

## Correspondence.

### Heaven on Earth.

EDITOR TORCH OF REASON:

In my writings I use the word soul, not from mere habit as you suppose, but because, to my mind, it conveys a greater depth of meaning than would the word mind or heart. I interpret the word soul to mean the whole being, embracing both heart and mind; therefore, if properly understood, would carry greater depth than either of the above words. And of course, considering the soul in this sense, it could not very well be considered immortal.

In being we exist from birth to death only, therefore I hold the light of the soul to be the light of the being and will extinguish in the dampness of sleep called death. But still, would this not be an appropriate time to quote the great Col. Ingersoll: "I hope but do not know that death be other than the awakening of a long day, or the ending of a long day." Yet if it be the awakening of a long day I sincerely hope there will be no sectarian principles, bound by chains of ignorance or superstition, to contend with, and if it be the ending of a long day, for life at best is but a day, it will mean rest sublime and supreme. Would this not be a far more beautiful thought than to think of immortality as being the awakening of a day when joy is said by the Christians to be boundless and yet shall be limited because of some trivial weakness manifest by humanity while here, which they were, in all probability, unable to resist? Oh, what broad and charitable views the Christian religion doth hold for mankind in general! None but the perfect can enter that blessed immortal sphere called heaven. Then what an empty place it must be, for if any were perfection they would never have resided on this earth. And yet I believe the most perfect angels we shall ever meet will be met here on earth, in form of the flesh, commonly called human beings. They may have the power to soar high in the realms of that which is noble and good, but if they do it will be the wings of reason, judgment and progress which will enable them, and not the wings of a bat.

Away with such teachings. I could not hold them—they are too cruel and too narrow for the religion of a humanitarian. I would rather think of death as the ending of a day and have rest supreme for all, for even our enemies will need rest, and as Liberals we can afford to be merciful to every child of nature, remembering that in the embrace of Mother Earth we shall find sleep eternal. And it is indeed a most beautiful thought to me, that in this at least there will be no par-

tiality shown. Mother Earth will make no distinction among her children; she will perform her duties to all the same. Granite shafts may be erected and beautiful epitaphs inscribed thereon in memory of loved and departed ones, but be their station high or low, the hand of earth's evolution will not change one iota.

Wealth cannot control it, creeds cannot control it; nature alone holds the power of giving and taking and this last long sleep she will give, is in every sense a heaven for all, and for all the dear ones I love and have loved and have yet to love, I ask no more, for I think we should all strive to make a heaven while here.

Every Freethinker should be armed with three essentials, reason truth and fact. Reason must be the architect and guide, truth will finally lay the foundation of true liberalism and fact will stand the test and bear the truth of every assertion, then need we wonder that Christianity is forever trembling when confronted by these powerful adversaries together with the spirit of progress to enable Liberalism to break through the barricades of ignorance and superstition? The light of true freedom will shine forth in reflected splendor and humanity will be made wiser, grander and greater, and who shall they thank as a benefactor? Why all the noble minds that have been brave enough to express their honest convictions regardless of all else but the love of their fellow man and the truth.

I sincerely hope that I will be able some day to visit the Liberal University and become personally acquainted with the promoters of the grandest cause on earth. I like the TORCH OF REASON very much. Its views are broad and it is fearless in its denunciation of all that tends to lessen in any way the sentiments of the highest morality. Any person of correct thinking knows only too well, that without a moral basis, success cannot be attained or be lasting, and I predict that the future holds success for the TORCH OF REASON, and I sincerely hope to see the time when I shall be in a position to help its advancement.

In Brockton, like most of the cities of the east, orthodoxy prevails and yet I find many who hold the views of Freethought, but I find very few, in this locality, who are brave enough to express their honest thoughts, and I often tell them they are like children standing in a dark passage; they are anxious to see the light appear and would gladly bask in its brilliancy, yet do little or nothing in the way of replenishing the oil of illumination; but after true Liberalism becomes universal, which it will be in time, and brave men and women have fought and struggled

for the advancement of truth, then it will be eagerly grasped, but it is not to those who would grasp it then that any credit will be due. Credit will be due only to the brave doubters who fearlessly rent the veil of myth and mystery, while orthodoxy waved its banner inscribed "Strangle the spirit of progress and nurse ignorance and superstition, for creeds, customs, and society with their hypocritical policy demand it." But brave and fearless thinkers care not what these things demand but will ever and always spread the light of truth, which will grow in brilliancy when the lamps of orthodoxy will be extinguished by the brilliant rays of Freethought. Believe me sincerely and fraternally yours,

GRACE E. GRUBER.

### The Licensed Preacher.

(Continued from 2d page)

ers" in all the word implies.

Thus it is after my years of labor in the vineyard I see your fool parents split up and follow strange gods.

After meditating over this matter for a few days I determined to overcome Roxey, for she has been the prime cause of my misfortunes. Having learned that our good brother, Deacon Bloodsaw, had duly chastised and overcome his beautiful wife, I secured a stout hickory stick and without prayer or ceremony I commenced the task of overcoming Roxey to my way of thinking. After I had struck her where I thought it might do her the most good, I lost all consciousness. When I partially recovered my senses I found myself out in the orchard busily engaged in smearing the apple trees with bird lime.

As I cannot overcome Roxey with a hickory club, I will write her a bill of divorce; that is, I will do so if she does not give up her fool intentions. Once I thought I knew Roxey like an open book, but now I own that I do not know her, nor do I know any other woman on earth—nor do I wish to. All women are enigmas to me. Hereafter when I hear a man say that women are quite easy to fathom, I will sic the dog on him—provided I do not kill him outright.

Little boys, do not waste your golden moments in the study of the female sex. King Solomon had a thousand women, but even this wise man could not comprehend women. He said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity and vexation," and then he folded his hands upon his breast and gave up the ghost, and a thousand widows mourned his loss.

Little ones, "hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not."

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