

## THE MEN FOR THE TIMES.

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AND WHO KNOWETH WHETHER THOU ART COME TO THE KINGDOM FOR  
SUCH A TIME AS THIS?—*Esther 4:14.*

I HAVE described the times in which we live, and spoken of the causes which are agitating our country and swelling its dangers. I have said that peculiar times need peculiar men. When the colonies were about to declare themselves independent of the mother country, and assume the dignity and importance of a nation among nations, it needed just such a man as John Hancock, on whose head a price was set, to dash his pen across the noble document which declared our allegiance to England at an end, and leave there the record of one of the sublimest acts which any patriot ever performed. When the army was cold, and hungry, and mutinous, and discouraged; when the contending forces were strong and powerful, and when on every side there were evidences of the weakness of our cause, it needed just such a man as Washington to place himself at the head of the soldiery and lead them on to a glorious contest. He was peculiarly fitted for the peculiar emergency, and was the man for his times. When the great heart of the nation was to be stirred by eloquence; when the cold, dead pulse of public opinion needed to be roused to a fever heat, and the freezing blood to be sent leaping

through the veins of the body politic, it needed just such a man as Patrick Henry to sound the clarion notes of alarm and ring out the peal of battle.

The moral world has always had men for the times. To meet great events God has always raised up great men, and each crisis has been met by characters formed for it, and able to control it. The times in which we live are peculiar, and we need men adapted to the times, and ready to meet their emergencies. We sail on a wild and boisterous sea ; we are driven by all the force of steam. The old modes of living are cast aside. The old habits of thought are abandoned. A new order of things has come, and we need men of the right stamp to control them. In church and state there are alarming signs, and unless the hand which holds the helm be steady, we shall dash upon the rocks and be wrecked among the breakers. Let me describe the "Men for the Times."

1. They should be *free men*. We are accustomed to look to the South for slaves. We see there a nation groaning beneath the iron rod of oppression ; we hear the sigh of three millions of human beings on whom the sun of liberty has never risen. But are these the only slaves to be found in our land ? Are there none north of Mason and Dixon's line ? The facts in the case teach us that there are slaves at the North as well as at the South ; among white people and black. True, white slaves are not crushed by any cruel enactments, and their slavery is not like that which fastens, in strong fetters, the poor stolen African. White slaves often sit at banquets, roll in luxury, and in senate chambers lift up, in eloquent pleading, their jewelled hands. There is a tyrant that sways his empire over *all* the land. His dominion is over North and East and West as well as South. That tyrant is PARTY. His slaves are gathered

from the far-famed literati ; from the honored statesmen of an illustrious empire ; from the robed ministers of a divinely appointed priesthood ; from the studio of the artisan ; from the marts of commerce ; from the workshops of genius ; from every rank, character and condition of human life. This whole nation for the last quarter of a century has been the slave of party. From yon mountain peaks, which mark the boundary of your northern domain, to the gently rippling waves of that magnolia-fringed gulf which lies there in the South, reflecting from its crystal bosom the wrongs of the Indian and the bondman ; from the steeples of Boston and the towering shaft on Bunker Hill, from Lexington and Princeton and Monmouth, away out to the region of sunset, the wild clime of the buffalo, Party reigns with an authority which has crushed the manhood out of the laurelled senator, the titled divine and the epauletted warrior. Questions of momentous interest have been matters of party bargaining, and in our halls of legislation men have outraged their consciences, betrayed their constituents and insulted God at the mandate of party.

