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MAN'S TRUE SAVIOURS.

A Discourse,

DELIVERED IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MASS.,

BY

WILLIAM DENTON.

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MAN'S TRUE SAVIOURS.

"WHAT must I do to be saved?" said a trembling jailer to his prisoners, eighteen hundred years ago. Since that time, millions, with tearful eyes, have asked the same question; and even to-day multitudes pause for the reply. The answer given to the jailer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and the answer given by Paul and Silas then is the answer generally given by Christian clergymen to inquirers now.

Webster says that "save" means "to preserve from injury, destruction, or evil of any kind." Does believing in Jesus save men in this sense? To believe is to take for true what is told us by another. Will believing that Jesus was born of a virgin, that he performed wonderful miracles, that he died on the cross, or rose again, that he was the son of God, or God himself, or anything else respecting him, — will this preserve men from injury, destruction, or evil of any kind?

What are the evils that afflict mankind to-day, and from which we need to be saved? There is none greater than ignorance: it is the prolific parent of innumerable ills, — of poverty, crime, and misery, that can never be told. The ignorant man walks through the world blindfolded, but with all the confidence of one who can see. He is always liable to fall down precipices and into pits, and is sure to

choose a blind guide. Ignorant parents bring into the world children that, by virtue of their generation, can never be healthy or wise, but must be a burden to themselves and their friends till death releases them. The ignorant farmer knows not how to treat his land, and his meagre crops only half satisfy the needs of his hungry family. The ignorant king makes the land mourn on account of his folly; and ignorant priests keep the multitudes who trust them constant slaves to grovelling superstitions. Ignorance fills our lunatic asylums, almshouses, hospitals, and jails: it is, indeed, the fruitful soil in which vice of all kinds flourishes, and produces its baneful crops. Men drink intoxicating drinks, and boys learn to chew tobacco, because they are ignorant of the bad effects of these practices on the human system; and half the licentiousness of the world would be removed were the perpetrators aware of the suffering that invariably follows.

Will believing in Jesus save us from ignorance? Will it reveal to us a knowledge of our physical and mental systems, and their relation to the external world, so that we may reap the enjoyment that springs from a life ordered in harmony with natural law? Then, blessed faith! it shall be the first thing inculcated in the nursery; and a college professor, destitute of this, will lack the most essential qualification. Locomotives shall carry those who inculcate it on every train: balloons shall drop the saving creed, printed in all tongues, over all lands, and telegraphs flash the intelligence as wide as the race.

Alas! Jesus himself was ignorant: so ignorant of the effect of the use of intoxicating drinks, that he not only drank them, but, if we are to believe one of his biographers, he even made them for other people to drink. He had such an incorrect idea of the size of our planet, that he supposed he had seen all the kingdoms of the earth from the top of a

Syrian mountain ; and was so ignorant of the inviolability of natural law, that he believed and taught that prayer could transport mountains from one locality to another. He never seems to have thought that the fabulous stories of the Old Testament were other than divine truths, and imposed them upon his unsuspecting believers. One of the greatest expounders of the Christian faith, that prince of believers, Paul, says that he counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of this same Jesus. Writing to the Corinthians, among whom he had preached, he says he determined to know nothing among them, only Jesus and him crucified ; and then declares that " the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and that " the Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain." It is evident that Paul's belief in Jesus, instead of leading him to increase in knowledge, only led him to despise it. It is true that he recommends believers to grow in knowledge ; but it is the knowledge of Jesus Christ : and how much ignorance will such knowledge dispel ? He who grows only in the knowledge of Christ must be ignorant of what it is most important for him to know.

The Christian sentiment of more modern times is represented in one of Wesley's hymns :—

" Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how we may escape the death
That never, never dies."

That man's mind must be poorly stored with information, who is forever thinking about how he may escape an impossible death.

Take Christians as a body, and how ignorant of natural science they are ! They seem to have been influenced by Paul's advice, " Beware, lest any man spoil you through

philosophy ;” and it is notorious that generally in the same proportion as a man becomes a philosopher does he become spoiled for a Christian. Christianity arose on the world like a baleful star ; and the long night of the dark ages set in, that it took the invention of printing and the revival of philosophical literature to disperse. Christianity burned the books of the Greek and Roman philosophers, and would have burned the philosophers themselves, had they been living and not recanted. When Christians are intelligent, it is where surrounding conditions have made them so, and in proportion to their outgrowth of the original spirit of Christianity. Belief in Jesus, then, does not save from ignorance.

Poverty is a great calamity. When it is so great as to produce hunger, it masters the man, possesses him, and sends him into society a human wolf. When it exists in less degree, it prevents a man from buying books, wearing good clothes, living in a comfortable house, and compels him frequently to dwell in an unhealthy neighborhood. It presses a man to the earth under its iron heel, and crushes, too often, the manliness out of him : it fetters the soul, stultifies the intellect, makes men mean, and keeps them so.

Will belief in Jesus cure men of poverty ? Where could we find a poor believer if this was true ? Jesus himself was poor, and very poor. He says, “ The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.” He was dependent, indeed, during the latter part of his life, upon the charity of his friends. When a tax was demanded of him, a miracle was wrought, so the story goes, to obtain the paltry amount, which the scanty purses of Jesus and Peter were unable to furnish. Indeed, the early followers of Jesus were poor almost to a man, and consoled themselves by saying that God had chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith, and heirs

of the kingdom. If the present believers in Jesus were to believe in him implicitly, and obey him fully, they would be equally poor. If they were to cease to labor, lay up nothing, imitate the birds, and take no thought for to-morrow, how long would it be before poverty would have every one of them in its grip? Jesus exclaims, "Woe unto you that are rich!" and one of his poor followers, James, echoes his cry; while Paul says, "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." What a poverty-stricken people we should be if these statements were generally believed, and the commands of Jesus and his apostles obeyed! If we took no thought for food and raiment, we should soon be hungry and naked: if we did not lay up for ourselves when young and healthy, we should become paupers when old and infirm; and if we were satisfied with food and raiment, where would be our railroads and locomotives, our steamships and telegraphs? Who would own a microscope or telescope? and in what condition would be the arts and sciences? It has only been by disbelieving Jesus, disobeying these commands of his, and practising the very opposite, that Christian nations have obtained the magnificent results of modern civilization. Believing in Jesus, then, does not save men from poverty.

