Pythagoras.

certainly exerted a most beneficent 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 societies.

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 large 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."

Renan's Rel. Hist. & Crit. 318

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. Tennant, a Calvinistic clergyman, is perhaps the most noted instance of this sort in modern times. He lay apparently dead several days. When 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 lips of Dr. Kendrick of Indianapolis, a truthful good man, a preacher of the Church of the United Brethren:

Doctor Kendrick 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. Meantime Mrs. Kendrick and Mrs. Caleb B. Smith watched his body.

In this condition he lay many hours—I forget how 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 when separated from the body, he remained in the room sometime looking at it as it lay lifeless on the bed; that then some beautiful beings like birds wafted him to the skies; 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 he 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.

Nor is this notion a modern one. It is as old as Plato. In the 10th Book of his Republic. He have a story very like that of Doctor Kendrick. Plato there tells us that one Ers, 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 burn

the body, he revived, and told marvellous things of what he had seen and heard beyond the river Styx. It may be, however, that Plato means this as a mere fable. Yet Justin Martyr, in his Hortatory Address to the Greeks, ch. 27, seems to treat it as a reality.

The Catholic Trinity.

With the Catholics, says Renan, "Mary has entered by full title into the Trinity. She personifies that forgotten person, the Holy Spirit, with whom she loves not adores. She completes the divine family; for it would have been a marvel if the feminine element, in its triumph, had not succeeded in reaching 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, receives the crown from the hand of the former, and the homage of the latter, describe the true Trinity of Christian piety" with the Catholics.

Renan's Religious History & Criticism p. 335.

Spiritualizing Scripture.

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

"The house that built" — This bears a double meaning. The house that Jack built is the Christian Church, Jack is the Savior; Jack is the vulgar name for John, which is the English for Johannes — Gottesgabe — 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 clergy, symbolized by the Pope. "The cat that caught the rat" is Master Luther, symbol of the reformation. "The dog that worried the cat" is the opponents of the reformation, especially the priests of whom Loyola is the symbol. "The cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog" is the French government which drove out the priests; and the "crumpled horn" denotes the Gallic 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 enamored of Liberty, and courting it (in a most sublime fashion) in the Revolution. "The priest all shaven and shorn" is Lafayette; shaven, because

divested of his dignity and wealth by the Revolution itself; shorn, as despoiled of his liberties, and shut up in an Austrian dungeon."

Homer.

Theodore Parker, it seems, studied the Homeric Writings with great care. In the 2nd Vol. p. 15, of his life by Weiss, it is said that, "After a long course of Homeric studies, he writes, in 1840— Here 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 sung; 3, that he sung in detached pieces, which were repeated by others; 4, that they all became more or less corrupt; 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 part, 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.

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

Christians of all denominations	120,000,000
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 and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The emancipation of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage was celebrated by Moses and Miriam in hymns of triumph. The old testament is full of poetry, and psalm, and song. Sacred song has always been a part of Christian worship. And even the religions of paganism have ever had their religious poetry and music. Nor, if we may credit the Bible, is it otherwise in the heavenly world. There the good circle the throne rejoicing, forever hymning the praises of The Father of the Universe.

Our subject is, therefore, one of high concern, as it is essentially a part of piety 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. These 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 know the words 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 Younger Pliny, about the year A.D. 100, in his celebrated letter to Trajan, says that the Christians, at their meetings sang hymns to Jesus as to a God. And it is indisputable that ever since, all christians, Catholic and Protestant, with the single exception of the Quakers, 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 celebrated composer of hymns has ever arisen in that Church. At this day the book entitled "Catholic Piety," and commonly used by the Catholics in this country in public worship does not contain more than 161 psalms and hymns— 16 of which are in Latin, and 25 in English.

Sacred Song.

And of those in English it is remarkable that three are perfect hymns — "My God, my life, my love", by Watts — "Jesus, lover of my soul", by Chas. Wesley — and "Jerusalem, my happy home" by an unknown writer — the perhaps a catholic.

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. Of 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 Catholics 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 Stabat mater.

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, Cowper, Addison, Doddridge, Heber, Muhlenberg, White, Pierpont, Newton, and many others. Each of these has written a few admirable hymns — none of them many. But the two great composers in this department have been Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley. Which of them was the superior it is difficult to determine. Each of them

Sacred Songs.

composed many admirable spiritual songs. Wesley wrote some which were equal to Watts' best; but Watts perhaps wrote more of the very highest order than Wesley. In his modesty Watts gave the palm 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 brow of grief, cheered the hearts of the sorrowful, and delighted the souls of the pious!