A wise law has been made to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks, and that law has been the football of party ever since its passage. The fact which has influenced votes has not been the morality or the humanity of the enactment. Learned statesmen have not asked how many fountains of tears it would dry up ; how many wounded hearts it would heal ; how many mothers it would cause to sing for joy ; how many hopes it would inspire, and how many souls it would save from hell. O no, these have not been the questions which have been asked by many of the men who have voted for and against the passage of the law under consideration. What does the party need ? How will it affect the party ? It has been amended, improved and patched

just where the interests of party have required it. If party demanded it, the law has been used as a hobby on which aspirants might ride to office ; if party said no, the whole subject was let alone. While the traffic has been going on, day and night ; while our young men have been lured from virtue and God ; while the widow's heart has been breaking ; while the orphan has cried for bread in vain ; while the shrieking victims of rum have died amid all the horrors of delirium tremens ; while the very caverns of hell have echoed with the groans of the lost spirit, as it went from the miseries of this life to the torments of the next, our public men, the slaves of party, have been measuring the stringency of laws by political expediency, and doing or undoing to retain their respective parties in officé.

The Fugitive Slave Law, one of the greatest abominations of our age, the plague spot on our nation's soul, the stain on our escutcheon, the cloud across our sun, was made by party. Northern men voted for it because the interests of party were supposed to require it. Honorable men, Christian men, men of thought and action, cast aside conscience and humanity and voted for that bill. "The party demands it," was enough, and they voted for it. They asked not what tender families would be broken up ; they asked not what peaceful citizens would be dragged back to chains and lashes, what wails of sorrow would be wrung from those who had escaped. And when the law was made, party enforced it,—aye, party ; and when the black faced, humble minister of God fled from his toils and stood at the doors of your houses and knocked for mercy ; at the doors of your churches and prayed for refuge ; at the gates of your palaces of justice demanding judgment, his hands were manacled and he was dragged away. Party did it.

A little while ago an ecclesiastic from another land came to our shores from Europe. He was a noted man, and as soon as he arrived he was furnished with facilities for consummating his ecclesiastical mission. A government vessel was put at his disposal on the lakes; banquets were made for him in our cities; his character was endorsed by honored men, and noble Senators in our Parliament advocated his public reception! Who was he? Was it Gavazzi, the noble Roman, the gifted orator, the true-hearted patriot? No; the officials of New York were hardly willing to protect him even from mob violence! Was it Dr. Duff, the famous Highlander, whose name is known in three continents as the friend of Education, the eloquent minister, the great pioneer of Christianity? No; like Christ, his Master, he met a feeble welcome from the men in office here! Was it Oncken, the apostle of Germany? No; none of these.

I will tell you who it was. It was a Jesuit priest, a spy of the Propaganda, a man familiar with all the mysteries of the Vatican, and who was skilled in the use of the horrid instruments of torture now found rusting in the Inquisition. The murder of Ugo Bassa weighed on his soul, and the blood of the Italian patriots besprinkled his garments. He was to Rome what Haynau was to Austria; to the Vatican what that same tyrant was to the house of Hapsburg. Party said he must be provided for, and the President put at his service a government vessel. Mayors, governors and councillors turned out to welcome him. He comes to the capitol, and noble Senators endorse him,—all for party.

The times demand different men from these; men who fear God and are not slaves to party; men who will trample on the chains which the political creed places on them; men who do not fear the denunciations of the demagogue; men who will not sell their consciences

their liberties, their country, their religion, their souls, for an office.

The other day when that man was in that chained court house, and those marines were planting cannon in the streets of Boston, the captain of one of the departments of the city police resigned his office rather than assist in the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. He engaged to serve the city as a peace officer, to quell disturbances, to detect criminals, to subserve the purposes of justice, and not as a slavehunter. He threw his office in the teeth of a government which called him to do so mean an act, and like a man and not a slave, laid his commission at the feet of the public authorities. Most noble Roman ! Man for the times !