Disease is a great and wide-spread evil. It shrouds man's life with gloom; it turns the blessings of nature into deadly curses; its venom rankles in the heart, dims the eye, palsies the hand, and binds the tongue. The diseased, it is said on good authority, actually outnumber the healthy; and in consequence of this, misery, like a dark cloud, comes between millions and the sun of happiness that should shine upon all.

Will faith in Jesus bear away our infirmities, and make us whole, as the faith of the woman is said to have done, who but touched the hem of his garment? What a boon to the

afflicted ! We will, indeed, cast medicine to the dogs ; and quacks, apothecaries and doctors, who tinker the human system, may mourn for the days that are gone : Jesus shall be our great physician, and a world of his healthy believers shall swell to the heavens their song of praise. But the flying pestilence heeds not even the blood of Jesus on the door-post : it enters and destroys the chosen people no less readily than it does the Egyptians. Sickness lays his hand on the Jesus-believing saint as heavily as on the Jesus-rejecting sinner ; and, if there is any difference, the odds seem to be on the wrong side ; for, as Solomon said of the coneys, Christians are “ feeble folk.” They read in their oracles, “ Bodily exercise profiteth little ; ” “ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth ; ” and, if true to their faith, they bow and kiss the rod that smites them, and neglect their bodies in this world that they may save their souls in the next. Christians are, no doubt, more healthy than special classes that might be mentioned ; but nowhere near as healthy as those who, having outgrown Christianity, regard it as a duty they owe to themselves to learn the laws of health, and to live lives in obedience to them. Fevers burn Christians, and agues chill them ; colds visit them, and consumption feeds upon them ; and their salvation, instead of placing a barrier between them and the enemy, like a spy in the camp, invites his approach. The preachers of the Christian gospel are especially a weak, puny, sickly set of men : a robust man among them is an exception. After laboring “ in their Master’s service ” for a few years, they are generally broken down, and require trips to Europe or the “ Holy Land ” to recruit their health. The more sickly of them rely upon doctors to heal their bodies, as their church-members rely upon Jesus for the cure of their souls, and generally with as little success.

Some of the ancient Christians, it is true, believed that Christianity included a remedy of disease; hence James says, "Is any sick among you? let him send for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." What an easy, cheap, and expeditious way is this! But where is the Christian that believes in it, and practises accordingly? He sends for the elders only when they happen to be physicians, and then has more faith in their pills than their prayers, and in internal oleaginous applications rather than external; for the experience of long ago has demonstrated the uselessness of the practice that James recommends.

Death is spoken of by Christians as the "the king of terrors," at whose approach the strongest fear and tremble. When men become subjects of King Jesus, does he deliver them from this potentate? Does he, at least, relieve them from all fear of what is inevitable? Then Christianity is still a boon, and its system of salvation worthy of acceptance; for life has little charm for that man who has continually before his eyes the fear of death. Jesus, the object of the Christian's faith, died young: he could neither deliver himself from death, nor from the terror that it inspired. Hear his prayer, in prospect of approaching death: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It was not possible; and in the anguish of his soul he exclaims, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Unable to deliver himself, how can he deliver his believers? So overcome by terror at the prospect of his own death as to "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood," it is not surprising that the believers in him tremble at the skeleton grim. Some Christians, it is true, die without fear, and some with courage, hope, and even joy; but we have no evidence that this is owing to their belief in Jesus, since it is true of

believers in all religions and in none. There is, indeed, good reason to think, even from the admissions of Christian ministers themselves, that unbelievers, as a rule, have much less fear of death than the majority of Christians. "In all my experiences," says the Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, "I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last than any other clergyman in the United States. . . . When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter inefficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour." And this is what we might reasonably expect. Most Christians believe in a God who is angry with the wicked every day, — one who will damn a soul for one sin unrepented of; they believe in a devil of almost infinite power, and a hell of torment unutterable, to which the best of them are apt to feel that they are liable; while the worst that the unbeliever can fear is an eternal sleep, in which he will know no more than the violet which blooms on his grave. Your salvation, then, Christian, saves neither from death nor the fear of it.

Fire, when it obtains the mastery, is an evil to be dreaded, and any salvation from its ravages would be gladly received; but the Christian's belief does not save him from them. The fire licks up the very churches with its flaming tongue, and consumes alike the dwelling of Christian and infidel; and insurance societies are just as needful to the one class as to the other.

Is the believer in Jesus any safer in a thunder-storm for his belief? See that church-steeple shattered, and the minister in the pulpit struck dead upon his knees; while in awe his Christian brethren whisper, "Mysterious Providence!"

The floods are no respecters of persons : Christians drown as readily as their unbelieving neighbors, under like circumstances. Cast a Christian and an infidel into the sea : which will sink first? The one who knows not how to swim ; and there is more salvation from drowning in a cork than in the faith of the one or the infidelity of the other. In what respects, then, O Christian! does belief in Jesus, whom thou callest Christ and Saviour, save thee at all? "Our salvation," replies the Christian, "is from sin, from the wrath of God, and from eternal torments ; it concerns not itself with sickness, poverty, floods, fires, and such trivialities, but with things of eternal moment." If the salvation by Jesus is indeed a salvation from sin, we will welcome it. From sin ! from lying, stealing, intemperance in all its forms ; from anger, bitterness, and all uncharitableness ; from jealousy, revenge, and all meanness ; from war and all its horrors ; from crime and all its results : what a salvation that would be ! I know that Jesus is said in Matthew to have received his name of Jesus, which means saviour, because he should save his people from their sins ; but where are the people that he has saved? Can those who call themselves Christians be in reality his people? Jesus himself acknowledged that he was not good. When one called him "good Master," he said, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God." John, the beloved disciple of Jesus, says, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." It is evident, then, that he did not consider himself to be saved from all sin. The Christians of to-day universally confess themselves to be sinners. In the Episcopal church they repeat every Sunday morning, "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws :

we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done ; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders." Very similar are the confessions of Christian clergymen of all denominations, reiterated from the pulpit every seventh day ; and the believing brethren, in whose name they pray, devoutly say, "Amen." And, in doing so, they acknowledge the statement to be correct. But what worse is an unbeliever than this? Some of them are not as bad. All Christians pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," as Jesus taught his disciples to pray ; and it is evident, by his doing so, that he did not believe that their faith in him would save them from committing sin, as the confessions of modern Christians show its helplessness in their case. Where is the Christian that is saved from sin, or that even professes to be? Should any man claim to be, and he a married man, let his wife be questioned "separate and apart" from her husband ; and if she be truthful, her statement will prove the worthlessness of his claim. Indeed, Christians seem to take pride in confessing what great sinners they are, and unblushingly sing, what can only be true of one of them, —

"I the chief of sinners am ;
But Jesus died for me."

