

insanity. What is it? Allow me to give my ideas of what it is.

Imagination is one of the noblest attributes of man, and builds castles in the air. So long as its practical impossibility is confessed, it is well and useful. When one's mind dwells upon its imagination, to that mind it becomes an existing fact, which results in what is termed belief. Whenever the person or mind acts upon that belief, then he is insane. That is insanity, but not noticed as such, because it exists in a mild form and is common to all believing in orthodox creeds and dogmas.

Unfortunately for humanity, insanity is recognized only in ratio to personal inconvenience and injury received from the insane. Many a person joins the crowd of the insane in hopes of gain, which usually results in his own insanity, but the poor fool don't know it.

ADDISON R. TITUS.

The True Golden Rule.

The world has been blind to the inconsistencies of the Bible. The reason has been that people have not dared to study it. Priestcraft has stood by hurling anathemas against any one who used the same reason regarding it that they would in the case of any other book; when people read that Jehoram was the father of several boys two years before he was born, they took it as a matter of course.

To-day the Bible is being studied. The ultimate salvation of my family is as much to me as the salvation of any man's family can be to him. I wanted to know. Therefore I "searched the scriptures" internally and externally. Not from infidel writings but from Christian. I found that the concordance called attention to passages that were favorable to the church. The opposite were not listed. The Commentators explained all about the things that were favorable to Christian doctrines; but other passages were ignored or passed off with some remark that neither explained nor meant anything.

I believe in religion. Not a religion that makes me believe in inhumanities and absurdities, and pictures the creator of the universe as a monster degraded below humanity of today, but in a religion of love. The advent of that religion has been delayed and nearly driven from humanity by the pretensions of so-called advocates of revealed religions. They have stultified the brains of a large proportion of humanity, acted as a bar to progress, opposed improvements in machinery and intellectual development, brought on the "dark ages" and even at the present day indict men for heresy for the exercise of reason. All under the holy name of religion.

Let us hope and work for a day

when we can lay aside the present "golden rule", Even as ye would that others should do unto you, do ye likewise unto all mankind", which is an embodiment of selfishness, and replace it with the true golden rule, "Do all for others".—[W. H. Bach.

Whom the Church Loves.

We hear much silly twaddle in the ranks of the church about God prospering the Christian business man. The church offers an inducement to the man of money to enter the church; put its cloak on, and it will help you steal from your neighbor with less stinging of the conscience. If some of the modern Christian theories were true, the poor and oppressed are the devils of the world who are receiving due retribution, while the millionaire is receiving the blessings of the Almighty.—[Ex.

To the Preachers.

You have so debilitated the minds of men and women by your promises and your dreams that many a generation must come and go before Europe can throw off the yoke of your superstition. But we promise you they shall be generations of strenuous battle. We give you all the advantages you can get from the sincerity and pious worth of the good and simple among you. We give all that the bad among you may get by resort to the poisoned weapons of your profession and your traditions — its bribes to mental indolence, its hypocritical affectations in the pulpit, its tyranny in the closet, its false speciousness in the world; its menace at the deathbed. With all these you may do your worst, and still humanity will escape you; still the conscience of the race will rise away from you; still the growth of a brighter ideal and a nobler purpose will go on, leaving further and further behind them your dwarfed finality and leaden, moveless stereotype. We shall pass you by on your flank; your fiercest darts will only spend themselves on air. We will not attack you as Voltaire did; we will not exterminate you; we shall explain you. History will place your dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as the naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction it will sink to a curiosity, from being the guide to millions of human lives it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As history explains your dogma, so science will dry it up; the conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible, the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of their nourishment, and men will turn their backs on your system, not because they confuted

it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them.

The great ship of your church, once so stout and fair, and well-laden with good destinies, is become a skeleton ship; it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work it are no more than the ghosts of dead men, and at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay, down your ship will sink like lead or like stone, to the deepest bottom.—John Morley, M. P.

How "God" Helped the Barber.

As I was walking in Madison Square one day, I heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts, sir; ten for a cent." I looked up and recognized an old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said I.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

I was touched. I reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from my memorandum book, wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man, saying: "Take this to a printing office and have half a hundred copies struck off. Here is a dollar to pay for it. Sell them at ten cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit New York cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and is now always seen at the entrance of one of the big buildings selling the following handbill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, Elohim or Eloah; Chaldaic, Elah; Assyrian, Ellah; Syriac and Turkish, Aloh; Malay, Alla; Language of Magi, Orsi; Old Egyptian, Teut; Armorian, Teuti; Modern Egyptian, Tenn; Greek, Theos; Cretan, Thios; Æolian and Doric, Ilos; Latin, Deus; Low Latin, Diex; Celtic and Old Gallic, Diu; French, Dieu. Spanish, Dios; Old German, Diet; Provençal, Diou; Low Breton, Doue; Italian, Dio; Irish, Die; Orla tongue, Deu; German and Swiss, Flemish, Goed; Dutch Godt; English and Old Saxon, God; Teutonic, Goth; Danish and Swedish, Gut; Norwegian, Gud; Slavie, Buch; Polish, Bog. Polacca, Bung; Lapp, Jubinal; Finnish, Jumala; Runic, As; Pannonian, Isu; Zemblian, Fetzo; Hindostanee, Rain; Coromandel, Brama; Tartar, Magatal; Persian, Sire; Chinese, Pussa; Japanese, Goezur. Madagascar, Zannar; Peruvian, Puchocamae.

A few days after giving the barber this idea, I met him.

"Well," said I, "has the holy

name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy; so that all told I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness."

"The deuce!" thought I, as I walked away; "if I were not a literary man I would turn peddler."—[Frank Fulton.

In Memoriam.

Died, at her home near Dayville, Oregon, Sunday, Sept. 11, 1898, Frankie, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Snyder. She was born March 17, 1879, and had spent her whole life on the farm where she died.

Deceased was a member of the Oregon State Secular Union and was a firm believer in Secularism. We laid her to rest in the Dayville burying ground, William Wyllie reading the Secular burial service, while many of her friends joined in singing. Her funeral was very largely attended.

Frankie's life was one continual round of kindness and love, not only to her parents and sisters, but to all who knew her. Dayville has lost one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed. Her character was beyond reproach. She was beloved and will be deeply mourned by all who knew her. "Amiable, she won all; intelligent, she charmed all; and dead, she saddened all."

Their many friends unite in sympathy for the heart-broken father, mother and sisters, in whose home one chair will ever be vacant and one bright, smiling face will ever be missed.

She was but as a smile
Which glistens in a tear,
Seen but a little while,
But oh, how loved, how dear!

One of her true friends,

EDITH WYLLIE.

Dayville, Ore., Sept 26.

Club Rates.

The Weekly Oregonian is the best newspaper published in the Pacific Northwest. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year. We will give it, together with the Torch of Reason, for the exceedingly low price of \$1.75. You will get two papers for a little more than the price of one.

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