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 these compilations 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 attempted to improve the poetry; and the poetry has always suffered by it. The change of a word has often destroyed ~~destroyed~~ both the sense and the beauty of a whole stanza. For example: a line of that magnificent hymn by Dr. Watts — "Jesus shall reign

wher'eer the sun" &c. has been spoiled by compilers, by the alteration of a single preposition. The hymn is an imitation of the 72nd Psalm in which occur these words- "Prayer also shall be offered for him continually", which Watts elegantly renders- "For him shall endless prayer be made." But the compilers in many hymn books have it thus: To him" &c- thereby destroying the beautiful allusion to the psalm, in order to make it favor the Athanasian creed. I can easily see why the Orthodox churches should do this; but why a church having no creed but the Bible should do it puzzles me.

But compilers of hymnbooks have gone much farther. In copying some of our best hymns, they have not scrupled to omit whole stanzas. I believe you can not find in any hymnbook the whole of Addison's delightful hymn on gratitude, though a part of it is found in nearly every one. In some of the compilations is found the same omission of several of the very best stanzas of Muhlenburg's admirable hymn- "I would not live always!"

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

None else 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 piety.

Some hymns are destitute of all poetry, and yet are much used. In one popular church- "Jesus my all to heaven is gone" 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 "His track I see, and I'll pursue" is shocking.- To track Jesus!

In this respect, I think even Charles Wesley has offended in a hymn which has been greatly praised, beginning with "Come, O thou traveller unknown." The hymn is addressed to the Deity who is called a traveller! And at the end of every stanza, the writer says to this traveler, this Deity-

With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

Without censuring the story of the contest between Jacob and the angel, it appears to me blasphemous for any mortal to talk about wrestling with God!

On the contrary, Watts never offends by bold or profane expressions; but I think he

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sometimes does by expressions towards the objects of his worship of too much familiarity. Occasionally we find in his hymns such expressions as "Sweet" Jesus"— "Dear Jesus"— "Dear God". These epithets we may applies to our babies and wives, but not to the ruler of the Universe.

But if such hymn as these ought to be rejected, what shall be done with the numerous doggerels which are thrown upon churches by impostic, illiterate writers of religious rhymes? In times of great religious excitement, these pious scribblers have infested Christian congregations as the locusts infested Egypt. And it is incredible that many of their silly and insipid effusions have found a place in our hymn books. The race, I am glad to say has nearly died out. 50 years ago, they were very numerous. Their numbers were about equally divided on sailor hymns and soldier hymns. Some of the former were for sailing on the ocean on the good old ship Zion; others preferred to "Cross bold Jordan's stormy main and leave this world behind." When I was a boy I never could understand how the city of Zion could be a ship, nor how John Jordan, a creek 30 yards wide could be a "stormy main". Those who went in for war songs in church

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were equally extravagant. One of them could chase a 1000, and two could put 10,000 to flight. Mrs. Stowe, in Uncle Tom's Cabin puts the negros to singing one these war songs commencing thus:

Hark, brethren, don't you hear the sound!
The martial trumpet now are blowing.

Most of her readers doubtless suppose this song a part of the fiction of her novel; but I have seen the song in a hymn book, and heard it sung by white people in church.

I knew a preacher who composed and sung in congregations one of these war songs the first and second stanzas of which ran thus:

Come listen while I tell the news,
A scheme of war I have I have in view,
Where many a sinner, bold and bright,
Are forced to fall or take to flight.

Some valiant soldiers quickly fled,
While others fell and lay for dead;
And male and female all around
Lay agonizing on the ground.

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But if these things are offenses against just taste and true piety, the fashion of joking choruses to sacred songs is still worse.

There are a few choruses, which have been written by the composer of the hymns to which thy are attached, and of which they are a part, that are unobjectionable. Such is the delightful chorus to that charming hymn by Bishop Heber- "Hail the blest morn" &c. Of such I do not speak. I allude to those numerous instances in which fine hymns, made by genuine poets, have been distorted and desecrated by the addition of foolish choruses by foolish men. Such appendages 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 metre hymn, express? In order to give some idea of the monstrosity 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 Jericho- Halla-hallalujah,
Began to sing and shout & blow- Glory hallalujah,
The towering walls came tumbling down- Halla-hallalujah,
& the thunder fell upon the ground- glory hallalujah.

