Pythagoras

Certainly created a most beneficial influence on vast numbers of people.

Like Socrates and Jesus, Pythagoras never reduced his precepts to writing.

Like all other good and real reformers, he and his followers suffered much from persecution. They were banished, tortured, and slain. And Pythagoras himself, it is said, was finally obliged to become a fugitive, and flying from place to place, and finding no security any where, he at last died of starvation in the temple of the Muses at Metapontum. His followers, however, continued to associate together in society.

Pythagoras

They were numerous in Greece in the days of Socrates. They continued for many ages afterwards. And the teachings of their founder exerted a long influence on the philosophies of Greece and Rome down to the time of Christ, and even influenced to some extent the religion of the early Christians.
Unitarians

"Rammohun Roy, the most illustrious representative of the Brahmanic race in our age, died a Unitarian of Channing's stamp."

Rennan's Rel. Hist. of Brit. 319
Apparent Death

There are many well authenticated instances of persons seeming to die, and afterwards reviving; and no doubt persons, under such circumstances, have sometimes been buried alive.

Mr. Zinart, a Calvinistic clergyman, is perhaps the most noted instance of this sort in modern times. He lay apparently dead several days. Then he revived, he declared he had been in the heavenly world, and had seen and conversed with spirits and angels. The story is so firmly believed among Calvinists, that it is made one of their favorite Sunday school books.

Of such a case, I have the following account, from the life of Dr. Hendricks of Indianapolis, a faithful, good man, a preacher of the Church of the United Brethren:

Doctor Hendricks was a surgeon in the war of the Great Rebellion. He was in the Army of the Potomac, and was taken sick. They removed him to Washington. There his wife met him and nursed him. Finally he apparently died. Preparations were made for his burial. Meanwhile Mrs. Hendricks and Mrs. Caleb B. Smith watched his body.

In this condition he lay many hours—perhaps many. Just before they were ready to carry the body to the grave, he revived.

He says that he was perfectly conscious all the while; that prayers and separation from the body, he remained in the room sometimes looking at it as it lay lifeless on the bed; that there were beautiful beings like birds, awaited him to the ships; that there he was met by persons like angels who took him to heaven, where he saw the heavenly hosts praising God; that then they showed him hell, and had heard the shrieks of them, and saw persons whom he had known on earth; and that thence they brought him back to his body. The doctor declared himself as certain of the reality of all this, as of any fact of his life.

As in this notion, a modern one, it is an old in Plato. In the 10th book of his Republic, he has a story very like that of Doctor Hendricks. Plato there tells us that, oneinus, a Pamphylian apparently died in battle. In this condition he lay on the field nine days. On the 10th when they were proceeding, according to custom, to bury
The body, he revived, and told marvelous things of what he had seen and heard beyond the river Styx. It may be, however, that Plato means it was a mere fable. Yet Justin Martyr, in his Hominian Address to the Greeks, ch. 27, seems to treat it as a reality.
The Catholic Trinity.

With the Catholics, says Reum, 
"Mary has entered by full title 
into the Trinity. She far exceeds 
that forgotten person, the Holy Spirit, 
with neither lovers nor admirers. 
She completes the divine family; for 
it would have been a marvel if 
the feminine element, in its tri-
umph, had not succeeded in reach-
ing the bosom of God, and between 
the Father and Son, introducing 
a mother." — "The representations 
of the incoronata, in which Mary, 
placed between the Father and the 
Son, receiveth the crown from the hand 
of the former, and the homage of 
the latter, deserve the true Trinity of 
Christian unity" with the Catholics. 
Reuel's Religious History & Criticism.
Spiritualizing Scripture.

