

and weigh and measure—language worthy of those who are sold to gold and silver. What do they pretend, those men who declare war with Heaven? Have they never suffered or wept? Have they never seen men die? Have they never experienced the insufficiency of earthly methods for the consolation of grief? Do they count it so small a thing that we must bathe this ‘earth which is cursed’ with our tears, and bury all our hopes therein, that they should shut up our souls in a tomb which has no opening toward eternity? Shall not the poor prisoner, languishing in his horrid cell, be permitted to drag himself to the grated window, there to perceive a glimpse of heaven and breathe of purer air? O, great God! What would become of us without Hope? Who would give us the strength to resist the persecutions of calumny, hatred and tyranny if Hope did not point to Christian justice as the avenger of oppressed and down-trodden virtue?

“Who could sustain human weakness, when misery and suffering threaten to overwhelm some poor creature, if Hope did not hold out a promise of better days? Oh, let such renounce the Hope of Heaven! Let them crouch and grovel in the mire and dust of the earth. They are fit objects of compassion, but with what right do they come to spread their doctrine in the world? With what right do they come to insult a people who work, who toil, who live by privation, by taking from them the only comfort they possess—the Hope of Heaven?....

“But to take from the people, to take from the suffering the Hope of Heaven is to take from the famishing man his last crust, to take from the drowning man his last plank of safety, and to push him down into the abyss of desperation. It is as though you would push a man back who, having fallen into a roaring torrent, is clinging to some friendly shrub for safety. To say to a man,—