

splendid success and numerous members.

On the road to John Day I called on Mr. M. Haley, who requested that I place his name on the subscription list of the Torch, which I gladly did. I arrived in John Day in time for supper, and after securing one more subscriber, Mr. Woods, I turned the wheel up Canyon creek toward Canyon City, two miles distant. The land along the creek has been dug up, washed and sifted until all the gold has been removed, but as one goes up the creek to the south, he can see the work of the great Humbolt mine on the right where the gold is being washed out of the mountain side by hydraulic process. On the left towers the great Caribon mountain, loaded with gold from peak to base. Right under the very crest of this mountain, is Canyon City, rightly named for it is in an immense canyon, built there on account of the rich mines in the early sixties, and now the county seat of Grant County and a well established town. People who have lived there for many years say that thirty years ago, Canyon City had a population of 3,000, with a saloon for every hundred of the inhabitants and gambling houses in proportion, by which the "sharks" sought to euchre the miners out of their hard earned diggings. The town has undergone a great change, but still there is much gold dug and the tough element is not wanting, but the population is less than five hundred.

We arrived in Canyon at sundown and went directly to the home of Z. J. Martin, a Torch of Reason subscriber, a member of the Oregon State Secular Union, and in spite of this, treasurer of the county. Who says it doesn't pay to speak one's sentiments? It never hurts a person to be honest in all things. Mr. Martin was a former resident of the Wagner country and he, his sister Ella and brother Homer are now living at the county seat. The other sister, Miss Elva, will soon follow, and altogether they will make a happy family. At the Martin home, I found the DePeatt girls, ready for the lecture the following evening. Mr. Martin and I sat out on the east porch until quite late and watched the full moon rise over the great mountain. The outlines of some majestic pine trees were plainly seen against the bright face of the moon and Mr. Martin informed me that those were the trees on the noted Great Northern mine which has given its discoverer, Mr. Guker, such fame and fortune in so short a time.

Tuesday was spent in visiting and mending punctures in the bike tire and in the evening the people assembled at the court house to listen to the lecture by Miss Kate DePeatt. Canyon is a hard place in which to work for the Secular cause. The people are mostly indifferent and

the majority of the tough element profess Christianity. They can do this and be sincere, for in their bible they can find plenty of authority for their immorality. For the most part, the audience was cold and "stereotyped", with only a few outspoken Secularists. The Martins, Mr. Hupprich and Mr. Helmer are among the Secularists we met and all are subscribers for the Torch of Reason. It was in Canyon City that I was treated to stale eggs and over-ripe tomatoes two years ago while standing on the street conversing with a Christian. A volley of eggs and tomatoes came from an alley near but not one of them touched me, while one egg hit my Christian friend in the back of the neck, exploded, and descended, inside his shirt collar. The poor fellow was excited, uttered an oath, and jumped into the street, gathering some rocks with which to exterminate the gang of Christian egg-throwers. He did not turn to let them smite him on the front side until he had something in his possession to give them in return. They were trying to answer my argument in true Christian style, and he was taking my(?) part with a true Christian spirit. I did not know but I might get a like reception this year, but I was not afraid, and the eggs did not put in an appearance. Canyon City has been Christianized, now it needs to be civilized and Secularized. There are many good people there, it is true, but the most of these are not professing Christians.

In my next I will describe my trip to Burns, my former home, where I am at this writing, surrounded by relatives and old-time friends.

PEARL W. GEER.  
Burns, Ore., Aug. 6.

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