

For the Torch of Reason.

Little Torches.

BY W. E. JOHNSON.

Satan was unable to smite Job till the Lord had spoken the word of consent.—[Nashville Christian Advocate.

That's just like your God—goes in cahoots with a brigand to lie in wait for a friend. What a nice, amiable God he must be.

The principle behind it all may be embodied in an essay on fools. There are three kinds of fools. The first fool is the fool that says there is no God. The second fool says it is impossible to know whether there is a God or not. The third fool says he has no need of a God, and doesn't care materially whether there is a God or not.—[Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D. D., in his sermon in New York City.

You left out one breed: there is the fool who admits he is a fool and of no account save through the merits of a Jew who was murdered 2,000 years ago. This fool knows there is a god because no one but a god could make such a foolish fool as he is.

Nail God to his promises. Look for promises for soul-saving, put your finger on them and say, "Now Lord, you have promised to do so and so, now you are going to do it."—[Toronto War Cry.

If you must have a god, why don't you select one who will live up to his agreements like an honest man, and without having to "nail him to his promises." As Colonel Ingersoll said, "An honest god is the noblest work of man."

There is no other such love as God's redeeming love for sinful, ungodly men.—[Western Christian Advocate.

Yes, God so loved the world that he built a bottomless pit, a sort of an eternal base-burner, in which to forever torture the children of men. He loves in just the way that the wolf loves mutton.

Those who honor God shall be honored, and those who despise him shall be lightly esteemed.—[Christian Conservator.

So the "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" principle applies to salvation, does it? Your God seems to be like an Oriental nabob who can be "worked" best by flattering his vanity.

Appreciated in England.

For thirty years I published a journal under the title of "The Reasoner", a name then held as somewhat eccentric, as reasoning about things was not thought good business. The Rev. Dr. Rylance, a Church of England clergyman, now of New York celebrity, published a journal in reply to mine entitled the "Christian Reasoner". Now reasoning has become a fashion, if not a habit. I almost weekly receive from Silverton, in Oregon, the

Torch of Reason, and very bright its light is. It is conducted in the interest of "Moral Secularism", the first foreign paper in which I ever met the phrase. One of its mottoes is from Wordsworth, which Sir Rickard Tangye might have prefixed to the little book which I mentioned last month, "The Greatness of Little Things".

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Mr. Ingersoll's Publisher Writes a Card.

Whether the late Col. Robert Green Ingersoll said at the funeral oration of his brother, "If I have taught you wrong may God have mercy upon my soul," has been a subject of no little discussion by the Times-Star readers. Much of the discussion has been given publicity, but with each publication the controversy only became more complicated. There were theoretical denials and confirmations, but on both sides was there an absence of positive proof and knowledge. Some made out a strong affirmative hypothetical case by other utterance of a similar character. For example, one correspondent cited that Mr. Ingersoll prayed on the capitol steps, "God save the nation," during the crisis in the country when President Garfield was assassinated. Others pointed to Mr. Ingersoll's oft repeated doubts as to the existence of soul and God, a God such as he was said to have prayed to for mercy for his soul. From Walston, Dobbs's Ferry-on-Hudson, comes the following:

To the Editor of the Times Star:

There seems to be a dispute in the columns of the Times-Star as to whether Col. Ingersoll made use of the following words in his address at the bier of his brother: "If I have taught you wrong may God have mercy upon my soul." In behalf of his family I wish to say that not one word, more or less, was uttered by Col. Ingersoll on that occasion than what is contained in the printed version. I also wish to state as his publisher that he has never received one farthing from the sales of his books. This was given to others.

In justice to the dead I hope you will publish this letter. Yours truly,
C. P. FARRELL.

As is generally known, the expression does not appear in the printed version.—[Times-Star.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them, and mole-hills when we have passed them.

One by one the great thinkers of the world are giving up the dogmas and superstitions of the past.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure!

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