Parker ridiculed the orthodox mode of spiritualizing Solomon's Song by spiritualizing the house that Jack built, thus:

"The house that Jack built" is a double meaning. The house that Jack built, in the Christian Church, Jack is the Savior; Jack is the vulgar name for John, which is the English for Johannes — Sottaspe — God's gift. The "malt" is the doctrine of the Christian Church, as containing the spirit of Christianity. The rat that ate the malt is the Catholic Church, symbolized by the Pope. The cat that caught the rat is Martin Luther, symbol of the reformation. The dog that worried the cat is the opponents of the reformation, especially the priests of whom Sottaspe is the symbol. The cock with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog is the French government which drove out the priests and the "crumpled horn" denotes the Gallican cock, and thereby seems more clearly to denote the French government than any other; for the crumpled horn is much like the crest of a cock. "The maiden all forlorn" is Liberty. "The man all tattered and torn" is the French people murdered of Liberty, and counting it (in a most facile fashion) in the Revolution. "The print all shorn and shorn is Lafayette; whom, because
Theodore Parker, it seems, studied the Homeric Writings with great care. In the 2nd Vol. of his life by Weir, it is said that, "After a long course of Homer's study, he wrote, in 1840—His close my present studies of Homer, and with the conclusion on the whole—1, that the greater part of the Iliad was the work of one man, whom we may call Homer; 2, that he did not write, but only sang; 3, that he sung in detached pieces, which were repeated by others; 4, that they all became more or less corrupted; 5, that other pieces were reckoned as Homeric which are not so; 6, that the men who reduced the Iliad to writing did it gradually—now this, now that first, ballad, or story; 7, that when all were collected, the genuine and spurious were not separated sharply; 8, that interpolations were made by these men also to make the whole work fit together; 9, that the Theology and Morality, considering the age, are very high, though not so high as the Theology and Morality of the Old Testament.

Again: that the Odyssey belongs to another age, and is also the work of various hands; and that it is quite possible to separate the Odyssey into its constituent parts at this day.
Numbers of the leading Religions.

Hassell calculates that the numbers of the adherents to the different religions in the world are as follows:

- Christians of all denominations: 129,000,000
- Jews: 4,000,000
- Mohammedans: 250,000,000
- Brahmins: 111,000,000
- Buddhists: 315,000,000
Sacred Song

Sacred song is an essential and a most pleasing part of all religious worship. So it has been ever since the world began. At the first dawn of creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The emancipation of the Israelite from Egyptian bondage was celebrated by Moses and Miriam in hymns of triumph. The old Testament is full of psalms, psalms, and song. Sacred song has always been a part of Christian worship. And now the religion of paganism have shrunk their religious poetry and music. Are we to credit the Bible, is it otherwise in the heavenly world. The good King, with the throne reigning, forever sung the praises of the Father of the Universe. Our subject is, therefore, one of high concern, as it is essentially a part of faith on earth and bliss in heaven.

We know how much of the Jewish worship consisted of music and song. Besides various hymns, they had 150 psalms, which were constantly sung in temple and synagogue. Thus were the "songs of Zion," which gave life and joy to Jewish worship. And Jesus himself approved it for he closed the institution of the Eucharist with a hymn—"they sang a hymn and went out." How much we like to remember the form of that hymn, and the air to which they sang it?

We know that the early Christians worshipped in song. Paul exhorted them to speak to themselves in hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises. And the Preacher-Philo, about the year B.C. 100, in his celebrated letter to Cephas, says that the Christians, at their meetings, sang hymns to Jesus as to God. And it is indubitable that since, all Christians, Catholic and Protestant, with the single exception of the Dunkers, have made the singing of psalms, and hymns an important part of religious worship.

The Catholic Church, however, does not appear to have had a great variety of religious songs. Indeed it is remarkable that no very elaborate compositions of hymns has ever arisen in that Church. For this day "hymns" are called "Catholic Poetry," and commonly such as the "Bethlehem in This Country in Judea," and not contain more than 161 psalms and hymns of which 40 in Latin, and 25 in English.
Sacred Song.

And of those in English it is remarkable that there are similar hymns as "In God, my life, my love", by Watts—"Jesus, lover of my soul", by Chas Wesley—and Jerusalem, my happy home by an unknown with the hymnologists. But let us do the Catholic Church justice. It may well be doubted whether a great variety of hymns is of any advantage in Christian worship. If the large collection of hymns in the several Protestant churches, only a few are favorite in any congregation, and more than half of them are never sung. The Lutharians have but few, yet some of them are very noble. The Protestants have no hymn equal to the Dies irae, Dies illa, and none superior to the Pange lingua or the Gloria patri.