The very reason why they should not be sinners at all, according to their theology. What merchant will credit another the sooner because he is a Christian, or place more confidence in him when making a bargain? Some have done so only to find themselves grievously disappointed. We are surrounded by believers in Jesus, men and women, who profess to have been born again, and passed from a state of nature into a state of grace, who profess to have been saved by

this great salvation ; but where are those that never lie, nor prevaricate ; who never take advantage of another in a bargain ; who are never angry, nor sulky, nor greedy, nor refuse to help the needy ; who are temperate in all things, — never use tobacco or intoxicating drinks, nor injure their bodies by any indulgence ? Where are those that are never bigoted, intolerant, or uncharitable, and whose consciences absolve them every evening, so that they have no need to pray “Forgive us our trespasses,” for they have no trespasses to be forgiven ? The Christian church, with all its pretensions, cannot furnish a single one. What, then, are we to think of the statement that Jesus saves men from sin ?

Christianity did not save the South from slavery, where it was commenced and carried on by Christians and Christian ministers, whose hands were strengthened by their Christian brethren of the North : the one forged the fetters and applied them, the other riveted them, and cursed in the name of Jehovah all who attempted to break them ; while most of those who wrote and lectured against slavery were men whom the church branded as infidels.

Belief in Jesus does not save men from war and cruelty. Christian nations have been notoriously fighting nations ; and Christian wars have been among the most cruel and bloody. “There are no wild beasts as ferocious as Christians who differ concerning their faith,” said the heathen in the fourth century ; and if we are better now, it is due, not to the superiority of our faith, but to the advance which the best types of our race present, in accordance with the operation of natural law. “What a dreadful picture,” says Dr. Dick, “would it present of the malignity of persons who have professed the religion of Christ, were we to collect into one point of view all the persecutions, tortures, burnings, massacres, and horrid cruelties, which in Europe and Asia, and even in the West Indies and America, have been inflicted on conscien-

tious men for their firm adherence to what they considered as the truths of religion !”

It must be confessed that, if some of the teachings of Jesus were obeyed, war would be impossible ; but when he declares that the punishment of a false faith will be damnation, and that damnation everlasting fire, that man must be more than mortal who believes and is not led in some degree to persecute those whose faith is in his opinion erroneous.

Christianity does not save from intemperance ; for, while men almost universally believed in Jesus, where the evil was, it grew till it overshadowed the land. It invaded the pulpit, and dragged to untimely graves hosts of the strongest Christian believers. The first temperance paper was published by Joseph Livesay of England, who was what is called an infidel ; and it was not till outsiders had done the heavy work, and they saw a prospect of assistance from it, that Christians took much interest in the temperance movement. The Bible is the bulwark of moderate drinking, and the example of Jesus one of its principal supports.

Christianity does not save from bigotry and intolerance : no people in our country are as bigoted as Christian believers ; and it is no wonder : Jesus looked forward to the time when he should sit on the throne of his glory, and say to those who had neglected the believers in him, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.” If he had possessed the power, he would evidently have given his enemies a taste of earthly fire, as so many of his followers subsequently did. Paul was charged with bigotry to the lips, and fulminates his anathemas like a pope’s bull ; and even the loving John would have turned Theodore Parker out of his house in the name of Jesus, as the Boston Christian bigots tried to pray him out of the world.

The religion of the despised Nazarene, peaceful while an infant, became a fighting bully as soon as it could use its fists.

It imprisoned, banished, and burnt ; it inaugurated war for the religious opinion's sake, and deluged Europe and Asia with blood. When this was over, dungeons were filled, racks invented, and the fagot burned the refractory sceptic that milder means failed to convert. Do not suppose that this spirit is extinct : a revival of orthodox religion is a revival of uncharitableness and hate. Then men think most of its damnatory creed : their hatred of infidelity and the infidel is proportioned to their love of souls. Here is a prayer that was offered in the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, only a few days ago, and reported in the "Boston Herald!" "Lord, if that infidel that brother C. told us about is at work this morning writing his tracts, Lord, paralyze his arm!" Who cannot see that this praying brother would have paralyzed the arm himself, if he had possessed the power?

Lying clings to Christian nations as creeds do to Christian churches. Leading Christians are notorious falsifiers for God : their religious tracts and books abound with calumnies against unbelievers, — sophistry and special pleading that would have disgraced a Roman lawyer in the days of Cicero ; and it is no wonder that they practise occasionally on their own account what they so frequently do for their religion and their God.

It may be said, that, although Christianity does not save men from all sinning, it still does much to restrain them from vice ; and this cannot be denied. Mohammedanism does the same thing : it restrains its believers from the use of intoxicating drinks. Professors of the Christian religion are frequently restrained by it from the commission of such sins as the church denounces. But, on the other hand, the church upholds sins by virtue of its belief in Christianity. It was thus that it upheld slavery, and to-day upholds woman's degradation. It has two vices peculiarly its own : it robs man of

one-seventh portion of his time, which it generally employs in idleness or superstition. It has invented a sin which it calls sabbath-breaking, and spends more time and effort to prevent men from committing this imaginary crime than it does to hinder them from doing what justice universally condemns. The bigotry and intolerance so generally manifested by it in proportion to its influence have made it the greatest engine ever invented to fetter the human mind; and it is only as its power decreases, and the soul is liberated from its influence, that the large-brained races of the world attain to those results of enlightenment in which now even Christianity makes its boast.

