems and organizations. Improvement is made sooner in all other things than in man's religious education, and yet this lies fundamental to, and is the chief corner-stone of, his whole superstructure.

We have physical and material improvement on every hand. Agriculture, science and art, all bend before the majestic tread of material progress, and the physical conditions of man are, everywhere, changing for the better. In these all, unlike the religious movements of the world, there is no sect; no party, no nation. All people, everywhere, seem ready almost to run faster in the race for physical superiority, than the mighty and rapid currents of the great river of progress.

In agriculture, commerce, manufactures, in peace and in war, physical improvement and perfection are the ever-animating and all-controlling influences which pervade every rank, and operate for the benefit, in greater or less degree, of all classes of people.

We have the steam engine, the railroad and the telegraph, and yet are far less satisfied with our condition, and more than ever determined to dig deeper down into the mine of physical possibility, and bring up jewels more rich and rare than any yet discovered.

In this grand race are enlisted, differing only in degree, the Pagan, Mohammedan, Jew and Christian. This is one of the hopeful features of our time. The year to which we have just bidden good by has been crammed fuller of great events and majestic accomplishments than any of its predecessors: and the year 1867 is one to which the finger of prophesy has so long been pointing on the dial plate of the centuries. The dreams and ideals of past ages are now crystalizing their forms, and this year, on the carpet of which we are just beginning to tread, they shall more than ever rock social and religious, as well as improve physical structures, all over the world. I dare not commit my hopeful and sanguine nature to the sphere of prophesy, lest I seem, to some, wild and extravagant, and, to more, perhaps, as positively insane.

It behooves all to be up and doing, and the mass of mankind may take a note of warning, be ready at the depots of knowledge, and take seats in the car Emancipation, with as little baggage as possible, the less the better, made up of the cherished errors of the conservative past. [Applause.]



This year will be eminently marked by reforms, revolutionary in their nature. Long enough, I think far too long, have we been putting new wine of this age into the old and time-strained bottles of the past. Long enough, far too long, I think, have we been sewing patches in the time-worn garments of social and religious, governmental and educational systems, systems of trade and finance, until the grim monster War, with his hungry maw, has swallowed, almost at a single gulp, more than a million of our best and most heroic men, and carried down into the whirlpools of destruction more than ten thousand millions of the peoples' treasure. Why did we wait for war? Is the tongue of peace palsied? Must the sword forever supersede the pen? Is genius only the child of Moloch? Is reason dead? Must we always do as we have always done? Is experience no teacher? Shall its voice be forever lifted up in vain? Shall our legislation continue for all time to pattern after Moses, aye, go back of Moses, while for almost two thousand years we have preached, but not practiced, Christ and him crucified? Shall an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, eternally hold front rank in all the relations of trade, commerce, government and religious organisms, while meek-eyed Charity is allowed nowhere to pillow her aching head and systematic *turning-of-the-other-cheek* is wholly unknown?

Man can level mountains, fill up valleys, tunnel lakes and rivers, belt the earth with railroads, and make for his telegraphic cable a resting place in old ocean's bed. He can literally take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. [Applause.] Oil gurgles up from the deep caverns of mother earth at the mystic touch of his genius, and the cry of ages, "Light! more light!" is answered by a million blazes brilliant as the stars. He has bridged the ocean and broken down the walls of partition between the nations and peoples of the earth, who, like kindred drops, are fast mingling into one. More than all this, he has drawn aside the curtain of life and immortality, and laid the offering of *knowledge* on the altars of *faith*, telling man, not in prophesy, not in dreams, not in poetical fiction or fanciful ideal, that the soul now living shall live on forever, [applause;] that understanding the life that now is, has given us victory over the grave, and robbed death of its sting; that while to live is good, dying, to the past, is better, if it lift us to angelic spheres and makes our abode in the Summer-Land.