2. *Brave Men.* By brave men I do not mean those who talk the most ; I do not mean those who arm themselves with revolvers and go about provoking mischief ; they are assassins. I do not mean those who hoot and groan around the houses and offices of peaceful citizens at night ; they are cowards. The brave man is he who goes to his duty with no coat of mail but a good conscience, and no sword but the truth. It requires but little bravery for a man to fire up his brain with alcohol, and with a revolver in his pocket go into a crowd and swear, and fight, and yell, and scream like a madman or a devil. It requires but little courage for such a man to fire into a crowd, or commit murder unprovoked. Bravery is tested under other and more peculiar circumstances ; it is known by other demonstrations. Why but a little while ago an honorable Senator was commissioned to bear from these New England towns and villages a protest to Congress. It was signed by 3,000 men, all belonging to one profession. No mortal man ever carried such a petition to Congress before ; no legislative body ever received such a document in the

whole history of its deliberations. The Parliament of Great Britain would have stayed its proceedings while it was received, had it been presented there. Brougham and the nobles would have thundered and lightened over it in the House of Lords, and Macaulay and his glorious colleagues would have echoed the thunder and glanced the lightning of that eloquence in the House of Commons. But when the protest, signed by the clergy of New England, was presented in our Congress, half-drunken Senators denounced, in the fiercest language and with the most intolerant spirit, the document itself and the men who had signed it. O, then it needed some *brave* man to step forward and defend those remonstrants. It needed some one to tell that traitor to freedom and humanity,—that Northern man with Southern soul, that those remonstrants were infinitely above the reach of his calumnies ; that Wayland, and Hopkins, and Hitchcock, and Bushnell, and Hawes, and Park, and Sears, and a noble host, knew more of law as well as gospel than the men who thronged those halls, some of whom were stimulated almost to madness by the liquor they had drank. But the man who had been honored by the presentation of that document, failed in the moment of trial. The crisis had come and he did not meet it. But let that pass ; for what more could be expected of one who, in 1829, arose in his seat in Congress and said, while even Southern men looked on him with pity and disgust, and when he had closed, Southern lips replied in biting, withering sarcasm :—

“ Sir, I am no soldier. My habits and education are very unmilitary ; but there is no cause in which I would sooner buckle a knapsack on my back, and put a musket on my shoulder than that of putting down a servile insurrection at the South. The great relation of servitude, in some form or other, with greater or less departure from the theoretic equality of men, is inseparable from our nature. *Domestic*

*slavery is not, in my judgment, to be set down as an immoral or irreligious relation.* No, sir; the New Testament says, 'Slaves obey your masters.' I cannot admit that its duties are not presupposed and sanctioned by religion. I know of no way by which the form of this servitude can be fixed but by political institutions."

In the late scenes of riot in Boston, some of the greatest mistakes were made by men who lacked the nerve for the occasion, and who were not men for the times. The mayor one day charged his police not to lift a finger in the rendition of Burns, and the next day, frightened by telegraphic despatches from the capitol, in hot haste ordered out the citizen soldiery, against the laws of the land. There was nerve enough while Faneuil Hall was crowded with enthusiastic freemen, but it failed when Court Square was thronged with marines.

We have arrived at a point of time when Slavery and Popery will be making new demands. Slavery will soon ask to have laws passed allowing any Southern man to stay a month or year in Massachusetts with his slaves; to have Cuba and a part of Mexico annexed to our domain; to have all the territories covered with the foul blot of human oppression. Popery will demand the removal of the Bible from our schools; a division of the school fund, allowing the church to take a part of the school money for its convents; the suppression of preaching in the open air; the silence of the press on this subject; the restriction of the pulpit to generalities, and the padlocking of every honest man's mouth from Maine to Georgia. It will demand a share in the offices of trust and honor; it will require official patronage; it will expect a deference not shown to any other sect, and its claims will arrogantly be forced upon the notice of every State and city corporation. Men are needed to meet all these demands; men who will stand firm under all the influences which can be brought to bear upon



them ; men who will not bow at the shrine of St. Peter, or yield to the demands of priests, or fall down at the bid of the Nebuchadnezzar of slavery.

