

PATRIOTISM AND PIETY.

THANKSGIVING DAY SERMON

AT THE

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH,

NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

TEXT—Nehemiah xii., 43.—“Also that day they offered great sacrifices and rejoiced: for God had made them rejoice with great joy; the wives also and the children rejoiced; so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off.”

The whole Book of Nehemiah is curiously interesting and instructive, as the history of a short period, when religion inspired patriotism to an extraordinary degree. It enabled a single man of faith and courage to unite the remnant of the Jewish people, after the captivity, in redeeming their sacred city, and united all classes in a tremendous feat of physical enterprise and religious and patriotic zeal, shown in the sacrifice of private ends to public duties by which the fallen wall of Jerusalem was rebuilt, not by hired laborers, but by the hands of the citizens themselves. Nehemiah, the cup-bearer of Artaxerxes, the King of Persia, covered with honors and favors in the service of a foreign monarch, had mourned over his dishonored country, and specially over the desolation of the holy city. He said: “The place of my fathers’ sepulchres lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire.” He prayed the King, who loved him, and had inquired into the sources of his sadness, to send him as Governor into Judah, that he might rebuild the city. The King allowed him to go upon his romantic and seemingly hopeless errand. No other man knew his purpose or shared his enterprise, neither, he says, “was there any beast with me, save the beast that I rode upon.” Thus unprovided, and alone in his thoughts, he came upon Jerusalem, and saw with sad eyes the ruin of which he had before only heard, and walked three days about amid the wreck of its gates and its towers and its walls. “And the rulers knew not

whither I went nor what I did, neither had I as yet told it to the Jews, nor to the priests, nor to the rulers, nor to the rest that did the work.” “Then said I to them, Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste. Let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach.” The resident nobles of other lands, who were there watching the unwelcome visitor and preying on the ruined people of Jerusalem, laughed his proposal to scorn. “Then I told them,” he says, “of the hand of my God, which was good upon me”; and the Jews replied, “Let us rise up and build; so they strengthened their hands for this good work.” “The God of Heaven, He will prosper us,” replied Nehemiah, and they set to work.

We have not in all history a more instructive and detailed account of the religious enthusiasm and contagious zeal with which a whole city of perhaps only 40,000 able-bodied workmen bent their bodies and their minds to the faith which burned in one man’s heart for twelve years, sacrificing all their personal interests and property and time and physical endurance to the herculean public task which Nehemiah had imposed, under a profound impulse of patriotism and piety. They divided themselves into corps of workmen and emulated each other’s haste and zeal in the portion of the wall, or the gate, which they severally undertook to restore. The women worked to supply the men with food. The men carried a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, for they were in hourly fear of attack from the enemies of their country and their faith. But, patient and persistent, they held on under burdens and sacrifices which strained all their personal endurance and suppressed all their private desires.

Nehemiah held them to the service with the power of his mighty trust in God, and his all-quickening faith, until at last the wall was completed and Jerusalem safe—again to be a mighty stronghold of his fathers' beleaguered faith, a sure defence for the sepulchres of David and the prophets. It was to celebrate this event that the great thanksgiving described in the text was observed with all the pomp that music and feasting and public reading of the law, and processions, and domestic joy, could throw about it.

Nothing but patriotism and religion to possess the power of cementing the hearts of communities in these mighty movements of the common mind and will which override all private schemes and cupidities, and make sacrifices of toil and treasure and domestic peace and ease possible to the ordinarily selfish, preoccupied, and sense-bound heart of man. For a man's faith, or for his country, when either is in sore peril, we may usually reckon upon a kind of uncalculating devotion, which will recruit armies and furnish supplies, and extemporize ways and means utterly beyond the power of any lower sentiment to inspire. Thus, nothing short of what to many seemed fanaticism, but which to those who felt it was holy zeal for God and trust in His guidance, could have created the spirit evinced by our Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers in throwing themselves across a stormy ocean, then only half-explored, into a trackless wilderness, on the edge of a new hemisphere. Dull and doubting minds may now try to prove that a trading temper mingled largely and even overpoweringly in their bold enterprise: but the hypothesis is against human nature. No enterprise requiring such courage and trust as theirs was ever yet animated by any less dignified and exalting motives than those of piety or patriotism. Commerce and trade have their splendid triumphs. They have settled and peopled and carried to its wonderful heights of success our great Western country. They have created our Pacific Coast, with its marvellous development of wealth and luxury. The temptation of cheap lands, and the hope of finding gold, will lead thousands across mountains and unbridged rivers, over salt plains and into houseless wildernesses. And we do not wonder at it. There is a low and sufficient, because a selfish and immediate, motive, that moves and sustains each member of the band. It is each for himself, and for a supposed near reward, however disappointing and remote it may prove, that these colonists are moving