Man, helpless and feeble as he is, in infancy, has shown that by the possession of knowledge he is equal to any emergency, even to solving the supposed mysteries of spirit-life, which have their dwelling place not in the fabled home of favorite and far-off deities, but within himself. Grasping, at first, the ruder and grosser materialities around him, he has kept on struggling for the mastery, until he now chains the lightning, and makes the

most subtle element known to the natural philosophers of the schools the vehicle to convey his thoughts everywhere, in just *no time at all*. [Applause.] Nay, more, scaling the battlements of Paradise, man has opened his clairvoyant eye upon the supernal beauties of that land where the long lost and the loved ones of earth are waiting in joyous revel to welcome him again to their embrace, and where sorrow and parting are unknown. More yet, he has found out the way, and made the path a beaten one, in which, by means of that still more subtle element—spirit magnetism—not known to the philosophers of the schools, he can travel to and from the immortal spheres, and bear, as a messenger, the dispatches of love from Heaven to earth, and from earth to Heaven!

All this is fact, every-day fact—no fiction. Fact brought home to our eyes, our ears, our touch, and to all the sensations of outer life. Before this subtle, this genial, this all-prevading element, so widely distributed, yet is unknown to the schools, bends and vanishes at man's bidding, every form of disease, every physical ailment. Through this agency he speaks, and his voice is heard around the circuit of a universe. His very thoughts are made to breathe, and his language, like living fire, is burning up the chaff and the rubbish of the most ancient, as well as modern, mysteries. Permeated by this divine radiation, the ice-locked forms of the cold, dead past are dissolving, like a glacier that has let go its hold from its mountain home, or the nothern bergs which have floated from their polar seas. See how is tottering to its base, and waiting the upheaval of the coming volcano, every throne of Europe. How principalities and powers, so long resting on the crystalized ignorance of the ages, are trembling in balances which knowledge is adjusting to man's highest, holiest needs. Like Belshazzar, the knees of the despot and oppressor, everywhere, are smiting together, and everywhere the indications tell them, *they are weighed in the balance and found wanting*. [Applause.] The focalized pretensions and impostures of nearly twenty centuries, seated *until this wonderful year has dawned*, in his pontifical chair at Rome, propped up like a sick baby—[laughter]—by French bayonets, now wanted at home to sustain the waning fortunes of a despot at once the meanest and most culpable of tyrants, whose sands of life, thank God, are nearly run. [Applause.] This Pope who has so long humbugged the world by his diseased and morbid assumptions, his claim to be the successor of St. Peter, the vicegerent of God, the holder of the keys of death and hell, he, who, by his unparalleled impudence, effrontery and pretence, has been able for centuries to dam up the streams of knowledge, to check the grand and majestic river of human progress, to hold in chains and in the bondage of ignorance the hundreds of millions who, before this generation shall pass away,



shall be emancipated and free from his foul and soul-killing embrace; this spiritual pretender, this foul blot on the escutcheon of humanity, this man who so long was supreme arbiter and dictator to kings, emperors, priests and people, is now so poor, so helpless, so abandoned, that only here and there one even of the falling stars of royalty visits him—and nobody else does even that much—and they only to offer him an asylum where he can retire to some island of the seas, out of sight, and out of hearing, there to remain until the flickering rays of his expiring candle shall go out forever, himself the inheritor only of the scorn and contempt, and, perhaps, mingled with the pity, of mankind. Glorious consummation! God be praised, and may He hasten the day when all tyrants, all pretenders, all kings, all who make merchandise of their priesthood, all monopolists, whether of land, money, or any thing else, shall find no other business or employment but to perform pilgrimages to the tomb of their Popish humbug, remembered by the people only for the good he did not do, and to sit around his resting place clad in sackcloth and ashes, mourning for places and power now lost and forever gone. [Applause.]

Yes, Popery is gone, and with it are going as fast as the wheels of time can roll every dynasty—every crowned head, whether temporal or spiritual, all destined to the same abyss which shall swallow them up forever. Austria, the most intense concentration of Popery, has taken a long stride in the right direction, and soon, very soon, will the sewing-machine, with a gun for its needle, make a seam in the garments of the Hapsburgs that will allow them no further rent from the people in all coming time.

