

the people, and with the king at their head used the military class to uphold their tyrannical priestcraft. Egypt was so grossly idolatrous that her divinities were countless and ranged from the beetle to the sun.

In the days of Pericles, wisdom and art were atheistic in tendency. With all her philosophers and artists, Athens had over 50,000 women who made it a part of their religion to sacrifice sobriety and virtue in the worship of Bacchus and Venus. In the days of Augustus, Rome had no middle class—single families controlled 50,000 slaves; no philanthropy—the old and the infirm were turned out to die even by their own children; no religious faith—the Pantheon was ready to receive any new divinity or even human hero. In Ivan's days in Russia the government was a despotism, and the people were virtually serfs. Ignorance and superstition abounded. Might was the only right, and every command of the Decalogue was broken with impunity. Law was only a cobweb in which the little flies get hopelessly entangled, but all the big flies broke through. In Leo X's time Italy had a hierarchy built on the ruins of primitive faith. Rites and ceremonies engrafted upon the church from paganism displaced all spiritual worship, and religion was a skeleton leaf, from which all the sap of life had been withdrawn. Formalism and hypocrisy were christened under the name of faith and worship. In France the Grand Monarch made his court the Olympus of gayety, extravagance and sensuality. Vice had not even the charm of a blush. Wealth was lavished on luxury and crime, and the seeds of the Revolution were sown, that ripened in the guillotine and the Tribunal. In England Deism was regnant. You might have heard every preacher of note in London, and not have known whether he were a follower of Confucius or Buddha, Mahomet or Christ. Marriage was but a name, and religion a cloak for infidelity and immorality.

Our rapid *increase in population* is our peril. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants land on our shores every year. They come representing every nation and tongue and shade of political and religious faith and opinion. They come so fast and multiply so rapidly that we do not assimilate them to our social and national character. We are to-day not a homogeneous but a heterogeneous people—composed of everything, compacted into nothing. These people largely gravitate toward our great cities, one-fourth of whose population, and sometimes three-fourths, are foreign born. And so Thomas Jefferson's proverb is true—that the cities are the ulcers of the body politic.

The fables of the Ancients sometimes seem to be prophetic of modern history. Jason with his Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece is Commerce with her white wings sweeping over the wide seas in search of gain. Augeas is Immigration gathering her hordes into overcrowded tenements, like cattle herded in stalls. The only stream that can flood and purge these Augean stables is the river of the Gospel, and the only Hercules that can break down the wall of the court and turn the flood