

selfish motive. You know I am not a hypocrite. I work in sad sincerity, chained and galled, yet feeling there is no other way to do. Oh that these creeds were dead and buried, and that, free as the air itself, I could pour forth the ideals of my soul."

"What do you do with the doctrines?"

"I let them alone. I forget them. I preach nothing but simple humanity, love, goodwill, reverence, and work. My audiences are delighted. They don't want any theology, though they won't let me deny theology; and that is the curse of my position—to profess faith in what neither I nor my congregation wish to hear a word about, and yet dare not disown."

"Isn't this a living lie?"

"Yes and no. It is either this way of speaking or eternal silence on my part, and this is worse than death. I long for utterance. I delight in speech; and yet, to win the power of speech, to pour forth what is grandest, I must chain myself to that which I think contemptible. It is not hypocrisy or lying: it is a terrible martyrdom. Don't blame a thousand ministers who are working and cursing as I am, and yet, in the midst of all, are striving to be manly. Come! I'll introduce you to Milly, my wife. If it were not for her, I could do nothing."

Milly was a surpassing woman, a perfect little poem. There was nothing stiff or angular about her. She flowed in liquid beauty like a fountain. Her eyes were soft and bright, her voice beautiful. She was not in any sense a thinker: she was simply an artist. She lived in the world of motion. She was orthodox, simply because born so. She had no logical capacity to go from it any more than a child. She simply believed as she had been taught, and that ended the whole matter. She had always regularly attended church, but the sermon generally went in at one ear and out at the other. She supposed it was all right, and that satisfied her. She hadn't much experience to relate. She took it for granted that she was a sinner, but she never felt very bad about it. In fact, her church membership and theological belief hung about her like a suit of clothes that she felt obliged to wear, and which she made look as graceful as possible. Her inner life, the substance of her being, was artistic, poetic, and not intellectual. She delighted in the cultivation of flowers, in the arrangement of color and form, and in the decoration of her rooms. She had, withal, a good musical skill, and could fairly interpret the best compositions of the masters; and this was no small source of pride and pleasure to her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Memorial Day.

The memorial exercises in Silverton were a grand success. The beautiful flowers, that far surpassed anything of the kind in the east, the beautiful day of a beautiful climate, the beautiful shady grove that seemed like a fairy-land, all conspired to make it a day long to be remembered by the patriotic people of our patriotic city.

Superstition, the vile thing that it is, was the only thing to mar the harmony of the occasion. The Secular Sunday school having been invited by the committee to march in the procession did so and presented a very credible appearance, there being nearly as many members in line as in all other Sunday schools put together and one quite large orthodox Sunday school came from one of the country districts. The Methodists did not march however and we understand that the leaders refused to do so, saying "if those infidels are going to march we won't have anything to do with it." O, how we wish these feelings of hatred could be relegated to the dark ages and that all men could have kindly feelings toward one another.

Although the words on our banners are different we ought not to hate each other.

The only contest between us should be one of reason and that should be confined to principles. One banner had "God is love" as its motto, but now who can tell what that means? One would say it means one thing and one would say another and surely it could not be considered as patriotic as the emblem carried by the S. S. S.—the flag above the cross. The music by the Silverton Marine Band was excellent; the singing and speaking was very good, but the prayer should have been left out. Now honest truth, wouldn't it be better, out of respect for the thousands of soldiers both dead and living who never believed in such things and out of respect for others present who look upon it with disgust, to leave the prayers out of such public exercises and let those who believe in these things do as their Jesus is supposed to have taught—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret." How much better this would be than to allow a few to impose their religious ideas upon the people.

The entertainment given by the W. R. C. at Liberal Hall in the evening was quite interesting and well attended. The speaking and singing was very good and the recitation by Miss Wolf, our elocution teacher, was very appropriate for the occasion and exceedingly well rendered.

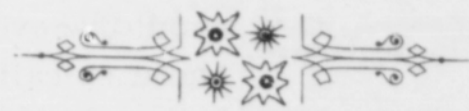
There are battles still to fight and the brave volunteers must come armed with energy, patience and self sacrifice and meet the enemies of justice and right as did the brave boys of '79 and '61. Forward march!

H.

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Saturday Eve, June 12, 1897.