Napoleon has only used the Pope for his own purposes, and, now having no further hopes from such use, he abandons him, as he has done Maxamillian, another of his tools. [Great applause.] Even Irishmen, so long held in the chains of Popery, thanks to the persecutions of the hard-hearted and hypocritical aristocracy of Great Britain, have formed Fenian circles in the interest of freedom, and of course are brought thereby in direct conflict with the whole herd of popes and priests, and have cut the ligature which held them fast. This, it is to be devoutly hoped, will prove the wedge that shall divide the Catholic Irish more fully, and complete their emancipation from the most stupendous religious fraud that ever made of a too-confiding people its millions of victims. No fall of the ages has compared with this, which our eyes now witness, in the complete wiping out of the Pope of Rome. This is the *religious* altar on which the incense of tyranny has burned days and nights, well nigh a score of centuries. Behind this altar has been screened every temporal as well as religious despot. The dungeon, rack and gallows, the gibbet, branding irons and thumb screw, in short, every form and instrument of human torture and human degradation, have called upon the mountains and hills of

popish power to hide them from public scrutiny, and to shadow them, by its more gigantic and more terrible wrongs, in the name of God, from the too-scorching rays of the sun of manhood, now hastening to its meridian.

Spiritual despotism is far more fearful than any other; and when this stupendous embodiment, having its center in Rome, with radiations to all the world, gets its death blow and staggers to its grave, let it be understood that in that grave lies buried the concentrated essence of all tyranny, all despotism, all deviltry. [Great applause and laughter.] From that grave, like the phoenix from his ashes, shall come forth the savior of Reconstruction, who shall crown the people, no longer with thorns, with persecution, with ignorance, and with poverty; but shall crown them with the starry and sparkling diadem of human brotherhood. Reconstruction, that shall reject, in building its new temple, every stone and every timber, from foundation to dome, not shaped and polished by the divine hands of love, truth, justice and charity. [Applause.] Reconstruction, that shall celebrate the nuptials of mercy and truth, who have met together, righteousness and peace, who have kissed each other. Reconstruction, that shall not stop with taking crowns from emperors, kings, and queens, but will place them where they belong, on the heads of every human being. Reconstruction, that shall not stop with the overthrow of such gigantic systems as that of American slavery, but shall go on turning and overturning until all shall have equal rights, without regard to condition, sex or color. [Immense applause.] Reconstruction, that shall dare to do, after the people have fought the battle and won the victory, whatever else is wanting to give that battle its completest effect, and make that victory a success forever. Reconstruction, that shall place the ballot in the hands of every man and woman—that ballot which executes a freeman's will as lightning does the will of God. [Applause.] Reconstruction, that shall uncrown the money-kings and emperors of this boasted free country, and make it crime, nay, make it impossible for individuals, by system or by combination, to enrich themselves at the expense of the masses. [Applause.] Reconstruction, that shall make financial robbers give back the hoarded earnings of earnest and half-paid toil, to the men and women who have earned them. Reconstruction, that shall strip the gown and ermine from judicial fossils who declare that certain men have no rights that other men are bound to respect, and place them on the persons of those who have learned their lessons where forms are but the rubbish, the chaff of by-gones, and who will know enough and be fearless enough to bring their decisions down to the standard of the hour,

“ When man to man the world all over,  
Shall brothers be for a' that, an' a' that.”



Reconstruction, that shall not make constitutions at war with declarations of national sentiment. [Applause.] Reconstruction, that will render it, hereafter, probable that no assassin's hand shall place in the presidential chair a man whose only recommendation is, that he does all he can to oppose and nullify the will of the people. [Long continued applause.] Reconstruction, that shall provide men and women, as legislators, whose laws shall pattern after the divine, the holy and the beautiful in man. Reconstruction, that shall make it as easy, as it is natural, for mankind to labor each for the good of all. Reconstruction that shall rest all its foundations on the adamantine base of everlasting principle. [Applause.]

