A Reminder of Whittier and 1835

"When I read that the clergy of Cleveland attended the recent meeting at Rockefeller's residence to show their appreciation of him I was reminded of Whittier's poem, 'Clerical Oppressors.' The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings of a pro-slavery meeting at Charleston, S. C., in 1835. The action of the clergy inspired the poem. Please publish entire poem."

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS

(In the report of the celebrated proslavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the ninth month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated: "The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!")

Just God!-and these are they Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!

Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay

On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men? Give thanks-and rob Thy own afflicted poor?

Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then

Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own Merciful Son, who came to seek and save

The homeless and the outcast,-fettering down The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!

Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!

Just God and holy! is that church which lends Strength to the spoiler Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book

Of those high words of truth which search and burn In warning and repuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed! And, in your tassl'd pulpits, thank the Lord

That, from the toiling bondman's utter need, Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord, how long Shall such a Priesthood barter truth

And, in Thy name, for robbery and

At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?

Shall not the living God of all the earth.

And Heaven above, do right?

Woe, then to all who grind Their brethern of a Common Father down! To all who plunder from th' immortal

mind Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the Priesthood! woe To those whose hire is with the price

of blood-

Allen's Lung Balsam will positively break up a deep, racking cough past relief by other means.

A Rokeby, Neb., reader writes: Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,

The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might Shall perish; and their very names shall be

Vile before all the people, in the light

Of A WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh, speed the moment on When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,

And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known As in their home above.

SOME VAGRANT THOUGHTS

(Continued from Page 12)

ing and rubbing down as they did that afternoon. And they got an extra quart of oats, too.

The chores were done up a little earlier than usual that Sunday evening, and long before father leisurely walked out to hitch up the old plow horses you had hitched up the young colts-they were fifteen years old last spring, but still the colts because they were the youngest horses on the place-you had hitched up the colts, I say, and had started off towards Kate Murphy's home, wondering all the way over what you were going to talk about when you got there.

Then the ride to church, the lusty singing, the long sermon, the neighborly conversation-and the long, slow ride home in the moonlight.

O, it makes me sick to think about these so-called "modern ways!"

That was a long, long time ago, wasn't it? Well, it's been fun to even think about those good old times, but it's nearly 8 o'clock and we've got to shave and get ready to go to Mrs. Richley's reception. O. dear! Say, Dot; where'n the world is my dress shirt? Confound the luck, I can't find my shirt studs. I left 'em right here in this tray. This dress suit is getting a little shiny. That means sixty plunks for a new one. Well, well! We wore jeans in those old days, and we had more fun in em than we ever had in a swallowtail coat, too.

Brain Leaks

True love never drags down.

The poor shot usually kicks the

Those who have suffered know how to sympathize.

Doubtless you have a policy on your life, but how about your soul insurance?

Some women count their jars of canned fruit like a miser counts his gold pieces.

It is far better to do little things well than to be always dreaming of doing big things.

Is a man entitled to credit for being liberal when he freely spends other people's money?

"But is so easy to make a child happy that it must be an awfully mean man who will not when he can.

The man who is loudest in his denunciations of hypocrites in the church is usually outside of the church.

It is said that "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." The trouble is that so many men are "knocking" that they do not hear Opportunity.

There are people who express a willingness to die at the stake for their faith, but who always sift the money in their pockets to get the pennies when the collection box comes around.

> > NEW ZEALAND

is one of the most progressive countries in the world. Free to form their own government and to shape their legislation, unhampered by previous systems, the people of these interesting islands have adopted many reforms which are now under discussion here and class.

"POLITICS IN NEW ZEALAND"

is the title of a ramphlet or 116 pages which tells all about the success of the Torrens system of land transfers, government telegraph and telephone lines, government railroads, postal savings lanks and other reforms.—Price 25 cents postpaid. Address C. F. TAYLOR, Baker Building, Philadelphia, Pa.





CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 20 Watertown, N. Y.

TELESCOPE SALE AS LONG AS THEY LAST -- THESE 20th Century Long Distance Telescopes



THE Tri-Weekly Constitution gives an intelligent summary of general news three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

All Southern Interests are carefully watched and exploited. The cotton crop, cereals, stock-raising, and other matters affecting the field and its products, good roads, rural telephone lines, better schools and circulating libraries with them, improved mail facilities, scientific inventions that touch new springs of profit for the farmer, meetings of bodies of men who discuss matters of special and general interest all have their proper attention.

The Commoner, \$1.00 (Both Papers) The Constitution, \$1.00 | for One year (

Send All The Commoner



Orders to

Own a Farm; Don't Rent.

BUY AN IRRIGATED FARM for yourself or your son before the advancing price shuts you out. The time is fast coming in this country when the owner of a good farm will be a very independent man; the acreage of farm lands is limited, but our population is rapidly increasing.

The entire acreage of land available for irrigation, either by Private or Governmental enterprise, will make but a small number of eighty-acre farms compared with the number of young men who expect to become farmers.

THE BIG HORN BASIN has ample water, a splendid sunshiny climate, and a soil which, under water, is as rich and productive as any in the femperate zone; send for our special Big Horn Basin folder, and keep that locality in your mind in locking into the future.

Address,

L. W. WAKELEY,

General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.