3. *Incorruptible men.* Facts of an alarming character have recently been developed, showing to what an extent some of our public men have been swerved from principle by bribes and threats. In Washington the buying of a member of Congress is said to be as frequent as the buying of slaves, and, doubtless, many a Northern vote was controlled on the Nebraska Bill by the promises of official patronage, or some such pap. In a conversation in the metropolis the other day, a Southern member of Congress, a firm friend of the Nebraska measure, who had had much to do in passing that obnoxious law, said to some of his friends who were gathered around him :—“ The Northern men had no honor ; each had his price,—some an oyster stew and trimmings, some \$1,000 to \$5,000, while some wanted the purchaser to pile up and up till he said stop.” ‘ Yes,’ exclaimed a Western member of Congress present, jumping up with a Western oratorical gesture and emphasis, ‘ And then they come to Washington and we *buy them* there.’ ”

Look over the doings of Congress on all such contested moral questions, and you will see here and there men voting against the testimony of their past lives, against all antecedents, against common public sentiment at the North, against the generally expressed wishes of their constituents, and evidently against their consciences. Soon they receive an appointment as custom house waiter, or postmaster, or have a mission abroad. They are bought up, and this nation now presents the sad spectacle of a Republic whose leading men are constantly bidding for the gifts, and bowing to the power which has patronage to bestow.

The Church of Rome well understands the character of some of our leading men, and well does she adapt her policy to meet their baseness and provoke their cupidity. There has not been an election for the last twenty years, which has not been influenced by the wily jesuit, and to some extent controlled by the crafty priest. Men have purchased elections, and paid for them by base subserviency to the Romish hierarchy. A few years ago, a convent stood on Mount Benedict. Its blackened ruins are still there, and every time you visit the metropolis, you see them, black and frowning like Rome herself. A mob destroyed that edifice, and scattered its inhabitants. It was supposed that that convent was a priestly brothel; that young women were confined there against their wills; that orgies took place within those walls, the bare mention of which would bring the blush of shame and indignation to every honest cheek. There was no law to open it; it was a religious prison, fenced, hedged and guarded. A mob broke off the gate, trampled the flowers in front, and set the Bastile on fire. I do not defend that mob; it disgraced the Commonwealth.

Since that time, almost every year, some of our politicians have secured an election on pledges of personal effort to indemnify the Church of Rome for that burning, and no city of the Commonwealth has been disgraced more than our own by such politicians. We have had men here who were willing to purchase a seat in the legislature by the sacrifice of \$50,000 of the public money.

A little while ago a man was defeated in an attempt in his own State to receive an inconsiderable office. He was defeated because he was an intolerant supporter of the Pope of Rome. The people of his own neighborhood threw him aside; those who knew him best repudiated him. But when the newly-elected President saw his disgrace, he passed over the noble men of our nation,

the eminent and the brave, and scooped down into the mire, and placed this repudiated subject of the Pope in his cabinet ; gave him the immense official power of the post-office department, and left him to control the correspondence of the whole nation. And why these acts of subserviency to the Church of Rome ? Do our rulers sympathize with the bowings, the grimaces, the mummerry of Romanism ? Certainly not. The Roman Catholic Church has power in America. Her priests control thousands and tens of thousands of blind voters ; and to secure the votes of the Church, our public men are willing to accept the bribe, and betray their sacred trusts.

I have spoken of Bedini, the legate of the Pope, who was in our country a while ago, the murderer of Ugo Bassi. No sooner was he on our soil, than the people were aroused to indignation ; his effigy was burnt, and every European refugee cried out against him, until, panting with fright and pale as a corpse, he fled to Washington, and knocked at the door of the Senate, expecting to be received with open arms. But there were eloquent voices raised against him. " We want no tyrant here," was the universal declaration of the people. Just then an old democrat rises from his seat, and pleads for him ; declares that there is no blood on his hand ; holds him up for admiration. What is the secret ? Why, that advocate of the tyrant has a son at Rome, and violence to Bedini might cost that son his lucrative office. Self!—self! instead of patriotism and national honor !