Such a savior as this shall soon be the world's acknowledged redeemer. Under his mild and benign sway the nations shall learn war no more. Peace on earth and good will shall become the rule, and not, as now, the exception of life. Intemperance shall be done away, prostitution unheard of and unknown. Education shall be the business of life, and it shall be prosecuted with but a single object—the good of mankind. Vice, with its endless train of evils, shall have no resting place, for the causes which underlie it shall be done away.

This is the work of man himself, aided by all good influences in earth and heaven. To work out his own salvation from the evils of the past and present, is the divine injunction, and man is able for this great heroic and sublimest of accomplishments. Starting with the fundamental principle of human brotherhood, comprehending, as it does, by its very term, the fatherhood of God, and following that principle to ultimates, there can be no such thing as failure. This principle must be carried into every-day life, it must become the all and soul animating influence of our life and conduct. By it we must mould and shape all our institutions of government, of education, of social, and of religious life. This principle is fast dawning upon the world, after its ages of midnight. It is becoming a power, and is making itself felt and acknowledged all over the world. Commerce is crossing all barriers, overstepping all bounds. Time and space are fast being overcome, far distant peoples are made acquainted. Mountains interposed no longer, as when Cowper wrote, to make enemies of nations. Oceans need no longer, as Jefferson wished them, be a sea of fire between the old and new world; but they have become the blessed highways on whose tidal waves and beneath whose briny deep are borne at once the messengers and messages of love and fraternal feeling.

Human brotherhood, tried in America for a century, made possible to begin with by a seven years' war with England, and rendered certain by four years of civil strife at home, is now forcing the strong, deep currents of its national magnetism over and

beneath the waves, into the very heart of every capital of Europe. Pulsating to its beatings, the great heart-throes of England are passing beyond the control of its aristocracy, and at this very hour its people are demanding, with irresistible earnestness and a force which takes no denial, *reform*, REFORM, REFORM. [Applause.] The clarion cry must and will be heard and heeded. The *vox populi, vox dei*, of the ancient tongue sounds well in modern Saxon, and all the powers of earth shall, ere long, acknowledge the glorious truth that the *voice of the people is the voice of God*. [Great enthusiasm and applause.]

Everywhere the waves of agitation are rolling. The tongue, the pen and the sword are all ranging on the side of man, and against oppression. Swifter than the winged arrow are the progressive movements of men. A few days now do the work of centuries.

Yet, as this great social problem is so fast being solved in the more general and governmental departments of life, the cry of the ages is still heard in our midst: "What shall we do to be saved?" Saved from dissipation, saved from prostitution, saved from the frauds and adulteries of commerce so immersed in the interchange of the products of men; saved from the causes which make avarice possible, and which make the money and property of men of more consequence than the men themselves; saved from a landed aristocracy fast growing into power here, and which for years and ages has gnawed at the vitals of every country on the other side of the atlantic; saved from monopoly of railroads, monopolies in trade, by which, through the manipulation of middle men, the road from producer to consumer is blocked by swarms of idle thieves and vagabonds—[loud laughter and applause]—whose very presence is hated, and if killed off, or better yet, if brought within the range of human brotherhood, and their services turned to some good account, "the world would be the better for it." Saved from the terrible demoralization which pervades all channels of so-called respectable trade! Can it be done? How can it be done? Yes it *can* be done. *Should* be done, *must* be done. [Applause.] It can be done by organizing trade, commerce and property relations on the basis of the only true foundation, human brotherhood. The possibility of brotherhood, in anything but the empty name, without embracing property in its range, need not be thought of for one moment.

Slavery in our midst branded the Declaration of Independence with falsehood, and made us a by-word and hissing in every other land. But it is just as true that slavery can exist in harmony with the declaration of human equality, as that men can make property an exception to the rule and principle of universal brotherhood. The texts of scripture which I have read in your hearing to-night, express the logic of the principle, when



truly embodied in the human soul. Under the more immediate magnetism of him who spake as never man spake, the property relation on the basis of disintegration vanished before the all-conquering power of divine, incarnate love. It is written in the merchant's ledger and engraved on the banker's heart: "There is no friendship in trade." [Laughter.] Here every man's hand is against that of every other man. Brethren in the same religious faith may gather around the same common altar, and the incense of a common prayer may go up together. But a proposition to trade jack-knives will make the warm blood of their spirits curdle in its veins, and they are as far apart as the poles, in everything which goes to make them one. This it is which renders possible such relations as rich and poor. This it is which makes bolts, bars and locks, a necessity. This it is which makes thieves, robbers and murderers possible, and prison and the gallows a matter of course. This system of trade, the moral of which is embodied in that parting advice of a loving mother to her son, whom she told to "get money, to get it honestly if he could, but to be sure and get money," is at war with every natural feeling of the human heart, and makes devils possible.