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

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

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

So, I'm bound for the kingdom!
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallalujah, praise ye the Lord.

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

And I'll sing hallajah,
And you'll sing hallajah,
And we'll all sing hallalujah,
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 become familiar with the air or tune. If you sing a religious song to the time of Yankee Doodle, I can not help thinking of the song called Yankee Doodle. Such a thing would be as inappropriate as to hold a prayer meeting in a drinking saloon. And yet this rule is often violated. We frequently hear hymns sung to Auld Lang Syne. All such things should be avoided. They are in bad taste and unfavorable to piety.

Again the tune and the hymn ought to have a just correspondence. Thus it would be painful to hear a joyous tune sung to a funeral hymn, and equally so, to hear a mournful tune 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 in divine worship. It smacks too much of the opera. Church music ought to

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be such as the larger portion of the congregation can appreciate. Your fashionable church music may charm fashionable people who understand and can appreciate all the complications of a waltz; but it is the solemn, simple airs that charm simple, common sense people. By the one you edify a select few; by the other you edify all.

Other things being equal, old tunes ought to be preferred. With new tunes there are no pleasant 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. You remind me that my father and mother now in their graves, sang that same tune in their cottage many years ago when I was a boy — an innocent boy. It is said in the apocalypse that in heaven "they sang a new song." But it is not said they sang it to a new tune.

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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 reiterating 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 best, it is but sacrificing sense to sound. If you say or sing the word hallejah once, you have expressed all that can be expressed by that word. Why then repeat it? In so doing can you add any thing to the idea? Especially why sing halla-hallaluj-ah? Are two hallas any better than one? Do they improve the understanding, or increase and intensify the devotion?

Such repetitions, too, 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

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stanza to be repeated three times. Thus, "I bid farewell, I bid farewell, I bid farewell to every fear". Certainly this looks awkward. But when by such repetition you come to cut a word in two it is ridiculous. Thus, in the same hymn, you sing,

"So I but safe, so I but safe, so I but safely reach my home!"

But these repetitions sometimes become not only awkard and ridiculous, but profane and absurd. I have somewhere read that in the line

"Our great salvation comes,

it was sung thus:

"Our great sal- our great sal- our great salvation comes."

Or the line

"Our poor polluted souls"

sung thus:

"Our poor pol- our poor pol- our poor pol- luted souls."

From these specimens we may see how easy it is, by foolish and childish fancies for the time, to turn even sacred song into awkward, ridiculous, and profane nonsense.

It is Wesley, I think, who has said "Music, alas, too long has been Pressed to obey the devil."

Sacred Song.

And I suppose that, not only in profane, impious, and libidinous songs, music has been pressed 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 will of the Deity.

The perversion of good things renders them the worst of ~~the worst of~~ things, "As heaven's blest beams turn vinegar more sour." 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 quells our angry passions, corrects our evil tendencies, inspires our devotions, and purifies our hearts. But the use of badly composed hymns sung to inappropriate and irreverent airs often incites to evil passions, kills devotional feelings, and makes a mockery of divine worship.

What a pity that the divine gift of poetry and music should be so perverted!

False Premises.

Reasoning from false premises always ends in a false conclusion. Assuming false premises ~~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 ~~between~~ Indianapolis and Chicago. The carpet sack I carried was marked "J. M. Ray, Indianapolis". A stranger came into the car and took a seat near me; and we talked thus:

He. How are you, Mr. Ray?

J. How do you do, sir?

He. I think I have ~~met~~ you at Indianapolis.

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

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

He. You have been on the Bench several years Judge?

J. Yes. About 18 years.

He. Who at present compose the Supreme Court of Indiana?

J. Judges Elliott, Frazer, Gregory, and Ray.

He. I believe you are the Chief Justice, are you not?

J. No, sir.

He. How long have you been on the Supreme Bench, Judge, Judge?

J. Not a day.

He. Ah! Then you enter on the office this very day?

J. No, sir, I am not, and never was a Supreme Judge.

He. How strangely I am mistaken.

J. Yes. The name on this carpet sack has misled you. You forgot that I may have borrowed or stolen this carpet sack. 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 sack was my name. Then pretending a former acquaintance of mine, he mendaciously 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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