The salvation that is said to come from a belief in Jesus is not a salvation from sin, — nothing can be much more certain; and we still ask, What does Jesus save men from? “From the wrath of God?” Does your God then become angry, — he whom you believe made worlds more numerous than drops of water in the ocean by the word of his mouth; he who is perfect in love, a perfect father, and we his children? I know men that would be ashamed to be angry, — men who would blush to have their wrath excited by a man their equal; and yet you believe in a God who is angry, and angry with man! It cannot be so. But if so, what makes God angry? You tell me it is sin; for your scriptures say that God is angry with the wicked every day. But you confess every day that you are wicked: how then can you be saved from the wrath of God? If you are telling God the truth morning and evening, you are a sinner; and the book in which as a Christian you believe declares that the soul that sinneth shall die; it also declares that “the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men,” and asks, what should be to you a solemn question, “If the righteous scarcely be saved, when shall the sinner and the ungodly appear?” Your God

must hate you if you are a sinner ; so that your salvation does not even save you from the wrath of God.

“ But our faith enables us to appropriate the merits of Jesus, so that we receive the reward of his perfect obedience. Jesus is called the Lord our righteousness ; for, though we can do nothing that is acceptable to God, we clothe ourselves by faith with his virtue, and he becomes all in all to us.” Can it be that I understand you ? You may injure both your body and your soul by licentious indulgence ; but, by exercising faith in Jesus, God will reward you for his chastity : you may lie and steal, since these vices are human ; but only believe, and you appropriate the divine honesty and veracity of your Saviour, and all is well ! What a gospel of rascality is this ! What a comfortable doctrine for the man who wishes to excuse his shortcomings, and escape the just penalty of his misdeeds. No wonder that immorality flourishes wherever it is preached. Under its influence men are content to confess themselves sinners every Sunday, and trust in Jesus to save them ; while they are just as content to go on sinning during the week : for the Sunday confession must be made, and the Sunday trust exercised, at all events. But it is certain that nothing can be more false than this doctrine. Paul truly says, “ Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Nothing more true, as our daily experience demonstrates. No man can break a physical law, and another bear the consequences ; nor can any man sin, and Jesus suffer the penalty for him ; nor did he suffer it eighteen hundred years ago in anticipation of the offences the Christian sinner would commit in coming time. Jesus had no merit to spare : fanatic as he was, he felt and acknowledged his own deficiency ; and the structure of the universe forbids any appropriation of the merits of another.

But we are told that the salvation that comes by faith in Jesus saves us from eternal torments. But what evidence

is there that any such torment exists? The very lightning that in its fury knows no respect of persons ; the bounteous rain that distributes its blessings upon all ; the smiling moon, peeping into the fevered face of the debauchee ; the sunshine, looking through the gloomy bars of the prison, and whispering hope to the doomed criminal, — that gilds alike the gallows and the church-vane with its glory ; the calm evening, cooling the sultry air, lighting the lamps in the hall of night, and hushing the birds, that saint and sinner may sleep : all teach the absurdity of this orthodox fable. Should there be any eternal torment, the Christian is as likely to suffer it as any, if his Bible in which he trusts is to be credited. It is only those who obey the commandments of Jesus that have a right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates of-pearl into the celestial city. But Christians do not obey them. They resist evil ; they lend, hoping for something ; they judge ; they lay up treasures on earth ; they take thought for to-morrow ; and act in all respects as if Jesus had never said a word in reference to these subjects. Jesus teaches that they only are founded on the rock, who obey his teachings : all others are to be swept into perdition, when the tide of God's wrath shall flow over a ruined world. In no wise is there any hope for thee, Christian : thy salvation is a sham, thy great physician a quack ; the only diseases that he cures being imaginary ones, that faith in him has produced.

The Christian doctrine of salvation is built on the Christian doctrine of damnation ; and the doctrine of damnation rests upon the doctrine of original sin ; and this upon the story of man's fall from a condition of original purity and goodness. But of this story science may be said to have proved the utter falsity. Geology has settled the question as far as our planet is concerned. It has not fallen from an originally perfect condition to one in which volcanoes belch, storms howl, earthquakes heave and engulf, and ferocious

beasts devour. Geology proves that, in all these respects, the world has improved, and is to-day a better abode for human beings than at any past period in its history. Archæology, a younger sister of geology, has in like manner proved that man has not fallen from a state of sinless perfection to one in which lying, stealing, drunkenness, and licentiousness characterize him; but that, from the condition of a savage, he has climbed during ages to the civilization of the present. The opinion held by those who have made archæology a study is well represented in the address of Lord Dunraven to the Cambrian Archæological Association: "If we look back through the entire period of the past history of man, as exhibited in the result of archæological investigation, we can scarcely fail to perceive that the whole exhibits one grand scheme of progression, which, notwithstanding partial periods of decline, has for its end the ever-increasing civilization of man, and the gradual development of his higher faculties;" and in the statement of Sir John Lubbock, in the closing chapter of the "Origin of Civilization:" "Existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors. The primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism; and from this condition several races have independently raised themselves."

Archæology has demonstrated that chiliads of years before the world was made, according to biblical chronology, man in England, Scotland, France, Belgium, and Europe generally, was a savage. The remains of his cannibal feasts which have been found show the amazing distance that he has since travelled on the road to perfect manhood. What lifted him out of this pit, and gave to the world the architecture of Egypt, the art of Etruria, the poetry and philosophy of Greece, the morality of Gautama and Confucius, and the jurisprudence of Rome? All this long before Jesus was born, and probably before a chapter of the Bible was writ-

ten. That advanced man which advanced the planet, his dwelling-place, for millions of years before his foot trod it. What pushes the tree on from the sapling, struggling for existence, to the towering pillar of living beauty? The spirit in the tree, pushing, urging day and night, and that never allows it to rest. What carried the earth upward from the monotonous wilderness of heated rock to the ocean-bearing, lake-gemmed, mountain-crowned planet of to-day? and life, from the polyp of the sea-bottom to the croaking frog and the thinking man? The all-controlling spirit, never resting, never far away, as inseparable from the universe as a man's soul is from himself; and this, in the first rude men, carried them on, awakened thought in their souls, lit a fire of love in their hearts, whispered of heaven in their ears, and to-day reveals to them a condition of perfection to which humanity must yet attain, and for which the best men are daily striving.

