



Do We Know Each Other Here?

BY JOHN P. GUILD.

Of I hear the Christians singing
Of the "land that knows no care,"
"In those heavenly arches ringing,"
"Shall we know each other there?
Shall we know, shall we know,
Shall we know each other there?"

Then I hear the spirit people
With a faith both rich and rare,
Sing in hall without a steeple—
"We shall know each other there;
We shall know, we shall know,
We shall know each other there."

Of such music I am weary;
What has it this world to cheer?
I return to all the query—
"Do you know each other here?"
Do you know, do you know,
Do you know each other here?"

When we've crossed the chilly river,
Shall we meet with greeting dear
From those we give a shiver,
As we never knew them here?
Never knew, never knew,
Oh, we never knew them here!

Then be kind unto each other,
Deem each one a neighbor near;
Don't repel those who would brother—
Let us know each other here,
Let us know, let us know,
Let us know each other here.
—[Lowell, Mass., Sunday Press.

Freetbought.

By F. L. Oswald.

Religious liberty guarantees every other kind of freedom, as every form of slavery walks in the train of priestly despotism. In America religious emancipation led the way to the Declaration of Independence, and still continues to make this continent the chosen home of thousands of Liberals whom the material prosperity of the New world would have failed to attract. It is possible that a policy of intolerance would have averted or postponed the fate of the Moorish empire, which was ultimately overthrown by the fanatics of a creed which the followers of a more rational faith had permitted to survive in their midst; yet it is not less certain that for nearly five hundred years religious tolerance made the realm of the Spanish caliphs the one bright Goshen in a world of intellectual darkness. In northern Europe the history of civilization begins only with the triumph of Rationalism. Protestantism, in that wider sense which made the revolt of the Germanic nations an insurrection against the power of superstition, has laid the foundation of national prosperity in Great Britain, in the Netherlands and in the rising empire of Northern Germany. The real founder of that empire was at once the greatest statesman and the boldest Freethinker of the last fourteen centuries. His capital became a city of refuge for the philosophers of Christian Europe. The eastern

provinces of his empire were colonized by refugees from the tyranny of clerical autocrats. His absolute tolerance protected even the Jesuits, expelled by the Catholic rulers of France and Spain. During the reign of that crowned philosopher the religious and political dissenters of Prussia expressed their views with a freedom which in semi-republican England would have involved them in a maze of endless lawsuits. Among the fruits of that freedom were products of science and philosophy which have made that period the classic age of German literature. "Before the appearance of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" says Schopenhauer, "the works of duly installed government professors of philosophy were mostly medleys of sophisms, pretending to reconcile science and dogma, reason and despotism. Here, at last, a state university could boast of a man who lived at once by and for the service of truth—a phenomenon made possible only by the circumstance that, for the first time since the days of the great Aurelius and the greater Julian, a Freethinker had mounted the throne of an independent monarchy."

The protection of Freetbought is likewise the best safeguard against that virus of hypocrisy that has undermined the moral health of so many modern nations.

"What an incalculable advantage to a nation as well as to its ruler," says a modern philosopher, "to know that the pillars of state are founded on the eternal verities, on natural science, logic, and arithmetic, instead of casuistry and immaculate conceptions!"

The consciousness of that advantage has more than once upheld the birthland of Protestantism in its struggles against the allied powers of despotism, and should uphold our republic in the inevitable struggle against the allied despots of the twentieth century.—[Bible of Nature.

Jehovah Becoming Obsolete.

BY SALADIN.

The appearance of more than seven hundred comets belonging to our system has been recorded. These are new worlds thrown off from the sun, in gaseous form, traveling through space for millions of ages before assuming a solid form or producing vegetation; and this is the process our earth had to pass through. In gazing beyond the planets we behold mil-

lions of stars, all worlds, many of far greater magnitude than ours, while far beyond these and Neptune are other solar systems of worlds stretching out through illimitable space.

You "created" not these, O God; but we created you. You are made in the image of man; in the image of man are you made. Long ago ye were made out of the mists of our ignorance; ye were dyed in the streams of our blood. We knew little of the expanse and glory of the subject and objective world. And, even in our rude savagery, the stale contingencies of life were too narrow for us; and in the incipient longings of our immortal energies, we invented you. We made you rude as the stone cairn we piled over our dead, and gory as the ax with which we did battle with our foes. You were then the best god we were capable of making. And that we had even a god like you kept alive in our hearts the vestal flame of aspiration and hope, and differentiated us from the steed that obeyed our bridle and the boar overthrown by our spear.

Even you, O God, rude as we had made you, were yet the highest line on the shore to which the tide-mark of our thought had risen—the loftiest cloud whose fringe had ever been touched by the white wings of our hope. You gave a depth and meaning to the busy day and the melancholy night while we were yet strangers to the march of thought and the discipline of schools. The lightning was the gleam of your sword, the thunder was the battle-cry of god. You are not framed, O Jehovah, for the age when the steam-engine rushes through the glens and crashes through the bowels of the everlasting hills; when, on the wings of the lightning, we speed our messages over the nations of the continents and under the billows of the oceans; and when the press lays at the feet of the humblest the mind wealth of the world. Such an era needs not, and never would have framed, a god like you.

We are parting company with you, Jehovah, impelled to do so by the civilization of mankind rising to loftier levels. You have played your part, and now we must play ours; and, in the interest of our race, argue you and jeer you out of the world. But we are students of history and anthropology, and we are not ungrateful. There lies an awe under our levity and a solemn-

ity under our ridicule. We have tender reminiscences of the days when the world was young, of the dim and stormy flight of ages stretching between Abraham and Ur of the Chaldees and the day that Columba founded you a church on Iona's lonely isle. You have waded with our fathers through rivers of blood and lakes of fire when, on the pillars of carnage, rested the thrones of the world. You were their guardian, God, in their few days of peace when the sun glinted down through the forest leaves, and when the hills lay dreaming under the silent stars. Your blessings were invoked over the cradles of our sires, and your benison over their graves. In old churchyards, and in churchyards which the dead never enter now, but which are streets over which the feet and wheels of commerce clash and whirl, there are memories and relics of you. We dig down to the broken marbles and the ancient graves, and we find references to your Book and you mixed up with the epitaphs of ephemeral and our immortal dead. The blood that runs in our veins is drawn from those who lie under the ancient and broken gravestones that call you God. And the wedded love of the mothers of our race for more than a thousand years has been, in your name, consecrated at the altar, and the fruits of their love in baptism offered to you. And yet we must desert you, O God, even as we deserted other deities to worship you.—[God and His Book.

Give Us One Fact.

We have heard talk enough. We have listened to all the drowsy, idealless, vapid sermons that we wish to hear. We have read your bible, and the works of your best minds. We have heard your prayers, your solemn groans, and your reverential amens. All these amount to less than nothing. We want one fact. We beg at the doors of your churches for just one little fact. We pass our hats along your pews and under your pulpits and implore you for just one fact. We know all about your mouldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this-year's-fact. We ask only one. Give us one fact for charity. Your miracles are too ancient.—[R. G. Ingersoll.

"Come let us reason together, saith the Lord." I accept the invitation.—[Ingersoll.