

the seventh day is the day to be observed as the Sabbath."

"The seventh day is not the Sabbath," rejoins the clergyman, sharply. "In this country it is settled that the first day is the Sabbath; public opinion and practice are overwhelming on this point. The courts have declared it, Congress has declared it, and you cannot be permitted to set up your opinion against the authority of the nation. You cannot be permitted to teach anarchy."

"But my conscience—have I no right to that?" exclaims the one thus addressed.

"You have no right to set up your individual conscience against the national conscience," is the reply. "As we have said, it is not a question of your rights. That doctrine cannot justify you, for it has had its day and been set aside. What must be secured in this nation is the greatest good to the greatest number. All are now agreed upon this, and the greatest good to the greatest number requires that all observe the first day of the week. We must have uniformity in this matter. So I repeat, you must hereafter observe the first day of the week. The public good demands it, and the state must see that this rule is firmly enforced."

So, instead of being able to claim the individual right of conscience in the matter of Sabbath observance, the dissenter from the popular religious custom has nothing left to stand on but "the greatest good to the greatest number," and when he can prove that his freedom in religion is for the greatest good of the greatest number he will be allowed to worship differently from the majority and not before. But how long will it take an individual to prove that it is for the greatest good to the greatest number that he be allowed to observe the seventh day of the week instead of the first, in the face of popular teaching and custom touching this point?"

As the result of such teaching as that we have quoted from the Outlook and the Independent, the fundamental American doctrine of natural, individual rights is being swept from under the feet of the American people; it is passing rapidly away before our eyes, and who is amazed or alarmed at the spectacle? It is high time indeed that the people everywhere should see and know what these things mean.—[Sentinel of Liberty.

An Episcopal clergyman of Boston makes the declaration that "the church can have no specific solution of the labor problem." We agree with him and further affirm that the modern church has no specific nor even general solution of any other problem now before the world!—[Flaming Sword.

### A Node on a Toad

(WITH A NEPISODE.)

Whence and whither, little rusty toad?  
Hither and thither on the dusty road  
Hopping and skipping—where is your abode?

Stand up and answer, puny squatter—say,  
How came you here  
With such a quaint and queer,  
And curiously contrived anatomy?

Poor little lump, or stump, or chump!  
I wonder if there's any way of knowing  
How you developed such a hump and jump,  
And curious way of going?

How did you come to life, or life to you?  
How did you do the first little hop or two!  
Between the immaterial and material,  
How did you bridge the chasm?

How many evolutions have you made?  
How many hops and jumps from protoplasm?

For such a squat as that, what did you trade,

Or swap for such a funny freak, antique?  
From what evolve that queer configuration—

Develope such anatomy unique?

Or how much "nothing" did it take to make

Your little outfit? have you any notion?  
Or, of "force and matter" how much did it take

To make your "mode of motion?"

Your gait is most improper, little hopper!

Your locomotion seems to need improving;

Your style of going isn't quite the proper,  
And popular idea of right moving.

That's not the gait that takes "first money," now,

You want to mend your pace and break your record—

Reduce your time for "getting there" somehow—

Otherwise, I fancy,

You'll have to take the dust from Little Nancy.

A dry and dusty road

You have to hop, poor toad!

The right and proper thing for you to do—

(It strikes me pretty plain)

Would be to see that fakir, the rain-maker,

And bargain for a thousand-dollar rain.

That's what the grangers only the other day did,

And any toad might do the same as they did.

Hopping here upon the public way  
You desecrate our somber Sabbath day;

Your hopping habit's badful—some will say

It's truly sinful;

You must load up with ter chloride every day—

Stuff your skin full.

It's plain you need reforming, little hopper,

Your movement's neither practical nor proper.

"Nothing was made in vain," the pastor says—

Of nothing the world was made, the record shows;

To make his thinker think in certain ways—

On penalty of everlasting woes—

Immortal man was made—

But what a toad was made for, nobody knows.

There is nothing wicked in your eyes so mild,

Your placid countenance shows naught that's vicious;

Your look has in it, nothing fierce or wild,

And your movements, queer, are not the least suspicious;

Yet ruin may meet you any day or night  
When man has right of way by right of might.

Toads have no rights in human codes nor roads—

Big man has no respect for little toads.