Now the men for our times must be men who are above bribery ; who will vote and act conscientiously, regardless of the consequences ; who cannot be bought at any price, but who are firm in resisting tyranny, bigotry and superstition. Such men you have not now. The highest offices are up at auction. Whoever bids the

highest, and who to secure them, will crawl the lowest and bite the dust oftenest succeeds, and sits in power.

4. *Consistent men.* There are very few men who practice just what they preach. The minister sets a high standard of religious excellence, but where is he who comes up to it? The politician preaches loudly of patriotism, but where is he who is patriotic enough to fill the measure which is made? The grossest and most lamentable inconsistencies fill society, and destroy all the efficiency of virtue and truth. Our political parties, a few years ago, were rivalling each other in the passage of anti-slavery resolutions; those resolutions were eloquent in freedom's cause, and manly in their advocacy of justice; but a year rolled round, and those same men were swearing allegiance to the Fugitive Slave Law; clergymen were preaching in its favor; and public presses were advocating its passage and defending its abominations.

Temperance men are eloquent in defence of the Maine law, and paint you a picture of the glorious millenium we shall have when that law is enforced. Yet they will go away and vote for men steeped in rum, whose first movement will blot that law from the statute-book.

Men are in favor of religious liberty, and can make noble speeches on the subject, but they vote for men who will indemnify Roman Catholics for the loss of their religious brothels; who will favor a division of the free school fund; who will place in office those who are most hostile to our liberties and laws, and who will do all in their power to give the ascendancy to men who hate freedom and love slavery. The spirit of our New England is so fickle, that little dependence can be placed upon its present position, and more than likely the glorious bursts of freedom which are now echoed from ten thousand hill-tops, will be hushed before another presi-

dential election, while the mass of the people go in for a slave-catcher for the highest office in the gift of the people.

The times in which we live demand a different stamp of character. We are beset by evils which threaten to overwhelm us in one wild deluge of ruin. These fitful bursts of patriotism will not arrest the danger or turn away the impending calamity. If the people of this country would save themselves from the snare of the Church of Rome, they must meet the evil in a far different spirit from what has ever been manifested. Rome is using all means to conquer America. She has her secret orders, her Jesuits, who fill all ranks in life. If circumstances require, they enter the pulpit and preach; if they are wanted in the army, they enlist, and sow their poison in the camp; they are often the porters at your hotels; they creep into your churches; they edit your newspapers,—never seeming to be papists, but every where devoted to Rome. The same Jesuit to-day will be acting out the part of a servant, tomorrow playing the illustrious stranger at some public house, and anon hearing confessions in some Catholic church. Such have been the means which the Jesuits have used to obtain influence and power that Catholic countries have banished and proscribed them; Popes have sent them into exile, and the Catholic Church itself has trembled at their terrible malignity. They are men who have no homes on earth; who have cut themselves away from all the God-ordained influences of the family circle; who have nothing in common with the rest of mankind. The means they have used to accomplish their purposes, have been almost infernal; the methods to which they have resorted to extend their empire, have been really diabolical. They have crept into the cabinets of nations, wormed out the secrets of wise men and betrayed them.

They have scattered themselves among the people, and sowed corruption and poisoned the public morals. Through the influence of the confessional they have obtained influence over wives, and made them the accusers and the involuntary executioners of their husbands. They have sought and obtained the affection of young girls, and accomplished their ruin, that they might gain them to the Church. There has been nothing too mean and too devilish for their capacities, and they have proved the most desperate enemies our race has ever had. These are the men that are to be met. Driven from other nations, they assemble here, and though they work silently, they are doing it effectually. Be not deceived ; a loose newspaper, full of looser stories, will not stay such a plague ; a few street rows, disgraceful to all who engage in them, will not undermine or frighten the crafty men ; they are not afraid of a crazy man with a fish-horn ; they laugh at the tame presentations of Romanism from the pulpit ; they ridicule Kossuth, "the democrat with a feather in his hat," and Gavazzi, the "noble orator of the Revolution," and tremble only when they hear you demand the alteration of the naturalization laws, and when they see you going by thousands to meet them at the polls.