forward and struggling with difficulties that compel sometimes our pity and always our admiration. But this is not the temper that creates or sustains the sublime movements that effect the decisive steps in the world's progress. It is not so that new freedom is gained, or that enlarged constitutions, or better laws, or the spirit of self-sacrifice for principles and ideas that involve the common good, are secured. That is never cupidity, nor private enterprise, nor curiosity, nor calculation in any of its forms; but sentiment, the power of certain emotions and convictions, that dwarf and for the time suppress selfish, personal, self-serving considerations under the victorious sway of feelings and principles that have no other end or impulse than their own noble truth and beauty. Nothing private or personal, that belongs to a man's immediate gratification, or to what is called his interests, has any power to move him to his heart's core, to melt or fuse him, as a willing factor, glad to be lost in a common cause. True it is that passion, which we speak of so lightly and disapprovingly—the passion of anger, of love, of ambition, of power, of revenge—has a temporary, and sometimes a more than temporary effect, to raise a man above calculating prudencies. He will drown himself, if he cannot possess the only woman he loves; he will go out and offer himself as a target to the duellist to wipe off the stain of an insulting word; he will desperately and hopelessly fight a dozen men to glut only his anger with one; he will do the rashest things, to make his hasty promise good. We are in constant danger from these outcasts of passion, but they are sublime in their suggestion! A nature incapable of them would be like a house in which no fire could ever be built. Even the crimes and duels and suicides, which mark the path of passion are like the trees and rocks that are scathed by the lightning; they are monuments of the existence of that sublime and awful power that gives its secret dignity and significance to nature. Think of a world without thunder and lightning! What should we not lose of our awe-struck respect and reverence for nature, without the storms and violence that occasionally shows us the awful might that dwells in her heart? So it is with passion in man! But it is often destructive, but it hints at his hidden capacities of greatness and of inspiration. A passionless literature, poetry, art, religion—and we have little that is not such in these times—is stupid, ineffective, and moribund.

But it is not under the influence of private pas-

sion that the greatest things are done. That is effected by nations or communities moved by public passions—and especially by Patriotism and Piety. The love of country and the fear of God, even when separately active, but above all when united, have been the greatest moving causes in history. The passion for beauty in art and in philosophy, created the glorious Greeks. But as a great power, they existed only two hundred years. That may measure what art and philosophy, become national passions, can do at their best. The passion for Rome and for law and empire, made Italy supremely great for eight hundred years, and showed the utmost that patriotism and law, become national passions, can attain to. Love of country and law and religion have made and kept England great for a thousand years, and may give her some hundred or two years more of greatness. The love of the private home, the love of money, the reverence for law, the respect for religion, have created America, made her great. She is great in her lusty youth, great in her possibilities, great in her passionate hopes and promise. But that she is to develop her greatness in a permanent or long-abiding form is by no means certain yet. What began her—the sense of the inhospitality in the Old World for fresh convictions and large hopes and a longing for free State and room enough and to spare for higher theories of duty, coupled with a great faith in God's guidance and inspiration, and a preference for His will above all that the settled will of the world could offer, in England Holland, or elsewhere—this kind of faith and patriotism blended together, will maintain it if it be preserved.

I am not thinking of what people usually mean by piety when they measure the faith of a country by its churches and ministers, and expenditures for missions. All this often covers up spiritual scepticism and indifference, and is a substitute and excuse for faith, not a product of it. Churches are often only the empty shells of a faith that created them long ago. The live creatures have died and dried up. The hard shells remain. Others made them, and their successors preserve them from usage, and respect for what is old and was venerable. But the faith in God which saves a people must dwell not in their priests or temples—it must burn in their own hearts. It is a sense of something holier, better, more sovereign than anything they can see and handle. It is a genuine awe before the invisible holiness above all. It is a heart-felt submission to a higher will. It is a sense of