Man, then, has not fallen: the foundation of damnation and the necessity for orthodox salvation is gone. God did not make a pure fountain, allow the Devil to poison it, and then compel the whole human race to drink of it, and at the same time threaten them with eternal torment if they should manifest its evil effects.

But if man did not fall from an originally pure condition, then he did not receive from that fall that never occurred a corruption of his nature, whereby he is "inclined to evil, and that continually." I never can remember the time when I was not inclined to good, when I did not love truth, honesty, temperance, purity, manliness; and I do not believe that I was an exception in this respect. I believe this to be the general feeling of all men. The protest which the soul makes against absurd forms, useless ceremonies, and false notions, is mistaken for opposition to virtue and goodness. I cannot say that I was naturally fond of Sunday.

it was the most melancholy day of the week ; nor did I take much delight in sermons, — not because I disliked the goodness inculcated in them, but because there was so little in them attractive to my youthful mind. The goodness that supports asylums, that establishes schools, that founds temperance, peace, and antislavery societies, that calls for justice to woman and to the laborer, and that overthrows tyranny, is the goodness of human nature, that throbs with more or less intensity in every breast, and which Christianity ostentatiously claims for itself ; while it conveniently passes over to the credit of what it calls “the world” the evils which are its own legitimate fruit.

Are Mohammedans less temperate than the Christians who tempt them with intoxicating drink ? Are Hindoos less honest than British Christians, who have stolen from them their country, and who enrich themselves by impoverishing the inhabitants ?

But we are told that all persons do wrong ; that is, they knowingly violate natural law. I grant it ; but if that proves original sin, it will not be at all difficult to prove original virtue. All persons do right ; and they do right ten times where they do wrong once. No man was ever known to tell more lies than truths, or to be for a longer time angry than good-natured. The fact is, that human beings are born neither in virtue nor sin, but capable of both ; and, with each succeeding age, man's ability to master his animal propensities increases ; and he thus grows into virtue, as he does toward perfect manhood, for which he started at the beginning, but to which he cannot attain without the time essential for that growth.

If the doctrine of original sin is false, then the notion that God doomed the race to endless perdition on account of a condition resulting from it, is false. Man was never lost, nor in danger of being lost : that in his history that looks most like

it, is his belief of such a fable. The damnation from which Jesus is supposed to save men only exists in the imagination of those who believe in this soul-enslaving superstition. When I ask for the evidence on which the faith in eternal damnation rests, I am pointed to the Bible, which I am told is God's word. Before believing such a doctrine on the statement of the Bible, you ought to be as certain that the Bible is true as that your head is on your shoulders. The very fact that the Bible teaches it is sufficient evidence that the Bible is untrue. Where, O Nature, my mother! dost thou teach such a horrible doctrine as these ignorant children of thine are blasting men's souls with? Not in the south wind, that sweeps over the land to-day with life and beauty following in its path. Out of the cold arms of winter springs the land; the loosened streams are leaping from the hills with musical cadence; the green grass is peeping, the buds are swelling, and the long-silent birds are pouring their melody into our souls. How these voices give the lie to this howling blasphemy! Thou sun, that turns the world over and warms it into life, that kisses the cheek of the cottager's child, and smiles on the beggar as sweetly as on the pompous bishop, that lights up the malefactor's cell as gloriously as the cathedral: thou preachest a gospel in which no such soul-harrowing dogma is found!

The headache of the drunkard is but the voice of Nature saying to him, "Do thyself no harm." The burn of the child is painful; but the pain teaches it a lesson that it needs to learn: and, if the burn is so severe that it must die, Nature wraps her arms about the little one, sends it into a precious sleep, and wakens it for a start in a higher life.

How could damnation be the penalty for man's doing what, by virtue of his very constitution, he must do? Man was as certain to sin as a green apple is to be sour; and time and favorable conditions are as necessary to cure him as to ripen and sweeten the apple

But if men were never liable to damnation, the necessity for evangelical salvation never existed. God never allowed the Devil to rend the world ; and there never was any need for his son to come from heaven to patch it. God never hurled the world into the pit of perdition with his right hand ; and there was, therefore, no necessity for him to lower the rope of salvation down with his left, for the lost wretches to seize by faith. Men never were far from God ; and they consequently need no one to bring them nigh. They were never damned, nor in danger of it ; and orthodox salvation is as unnecessary as a lightning-conductor in a coal-mine.

The method by which God is supposed to save men through faith in Jesus shows monstrous absurdity and cruelty on the part of God who offers it, and great unmanliness on the part of those who accept it. Man, the finite, has sinned against an infinite God : he has broken his most holy law, and God justly consigns him to eternal torments ; and it is only by an exercise of his infinite mercy that a way of escape has been provided. So much orthodoxy assumes. It is evidently false ; for nothing can be more unjust or unreasonable. All men sin everywhere, and have always done so : it is, therefore, evident that wrongdoing is inevitable. What God could punish men, and, above all, eternally punish them, for doing what, in the nature of things (and these he had himself made), all of them must do ? Tie up your boy's legs, and flog him till his back is gory, because he does not run six miles an hour ; keep him without food for three days, and then kill him because he steals a crust from your pantry : and you are a kind, considerate parent, compared to a God who makes men with a strong disposition to do wrong, permits a devil to tempt them, and then annexes the penalty of eternal damnation to the crime of wrong-doing.

God is angry with the sinner ; the wrath of his indignation boils : with the sword of vengeance in his hand, he is ready to strike the fatal blow. Just as the glittering blade is about to descend, the innocent Jesus appears on the stage. "Spare, oh, spare the sinner !" says Jesus. "Only on one condition." "Name it," says Jesus. "Thou must die in his stead, or my justice can never be satisfied." "I will : let the blow descend." God plunges the sword of his justice into the heart of Jesus, and then receives the sinner to his bosom graciously, and he goes on his way, singing, —

"Jesus has paid the debt we owe,
And God is satisfied."

