

iron, and could endure almost any fatigue. She never prayed, but very often swore, yet at times she showed the tenderness of the most refined woman. She was a jewel indeed, brightly flashing in the rough world by which she was surrounded, a creature of that world reflecting all its sadness, and yet resplendent with perfect womanhood.

With deft hands, she prepared the beautiful Madeline for her grave. Madeline had been so retiring in her disposition that she had scarcely been seen by any one at Golden Throne, and it is probable that Jennie had never caught more than a passing glimpse of her yet a mother could not have more tenderly cared for the body. How beautiful it looked in the calm majesty of death! After the first horror has passed, what an awful and sweet radiance there is in the everlasting sleep, what sublimity of repose! The waves of life ceased, and as in a mirror something of the unseen glory of the universe is witnessed. The imagination cannot stop with the rigid flesh. It weaves a glorious world from the pregnant silence.

While Jennie was performing her gentle offices within, the two miners walked without the cottage, seeking in fitful conversation and the mighty forms of nature some relief from the intense sorrow.

"What should we do in these hours of terrible suffering," said Will, "without the mountains and the sea and sky? They are like a part of us, and out of their vast life give us courage and consolation."

"And yet, I sometimes question," said Charlie, "is it we that give the consolation, or is it really the mountains and the sea? Are they living, in some sense, as we live? Or are they but inert masses, and merely reflections of our inward thought?"

"I believe they are actually living," said Will, who had something of the poet's insight as well as the practical scientific outlook of modern days.

"But isn't such a belief a matter of pure faith? And is there any more reason for believing in a spiritual life in nature, than in a God?" asked Charlie, who, in his revulsion from orthodoxy, was not disposed to believe in much of anything either in man or nature.

"I admit that it is belief simply, and not knowledge," answered Will. "Yet does not science today reveal a wonderful life in nature? When I read Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, I am amazed at the magnificence of power in which the world seems to be constantly revelling. It is eternal motion, and it is eternal beauty. Science makes these mountains infinitely more than what they are to our bare sight, and yet to our bare sight how beautiful! Belief carried along in the line of our knowl-

edge and in harmony with our hope is, to a certain extent, justifiable. It is belief made without knowledge and in obedience to prejudice and fear that has cursed the world. Our knowledge is continually advancing. Shall we not, by imagination, anticipate some of its brightest results?"

"I suppose so, if such be our mood, and we don't do it on compulsion, but obey our own sweet will. I admit that the mountains give a certain sense of power; yet, after all, they are but bare, rocky forms, and will tumble upon us and crush us without remorse. What there is of apparent friendliness in nature we make out of our wishes. We think she gives us bread. She gives us only a stone. We make the bread, if we have any; and we live on fancy. Nature is a hard fact. She'll drown us without compunction, if we tumble into her seas. She never yet performed a miracle to save life."

"And never will; if she did, her true glory would be gone, for then chaos would reign. Nature is law, I admit, and in that sense is a hard fact. She will not save us; we must save ourselves by the obedience to her law. If we do not obey, then the law breaks us; and it would break God as quickly as us, if there was such a being. So God can do no good as against a law of nature. God could only serve us through nature as a sort of priest to nature, and I think we can serve ourselves fully as well; for if we disobey nature, God can't help us, and, if we obey nature, she is bountiful of her own self."

"I see you are what they call an optimist. You are always hopeful, and look upon the bright side of things. I must confess that I am down-hearted at times, and almost cry out in despair, the world is so dreary to me, and life seems such a pitiable failure. It wouldn't help the matter for me to believe in a God. I think if there is one he has proved an arrant humbug, for he lets things go to bad in a most contemptible way. He does not improve nature; and, if he exists, he only makes the tragedy more desperate."

"I'm not an optimist, in the sugar and molasses sense of that term. I do not believe that everything is all right, nor that nature takes care of us, like a loving father; nor do I see in nature evidence of a nobler or more powerful intelligence or will than in man. I only recognize in nature an overflowing and abundant life, that makes order, beauty, delight, and comfort, if we can only grasp and enjoy them by what we ourselves do. I do not believe that nature was made for us or that we are the supreme thing in the universe, to which everything else must bend.