I know that it will be said, is said, that there is a difference in men in trade, that some men are honest men, who yet make trade a business. So it was said, is said still, perhaps, that good men may hold slaves; and they will cite you Shelby and St. Clair, of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in contrast to the cruel and brutal Legree. Well, I am aware that some men have better impulses and finer feelings than others, and that they will be likely to occupy an aristocratic niche where, by association and agreement, they arrange to keep their place, in a great systematic army, as refined and as free from grossness as possible. But shall I be told that Edwards, the forger, was any less a forger because he was a gentleman in address and appearance. Did not Massachusetts hang Dr. Webster, notwithstanding he murdered Dr. Parkman in a scientific way, and was himself a creditable professor in a first-class medical college?

The trouble was, in the case of Shelby and St. Clair, they were slaveholders, and slavery is wrong. Legree, brutal though he was, was the creature of slavery, to which institution Shelby and St. Clair belonged, as well as Legree. But for the respectable slaveholders, the institution could not have survived the breath of manhood until it grew to be the controlling element in the nation, and finally staked its all for the overthrow of the government. It was the respectability of slaveholders that fired the Southern heart and laid the match at Sumpter. They denied the brotherhood of man, and carried out that denial to its logical sequence.

They do the same in trade and property. I deny that Shelby and St. Clair were honest men, respectable men, only as

you view them through a slaveholders' lens. And I deny that there can be any honest man, a Christian man, a true man, or just man, engaged in the present system of trade. The system *itself* is false, and no man can get rid of the responsibility who is in any way connected with it. [Several persons here left the hall.—REPORTER.]

In fact, the system of commerce which denies human brotherhood lies at the very base of all slavery; and the logic of my holding and getting property at the expense of my fellow-man is ownership of the man himself. As slavery controlled the legislation, the pulpit, the morals, and established the social conditions there, and as the chief object was to get rid of work by the slaveholders and make some one else do it for them, which is the sole object of all who trade on the principle of getting, as all men try to, the *best end of the bargain*, so money is the touch-stone of power in the North, and controls our legislation, our pulpits and our social relations, as much as slavery did in the South. There are no honest traders, and cannot be. Nor does it matter which side of the counter one is. [Laughter.]

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body tricking is, and fraud the soul."

[Prolonged laughter.] The buyer and seller come up toward each other like cows to hook side ways. [Laughter.] "What will you give?" says the seller to the buyer. "Oh, I don't know; what will you take?" is the reply. All manhood is laid aside when the garments of our system of trade are put on. The merchant educates the farmer, or whoever else may come to buy, to lie; and the farmer, well taught, reads back the lesson, that "*two can play at that game*." From the crown of its head to the sole of its foot the system of trade is thoroughly demoralized and demoralizing to man. Trickery, fraud, collusion, are its bosom companions. Nothing so controls and influences mankind. Everybody, old and young, must needs trade. Hence, everybody is *particeps criminis* in sustaining the system.

Must it always be so? Shall it be said that man is competent to every other work of reform, and powerless here? Is human brotherhood a partialism, a universalism? How stand the facts? Has co-operation ever had a fair trial with competition? Have resolute, determined men of principle and lovers of the race ever taken hold of the question in a practical manner? [Voice: "No."] I believe they have, and that it is to a large extent in Europe, and to a less extent on this continent, a demonstrated success. Co-operative associations of many years' standing are in full successful operation in England to-day, and bid fair to become, if they are not already, a power to be felt in commercial life. The same may be, and perhaps is, true in this country. I, myself,



have had something to do in this direction, as a matter of experiment, never doubting the principle, and I found it to work admirably. My trial, too, was made at every disadvantage. Remote from commercial surroundings, off from a railroad, in a sparsely settled country of farmers, who were in the main obliged to leave behind them other towns and villages, and to cross railroads to reach my place. Yet, in this solitude I succeeded, by the power of the principle itself, in revolutionizing the systems of trade, the effect of which is yet felt in the neighborhood.

