



The Worship of Nature.

BY G. SEXTON.

THEY tell us that we worship not,
Nor sing sweet songs of praise,
That love divine is not our lot,
In these cold modern days;
That piety's calm, peaceful state,
We banish from the earth:
They know not that we venerate
Whate'er we see of worth.

The singing of the birds on high,
The rippling of the stream,
The sparkling stars in yon bright sky,
The sunlight's merry gleam,
The ocean's wide and watery main,
The lightning's vivid flash,
The sweet and gentle showers of rain,
The awful thunder's crash;

The trees and flow'rs that deck the land,
The soft and grassy mead,
The firm set earth on which we stand,
Are worshipful indeed.
We venerate great Nature's plan,
And worship at her shrine,
While goodness, truth and love in man,
We hold to be divine.

—Liberal Hymns.

A New Sermon on the Mount.

BY PENDENNIS.

IT seems to me, viewing the actual condition of things in the Christian world, that there should be a radical revision of the Beattitudes and various other maxims and precepts contained in the Sermon on the Mount. If I should venture to put in form a popular appreciation of what constitutes the highest duty of man as illustrated in the daily conduct of most Christian people, the text would run something as follows:

Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed is the man who gets ahead of his neighbor, for he shall dwell in comfort.

Blessed are they who attend fashionable churches, for they shall have comfortable seats and short sermons.

Blessed is the preacher who is able to secure a rich congregation, for his salary shall be large and his family shall enjoy the luxuries of life.

Blessed is the woman who marries a rich husband, for she shall wear jewels and ornaments and shall be clad in fine raiment.

Blessed is the man of whom all men speak well and who is boomed in the public press, for verily he shall hold high office and enjoy the good things of the world.

Blessed is the man who agrees with every person, for he shall enjoy the favor of his fellow men and pass his time peaceably and happily.

Blessed is the man who never rebukes what is wrong or vexes his soul with reform, for he shall be

highly esteemed and have no enemies.

Blessed is the man who can successfully impose on the credulity of his fellow men, because thereby he shall receive great rewards.

Blessed is the merchant who can outwit his fellow trader, for he shall thereby heap up great riches.

Blessed is the man who can shut his eyes to the evils and wrongs which surround him, for he shall thereby secure his soul in peace and be saved from great vexation of spirit.

Blessed is the politician who can successfully befool the people, for verily he shall hold high office and have much applause of men.

Blessed is the lawyer who can beguile the judge and hoodwink the jury, for he shall have great success in his profession and revel in the admiration of men.

Woe unto ye who speak the truth, for ye shall have many enemies and much abuse.

Woe unto ye preachers who denounce the daily sins of your congregations, for ye shall heap up great wrath and your places shall be taken by others.

Woe unto ye reformers who strive to make the world better, for ye shall have vexation of spirit and men shall revile your motives.

Woe unto ye meek, for ye shall be trodden under feet of men.

Woe unto ye who toil for others, for ye shall remain in poverty and men shall call ye fools.

Woe unto ye merchants who represent goods as they are, for ye shall have few customers and your fellows will wax rich.

Woe unto ye politicians who seek to govern the country by honest means, for ye shall quickly lose office and your career shall be a failure.

In all your gettings, above all things get money, for thereby ye shall live in great houses, eat rich viands and all men will call you great.

Teach thy sons and thy daughters to achieve wealth and fame, that their names may be glorified among men.

Crush your enemies, and demolish all that stand in thy way.

Possess thyself of enough religion to make thee respected among men, but avoid too much religion lest it make thee meek and unselfish.

Do thy charities be public, and see that thy benefactions are duly recorded in the public press.

When thou givest, give to those things which are popular and stu-

diously withhold thine alms from those objects which are poor and despised.

When thou enterest a church or a street car, seize quickly the most comfortable seat, for thereby thou shalt ensure thine own comfort.

Treat the great with deference, and treat the lowly and poor with contempt.

Associate not thyself with any movement, whatever its aim, that is weak and despised, for thou wilt thereby expose thyself to the sneers of thy fellows.

Let all the ends thou aimest at be thine own and those of thy family, and thou shalt achieve great riches and possess great power.—[Halifax Herald.]

Laws of Common Sense.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

THERE is a story of an enterprising Italian who increased the patronage of an unpopular mountain resort by effecting an inundation of the lowlands; and if the apostles of otherworldiness had tried to enhance the attractions of their hereafter on the same plan, they could certainly not have adopted a more effective method for depreciating the value of temporal existence. The vanity of work, of thrift, of economy and the superior merit of reliance on the aid of preternatural agencies, were a favorite text of the Galilean messiah. "Take no thought of the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these do the gentiles seek." "Ask and it shall be given you." Secular foresight was depreciated even in the front of a prudent care for the preservation of physical health; the selection of clean in preference to unclean food was denounced as a relic of worldiness; and in mitigating the consequences of such insults to nature, prayer and mystic ceremonies were recommended as superior to secular remedies. "If any man is sick among you, let him call 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." "And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of disease."

If such instructions had been followed to the letter, the human race would have perished in a hell of madness and disease. As it was, a thousand years' purgatory of half insanity cured the world of its delusion; and the sinners against the laws of common sense escaped with the penalty of a millennium of barbarism, a barbarism which, in the most orthodox countries of the fourteenth century, had sunk deep below the lowest ebb of pagan savagery. The untutored hunters of the primeval German forest were at least left to the resources of their animal instincts; they were illiterate, but manly and generous, braving danger, and prizing health and liberty above all earthly blessings. Their children were dragged off to the bondage of the Christian convents and doomed to all the misery of physical restraint, not for the sake of their intellectual culture, not with a view of purchasing the comforts of after years by temporal self-denial, but to educate them in habits of physical apathy and supine reliance on the aid of interposing saints—a habit which at last revenged itself by its transfer to the principles of ethics, and encouraged malefactors to trust their eternal welfare to the same expedient to which indolence had been taught to confide its temporal interests. Where was the need of rectitude if iniquity could be compromised by prayer? Where was the need of industry if its fruits could be obtained by faith? Where was the need of sanitary precautions if the consequences of their neglect could be averted by ceremonies?—The Bible of Nature.

Push vs. Providence.

ONE grain of push is worth more to the world than a thousand tons of Providence. It is worth more to the individual who possesses it than the piled-up providences of all the ages. Though the gods pile the Himalayas across your path, push. If it is your will to advance, they cannot stop you wholly. Those who trust in Providence never accomplish anything. Cromwell proclaimed this truth when he supplemented his silly advice with the wise admonition—"Keep your powder dry."—[W. A. Ratcliffe.]

A New York paper says the latest society fad is the wearing of wings and halos.—[Ex.]