Among the Protestants, there have been many writers of hymns; and they have produced many noble compositions. Of writers in our own language, might be named Montgomery, Lowther, Addison, Doddridge, Halle, Ackerman, White, Pusey, Hymn, and many others. Each of them has written a few admirable hymns—none of them many. But the two great composers in this department have been Joseph Watts and Charles Wesley. Which of these was the superiour it is difficult to determine. Each of them composed many admirable spiritual songs. Watts wrote some which are equal to Watts; but, but Watts perhaps wrote more of the very highest order than Wesley. In his modesty Watts gave the praises to Wesley; the world perhaps gives it to Watts. In this department they have both been great benefactors of the Christian world. Their sacred songs are read and sung by millions of people in Europe and America, and will be read and sung as long as the English language continues. How oft have these songs smoothed the brain of grief, cheered the heart of the sorrowful, and delighted the soul of the joyful!

From these rich stores every church in our country has drawn abundant materials. Each has made a hymn book of its own. Unfortunately, however, in their compilation the hymns themselves have greatly suffered. I know not a single instance in which the compiler himself was a poet. And yet every one of them has attention to improve the poetry; and the poetry has always suffered by it. The change of a word has often destroyed the beauty of the sense and the beauty of a whole stanza. For example, a line of that magnificent hymn by Dr. Watts—"Their solemn steps..."
Scared Song.

Wherever the Sun he has been spoiled by compilers, by the alteration of a single proportion. The hymn is an imitation of the 72nd Psalm in which occur these words: "Prayer also shall be offered for him continually," which Hath elegantly rendered: "For him shall endless prayer be made." But the compilers in many hymn books have it thus: "To him"—thereby destroying the beautiful allusion to the Psalm, in order to make it favor the Lutheranian creed. I can easily see why the Orthodox church should do this; but why a church having no creed but the Bible should do it puzzles me.

But compilers of hymn books have gone much farther. In changing some of our best hymns, they have not spared to omit whole stanzas. I believe you can not find in any hymn book the whole of Amanda's delightful hymn on Gratitude, though a part of it is found in nearly every one. In some of the compilations I found the same omission of several of the very best stanzas of Mulhouse's admirable hymn—"I would not live always.

All hymns ought to be smooth and harmonious in numbers, accurate in an elegant in style, and pure and reverent in sentiment.

Scared Song.

Now she should be admitted into hymn books, or tolerated in churches. But there are many hymns in our books, which are sung in our churches that violate this rule so far as to offend against all taste and all feeling.

Some hymns are destitute of all poetry, and yet are much sung. In one popular church—"Jesus my all to heaven I go" is used more than any other; and yet there is not a line of good poetry in it; and throughout the sentiment is low. The line "He led me, I see, and I'll pursue" is shocking—"To teach Jesus!

In this respect, I think even scholars such as have offended in a hymn which has been greatly praised, beginning with "Come, O Thou Traveler unknown." The hymn is addressed to the Deity who is called a "Traveler!" And at the end of every stanza, the writer says to this Traveler, the Deity—"With thee all night I mean to stay," and continues till the break of day. Without renewing the story of the conflict between Jacob and the angel, it appears to me blasphemy for any mortal to talk about wrestling with God. On the contrary, Hath never offered by vulgarity or profane expressions, but I think he
Sacred Song.

Sometimes now by expressions toward the objects of his worship of too much familiarity occasionally we find in his hymn's expressions of "Sweet Jesus," "Dear Jesus," "Dear God," these epithets so applicable to our babies and wives, but not to the God of the Universe.