To save man by such a plan, supposing it to be possible, is to sink him in meanness and degradation. So instinctively do men scorn it, that mesmeric excitements, under the name of revivals of religion, are got up to overcome this natural repugnance. We have sinned, — such is the doctrine, — and are justly subject to punishment ; but an innocent being offers to bear the penalty, if we will believe in him, accept him, and bow down to him. "No, thank you, Jesus, no : I much prefer to bear the consequences of my own transgressions, that I may learn the lesson from them that Nature inculcates, and whose tendency is to make me wiser and better. There may be men who wish to dodge the consequences of their deeds : they may accept your offer, but I cannot, — still less if, in accepting it, I am at the same time to accept of you as my master." If to hell I must go, I will go a free man, and with that sense of manhood that must transform the pit of perdition into paradise.

I charge this doctrine with being not only false, but dreadfully pernicious. If Jesus bears away the consequences of our guilt, takes our place, washes us in his blood, so that,

though black as ink, we can in an instant be made white as snow, why should we struggle for purity? why should we wrestle with temptations daily, and strive earnestly to live lives in harmony with our ideal of manhood? Faith in Jesus must be of infinitely more importance than faithfulness to principle: to obtain the cloak of his righteousness, and skulk under it, and be credited with the merit that belongs to another, becomes much more important than to live a righteous life; and thus the church, by its acceptance of this doctrine, makes men satisfied with a tenth-rate morality, and puts off the day of the world's redemption.

What, then, shall we do to be saved? Evils are around us like mosquitos in July: like blood-hounds whose scent can never be baffled, they dog our footsteps. Not a soul but needs salvation from them: how shall it be obtained? Let us see what has saved us in times past.

Once man trod the wild, a naked savage: the sun scorched him by day, and the cold wind chilled him as he lay on the branches of a tree at night. The sleet fell upon his bare breast, and, melting, ran in streams to his feet. He searched the woods for wild fruit, and dined on acorns, crab-apples, wild plums, and chestnuts, or roots that he scratched out of the ground. At times he outran the wild rabbit, sucked its warm blood, and ate its quivering flesh, nor thought of better fare. What saved him from this pitiable condition? What taught him to build a house, clothe himself with befitting garments, and thus bid defiance to the elements? Nature, that brought man into existence, did not launch him on the ocean of life without a pilot or charts, merely promising to supply them at some future time. She did not send Jesus with a beacon-light four thousand years afterwards, and make the success of millions of vessels depend upon their ability to see what to most of them in the nature of things was invisible. The first man carried his

saviour in his soul, and no man since has ever been destitute ; and just in proportion as men have attended to this saviour have they been delivered from evil, saved from sin and suffering, and led into truth and right, and the heaven that invariably accompanies them. By using his mental powers, man learned to spin and weave, and make for himself garments for all seasons and all weather ; it was thus he learned to fashion the wooden club, the hammer and ax of stone, then of bronze, and lastly of steel ; to fell the trees, to dig the stone, to burn the lime, and rear his household home : and, in process of ages numerous, the naked, houseless savage was transformed into artistic man. And all this long before Adam rose or fell, before the Snake was cursed, or the Bible Saviour promised.

In the times of old, man wearily wandered over the earth : if he wished to go a hundred miles, every step had to be taken by his own feet. He climbed the rugged mountain steeps, waded or swam the streams, threaded his way through the wilderness, and with bleeding feet and exhausted body arrived at his destination. He saw the wild steed, and increasing intelligence taught him its use : with a stem of a vine for a bridle, he mounted, and with exultant spirit bounded the country over. As his intelligence further increased, he levelled the hills, filled the valleys, bridged the streams, united distant lands by highroads and railroads, over which flies the locomotive, outstripping the eagle in its flight.

Where we now assemble, and hundreds of thousands find ample subsistence, a hundred savages would have starved three hundred years ago. Take a glance backward and view this region as it was. The beasts of the chase have fled ; deep snow covers the ground, and hunger dwells in every miserable hut ; hollow-eyed men and women look into the wan faces of their famishing children, who vainly cry for

food ; the last bone is picked, the last scrap of skin roasted and eaten ; death calls them one by one, and with returning spring the prowling wolves pick their bones. What saves us from such a fate to-day ? Our increased intelligence. This taught us to plow, to sow, to reap ; and over our broad land waves bread for a world. The salvation of orthodoxy never produced a blade of grass nor a grain of wheat : it is as powerless to stay the hunger of the savage as it is to quench the deep thirst of the enlightened soul.

Ignorance once covered the land like a pall, and Nature's preachers discoursed for ages to deaf souls. The thought, as it slowly rounded itself in man's brain, had no power of projection from the mind that gave it birth, but lay there shrouded, and died with its possessor. By the development of his inherent nature, man grew into speech ; formed signs for sounds ; shaped the reed, and then the feather that dropped from a passing bird's wing ; from the waving flag by the river-side first, and then from a nation's tatters, brought forth paper, and made the wisdom of one the property of the many. He ransacked the sunless caves, and brought to light the iron and the lead, and formed the printing press, the multiplier of thought, the long-wished-for lever that moves the world.

In his infancy, man was terrified by eclipses that swallowed the day, and comets whose fiery hair streamed over the evening sky, and portended to him most fearful calamities. He saw in storms, tornadoes, volcanoes, and earthquakes, the presence of angry gods or devils, whose wrath could only be turned away by bloody and cruel ceremonies. Science soothed and comforted him : she put into his hand the telescope, and brought these monsters of the sky into his home, tamed them, and they became agreeable visitants. She has not destroyed storms, volcanoes, and earthquakes ; but she has taught us how to foretell storms, informed us where earthquakes are most likely to occur, and pointed out the natural causes that produce them.

There was a time when war was man's universal trade, and its curses came to every door; when whole regions were ravaged, and neither age nor sex was spared. Man's growth in intelligence and benevolence has assuaged its horrors; made distant nations acquainted, and united them by the bonds of commerce; has given them peaceful pursuits, and promises in time to destroy all war, and usher in the reign of universal peace.

Man's intelligence does not enable him to cure all sickness; but it does better, it teaches multitudes how to prevent sickness, and will ere long instruct all, as it has already, by the discovery of anæsthetics, robbed pain of its terrors.

What is it that saves us now? It is a summer's evening: a dark cloud rolls its sable folds over the sky. Who shall save us from the bolt launched apparently for our destruction? It strikes: we are stunned; but that slender rod saved us: along it the fiery flash descended harmless to the ground. Franklin is our saviour, and science instructed him.

