

uge which Terah, the father of Abraham, escaped in some unexplained way, Gen. xi. 27, Josh. xxix. 2, and such passages as are found in Ex. xxxii. 11, 23; Num. x. 11-31, xxxi. 17-18, Deut. xiv. 21, xxiii. 13, 19, Gen. xx. 18, 1 Kings xxii. 23-26, Ezek. xiv. 9, Jer. vii. 22, viii. 1-2, etc., etc.

Num. xiv. 11: "And the Lord said unto Moses, How long will these people provoke me, and how long will it be ere they believe me, for all the signs I have showed among them?" The bishops have more faith than "these people", who would not believe "for all the signs."

The bishops must believe in devils, because the son of Mary and God, or the Holy Ghost, or, as Father, Son and Holy Ghost, "these three are one God," he may have been his own father, said after his supposed resurrection, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature . . . and these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils; . . . if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

Being omniscient, he must have known that it would take many thousand more years than 1897 to preach that gospel to "all the world", so there can be no time limitation to the promise.

Do the bishops of the L. C. believe in devils, and have they "reverence" and "faith" sufficient to drink a "deadly thing", trusting to this promise of the central object of their faith, "the Lord Jesus Christ himself", that the natural law of poison shall be reversed?

That which requires the most profound and blind faith is to believe that a "body of flesh and bones and everything appertaining to the perfection of man's nature" (the 4th of the 39 articles of the Episcopal church), violated the sublime and uniform law of gravity, mounted through the atmosphere, passed the clouds out into the boundless depths of space, to sit on a throne. After the supposed resurrection the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, unto a mountain, where Jesus had appointed them. "And when they saw him they worshipped him, but some doubted." Perhaps some of the bishops of the Lambeth Conference doubted, which was the cause of the "sessions behind closed doors."

"While every right minded man must sympathize with those theologians who have not been able altogether to close their ears to the still, small voice of reason, to escape from the fetters which ecclesiasticism has forged, the melancholly fact remains, that the position they have taken up is hopelessly untenable. It is raked alike by the old-fashioned artillery of the church and by the fatal weapons of

precision with which the advancing forces of science are armed."

"It is idle to set bounds to the purifying and organizing work of science. The hope of science is the hope of the world."

"London, Dec. 22.—During the ceremony today of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., as archbishop of Canterbury, at Bow church, the Rev. Mr. Brownjohn, chaplain of the late hishop of Bath, rose and protested against the consecration on the ground that Dr. Temple was a self-confessed believer in the full doctrine of evolution."

Does it not take sophistry amounting to crime to be a believer in evolution and special creation at one and the same time?

Sleep and Death.

About one-third of human life is spent in sleep, yet no one regrets this fact. Yea, many are sorry they cannot sleep more hours than they do. Babes sleep more than older people, but no one wishes they would sleep less. Hibernating animals spend many months snugly hid and sweetly sleeping, but no one supposes for a moment that they are more miserable or less blessed than animals that hunt for food all winter.

Sleep is called the brother of death, but no other two brothers were ever regarded with such opposite feelings. Everybody loves sleep; nobody loves death. Sleep is invited by soft pillows and soothing potions; death is fought with medical and surgical skill. Sleep is sweet, in spite of some horrid dreams; death is feared, though in it no dreams are known to come.

How soft and sweet is the lullaby the mother sings to soothe her babe to sleep in its cradle. How bitter the funeral service that is held when a child is consigned to its grave. When a mother rocks her babe to sleep there are no tears; when "the Lord giveth his beloved sleep" there are no smiles. In sleep the body is repaired; in death the body is destroyed. In this respect sleep differs from death as peace differs from war, and people love sleep that is short and has been experienced and found refreshing, and fear death that is long and from which none come to tell of its nature. And our dumb friends, the lower animals, like ourselves, also court sleep but dread death. Often the fear of death prevents both man and beast from sleeping.

Instinct is not infallible, yet it often guides correctly, and we weep instinctively at the death of those we love. If death is not an eternal sleep why should we mourn for the dear ones in the grave? If, as religion teaches, we are to be separated from them only a short while, and are then to be reunited in a better world, we should not sigh, but rejoice at every grave. Though religion says rejoice, nature says weep, and even the most religious obey nature and cry as bitterly when death comes as those who have no hope of any future life.

Nature bids us sleep and be refreshed, but for some unknown reason she makes us fear death.—Independent Pulpit.

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