(To Be Continued.)

Jesus of Nazareth.

Porphyry, the celebrated Neoplatonic philosopher born 233 A. D. was educated under Origen the Christian writer. Porphyry wrote fifteen books showing the fallacies of christianity. These books were considered so effective as to be suppressed by particular edicts under the reign of Constantine and Theodosius. About a century later these books were ordered to be publicly burnt by the Emperor Theodosius the elder. The whole list of Porphyry's works as given by Fabricius amounts to sixty-one. Forty-three of these have been burnt or destroyed. Porphyry died in the year 304, aged 71 years.

About the year 300 an able attack was made on the christian religion by Hierocles the president of Bithynia and afterwards prefect of Alexandria. He wrote two books against Christianity entitled "Sincere Discourses to the Christians," in which he maintained that the Scripture is full of contradictions and fallacies. We thus see that from the very introduction of Christianity by the school of Alexandria all along the first two centuries, the new superstition was ably attacked on all points by learned, and honest men. The christians mostly replied by invective or pious frauds. And these charges of fraud and forgery made against them have lived up to the present time. Like Banquo's ghost they will not down. All the pictures of the fabled Jesus bear the closest family likeness to the Indian Christna, and the Greek and Roman Apollo. But had the Jewish text been respected, he would have been pictured as hideously ugly: "his visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." Isaiah 52: 14. But this would have spoiled the ornaments of the church and been fatal to the fair sex, the mainstay and willing slave to its pernicious doctrines. Who could believe in an ugly son of God? "I am black but comely O ye daughters of Jerusalem!" Almost always cited by christian preachers as referring to Christ. That all the modern pictures of the so-called Savior are base forgeries is well known by every scholar. The famous picture of him known as the "Loretta," represents him as a bouncing young African, and right here it is proper to introduce the words of Bishop B. W. Arnett in his speech at the world's congress of religions held at Chicago, (page 383,) "Luke the beloved physician, was from Cyrena, an African by birth if not by blood. Lucius of Cyrene was an African. Simon, the father of Rufus and Alexander, was a Cyrenian. It was this black man, a native of an African city, who became the cross-bearer of the son of God on his way to Calvary. Among the early teachers of Antioch was one Simon who was called

Niger. Thus we have one evangelist and four of the early teachers of christianity who were Africans."

Still another pious fraud, the third collection of Sibylline oracles, in eight books. This collection is the fruit of the unscrupulous piety of some Platonic christians, more zealous than clever, (these Sibyls being originally pagan oracles.) Finally it was from a poem of the Sibyl of the Cumea, that the principal dogmas of Christianity were taken. Constantine, the imperial inaugurator of the christian religion, in the discourse which he pronounced before the assembly of the saints, shows that the fourth Eclogue of Virgil—"which is made up of utterances of the Cumean witch, is only a prophetic description of the Savior," and declares that he saw in this poem the miracle of the birth of Jesus of a virgin; the abolition of sin by preaching of the gospel; in a word, Jesus Christ announced under the great character of the Son of God. And coincident with the above mentioned frauds, is the never refuted charge of Lazimus, that the Emperor Constantine learned the christian religion from an Egyptian; and the fact admitted by Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, that the cross was found in the temple of Serapis, and claimed by his worshippers as the proper symbol of their new religion. As an offset to all the outrageous frauds of pious early christian writers, it is a great surprise to all historical students to find that no reference whatever has been made to christians or christianity by the following ancient writers, whose works still remaining, were written as follows.

Philo who wrote about 40 A. D. Josephus about 40, Seneca 69, Pliny the elder 79, Diogenes Laertius 79. (Geographers) Pausanias and Mela about 79. (Historians) O. Curtius Rufus, Lucius A Florus, Appianus, Justus, and Aelianus, who wrote between 79 and 141 A. D. Besides these we have seven well known poets who wrote between 63 and 90, who never alluded to the christians, and the noted orator Ountilian, who was born between 40 and 50 A. D., as well as the famous astronomer and geographer Ptolemy, never mentioned them in their copious works. And in the whole body of Roman law there is not extant one word about the Christians.

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