The rain descends in unremitting showers; the heavens seem dissolving, and threaten to wash the land into the sea. The rivers rise: down go madly the rushing waters; away the piers of the bridge are swept; the bridge itself swings, sways for an instant, and is gone,—its timbers are hurrying down the stream; the toll-house still remains, a frail island in the rushing river. But the waters are rising, they are washing away its foundations. See that boy on the house-top, waving his handkerchief; a woman at the window, looking at the angry waters, and wringing her hands in despair; hear the hoarse cries of the father, as he calls for help! In vain is faith: prayers, psalms, hymns, Bibles, can do nothing; neither the virgin nor her son can aid the perishing family, and we shudder as we see what must be their fate. But here comes a boat, rowed by strong arms. They are saved! Children, mother, father: all are saved just

as their home goes dashing down the boiling flood. What saved them? Science and benevolence. Science, that taught men to build the boat, and benevolence, or kindly feeling, which is the heritage of humanity, of which no church has a monopoly; which the people called wicked by the orthodox often manifest more strongly than those they consider most pious: these were the saviours of this family, as they are the great saviours of mankind.

It is night: the last lamp has shut its eye, and calmly the stars look down on the sleeping city. Wrapped in soundest slumber we lie, as the hours unconsciously fly. We are aroused by clanging bells: what a glare lights up the room! Hear the tramp of hurrying feet in the street below, and that most fearful cry of Fire! fire! We follow the rushing throng. There is the building: how the flames lick it with their fiery tongues, and then leap as if in ecstasy above their victims. How well it is, we think, that all have escaped! But they have not. Hear those screams, louder than the crackling fire: it is a mother's voice, — "Save, oh, save my child!" The flames, like fiery serpents, are on every side, ready to devour her, and there is no prospect of escape. "O God," she cries in her anguish, "save my child!"

Hearts throb, and eyes are dim with tears. What is that rising through the smoke? A ladder! I hear the oath of the fireman, though I cannot see him, as he calls to his men. It is placed against the devoted building: the hose from a steam fire-engine play on each side of the window, and beat back the flames; and the arms of the kind-hearted, though rough-handed and rough-tongued, fireman bear mother and baby in safety to the ground amid the joyful shouts of the delighted spectators. They are safe! What saved them? Prayer in her case was powerless as the breath that uttered it: the salvation of the Christian, if trusted in, could but have paralyzed the arm of endeavor.

What church would open its doors to the fireman that saved her? What future awaits him, if orthodoxy is to decide? Yet he was a saviour: science aided him, benevolence impelled him. Intelligence and love: man's great deliverers in every age. They have cured a thousand ills under which we suffered in the past, and promise to cure or relieve all that remain.

Science has sunk wells in the desert, opened fountains by hundreds in the sandy waste, and made it blossom as the rose. It has dug mines innumerable, and brought up blessings from the flinty bosom of the earth. It has clothed us, heated our apartments, and shorn winter of its rigor. It has robbed the small-pox, that terrible scourge, of its horrors; cleansed our cities, and said to the dreaded cholera, "Touch not my children, and do those who obey me no harm." Aided by benevolence, it has reformed our prisons, and banished the tortures that were so prevalent when the church ruled the land, and the Bible was regarded as the fountain of all law. They have entirely changed the character of our insane asylums. Wretched creatures are no longer chained in bare rooms, and left in nakedness, filth, and cold, to howl and scowl their miserable lives away, as they were, not a hundred years ago; but are treated with better sense and greater kindness, and generally restored to their friends in the possession of health of body and soundness of mind.

By railroads and steamships, science is uniting us with all mankind in bands so firm that war can never sever. Already we are shaking hands with China and Japan: the barriers are falling that our mutual ignorance erected, and in time we shall become so well acquainted with other nations, and our interests be so inseparably connected with theirs, that war will become impossible.

By physiology, science is teaching us daily the laws of health, and supplying us with motives to obedience; and,

wherever its instructions are heeded, the average duration of human life is increasing. By geology, it has enabled us to discard the old biblical fables of the earth's and man's creation, and shown us the orderly development of organic beings during ages of which the Jewish cosmogonist never dreamed. And by phrenology it has revealed to us the cause of the strong propensities to wrong-doing which some persons possess ; and thus, by placing a double guard where the danger was greatest, much evil has been nipped in the bud. In demonstrating to us that the basis of all intoxicating drinks is alcohol, and that this is an acrid poison, it has saved countless thousands from drunkenness and all its attendant evils, and it will in time banish it from the earth.

Science, or knowledge, does more : it robs death of its terrors. It has revealed to many of us a spirit in all organic existences, and its conscious, continued existence in man ; and comforted millions, by giving them the absolute assurance of life after death has destroyed the body. It says to the mourner, "Dry up your tears : they are not dead, but born anew into a higher life. The earth claims the body ; but that which you loved, the spirit that animated it, is yet in existence, and you shall meet again." It reveals no hell, it tells of no devil, and shows the impossibility of both. It preaches no forgiveness, it is true ; but it shows the possibility of outgrowing the effects of wrong-doing, and how to enjoy, by right-doing, the bliss that invariably flows therefrom.

What is it, my brother, that curses you, and from which you wish to be delivered ? There are but few evils from which a man cannot be saved in this life ; and all that this life fails to cure, the next will, in my opinion, accomplish. "*I am poor* : my poverty troubles me." Give me your hand, my brother : I have been just where you are, and I can sympathize with you. You can be saved. If there had been as much pains taken in Boston to save men's bodies as

there have been to save their souls, you would not be poor. But you must never remain where you are. Cursed is the man who is poor ; but doubly cursed is the man who is content to be poor. You must be economical ; and I will not ask you to be more so than I have been. Stop tobacco chewing and smoking instantly. "My tobacco only costs me three cents a day." Yes : but three cents a day is nearly eleven dollars a year. Stop that glass of lager beer : there is no value in it to you, and it costs money, which you cannot afford. Let rich men waste money on such folly if they choose : you must not do it if you would conquer poverty. Drink no longer tea and coffee. "Why, you would take away all my comforts," I hear you say. When you have ceased from the use of them, you will find that it was the use that made the appetite for them, and caused them to appear necessary. Hot water, and milk and sugar taken with it, as with tea and coffee, is more wholesome, cheaper, and in time you will like it just as well. Cease eating rich cakes and lard-crust ed pies ; live simply ; buy nothing because it is fashionable. You may save, the poorest of you, by strict economy, fifty dollars a year. Buy with that a piece of land (if you had what is justly yours, you might get it without buying). Build a house of your own on it as soon as possible, if there are no more than two rooms in it : I have lived in a house with one, and know the happiness of the man who has a foothold on this planet, and a home that does not belong to another.