" There is a weapon surer set  
 And firmer than the bayonet,—  
 A weapon that comes down as still  
 As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,  
 Yet executes a freeman's will  
 As lightning does the will of God,—  
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks  
 Can shield you,—'tis the BALLOT BOX !"

5. *Temperate, intelligent and pious men.* The men who are elected to office now are evidently of the wrong stamp for the times in which we live. To improve this, I

have only to point you to the members of Congress. Scenes are witnessed in the House of Representatives, which would disgrace a bar-room. Should the rows take place in any brandy saloon in your city, which take place in Congress, the police would go in and take possession of it. No longer ago than Tuesday last, a drunken riot took place. Language was used which would disgrace the vilest place ; profanity, which must have made the blood curdle in every honest man's veins, came from the lips of your honorable men. One leaped from his seat, with oaths on his lips, his fists upraised, his whole self the picture of a demon let loose from the pit, struggling towards another member, calling for his arms, and yet held back only by a crowd of his colleagues. Men who are sent to Congress to represent the people, and who are elected in part by Christians, become excited, mad, drunken, and insult each other ; and then, to close it up *honorably*, challenge each other to fight, to shoot at each other, and deliberately go out with friends to do their best to murder each other. They go into their seats daily, armed to the teeth, and ready to shoot down any body who intimates any thing about their real characters. When they become sober, they explain, apologize and overlook ; and such a fracas does not occur until they are drunk again.

But the evil lies back of these representatives : it lies with the people. The election of such persons shows that we have not the men for the times among our voters ; that we have not the proper moral influence at home. If a man who is known to be notoriously intemperate is sent to Congress, the fault of his course and the disgrace which he brings upon the nation, he is less to blame for than are his constituents. If you vote for drunkards, and libertines, and madmen, and they go to Congress, and disgrace the State, you are to blame, for you have put

such men there, and you should be held responsible at the bar of public opinion.

There is a lack of intelligence among us oftentimes when we vote. A man is set up by a caucus composed of a few political gamblers and party hucksters, who make a business of dealing in politics, who secure for ambitious men the nominations, and have their pay for it; and we do not inform ourselves of the character of the nominees, and vote for them because they are set up by *our party*. There is also being infused into our political matters a large proportion of the ignorant element. Every year a batch of men from other countries are naturalized. Some of them cannot read nor write. They see some letters on the ballot, and put it into the box, because it has been given to them by some demagogue or some priest. They have no notions of the issues before the people; their only idea of American liberty is, that they can swear, and get drunk, and throw stones, and do as they please. They have no acquaintance with those great principles of civil and religious freedom which lie at the basis of our government, and without a knowledge of which, no man can be a good citizen, or true to the nation.

There is also a lack of the religious element in office. Christian men should vote for Christians, other things being equal. For instance, two men are up for office. One is a loose man, a gambler, a profane man, a demagogue; the other is a good man, of piety and holy life. But he is not on your side; he is nominated by the opposite party. Now how do you differ from these men? The man against whom you will vote, the pious, godly man, he whom you would love to welcome to your home and your church, may differ from you in one respect. He goes in for a high tariff, and you for a low one; he for a bank and you against it, or *vice versa*. These



little insignificant questions divide you and make you political foes. But how do you differ from the man of your own party whom you will vote for? You differ from him in your views of God and eternity? You differ from him in the wide gulf of moral character! You differ from him in all the excellencies of manhood! You differ from him in his views of public justice and morality! You differ from him in almost every thing which is worth contending for!