There's peril in this pathway, puny hopper—

There's danger here, this path belongs to man—

The soul-endowed, the reason-gifted,  
Faith-infected, myth-deluded man—

Sole proprietor of material matter  
And immaterial soul—

Callous'd without and petrified within—  
Keep away from him.

Switch off your feeble outfit teeny toad,  
Beyond the reach of cruel hoofs and wheels,

Or sad calamity and dire disaster,  
And all the different kinds of ruin

This nation's on the verge of, will overtake you

Immediately if not sooner.

This world was made for man—that's safe to say,

(That much is sound theology, we know)

And man was made of dust, and dust of nothing—

(Is it not written in the record so?)

In the early morning of "the beginning"

Something took a prodigious pile of "nothing"—

That's what the records show—

And what the record says is so, is so—  
There's no appeal from that, whether it's so or no—

Unless you have the impudent assumption

To appeal to common sense and native gumption.

—In the early morning of "the beginning,"

Something took a prodigious lot of "nothing"

And built this mighty macrocosm, huge—  
Put up the universe in six days all complete

With the best brand of brand new "nothing."

Millions of first-class stars were made and put up,

For man's special, every-day use—  
(Besides several for Sunday.)

Everything in sight, and out of sight,  
(Including the two little moons of Mars,  
And another one for Jupiter) was made for man—

For "godlike man"—"the image of his maker"—

"Only a little lower than the angels"

"The crowning work"—"the masterpiece,"

With immortal movement, full-jeweled,  
And geared to go forever without winding.

That's what the pastor says, and if any body

Knows ought about tomorrow or the next day—

Or any time hereafter, it's the pastor:  
He knows it all for sure, because he has to—

That's what he's for, and should he fail  
To guarantee a mansion in the sky

For every true and orthodox believer,  
And angel's outfit—wings and harp complete—

Ready to hitch to;

Or should he fail to find for faithless doubter

An everlasting, never-ending home  
In the tropics of some incandescent planet

With never a bush for shade—  
The true and faithful orthodox believers

Would have no use for him,  
And his occupation, like Othello's, would

Be gone for good.

TRUE FAX.

### Reflected Rays.

Dr. Hensen wants more millionaires in the church—more Wana-makers to reduce the church work and business to a practical basis—perhaps the church is short of money. But it is not short of preachers, for the reverend doctor says that "we do not need preachers; we have preachers to burn"—a suggestion that the Christian hells are becoming overcrowded with members of the cloth!—[Ex.

The pope regrets that free speech is possible in Rome, "under the shelter of the public law." The spirit of the Inquisition is still in him and his church. He dares publicly to regret what little liberty of expression exists in Italy on religious questions. Had he the power, imprisonment would seal the lips of any man who dared breathe a word against papal superstition. The Roman Catholic spirit is still, as always, that of tyranny and persecution.—[Free Society.

The Sons of the American Revolution in Hawaii recently offered a prize for the best oration, written and delivered in English, upon a specified historic theme. The competition was open to every boy in the islands. Was it the son of a Son, a native Hawaiian, a clever Japanese, a Portuguese of ancient lineage who, at that cosmopolitan crossroads of the Pacific, won the coveted prize? No, it was a full-blooded son of that China, which is now the political problem of the world.—[Youths Companion.

The falling of the elevator is perhaps not the only danger associated with life in the modern skyscraper. Some physicians, in making physical examinations for life insurance companies, think that they have discovered that elevator boys and others who make many trips a day are peculiarly liable to heart disease and premature degeneration of the arteries. They do not know whether this is due to changes in atmospheric pressure in passing from basement to roof and down again, to the disturbances caused by the sudden starts and stops and the rapid descent, or to some as yet unsuspected cause.—[Youths Companion.

The Russian priests seem to be as holy as those of Rome. Not 20 per cent of the population have received the rudiments of education; and there are 10,000 villages without schools. Well, in Italy, when the pope ceased to be a king, there were 17,000,000 who could neither read nor write. The priests of the Greek church, like those of the Popish, never educate, except for purposes of their own. An educated population would scout them. The sky-pilots will never favor any education which is not poisoned by theology and is thus calculated to enslave the children. They hate knowledge in the people.—[Liberator.