



Yearnings.

THERE'S an aid to evolution
In the highest form of life,
It is WANTING something better
Than the bitter toil and strife
After bread and after honors,
After gold and after might,
'Tis for Truth and right conditions
To enjoy its holy light.

But this yearning of the human,
In its weakness, all too soon
Was perverted by the leaders,
And like babes who want the moon,
We have reached for gods and heaven,
Reached for life beyond the grave,
While the real, the earthly savior,
Science, waits our race to save.

List'ning, longing for a whisper
From the father in the sky,
Years have fled and myriads slumber;
Puny hands still reach on high,
Or are turned to gross endeavor
After gold or after fame,
Till our loving Mother Nature
Takes them to her breast again.

O ye thinkers! turn your longings
Toward the truth and toward the right;
Use your reason, not false yearnings!
Turn the darkness into light;
Kill the gods and kill the devils;
Burn the heavens and quench the hell,
And, united, teach our heathen
How in peace and love to dwell.

Then there'll be a revolution,
For in union there is power,
And a rapid evolution,
Bringing blessings ev'ry hour—
Bringing peace and bringing comfort,
Killing hate, destroying greed;
And a paradise worth having
Will have come to earth indeed.

The Bible and Heaven.

BY R. G. INGERSOLL.

THE Bible that Henry VIII got up did not suit, and then his daughter, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scots, got up another edition, which also did not suit; and finally that philosophical idiot, King James, prepared the edition which we now have. There are at least one hundred thousand errors in the Old Testament, but everybody sees that it is not enough to invalidate its claim to infallibility. But these errors are gradually being fixed, and hereafter the prophet will be fed by Arabs instead of "ravens," and Samson's three hundred foxes will be three hundred "sheaves" already bound, which were fired and thrown into the standing wheat. I want you all to know that there was no contemporaneous literature at the time the Bible was composed, and that the Jews were infinitely ignorant in their day and generation—that they were isolated by bigotry and wickedness from the rest of the world. I want you to know that there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world; and that with all the talk and work of the societies, only one hundred and twenty millions have got Bibles. I want you to understand that not one person in one hundred in this world ever

read the Bible, and no two ever understood it alike who did read it, and that no one person probably ever understood it aright. I want you to understand that where this Bible has been, man has hated his brother—there have been dungeons, racks, thumbscrews and the sword. I want you to know that the cross has been in partnership with the sword, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know that the church carried the black flag. Then talk about the civilizing influence of this religion!

Now, I want to give an idea or two in regard to the Christian's heaven. Of all the selfish things in this world, it is one man wanting to get to heaven, caring nothing what becomes of the rest of mankind. "If I can only get my little soul in!" I have always noticed that the people who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about getting them saved. Here is what we are taught by the church today. We are taught by it that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters can all be happy in heaven, no matter who may be in hell; that the husband can be happy there with the wife, who would have died for him at any moment of his life, in hell. But they say, "We don't believe in fire. What we believe in now is remorse." What will you have remorse for? For the mean things you have done when you are in hell? Will you have remorse for the mean things you have done when you are in heaven? Or will you be so good then that you won't care how you used to be? Don't you see what an infinitely mean belief that is? I tell you today that, no matter in what heaven you may be, no matter in what star you are spending the summer, if you meet another man whom you have wronged, you will drop a little behind him in the tune. And, no matter in what part of hell you are and you meet some one you have succored, whose nakedness you have clothed and whose famine you have fed, the fire will cool up a little. According to this Christian doctrine, when you are in heaven you won't care how mean you were once. What must be the social condition of a gentleman in heaven who will admit that he never would have been there if he had not got scared? What must be the social position of an angel who will always admit that if another had not pitied him, he ought to have been damned? Is it a compliment to an

infinite God to say that every being He made, deserved to be damned the minute He got him done, and that He will damn everybody He has not had a chance to make over? Is it possible that somebody else can be good for me, and that this doctrine of atonement is the only anchor for the human soul?—
[Mistakes of Moses.]

Effects of Anger.

ANGER is the intoxication of the passions; and, like inebriety, by indulgence it grows into a disease. "I can not help it," says the drunkard; and, with equal vehemence, the passionate man declares he can not help being angry when the occasion pushes him into it. At first strong provocations are necessary to overcome him, but gradually he is more and more easily provoked till mere trifles unbalance him, and results ensue utterly disproportionate to the cause.

We can not afford to be angry. It costs us too much of energy and nerve and self-control; and it costs us too much in reputation, character and social standing. It unfits us for every pleasure, unmans us for skilful labor, and embarrasses us in every kind of business. It becomes a weakness that disgusts our best friends, pleases our worst enemies and lowers us in our own estimation. It is unreasonable, impolitic and demoralizing. It confuses the judgment, entangles the spirits and leaves us prostrate before the meanest antagonist. It really unfits us for life's duties, debauches every manly instinct and shortens life. Every time a man becomes "white" or red with anger, he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent; that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same thing as is experienced by excessive smokers.

I believe many a man and woman has unfitted themselves for a tranquil, peaceful, enjoyable old age, if indeed they have been permitted to attain old age—by weakening and warping their physical and moral powers through petulance of spirits and irritation of nervous strain caused by indulgence in the passion of anger. Harmony and restfulness of spirit, strength and equanimity of dispo-

sition, and kindly and lovable affection are unknown to these unreasonable, irascible, touch-me-not, thin skinned people.

It can be avoided. I used to be easily angered. But about forty years ago I was so completely overcome by this passion that I was almost delirious and came near becoming a criminal. Then I was determined I would not again be angry; and I gradually found that by thorough training my emotions and making reason supreme, I could control myself under the most provoking circumstances, till it is now perhaps twenty years since I have been conscious of being angry.—[Popular Science.]

Free Discussion.

BY J. P. MENDUM.

The man not imbued with superstitions, and who entertains a sincere desire to promote the happiness of the human race, will readily admit that open and impartial discussion is the foundation of human liberty. Free, unrestrained inquiry on all subjects is, in fact, the source of knowledge and wisdom; for how can we detect error, or distinguish truth, if there is one topic which we are not to investigate? We may expatiate for centuries on the advantages attending correct views and correct principles; but if those systems which brutalize the mind, which proscribe the use of reason, and which hold mankind under the dominion of a vile superstition, are not to be probed to the bottom and exhibited in all their deformity, the most powerful eloquence, the most transcendent reasoning in the world (though of weight in their proper place) will be utterly useless. To convince man that happiness is attainable, it is not enough that he know this. The causes which deprive him of it, the sources of his misery, must be clearly and distinctly pointed out; otherwise he will remain all his lifetime a child of sorrow and misfortune. Ignorant of the nature of the evils which beset him, he will continue the dupe of the crafty and designing, whose sole object it is to darken the understanding, that they may perpetuate their inordinate power and influence.—[Occasional Thoughts.]

Whiskey is not a factor of intellectual illumination, but it makes the man's head light.—[Flaming Sword.]