dependence upon that living Head or Heart which re-
 ver nature and in humanity. It is a feeling that a
 hiebritable, undeceivable, all-knowing, and all-
 eng Righteousness rules in Heaven and earth,
 and demands allegiance, and that the service of it
 is the most dignifying, blessed, and glorious privi-
 lege we possess. This sentiment is not one to be
 shut up in creeds, immured in churches, muttered
 over by priests, it must live and breathe in a peo-
 ple's daily life, direct their aims, regulate their am-
 bitions, and control their public and common mea-
 sures. It must appear in public opinion; it must
 preside over nominations and elections; it must
 show itself in the respect paid to man as God's
 image; it must decide the question, how the China-
 man, the Indian, and the Negro are to be treated
 by legislation and by public sentiment. It must
 enter into financial debates and forbid lies from
 being coined or printed for money. It must show
 that the fear of God, as infinite and sleepless justice
 and truth, lives in a people's heart and makes it
 folly and wickedness in its own eyes to prefer any
 temporary advantage, or individual profit, or com-
 promise of duty, to the trust it reposes in Eternal
 Right and Truth. This is what the religion or the
 faith of a nation means when it means anything in
 our days. It is from some dim tentative sense of
 this eternal essence of piety, that religion, in forms
 strong enough to become national, like Judaism,
 like Mahometanism, like Brahminism, and Budd-
 hism, have been mighty powers. Superstition owes
 all its wondrous power to the true religion that lies
 deformed, but not lifeless, in its grotesque gar-
 ments. Superstition is only faith untested by the
 moral and intellectual powers. It holds the place
 into which religion will step by and by. And it is
 vastly more significant and promising than that
 prosaic and wholly unbelieving spirit that makes
 ribalds and cynics and sceptics only. How much
 of true and saving religion, or real faith in God as
 a being to be served in all our thoughts and cus-
 toms, and to preside over our councils and politics
 and ways, there is in America, or is to be, it is not
 yet quite possible wisely to affirm or prognosticate.
 We have been awfully faithless and irreligious, in
 spite of all our religious pretensions and customs, in
 our dealings with the unhappy races about us. War
 freed our slaves, but we have left them in po-
 litical and social bondage to feel the oppression that
 white flesh seems miserably willing to inflict upon
 black flesh. Heaven knows I do not scorn the
 wretched temptations and prejudices of Southern

whites, or undervalue the difficulties to be acknowledged or the excuses to be made for them, in dealing as political and social equals with people whose old bondage is stained into their very skins. But I do say that there is no religious faith either in the North or the South that deserves any confidence or praise, in the acquiescence, the cool apathy, the prevailing sentiment, that in effect says to 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of fellow-citizens with black skins: "Oh, they're another race, and an inferior race, and of course they must submit to whatever injustice, short of actual slavery, their old masters may choose to impose. They can't vote as they will, it is true; they can't buy and sell as they will, it is true; they are children, but without the rights of children, and only their experiences, neither loved nor cared for, but only ruled and thrust under!" There is no faith in God as the Universal Father or the Universal Justice, and the Lover of the weak and friendless, no theism, no pure Christianity, in this utter loss of sight and sense for the manhood, the moral and intellectual likeness of man to himself and to his Maker, in this faithless putting of skin and social status before the deeper and essential realities of spiritual oneness. Our treatment of the slaves since they ceased to be slaves, both South and North, has not diminished, has perhaps increased, the misfortunes of their race and color. We have shown little Christian statesmanship and no humanity, in confessing ourselves wholly baffled by the magnitude of the question, and I would sooner have seen our commercial prosperity and trade with the South postponed a half century, and have the civil and social status of the wretched race equitably fixed, than have witnessed the irreligious and inhuman carelessness which has said, in effect: "Oh, let those poor wards of the Nation (what a satire there is in the phrase) fight it out without the Nation's interference. Give them time and the Southern white will allow the negro to vote freely and to buy and sell freely—after a generation or two of gross cruelty and contempt for law and life has gone by. What could you expect? Of course, for a generation or two they must be wronged and tyrannized over and degraded." If we thought this, or meant or expected this, we had no right to free them at all. There might have been some sense in a graduated emancipation. There is no sense in freeing four hundred thousand slaves and leaving them to the mercy of their own ignorance or to the cruelties of the disfranchised society our war for their freedom has created.

