

The Philosopher.

The board walk, or esplanade, at Atlantic City, N. J., forty feet wide but for a short distance at either end, and four miles long, supported by iron piers sunk in the sand and bound together by iron girders, on the sea side a strong protecting railing of iron tubes two or more inches in diameter, with openings at intervals where steps lead to the beach, is the pride and boast of the city. On the one side the ocean stretches to the limit of vision, its waters smoothing in the distance and colored to suit the hour, a gray expanse, a sheet of dancing silver, or pearly blue, reflecting the sunset hues, and varying in moods, resting dreamily under a slight veil of mist, roused to energy and industry, or proudly displaying its powers and majesty.

Where the friction of motion topples the lifted water over, breaking it into sheets of spray when the waves are high, or edging smaller ones with lacy whiteness, and having played their part they hurry home, there groups of men, women and happy children are to be seen, either on the sand or in the ocean, playing with the waves.

On the esplanade is a moving throng, with pleasure, happiness health or the search for health as the incentive. On the landward side adjoining, and on the same level, are booths of all sizes and pretensions, occupied by representatives of most of the industrial nations of the earth, and by specimens of their varied industries, from the smallest and quaintest toy to the most elaborate and beautiful art work, or by various contrivances to amuse and astonish at an admission fee of 10 cents each.

Going one day into the "Tokyo Bazaar," I asked the dark-skinned, black-haired, bright-eyed gentleman who waited on me some questions about his goods. These were answered in such good English that I asked: "How long have you been in this country?" "Thirteen years." "Do you call yourself an American?" "I am a Japanese." "Have you become a convert to the theology of this country? I am a philosopher." "I am a philosopher myself." "I would like to know where your philosophy leads you." "Very deep; very deep." "What do you think of the Adam and Eve story; the punishing of all for the sin of one?" "It is barbarous; barbarous."

This "barbarous" teaching in one or the other of its various and differing forms, perhaps all of them, is what the missionaries take to foreign nations, teaching them to love and worship a god whose "wrath and curse" (as the catechisms say) is upon all the peoples of the earth, because he was angered by one act (in itself most desirable) of the creature he had newly made out of the dust of the earth; teach-

ing them to gloat over the wounds, agony and death of an innocent person, because these sufferings of the innocent one save them from punishment. How much more noble, more morally brave, more careful of conduct, more truthful and more just to humanity would what are called Christian nations have been had they not, from childhood, been taught that they could unload their sins upon the shoulders of a sinless one.

The truly morally brave, had they been consulted about it, would have declined to have another bear the burden of their sins, and so might have saved the creative power in part, or as a whole, from a cruel death.

I believe that Freethinkers, Secularists and Liberals now decline to accept any benefit from this crucifixion. I, for one, do. If, by some hocus pocus of judgment my soul, or, as the Methodist catechism has it, the "breath of God," is stained by Adam's act, I will bear the consequence myself. I will not be a party to the sufferings of the "Lamb." My soul, which makes no protest, must bear it. I know that at death, that by which my life manifests itself, by which I feel and have sensation, muscles, nerves and brain, will, in a dreamless sleep, be comfortably tucked away in the grave, waiting for the resurrection in "grass and flower."

I am at a loss to know whether I am to pity, or rejoice with my invisible, immaterial soul or spirit. I can get no response from it. If, as the Methodist catechism says, the soul is the "breath of God," it, after all, may not be in need of much pity.

M. M. TURNER.

[The following poem was sent by Mrs. Turner to show the Christian's views. We publish it as an accompaniment to the above article. It is quite poetical but strictly barbarous.—ED.]

The Inexorable God.

O, blessed feet of Jesus, weary with seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of judgment and intercede for me.

O, knees which bent in anguish in dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the throne of glory and intercede for me.

O, hands that were extended upon the awful tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints and intercede for me.

O, side from whence the spear-point brought blood and water free,
For healing and for cleansing, still intercede for me.

O, head so deeply pierced with thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before thy father and intercede for me.

O, sacred heart, such sorrows the world may never see,
As that which gave the warrant to intercede for me.

O, body scarred and wounded, my sacrifice to be,
Present thy perfect offering and intercede for me.

O, loving, risen Saviour, from death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory, still intercede for me.

—[Selected.]

...The....

Liberal University



THE ONLY SCHOOL
OF THE KIND.

Free from Superstition
Strictly Non-Sectarian

Pupils are Given Every Opportunity to Learn
Without Being Hampered by Superstitions and Dogmas.

Location Healthful,
Society Good.
Expenses Moderate

A Splendid Corps of Teachers and Good Facilities for Teaching. For information, address

J. E. HOSMER, Ph. D., B. S. D.,
PRESIDENT,

SILVERTON.

OREGON.