

Wendell Phillips, besides being a great orator, was a noted wit. His death revived the following story, which was always good, and seems to grow better with each repetition: As Mr. Phillips was journeying over the New York Central, a rather pompous clergyman approaching him asked, "What is your aim in life?" To which Mr. Phillips bluntly replied, "To benefit the negro." "Why don't you go South, then, and do it?" inquired the Rev. gentleman. "Well, that is worth thinking about," answered Mr Phillips, "But," continued he, "I notice that you wear a rather white neck-tie; I would like to ask what is your aim in life?" "To save souls from hell," was the answer. "Well, then, why don't you go to hell and do it?" asked Mr Phillips, but he received no answer. His clerical friend went into another car.

The 'Boston Investigator' gives an account of the unveiling a statue to Harriet Martineau at the Old South, Boston, in the last week in the year. The statue is of heroic size, and represents Miss Martineau in a sitting posture, with one foot just visible resting on a hassock. The name of the sculptor is Miss Whitney. Speeches were delivered by Mrs Mary Livermore, Wendell Phillips and the son of the late Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Wendell Phillips—"the silver-tongued Demosthenes"—speaking of the opposition Harriet Martineau encountered on the Slavery question, said that "in spite of all, she sought out the Abolitionists and expressed a desire to attend a meeting to be held. They could not hold it in a public hall. There was no church or hall open to them. The only place—veil your faces, Christians!—the only one that in those days was open to the Abolitionists, was hired by Infidels, and over which they had control. But the infidelity of that day is the Christianity of this." (Applause) The hall referred to was the Julian Hall, occupied for lecturing by Abner Kneeland, who edited the Investigator 50 years ago.

"It is time that this ill-suppressed murmur of all thoughtful men against the famine of our churches; this moaning of the heart because it is bereaved of the consolation, the hope, the grandeur, that come alone out of the cultivation of the moral nature; should be heard through the sleep of indolence, and over the din of routine. This great and perpetual office of the preacher is not discharged. Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking for ever the soul of God? The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendour of nature; it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter, for ourselves."—EMERSON.

As yet the New Learning, though scared by Luther's intemperate language, had steadily backed him in the struggle. Erasmus pleaded for him with the emperor; Ulrich von Hutten attacked the friars in satires and invectives as violent as his own. But the temper of the Revival was even more antagonistic to the temper of Luther than that of Rome itself. From the golden dream of a new age, wrought peacefully and purely by the slow progress of intelligence, the growth of letters, the development of human virtue, the Reformer of Wittenberg turned away in horror. He had little or no sympathy with the new culture. He despised reason as heartily as any Papal dogmatist could despise it. He hated the very thought of toleration or comprehension. He had been driven by a moral and intellectual compulsion to declare the Roman system a false one, but it was only to replace it by another system of doctrine just as elaborate and claiming precisely the same infallibility. To degrade human nature was to attack the very base of the New Learning; but Erasmus no sooner advanced to its defence than Luther declared man to be utterly enslaved by original sin and incapable through any efforts of his own of discovering truth or arriving at goodness."—Green's Short History of the English People.

I never yet heard man or woman much abused, that I was not much inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.—[Jane Porter.

ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade; and flowers spring up
Unsworn, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades,—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,—
My thoughts go up to the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Aimed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Oh! not yet!
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
Those old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.—Bryant.

NAMES OF FREETHINKERS IN THE CALENDAR FOR MAY.

2. Friday—Joan Bocher, burned, 1530.
3. Saturday—R. Cooper, died, 1868. Mandeveld burned for denying Christ, 1539.
4. Sunday—William Kingdom Clifford, born, 1845.
8. Thursday—J. S. Mill, died, 1873.
10. Saturday—Tingot, born, 1727.
12. Monday—Saint Simon, died, 1825.
13. Tuesday—T. Cooper, died, 1839.
14. Wednesday—R. Owen, born, 1771.
15. Thursday—T. Taylor, born, 1758.
16. Friday—Socinius, died, 1562.
19. Monday—J. G. Fichte, born, 1762.
20. Tuesday—J. S. Mill, born, 1806.
21. Wednesday—Plato, born, B.C., 429.
23. Friday—Savanarola, burned, 1498. Copernicus, died, 1543.
25. Sunday—R. W. Emerson, born, 1803.
27. Tuesday—Dante, 1269.
29. Thursday—H. T. Buckle, died, 1862.
30. Friday—Voltaire, died, 1778.

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