The Chinese question and the Indian question are both tests of our piety and patriotism, and the state of the public mind is discreditable to both. We show little faith in God or in humanity when we allow the question of our own American labor and its immediate interests to bribe our statesmen and our Legislatures with policies toward foreigners, or toward the aborigines, of exclusion or expulsion, injustice and violence. We want a good market for American labor, and if we must violate all the vows and recall all the invitations we have given to the wretched peasantry of the old Asiatic and European worlds to come and share our freedom and equal laws, and our unwrought soil, in order to maintain this selfish appropriation to our native citizens of some advantages of the high wages of a protected market in labor, we go back upon the principles we avowed when we started—principles which declared America an asylum for the overloaded population of the old countries, and under a Constitution that allowed distinction, in religion or race or rank no place in our councils. We are beginning to treat our country, which started as gloriously independent of the Old World heritages of race distinctions and religious distinctions and national hatred and jealousy of other powers or other peoples, as if it were, after all, only just like England, France, Germany—old, effete, to be held together only by compromises and a careful regard to native prejudices and selfish wishes. It is not patriotism that breathes in this miserable, calculating temper, but a selfish regard to what we can squeeze out of our laws for our own private benefit. It is ourselves, our trade, our class interests, our prejudices, we serve, not the moral grandeur of the national life, and its true glory as the land of freedom, equality, and social justice and religious liberty—the land where man as man is even more than man as American. It is not the Chinaman, nor the Indian, nor the negro we wrong most by our abuse, neglect, and oppression. It is ourselves, who fall from the high estate we once gloried in, when for the worship of ideas and principles worthy of God and country we bow down and worship the prejudices against race and color, and yield to the mean and selfish claims of the people who ask to be protected against justice, humanity, and the divine law of sympathy and brotherhood, because they lower wages or lessen gains. We are fast throwing off, one by one, the very order of nobility that our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution clothed the Nation in. We are

saying: "We are no asylum for the weak and oppressed; we are no friends of man as man: we do not see a white soul under a black skin, or a red skin, or a yellow skin: we see only an African, an Indian, an Asiatic: and we hate him, because he perplexes our politics, or obstructs our mining or our land enterprises, or glutts our labor market." What then becomes of all our loud-mouthed boasts of American hospitality, of the equality of man, of the fraternity of free men in a new world? I will not say. I wonder at this declension. It is easily accounted for, but only by acknowledging that human nature is as selfish under republics as under monarchies—where land is cheap and plenty as where it is dear and scarce. But it is none the less to be resisted, and it would be, if patriotism and piety had not become calculating, trading passions, instead of uncalculating sentiments, valued for their truth and glory and not for their material advantages. The question for us is really this: Has America seen its heroic and sublime days, and are we now going backward in principle and forward only in wealth and population? downward in our theories and ideas, and upward only in our power and riches? If so, it is a shame and reproach. For one, I despise the temper that throws contempt upon lofty ideals of country and of humanity. It is one of the most melancholy things in our times that the contempt and derision of editors and literary men, statesmen and divines, to say nothing of politicians and merchants, is poured only upon what is now called the gush and sentimentality of the Fourth-of-July orators who used to voice the public sentiment in capacious and exultant boasts of freedom, equality, and welcome for all the world to the Land of Liberty. The scorn is much like that felt among sceptics and materialists for the old piety that flamed in self-sacrifice and burst out in grateful praises and hung on God's protection and honor with child-like enthusiasm! I confess I honor those noble passions, patriotism and piety, even in their most puerile displays more than the cold-blooded reasonings which have taken their place, and which can prove to you beyond any denial of logic that it is the first duty of a country to seek its immediate interests at any cost of denial of its past principles or its better and more glorious hopes. I take no stock in these calculating companies, who would teach you that your birthright in noble ideas and hopes is well exchanged for the mess of pottage to be got for it. May God always honor me with the reputation of an enthusiast.