But if such hymn's as these ought to be rejected, what shall be done with the numerous doggerel which are thrown upon churches by unlettered, illiterate writers of religious hymns? Now times of great religious excitement, these fellow scribblers have instilled Christian congregations as the heathens in Southern Egypt. And it is incredible that many of their silly and insipid effusions have found a place in our hymn books. The case, I am glad to say, has nearly died out. 50 years ago, they were very numerous. Their numbers were about equally divided on sailor hymn and soldier hymns. Some of the former were for sailing on the ocean on the good old ship Zion; others preferred to cross the Jordan, stormy main, and leave the world behind. "Husbands," was a boy I never could understand how the city of Zion could be a ship, nor how Salem Jordan, a rough 50 yards wide could be a stormy main. Those who went in for war songs in church

were equally extravagant. One of them could chase a bee, and live could put three to flight. Now, there, in uncle Sam's baking flints the negroes to singing one of these war songs commencing their:

"Hark, brethren, don't you hear the sound? The martial trumpet now is blowing. Most of her much would then suppose this song a part of the fiction of her sword; but I have seen the song in a hymn book, and heard it sung by white people in church. I know a preacher who composed and sang in congregations one of these war songs the first and second stanza of which ran thus:

Come listen while I tell the news, 3A scheme of war I have in mine, When men are sinner, cold and fright, Confront to fall or take to flight.

Some valiant soldiers quickly fled, While others fell and lay for dead; And man and female all around lay agony on the ground.
But if these things are offered in just cause and true spirit, the fashion of yoking choruses to sacred songs is still worse.

There are a few choruses, which have been written by the composers of the hymns to which they are attached, and of which they are a part, that are unobjectionable. Such is the delightful chorus to that charming hymn by Bishop Asbury—Hail, the latest monument. Of such I do not speak. I allude to those numerous vestiges in which fine hymns, made by genuine poets, have been distorted and desecrated by the addition of foolish choruses by foolish men. Such song-books are, in language offensive to good taste, and shocking to genuine piety; and they often express no sense at all. What sense, for example, does “glory, glory, glory, added to every line of a long metrical hymn, express? In order to give some idea of the monstrousness of some choruses often sung at “revivals,” we here copy a few which I have often heard sung in religious assemblies.

When Israel came to Srishe—Halle-hallehajah, Began to sing and shout & how! Halle-hallehajah, The towering walls came tumbling down: Mala-hallehajah, Thundered flat upon the ground—glory halle-hallehajah.

Short, short, we are gaining ground! We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down!

Die in the field of battle, Die in the field of battle, With glory in my soul.

Babylon is fallen, it fallen, is fallen! Babylon is fallen to rise no more!

O, Lord I stand for the kingdom! Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

O that I'll be joyful, Joyful, joyful, Joyful, O that I'll be joyful to meet to part no more.

And I'll sing hallelujah, And you'll sing hallelujah, And we'll all sing hallelujah, When we arrive at home.
Sacred Song.

Let us next consider the kind of music appropriate to Sacred Songs.

In the first place, I think that no religious song ought to be sung to an air which has been appropriated to songs not religious. In music there is constantly an association of ideas with circumstances under which we first became familiar with the air or tune. If you sing a religious song to the tune of Yankee Doodle, you cannot help thinking of the song called Yankee Doodle. Such a thing would be an in-appropriate as to hold a prayer meeting in a drinking saloon. And yet this rule is often violated. As frequently hear hymns sung to a familiar tune. All such things should be avoided. They are in bad tastes and unfavorable to piety.

Again the tune and the hymn ought to have a just correspondence. Then it would be painful to hear a joyful tune sung to a funeral hymn, and equally so to hear a mournful to a joyful song. The true rule is that "the sound should be an echo to the sense."

It appears to me that what is called fashionable music is not in good taste in its divine worship. It smacks too much of the opera. Church music ought to be such as the larger portion of the congregation can appreciate. Some fashionable music may charm fashionable people, who understand and can appreciate all the complications of a melody; but it is the solemn simple airs that charm simple, common people better. By the one you satisfy a select few; by the other you satisfy all.

Other things being equal, the tunes ought to be preferred. With new tunes there are unpleasant associations of idea; they bring to the mind no agreeable reminiscences. But if you will sing me some noble old tune which I heard in my childhood, and you touch at once the tenderest chord in my heart. You bring to my fancy the scenes of my early life. Now remind me that my father and mother were in their grave, sang that same tune in their cottage many years ago when I was a boy and innocent boy. It is said in theshingles that in heaven, they sang a new song. But it is not said they sang it to a new tune.
Repetitions of the same words in devotional singing appears to be in bad taste. It is, if I may so speak, a prevailing vice in church music. Is there any better reason for repeating parts of verses in singing than reciting the same words in reading, speaking, or praying? In singing, we know it is done to fill out the air. But it would be better judgment to choose such an air as would demand no repetition of the words. To say the least, it is but sacrificing sense to sound. If you say or sing the word halal-halal-halal once, you have expressed all that can be expressed by that word. Why then repeat it? It is so many centuries away to the idea. Especially why sing halal-halal-halal? Are the halals any better than one? Or do they improve the understanding, or increase and intensify the emotion?

