

in any position to which there is a salary attached. Pilkins, however, takes the golden mean. He's inevitably on both sides of every question by natural gravitation, and so is universally popular. I believe you were unanimously elected mayor of Golden Throne."

"Yes, and a booming city we have," said Pilkins. "I make things fly, a new schoolhouse this spring and a new courthouse in the fall. 'Education and justice' are our hobbies."

"Why didn't Prince Hal come down?"

"He won't leave Golden Throne. He smokes his forty cigars per day and meditates. His philosophy is to do nothing, and he enjoys it."

"I sometimes think he's wiser than us all."

"My new ship the 'Albatross' is ready," said Captain Furgeson. "Take a sail tomorrow?"

"That we will!" cried Paddie, "over the waves of the dark blue sea, our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free. What a luxury there is in the great ocean! I feel like the poor woman who had lived in a country place all her life; and, when she did have a glimpse of the sea, she said she was glad for once to see enough of something. We are awfully crammed in; and, if it were not for the sea, we should never have the sense of sufficiency."

"I couldn't live ashore," said the captain; "I feel all the while as if I hadn't room"

"The only trouble with a ship is that we can't go shopping," said his wife; "that is all that reconciles me to the land."

"You can come shopping to my store," said Pippins. "I have some nice cabbages and turnips and a little of everything."

"That's what I want, a little of everything," said Blanche. "Don't you think the more we have the better we are?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it is right to be dissatisfied and eager for more. There has been too much self-denial and repression. We feel the necessary reaction now, and want more than we can get; but it is these restless, infinite desires of the heart that have made this earth to 'blossom as a rose.' If we were satisfied with the least possible we could use, there would be no progress. It is because we want palaces and not huts that men know how to rear palaces. To strip man of his wants would strip him of his strength."

"Is it not man's wants that make him unhappy?"

"Perhaps so for the time being, but happiness secured at the sacrifice of our wants is a dear-bought happiness. Only that happiness is valuable which is secured in and through the multiplication and satisfaction of our wants."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE TORCHES.

By W. E. Johnson

Our present body is the seed of our future body. The one rises as naturally from the other as the flower from the germ.—New York Observer, Sept 2nd.

Who ever heard of a corpse sprouting and raising a crop after it had been planted in a boneyard? Your metaphors are crude—very crude.

God keeps a good supply of asbestos suits for his saints. They can, therefore, glorify God in the fires of this world and escape the fires of the next.—Philadelphia Christian Standard.

If God doesn't want his creatures to get burnt, why doesn't he put out the fires of hell, instead of opening a tailor shop for the manufacture of asbestos suits? What is the use of God being guilty of arson, anyhow?

Jesus went to prepare a place for us, and how well it will be prepared no tongue can describe nor pen picture.—Christian Conservator, Sept. 15th.

All the same, Christian scholars have always managed to describe this place prepared for us as a resort of "endless torment," and ablaze with "fire and brimstone." Really, how your god must love his creatures—love to fry the fat out of them.

The fact that we are dependent for power upon the work of God within us, does not in any way lessen human responsibility, for every man can receive as much or as little of the power of God as he desires, for God is always ready to do his part.—The Christian Guide.

If we are so totally dependent upon God for the "workings" within us, we must be dependent upon God for the "desire" for this "power." If God made us what business had he to plant "desires" for evil within us? What business has a perfect God to do a botch job?

The Christian's Threat.

"He that believeth not shall be damned," is the spontaneous language of absolute and savage tyranny. No man who respects his neighbors could utter it. It is the language of a savage brute who will frighten you if he can; and he would frighten you because he has no rational means of bringing you over to his side. He cannot reason, he will not try to convince you; he does not understand the meaning of reason and conviction. He therefore resorts to brute force in its worst possible form, and sets up a perpetual Reign of Terror by way of gaining adherents.

Such was Jesus, such are his real followers—the most detestable of all that is human and all that is legendary. The only person in the case who ought to be damned is the brute who utters the threat.

JOS. SYMES.

E. M., 297.

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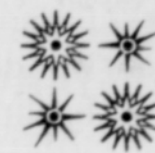
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