

Let us draw a brief contrast between Rev. Joseph Cook and Robert Ingersoll. The former has been holding, spell bound, the intelligence of Boston audiences by delivering to them his noted lectures, which are now attracting the undivided attention of the learned in both hemispheres. His pungent and searching remarks, his peculiar and fitting treatment of things practical, and the careful manner in which he has constructed a pyramid of common sense has elicited deafening applause and true appreciation. Instead of laying waste the sacred sentiments of centuries, instead of tearing down the bulwarks of society and cutting loose from the reins of civil government, instead of destroying souls, he is bravely leading a helping hand to do the direct opposite in every cited instance.

When Ingersoll accompanied the nomination of the wily lion of Maine for President, with a deserving and elegant political tribute, the whole land joined in saying, "Tis well." But he failed in his steps. He shocked the sensibilities of a religious republic. He destroyed character for political elevation. He showed himself a willing tool to hypocritical ambition, when he attacked, with such shallowness and inconsideration, the Christian Religion without offering in its stead a suitable substitute. He left a stain upon his name, that history will paint in blackest colors, if, indeed, history sees fit to notice him at all. He called down upon him the condemnation of every parent that is carefully watching the training of youthful minds, when he lent his influence toward flooding this land with thousands of copies of vile literature—no, save the name, literature, from the stigma and let us say—accursed printed trash, that is in its doings more secret and terrible than the murderer, a more dangerous enemy than intemperance which has been busy for years building penitentiaries and asylums, filling graves and breaking mothers' hearts. This is too sad for further contemplation;

let us hastily draw the curtain. GUY.

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### AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

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The influence, exerted upon our globe by the mighty wielders of the pen, can not be calculated.

The orator may fire his hearers with enthusiasm; and for the time being be all powerful, yet he can influence only those who come within the sound of his voice. His reign is for a day and he is gone. Generations come and go and he is entirely forgotten, unless he be a writer as well, and his works of sufficient importance to stand the test of time. Oratory comes from impulse and not reflection. Had Demosthenes been only an orator and not labored upon his speeches, pen in hand until Pythias said "All his arguments smell of the lamp," his name would not have become as mighty as it is to-day.

What a loss is it, that Socrates did not transfer to paper words so wisely spoken, while debating with the firm old sophists of his day. He was in advance of his age, and could have taught succeeding generations as well.

The artist, by his carefully idealized pictures, strives to reach the inner man and touch the finer susceptibilities of the soul of man. He aims to make all feel the power of the beautiful and cultivate better tastes and higher ideals. His orbit is confined to the world of art alone; for outside of that few are those to whom his models possess any signification. Michael Angelo does not exert the influence to-day as does Dante the "Christian Homer." Art has its niche to fill, it can improve and charm, but not civilize; it can polish men but not remake them.

While art speaks but to certain classes, authors address themselves to all. The rich and poor alike reap the benefits resulting from the literature of the ages. As their minds develop so does their