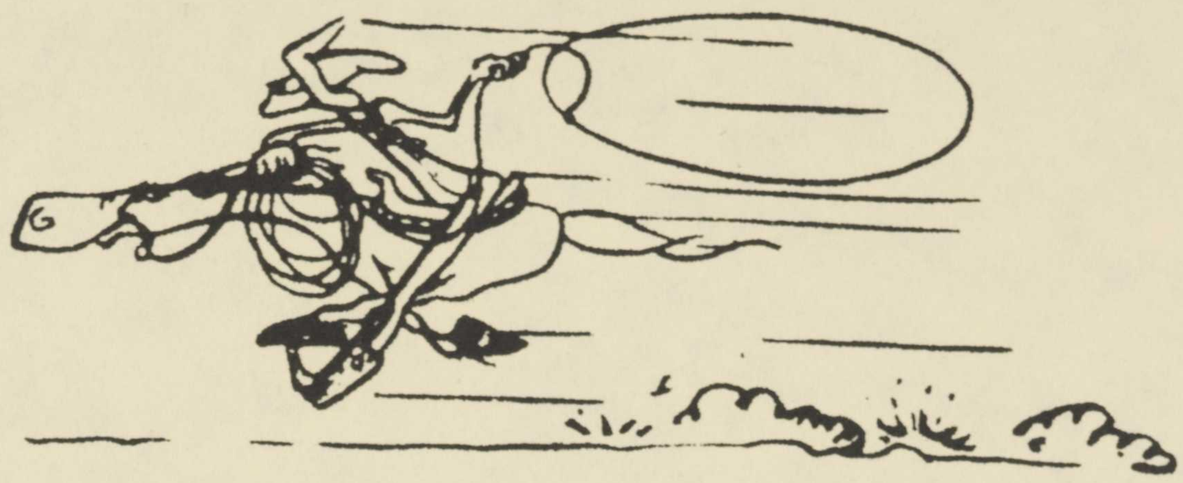
BUT.....LONG EXPERIENCE WITH HUMANS AND PRACTICAL WISDOM INTREATS ME TO SAY NO SUCH THING!



Instead---I will only venture to say, between you and the poor ignorant heathen there solidly appears to be a practical likeness!

Note how the heathen bow down to a log of wood, a piece of stone, or else a pair of humanly stuffed breeches; BUT YOU worship pieces of gold, bits of silver and scrapple of green paper called FRN'S...(What-ever that means.)

How much better then; are you than they?

Precious little...When the moral and intellectual advantages which you possess are thrown into the scales of common-sense consideration.

They, (the heathen) are surrounded by the thickest darkness of ignorance. Their little candle of moral instinct burns only with a sickly glare: for they have no Divine LAW...

But you are differently situated. The sun of enlightenment shines down upon you from an unclouded firmament; on every side flow streams of learning, enriching the soil of your mind and beautifying the flowery vales of spiritual virtue...From childhood you have been suckled on the milk of human kindness...

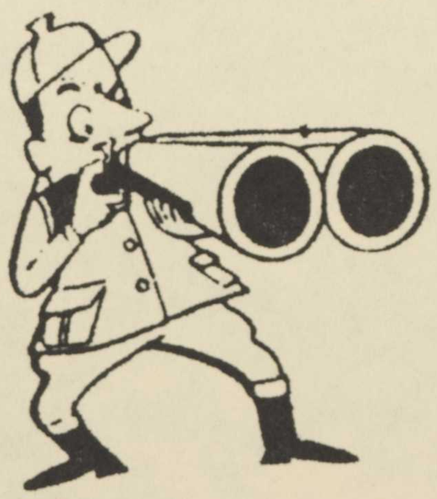
What made you become what you are??

Here stands the two trees of good and evil...And each one of you devils know which is what as well as I do...

Possessing all these advantages over these wicked heathen---How is it possible that you, begotten children of avariciousness can be gloriously content to wallow in the filthy mire of lucre? And you will bull-dogmatically keep gnawing at this root of all evil; regardless of the poison that lurks therein...The effect of which is most awful!

It is this lust for Gold, unfeeling and remorseless, this last full corruption of degenerate men.....

For this poison causes some of you to become horse thieves, steal sheep, rob hen-roosts, lie, cheat and go into banking...



Others to put on the robe of religion and go to church to pick pockets in prayer time. For you know the Bishop hath a fat purse!

Others of you are led to squeeze a poor man's paycheck in his hand till it squeals out for mercy...

Others of you stone-hearts regularly perform a clandestine pilgrimage to Wall Street, worshipping at the very shrine of MAMMON!

[Cont. p. 3]