

pretty well discarded the narrow theology, uncountenanced by any rational construction of the Gospel, which puts the heathen out of the pale of salvation and consigns them to the power of evil for not having heard a word which was never preached to them or believed in miraculous events which had not then taken place. We recognize the debt which the civilization of which we are the heirs owes to its earliest and rudest founders. We recognize the debt which Christian Ethics owe to Socrates, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus. We scout the monkish morality which consigns virtuous pagans, with one or two arbitrary exceptions, to eternal torments. We have enlarged the bounds of Christendom to the full compass of the designation "Son of Man."

It is in vain that the Puritan has tried to dislodge the Papistical, Prelatical, and heathen Christmas by substituting for it Thanksgiving Day. His failure is almost as signal as that of the Jacobins in their attempt to substitute the birthday of their Republic for the birthday of Christendom. A holiday of any kind is always popular, and it is very meet and right that we should express pious gratitude for the ingathering of the harvest. But who, except the heirs of the Puritans, cares very much about Thanksgiving Day? With what tender and hallowed associations is its name encircled? Who particularly wishes on that day to gather all whom he loves around him, or calls up with special fondness the image of those whom he has lost? To see a man eating his Christmas dinner alone at a club makes one shudder. Would the sight