You are sick, and that makes you unhappy. But what a blessing it is that the best of medicines can be had for nothing ; and if you have vitality enough left, they can cure you. If not, you will be better without your body ; and death will relieve you from its burden. Exercise in the open air, sunshine, pure water, plain food, — these are the medicines I recommend to you : the medicines you buy of the apothecary are generally as useless as they are dear.

You are a drunkard. I do not despise you. I do not tell you to wash in the blood of Jesus; for if you could you would be no cleaner, and the same quantity of whiskey would make you just as drunk. You must abandon all intoxicating drinks, from brandy to hard cider: that is the only way by which you can obtain salvation. In time all taste for these drinks will die out, and you will be a free man. This remedy is infallible, and as good for prevention as it is for cure. It has saved every man that fairly tried it, and its benefit has been incalculable.

You have large amativeness, and at times this passion is your master. Do not suppose that you are the only man in the world in the same condition. This passion is the strongest; for only by its exercise can the race be perpetuated. But you must not allow it to master you. The man, the essential man, the reasonable man, the moral man, must be the master; and this can be done. You must be temperate in all things: abandon tea, coffee, tobacco in all its forms, and intoxicating drink in every shape. The use of these increases the power of the animal propensities, while, at the same time, it weakens the will and obscures the judgment. Pepper, mustard, spices, and all condiments, if used at all, should be used very sparingly. Never read books that appeal to amativeness, and arouse it. Work hard, so that sleep will overtake you as soon as your head reaches the pillow. Do not loiter in bed after you are awake in the morning, — not even on Sunday. Have worthy objects of thought, and they will banish unworthy ones. If you are unmarried, and over twenty years of age, find a suitable companion, and marry: a good wife is worth more to most men than a thousand Christs.

"I am ignorant, and wish to be saved." The man who knows he is ignorant is on the highroad to knowledge. You feel what the wisest and best have felt, and you have

no need to be discouraged. Resolve to learn a little daily, and your acquisitions in a few years will surprise you. Read, but be sure to write ; think for yourself ; make some branch of knowledge a specialty, and give a little time to it daily. One thing well learned will give you a taste for many others, and help you to learn all others ; and you will not be ignorant in all respects, whatever you may still be in many.

"But, I fear to die." Cheer up : that is the last thing that should trouble you. Find a good medium for communication with the spirit world, and you can receive evidence, as thousands have done, of the existence of your friends, with warm and loving hearts, enjoying existence more than they did while here. Death will lead you to them, and make you one of their number ; and when you are satisfied of this, your fear of death will be gone, and you will be saved.

"Is Jesus then a saviour in no sense?" All good men, and, in fact, all men, are, to a certain extent, saviours. The man who gives a hungry man a dinner saves him in one sense ; the woman who stands by her friend in sorrow, and comforts her in affliction, is also a saviour. The wagoner who gave the young girl his great coat on a wet night, — he too was a saviour. Little is said about them ; but there are thousands of women who are saving men, children, and other women, daily and hourly. To call this fanatic of Nazareth the saviour of the world is to do injustice to the noblest of mankind. What a grand list is the list of saviours. Moses, Jesus, Confucius, Gautama, Socrates, Plato, Watt, Joan of Arc, Fulton, Arkwright, Herschell, Thomas Paine, Theodore Parker, Fanny Wright, Humboldt, John Brown, Garrison, Phillips, and hosts of others. To many of them we owe vastly more than we do to Jesus ; and justice has yet to be done them in the more intelligent future.

Science and benevolence, in all ages, have done the work

of salvation, and orthodox religion and superstition have as constantly claimed the credit. "We have done it!" exclaim these impudent charlatans. "See that dashing locomotive, with a thousand passengers at its heels! We fashioned him with our hands, breathed the air of life into his iron body, and started him on his world-wide mission. We gave wings to the telegraph, life to the printing press; and by us the world has advanced to the noontide of glory." The fact being, that they lay dozing in the darkened church till the scream of the engine and the galvanic shock of the telegraph awakened them to a knowledge of their existence. Take from man all that science has done, and leave him all that orthodox Christianity can do apart from science, and what would he be? No house to shelter him; no garment to clothe him; no machinery to assist him. The great universe a sealed book: himself little more than a blank on one of its pages. In a cave he would sleep; and when the sunbeams shone therein he would waken to recite his prayers to the Mumbo Jumbo of his creed, who grumbles in the thunder, and shows his anger in the oak-splitting lightning.

If science and benevolence are our great saviours, let us cultivate them.

"Science is a child as yet; but her scope and power shall grow,
And her triumphs in the future shall diminish toil and woe."

Let halls of science be multiplied, and opened on Sunday, free for all. Let us have lecturers dealing in facts, rather than priests dealing in fables. Instead of Bible societies and tract societies, let us have societies for the distribution of knowledge on which the soul can feed, and by which man can make the most of his present position. Let people understand the glorious truths of astronomy; and let telescopes be as plentiful as Bibles. Let the truths of geology, which

are destined to supplant many of the fables of theology, be familiar to all. Let every child be taught a knowledge of its own body, and its relation to food, drink, air, light, &c. ; and thus will the ravages of disease be stayed, and a foundation for long life and happiness secured. Let the producers of the world's wealth be secured the product of their labor, and let all idlers be compelled to work or starve ; let Fashion die, and Use and Beauty take her place, and the true millennium will be here. The fever-breeding swamps will be drained, and fruitful gardens take their place ; where the reed and the flag grow, the apple, the pear, and the peach, shall flourish ; the wild woods will fall, and stately palaces for humanity rise. The slave of capital shall stand erect, a man, and rejoice in the fruit of his labor, and the prison for the felon will be no longer needed. The pope and the priest, the king and the captain, will be loved and feared and hated no more. War will only be known in history, and Love shall be at home in every bosom.