who thinks a sound principle better than a good dividend or a fat dinner, and sacrifices nothing of his faith or hope to the ups and downs of the stock exchange or the conveniences of party politics. Alas for the peril in these days latent in a triumphant common sense, hard and cold, that would estimate the value of every high hope and holy faith in the grocer's scales, or the nice balances of the mint! What is patriotism but a love for your country because it protects your property and your life? It was worth about \$500 in the late war among the patriots that stayed at home and bought for that sum substitutes to take their places in the ranks. But what was it not worth to those who went, not for a soldier's wages, or a recruit's bounty, or the pressure of an ugly necessity, but because it was an irresistible impulse to fly to the rescue of a beloved mother? Was it the calculators, or the enthusiasts that gave us the victory? So I am told often that our charties are not carried on upon business principles. I answer, Thank God, no! Nor our homes, nor our poetry, nor our art, nor our love-making, nor our worship, except when they are defiled and corrupted by the smack of the multiplication table. That is an excellent thing in its place, but when it comes between a man and his God, or a man and his piety, or a man and his duty, or a man and his great and noble hopes, it is a nuisance, and terribly out of place. You can't help a poor wretch to a dinner or a night's lodging without violating the first principles of political economy. You are encouraging idleness, you are destroying self-respect, you are rewarding hypocrisy, you are prolonging a useless life that ought to be ended, you are contradicting the fertile principle of the survival of the fittest only. I say to political economy, confine yourself to the secular affairs of nations and to commerce and trade, and leave charity to work on principles and from sentiments that are thousands and thousands of years older than your new-born science, only half a century old. Will you come in and poison the sweet springs of sympathy in human hearts by dropping your hard economy into their holy wells? Who gave man his instincts of sympathy with want and sorrow: who wrote his Bible of tender humanities, and who founded the institutions of mercy and love that distinguish Christian history from pagan life in its finest forms? If you do not wish to go back to the times when cripples and weakly children were exposed to die by cold and starvation or by beasts of

economical grounds; when armies killed prisoners of war to save themselves the trouble and expense of guarding or feeding them; when States promptly burned or beheaded every person who justly excited their political anxiety; when a man who stole a pocket-handkerchief was convicted of a capital crime; when the law allowed a man to beat his wife, if not with too big a stick, and to work his children all but to death to support himself more easily, you had better take care how you allow your selfishness and hardness of heart to find too much encouragement in the modern wisdom of reducing charity to the poor to an economical science. England has set us this lesson, and we propose to follow, in a continent of unoccupied land and enough and to spare, the ideas she has been compelled to adopt in an island with a scarcity of food. Don't listen to this learned method of extinguishing mercy and charity in your hearts, and of reducing patriotism to a profit and loss balance sheet. They are quite enough endangered by selfish instincts already. But if you grow scientifically proud of stinginess and apathy and diminish of charitable pleas, God help you—for you will grow as lean in love and mercy as you grow fat in purse and worldly wisdom. Every questful philanthropist has his fit of sympathy with economical science. But I had nine years ago, and am well over with it. I hope a day like this will cure all of you of too much suspicion of the sentiment of pity and mercy, and will make you break many politico-economic maxims by filling the hearts of widows and orphans with joy, and the mouths of the hungry with a plenty they have not earned, more than you earned your right to live and think and feel—a pure gift of your Creator and Father in Heaven.

I am pleading on this blessed Thanksgiving Day for more faith in God, as the uncalculating Giver of life and love and mercy; for more piety, or trust in divine, instead of earth-born principles, in affections, sympathies, hopes that could not be sane or safe or ever realized, if they were not high enough in their fountain-head, which is God, to go down into the valleys and to mount up the hills, and give life and victory to those who trust in them, though they live at their very tops. I am pleading for a patriotism that is inspired by religion, and not by the census, or the exports and imports, nor by the size of our directory or the population, or the yield of the land—a patriotism that loves our country

for its respect for labor and the right to labor, for its hospitality to the weak and oppressed, for its largeness of sympathy with other nations in their wants, and its smallness of need to copy their prejudices and heritage of old error. We have little or no native literature of value, but our Declaration of Independence, believed in and maintained, is worth all the literature in Christendom! We have little or no native poetry of the first class, but the imagination and music and song found in the characteristic privileges and opportunities of our American life, our equality, our plenty, our hospitality, our compassion, provided we do not become ashamed of their enthusiasm and faith, is worth all the poetry that was ever made. We can live poetry, while other people can only write it. We can do mercies and justices, which they must be content to imagine and embalm in verse. We have no superlative art in any branch—painting, sculpture, architecture—but we have the passion for independent homes for all the people not pent up in cities, and fast sacrificing the family sanctities by tenement house arrangements, whether under the name of palaces or factories. We have the art of carving the wilderness into farms and towns and hamlets; the art of painting it with harvests; the art of covering it with huts destined to grow into villages, and at last blooming into cities. Let us not be badgered and shamed by fastidious students and critics from abroad, or natives who have had a few months of foreign experience, in thinking it less than the greatest country in the world, because of the glory of its fundamental laws, its original principles; because of its humanitarian and religious faith. What the French Revolution dreamed of, and went out in blood because it wished to realize its dream, we have been enabled to put into some general or universal incarnation of facts. This is the poor man's country. That is its glory. Here a poor man need not stay a poor man, need not cringe, and if white, and not a Chinaman or an Indian, need not fear the richest or most powerful. Will you tell me how many libraries, and galleries, and cathedrals, how many palaces and how much fine manners or artificial breeding this single fact will outweigh? But alas, we are not duly jealous of this honor, not proud of this glory, or less jealous, and less proud than we used to be. We do not dread the growth of an idle class, of useless wealth, of reckless fashions of mock-Englishmen and mock-Frenchmen. We are becoming sensitive to foreign standards. We are imitating foreign