I know it will take business talent and persistent self-sacrificing effort to establish co-operation where competition has so long—in fact always—had a clear field. But no good cause ever yet succeeded in any other way.

A little more than thirty years ago, a man of steady purpose, in an attic in Boston, started a paper scarcely bigger than my two hands, called the "*Liberator*." He wrote, and set his own type, and in its first number he said that the young *Liberator* should yet shake this continent from center to circumference. That man now lives, but there is no longer need for the publication of his paper. When Lee and Johnson gave up, and Jeff. Davis had a casemate in Fortress Monroe, WM. LLOYD GARRISON stopped the *Liberator*—not till then. [Applause.] When he started, rewards for his head of \$20,000 were offered by Southern Legrees, and he was haltered by a mob three thousand strong in the streets of Boston, and only saved from the gallows of that mob by his being placed in the jail and locked up by the sheriff and his *posse*.

Thirty years have rolled away, and the Proclamation of Emancipation to a whole race, by the martyred Lincoln, is the fruit of the tree planted by Garrison. [Uproarious applause.] Slavery was fortified in every department of the Government. It had \$3,000,000,000 in human beings. They fought four years in its defence. Men and women gave all they had freely to be laid on the altar of slavery. It is dead and buried. [Applause.] The bravery of our sons and the heroism and fidelity of our daughters to liberty, as a principle, at last overcame. Such a people can do anything that may of right, and should be done. Satisfied that the present system of trade is in violation of human brotherhood, and is productive only of evil, it becomes the duty of those who see and feel the wrong to unite in the crusade and enlist for the war. We may lose reputation, but we have lost it long ago in the esteem of slaveholders. We may lose money, or may not make it; but we shall exchange treasures of earth, that moth and rust corrupt and that invites the thief to *steal*, for the more solid and enduring treasures of a conscience void of offense toward God and man. We shall secure companionship with justice, love and charity. We shall make every-day life a work of benevolence and consequent happiness.

The time is auspicious. Old ways are losing hold on the public mind, intelligence in the masses is coming to our aid, and the path to success is not so rugged as we think. Our efforts will at first be in a small way; but smallest helps, if rightly given, make the impulse stronger. 'Twill be strong enough one day. "Wait a little longer." [Applause.]

Will ye despise the acorn  
Just thrusting out its shoot,  
Ye giants of the forest,  
Who strike the deepest root?

Will ye despise the streamlets  
Upon the mountain's side,  
Ye broad and mighty rivers,  
On-sweeping to the tide?

Time now his scythe is whetting,  
Ye giant oaks, for you;  
Ye seas, the floods are thirsting  
To drink you as the dew.

Will ye despise the crescent  
That trembles newly born,  
Thou bright and peerless planet  
Whose reign shall reach the morn?

That crescent, faint and trembling,  
Its lamp shall nightly trim,  
'Till thou, imperious planet,  
Shall in that light grow dim.

And so shall wax the party,  
Now feeble at its birth,  
'Till Liberty shall cover  
This tyrant-trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,  
The "party of the whole,"  
Has for its firm foundation,  
The substance of the soul.

It groweth out of reason,  
The strongest soil below;  
The smaller at its budding,  
The more there's room to grow.

Our plant is of the cedar,  
That knoweth not decay;  
Its growth shall bless the mountains  
'Till mountains pass away.

Then, rally to our standard,  
Supported by the true;  
The weakest are the waning,  
The many are the few.

Of what is small, but living,  
God makes Himself the nurse;  
While, "Onward," cry the voices  
Of all His universe.