Now I say it is time for Christian men to be sent to our halls of legislation. We have had atheists, drunkards, libertines, gamblers and demagogues long enough. Religion, public safety and national honor call upon us to break the chains which are being riveted upon us, closer and closer every year; and if we would ever be free from the restraints of party power, the time has come.

Thus, my brethren, have I departed somewhat from the usual mode of pulpit discussion, to turn your minds to the "Times; and the Men for the Times." I have shown the evils and pointed to the remedy. I leave these with you, to return, on future Sabbaths, to the usual themes of the pulpit, hoping I have stirred your own souls with the emotions which pervade my own.

This is not a time when we should allow slavery to obtain advantage over us. In other nations the chains are being broken off; thrones are tottering into ruin, and more liberal principles are obtaining ground. Our Republic should be the last to enlarge the area of slavery, or extend the empire of human oppression.

Romanism, too, in other nations is being subdued. It has lost its main power in the world, and even in the Eternal city it requires a large force of foreign troops to keep on his throne the Sovereign Pontiff, who used to depose emperors and cast down kings. Old St. Angelo

is there, as frowning as ever, but a French flag floats on its towers and French soldiers guard its gates ; the Inquisition is there, but its rack is rusty and old ; the Vatican remains, but French and Austrian soldiers throng its galleries and halls.

Romanism is more active in America than any where else in the world ; her struggle, her death-gasp is to be on our shores, and here she is to be met. She is stretching every nerve ; using all her power to obtain influence, and we need a very different class of men to meet her than we have yet seen. And who knows but you are some of the men whom God has chosen for the emergency ? He may have raised you up for such a time as this, as he raised up Esther for her great work of deliverance. He may want martyrs ; and you may be the men. He may want intelligent voters ; and you may be the men. He may want some to sit in office ; and you may be the men. He may want you for fires or swords ; to be his songsters, his orators, his martyrs. The world's conflict hastens, and He may want you to

“ Raise your bleeding hands on high,  
And supplicate Almighty God,  
Rome's gloomy altars to destroy,  
Reeking long with human blood.”

God calls the men of our times to noble deeds and heroic acts. Fearful emergencies summon upon us to act, not for self, not for party, but for God and humanity. There never was a time in the history of our nation so portentous as this ; when so many conflicting elements seemed to combine, and when order and disorder, truth and error, light and darkness seemed to have entered so fearfully into a death-struggle. We have some part to act. Life does not consist in what we eat and drink and the clothes we put on. It is an immense achievement, a glorious work.

“ Life is real, life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal ;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Art is long, and life is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating,  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

“ In the world’s broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
 Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
 We may make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us,  
 Foot-prints on the sands of time :

“ Foot-prints that, perhaps, another,  
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
*Learn to labor and to wait.*”

I will not close without protesting against any invasion of the rights of others. It may be the case that some persons in their detestation of popery, and heated by an intemperate zeal, may be unjust to those whom they oppose. The Roman Catholic has his rights, and no good man will infringe them. His house, his temple, his property, his life, should be guarded as sacredly as our own. With the excitements, the street mobs, the useless, degrading measures, no true man will have any thing to do. Roman Catholics should be taught that our only object is to guard our own liberties and do them good. The Bible, the school-book, the ballot-box, are the only weapons we need, and when we for a

moment countenance the disgraceful scenes which have been enacted among us of late, we cut off our power and lose our influence. It is not enough that we out-vote and outnumber our foreign population; the men for the times must aim at their conversion. We cannot entirely stay the tide of emigration which is rolling in upon us, and we must endeavor to turn it into pure and healthful channels. If we do not send tract distributors among these ignorant people, they will have the Romish catechism; if we do not send the colporteur, they will be trained by the Jesuit priest. Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Act for God and his everlasting truth, and pray for the Republic,—that its sun may never go down, that its banner may never be soiled, that its people may never be enslaved. Appeal from corrupt rulers, and party dominance, and subtle priestcraft, to the God of heaven, and you will prove that you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this.