its exceptional principles and opportunity, for its equality, its reverence for man as man, for its re-

liveries, and foreign arts and graces, and importing for our amusement foreign scandals and scoundrels. But I trust they will not get far beyond our great cities, and will find fewer and fewer to admire them there.

I rejoice that American wealth, happily free from the main duty wealth performs in England and other countries, of founding families, a usage dependent on primogeniture and land-laws of entail that must be sooner or later repealed, is beginning to flow into channels of public usefulness, to education, to museums, to musical and other great institutions. It is infinitely hopeful that so much private wealth goes in America to the service of the public, by the noble surrender during their own lifetime of what is superfluous in the possession of the fortunate and the prosperous.

Brethren, the walls of our Jerusalem have been broken down, in recent years, in many alarming ways—by the inroads of irreligion and the decay of the sort of patriotism that made us strong and safe. Above all, by the sloth, preoccupation, and faithlessness that has demoralized our political life; withdrawn many of the best men from a watchful interest and care in practical politics, and allowed the government in our cities and in our States to fall into the control of tricksters and selfish cormorants of place and profit. Platforms mean everything and nothing, and the promises of candidates are usually without value. Our parties are indefinite and our issues equivocal. We have a dreadful poison, as bad as slavery, at the very heart of our political life—"the spoils of office" principle. It is the radical corruption of all our political action, and both parties are nearly equally to blame for its existence. Our press largely lives and thrives upon keeping up "the spoils of office" principle—since that gives animation of a vulgar kind to every election squabble. Who shall get the office of Alderman, or Sheriff, or Coroner is almost as interesting as a dog-fight, and sells hundreds of thousands of papers that follow the history of the rounds. We have no issue, if it has attained even to that dignity yet, before the country that compares in importance with the scorned, neglected, and yet vitally important question of civil service reform. Our leading politicians hate it. Our honest President has striven in vain with a Senate that was elected mainly on the spoils of office principle,

and therefore despises all propositions for taking its dangerous patronage away to institute civil service reform, as he promised he would. He has done something; but not much was in his power. Our President-elect doubtless believes and knows that the spoils of office principle is the worst and most constant corrupter of our politics, and as a patriot must desire to expel it. But what can he do if the chief and most powerful leaders of both parties in the Senate and in the State Legislature, where Senators are made, think it a maudlin sentimentality to take this life and spice of party—as they evidently think it—out of political life? It is as popular as New-England rum used to be at the raising of meeting-houses! No free rum, no volunteers to lift the timbers that were to enshrine the worship of God! Religion seemed to rest on punch-boons of rum. Party politics, it is now asserted, depend for their life on the "spoils of office" principle, and good and patriotic men, in purpose, justify the principle and practice, just as priests and deacons looked away, and condoned the drunkenness that followed on the raising of their churches and barns. Unless the people look into the matter quickly, we shall lose by bad administration all the benefits of the best political principles. It is the low *personnel* so largely connected with our Government matters, Municipal and State and National, that is destroying the love and confidence and respect that belong to the sublime and blessed principles of the American Government. Let us all break with the machines that are run by this motive power—"the spoils of office"—and go in for a great National Reform party, in which this hateful and corrupting principle or custom is the one common enemy to be opposed. It matters little who is President if administration is everywhere deputed to the mere spoilsmen of party success. This is the Dagon to be pulled down; and idol of mere politicians though it be, let the patriotic people of this country smite it with an aroused sense of its appalling injuries and threatenings of ruin to the Nation, and it will fall! The thanksgiving of that blessed day, we may safely prophecy, will be equal to Nehemiah's at Jerusalem: "And that day, they offered great sacrifice, and rejoiced—for God had made them rejoice with great joy; the wives also and the children rejoice—so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off." God send the day!