

Coming to The Light.

If our work was only for the purpose of correcting the blunders of orthodoxy, we would not be so enthusiastic, for people will think in spite of the priest's endeavors to do all the thinking for them, and they will gradually become more and more liberal without our help; but there is another and better incentive for us to work, and that is the prevention of the ruin of those, especially the young, who are having the artificial prop of Christianity taken away from them.

Our young people must have society and if we organize and furnish them and each other with ennobling surroundings that will lead us all to high and philanthropic endeavors, how much happier will we be and how much better will the world become for our having lived.

When we left the old stranded wreck of orthodoxy, there was no place for us to go. Our former companions, whom we still loved, looked upon us with horror; at least we felt that they did for we remember how we once looked upon those who denied the "blessed savior" even when they were enjoying blessings that we supposed all came from his hand. Being married, however we had our own society and after a number of years we found many other friends who had also had their eyes opened to the terrible follies of the old myths; but every one is not married, and many that are, would be better off if they were not, and we believe that in a majority of cases when the bandage of the medicine man is taken off of one's eyes, he needs friends, for the light is so strong and the poor lonesome one is often driven into other depths of darkness.

Yes, for the sake of those who are coming to the glorious light of liberty and truth, let us organize societies that they may be instructed and sustained in the right channel—in the religion of humanity—in helping others and building for themselves brave and noble characters.

Infallible.

Pius the Second in his autobiography, has left the following account of how a man may be made infallible and placed at the head of the Church:

"We adjourned to luncheon, and from that moment, what cabals! The more powerful members of the college, whether their strength lay in reputation or wealth, beckoned others to their side. They promised, they threatened. There were even some who without a blush, without a shred of modesty, pleaded their own merits, and demanded the supreme pontificate qualifications.

"Each man boasted of his qualifications. The bickering of these claimants was something extra-

ordinary; through a day and a sleepless night it raged with unabated virulence."

It seems strange that full grown men can believe that such intemperate, and repulsive men as the priests often are, can become infallible through such a disgraceful performance.

Deacon Brown, Please Pass the Hat.

We have sent out a little holder containing a hat into which each Liberal is asked to drop 25 cents. If each one to whom the hat comes carefully follows the directions it will mean thousands of dollars for our work and only 25 cents from each Liberal. Each one who receives a hat is to enclose 25 cents and forward to us and then make two other similar hats and send them to two of their Liberal friends, enclosing a letter requesting them to do likewise. These friends are to do the same, and if no one allows the work to stop in their hands it will soon amount to a large sum; for it will double every time. When it has been through twelve changes, if no one breaks the chain, i. e., fails to send us 25 cents and the two letters and two hats to their two friends, it will amount to \$1024 and the next change will make it \$2048 and the next \$4096.

Now friends, if you are prompt and no one fails to do his part and is careful to select staunch Liberals, we can soon place the TORCH OF REASON and Liberal University on a solid footing. Liberals do not pass the hat very often and we hope now that we have, all will take pleasure in helping a little.

At the Soldiers' Home.

EDITOR TORCH OF REASON:

Every week we have one or more funerals at this home. I was highly entertained at one last week, which causes queer reflections. The corpse was lowered into the grave all right. A man with a long robe on stood at one end of the grave. Another man with an ordinary barn shovel stood as attendant. After the corpse was fixed in position, the attendant scooped up some ashes on the shovel and handed it to the man who wore the robe, who sprinkled them on the coffin. He then received from the attendant a squirt gun on the end of which was a nickle or silver plated garden-sprinkler nozzle; he then flirled some liquid on the coffin. There were undoubtedly men present who believed (didn't know) that the water was holy; that the man with the robe on was holy, and that the squirt gun and shovel were sacred implements. Of course the man with the shovel believed enough glory reflected on him to make him sacred at least.

This belief is caused by the minds of men being perverted and it has become a curse to humanity. Why does man believe? Because he is too indolent to learn the truth concerning the thing he says he believes. Belief is simply a scape-goat, an orthodox excuse to screen absolute imbecility under pretense of saving souls.

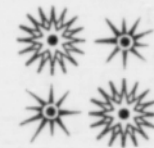
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Torch of Reason

Song Book

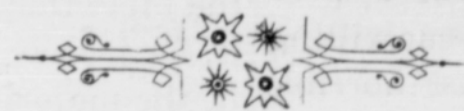
No 1.

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