

hills, noted for their height and steepness. Half an hour was required for dinner, and then we sped on to Union Mills, where G. J. Trullinger lives. Mr. T. subscribed for the Torch and informed me that Silverton is 18 miles away.

A few miles from Union Mills we arrived at a little village and I stopped at the post office to learn the name of the town. The lady informed me that it is Liberal. What a beautiful name for a town! I am proud to have it so near Silverton.

The next stopping place was Silverton, where we arrived in time for supper and to note the work that has been done on the University. When we left in June the basement was not half done, but now it is completed and the framework is up for the first story. The dining hall has been treated to a fresh coat of paint and everything looks bright and new. The prospects are bright for this year's school, and the work is progressing nicely. The Secularists of the United States are contributing and working to build up an institution of which they may be justly proud. Let us all do the best we can and the coming year will crown us with success.

Bike and I are at home. We have traveled two thousand miles this summer, and let us hope that much good will result from our labors. I am glad to be at home, but anxious to go again or do anything whereby I can best serve the cause for which I live. The curtain will now fall and next week will witness a slight change and we will begin Act II, Scene I.

PEARL W. GEER.

[It took lots of space to get him here, but we are glad he is home.—EDITOR.]

You remember the story of the man in Italy who asked the priest if he really believed the religion of the country; and the priest said: "Oh, no! we have to go slowly on account of the people; they believe it." And when the people were asked if they believed it, they said: "Oh, no! we are not such fools; but the priests believe it." And so people play hide-and-seek with each other, not daring to tell the magnificent, clear truth of things.—Rev. M. J. Savage.

"If it be true, as our daily experience teaches us, that the moral sense gains in clearness and power by exercise, by the constant endeavor to find out and to see for ourselves what is right and what is wrong, it must be nothing short of a moral suicide to delegate our conscience to another man."—W. K. Clifford.

Hezekiah—"They say that Skinner Clutch hez got religion." Obadiah—"Might ez well stop th' revival, then, fer if he hez it ther' won't no one else git it."—Truth.

My Honest Opinions.

(Continued from 3d page.)

latter. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," but teach him that he is a natural born devil, with a big D, and that he can only be good through the "saving grace" of a religious system which he finds out in his maturer years is a bald-headed fraud, and if he does not develop an evil nature it is because he was born too good to spoil.

Of course to admit this would ruin the soft job of the clergy, and the wiley schemes of the good brother who professes religion and joins the church for personal advantage, or protection from the consequences of rascality. And such will maintain it and teach it to children and young persons of whose innate confidence in human nature and want of knowledge of churchly wiles they can take advantage. But they let the well informed grey-beards severely alone (until after they are dead).

They never approach me to warn me of the evil of my ways, but they have hunted my girl, behind my back, and tried their wheedling on her. Shall I neglect the duty I owe to her and fail to warn her against these treacherous hypocrites? Hardly.

In education, especially in the natural sciences, lies the "hope of redemption". The more knowledge the less religion. The less Jesus the more morality. If the money and energy now foolishly expended in building churches, feeding priests and otherwise maintaining that degrading superstition called religion, were expended in building and maintaining institutions of true learning free from priestly contamination, this world would become a veritable paradise to what it is now. Life would be worth the living, and this earth would become a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

These convictions are forced upon me by a life of some study and observation, and I cannot say otherwise and be honest. I expect to be made a subject for aspersion by the clergy and their allies, after I am dead. The dead cannot talk back. And those who never dare for a moment to cross controversial swords with me in life, will find their opportunity to do prodigies of buckram valor when I am silenced by the inevitable.

I have a kindly feeling towards my fellow men, and I always endeavor to be charitable toward their frailties, remembering their education and environment. And "with malice toward none and charity for all," I expect to quit this life

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

F. S. MATTESON.

Turner, Ore.

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