Such repetitions are sometimes very awkward—sometimes very ridiculous—and sometimes, they even border on profanity.

For the last fifty years, the old hymn—'When I can read my title clear—
has been much sung to a tune requiring the one half of the 3rd line of every

Song to be repeated three times. Thus—
I bid farewell, I bid farewell, I bid farewell—
to every tear. Yet, though this looks awkward.
But when he speaks repetition you come
to cut a word in two. It is ridiculous. Thus,
In the same hymn, you sing—
So I bid safe, so I bid safe, so I bid safely—
reach my home.

But these repetitions sometimes become
not only awkward and ridiculous, but
profane and absurd. I have somewhere
read that in the line—
Our great salvation came,
It was sung thus—
Our great sal—our great sal—our great
salvation came,
by the line
Our poor polluted souls,
Sung thus—
Our poor soul—our poor soul—our poor-
soul's,

From this specimen we may see
how easy it is by foolish and childish
fancies for the hymn, to turn some
Sacred song into awkward, ridiculous, and profane nonsense.

It is likely, I think, who has said—
Music, alas, too long has been
Pursued to obey the devil.
Sacred Song.

And I suppose that, not only in profane, impious, and licentious songs, Musick has been proved to obey the devil, but that even in the singing of Sacred songs, the music to which they have been sung was much more gratifying to the devil than agreeable to the soul of the Ority.

The perversion of good things renders them the worst of the worst of things, as Heaven's best beams turn into darkness; so it is with the perversion of sacred song. The use of good hymns, set to appropriate tunes, and well sung, is the most interesting and delightful part of religious worship. It quiets our angry passions, corrects our evil dispositions, makes our devotions, and purifies our hearts. But the use of badly composed hymns, sung to inappropriate and insincere airs, often invites to evil passions, kills devotional feelings, and makes a mockery of divine worship. Is not a pity that the divine gift of poetry and should be so perverted!
False Premises

Reasoning from false premises always ends in a false conclusion. Assuming false premises either recklessly or incautiously, is a species of lying. Such reasoning is often very ridiculous. In proof of which, the following anecdote is an example:

In 1868 I was travelling between Indianapolis and Chicago. The carpet sash I carried was marked "Wh Ray, Indianapolis." A stranger came into the car and took a seat near me; and we talked thus:

Mr. How are you, Mr. Ray?
I How do you do, sir?
Mr. I think I have met you at Indianapolis.

It is very probable, sir. Many people have met me there.

[At that moment a moment an acquaintance passed me, and said "How do, Judge." The stranger resumed.

Mr. You have been on the bench several years, Judge?
I Yes. About 15 years.

Mr. Who at present compose the Supreme Court of Indiana?
I Judges Elliott, Frazer, Gregory, and Ray.

Mr. I believe you are the Chief Justice. Are you not?
I No, sir.

Mr. How long have you been on the Supreme Bench, Judge, Judge?
I Not a day.

Mr. Oh! Then you enter on the office this very day?
I No, sir, I am not, and never was a Supreme Judge.

Mr. How strangely I am mistaken.
I Yes. The name on this carpet sash has misled you. You forget that I may have borrowed or stolen this carpet sash. One should never assume false premises. My name is David McDonald.

One could easily see from the first how he reasoned. He assumed that the name on the carpet sash was my name. Then pretending a former acquaintance of mine, he incautiously said he had met me before, and called me Ray. Then hearing some one call me Judge, he assumed that I was Judge Ray, and finally he assumed that I was Judge Ray of the Supreme Court. Thus his premises, declaration, and conclusion formed one big ridiculous lie.
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