

wishes to raise aloft as the illuminating guide in the search for Truth.

But what is the motive, the mainspring that presses us to the search for Truth? It is none other than the daughter of Liberty, and she is Love. For, as soon as we are free, we begin to choose, and choice is love of the better and truer, and thus,

2. LOVE bursts from his heart: "Love is the only bow on Life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods."

Yes! love takes up the torch and can not fail to find Truth—Science! And then this astonishing apostrophe bursts from his lips:

"Science! thou alone performest the true miracle. Thou alone art the worker of real wonders. Thou knowest the circuits of the wind—thou knowest 'whence it came and whither it goeth'. Fire is thy servant and lightning thy messenger! Thou art the great philanthropist. Thou hast freed the slave and civilized the master. Thou hast taught man to enchain, not his fellow man, but the forces of Nature—forces that have no backs to be scarred, no limbs for chains to chill and eat—forces that never know fatigue, forces that never shed tears, forces that have no hearts to break.

"Thou art the great physician. Thy touch hath given sight; thou hast made the lame to leap, the dumb to speak, and in the pallid face thy hand hath set the rose of health. Thou art the destroyer of pain. Thou hast given thy beloved sleep, and wrapt in happy dreams the throbbing nerves of pain.

"Thou art the perpetual providence of Man—builder of homes, preserver of love and life! Thou gavest us the plow and loom, and thou hast fed and clothed the world!

"Thou hast slain the monsters of superstition, and thou hast given to man the one inspired book. Thou hast read the records of the rocks, written by wind and wave, by frost and fire—records that even priestcraft cannot change, and in thy wondrous scales hast weighed the atom and the star!

"Thou art the teacher of every virtue, the enemy of every vice, discoverer of every fact. Thou hast given the true basis of morals—the origin and office of conscience.

Thou hast revealed the nature of obligation, and taught that Justice is the highest form of love. Thou hast shown that even self-love, guided by intelligence, embraces with loving arms the human race.

"Thou hast founded the true religion. Thou art the very Christ, the only Savior of mankind."

Thus, he says, we are brought to see "that if the desire of knowledge lost us the Eden of the past, it will give us the Eden of the future."

And now, lastly, what will be the leading word of progress to and in the "Eden of the future," that land of the Earthly Paradise? It can be no other than that sublimest correlation, the union of all of the powers of the race for the good and glory of all—in a word:

3. HUMANITY itself! This concept is more and more becoming the central union, the criterion and savior of all human interests.

Thus Herder and Gœthe led off in its recognition in such words as these:

Im höchsten Sinn der Zukunft zu begründen,
HUMANITÄT sei unser ewig Ziel.
Durch Menschlichkeit geheilt die
Schwersten Plagen!

"In highest sense to found the Future,
Let Humanity be ever our end and aim.
Through THE HUMAN the heaviest ills are
healed.

THOMAS PAINE, in the Seventh Crisis, first used the phrase, "Religion of Humanity." AUGUSTE COMTE, the great Positivist Philosopher, gave an extended version of that religion, unfortunately in a Roman Catholic dress, which the non-Latin peoples have repudiated, but the mighty concept is there, and that our leader grandly recognized. On a visit to Comte's tomb he places this French philosopher far above the French hero-demon Napoleon, and says:

"There was, in the brain of the great Frenchman, the dawn of that happy day in which humanity will be the only religion, good the only god, happiness the only object, restitution the only atonement, mistake the only sin, and affection guided by intelligence the only savior of mankind. This dawn illuminated the darkness of his life, and filled his eyes with proud and tender tears.

"When everything connected with Napoleon, except his crimes, have been forgotten, Auguste Comte will be lovingly remembered as a benefactor of the human race."

And what will lead to this time when HUMANITY will be the only religion, he tells us in his beautiful tribute to his friend, and mine, Elizur Wright:

"But this we know: good deeds are never childless. A virtuous action does not die. Elizur Wright scattered with generous hand the precious seeds, and we shall reap the golden grain. His words and acts are ours, and all he nobly did is living still."

And in his, if possible, still no-

bler tribute to his friend, and mine, Courtlandt Palmer, he left us these never-to-be-forgotten words, so descriptive of himself—and now so applicable to us:

"The clouds had fallen from his life. He saw that the old faiths were but phases of the growth of man—that out from the darkness, up from the depths, the human race through countless ages and in every land had struggled towards the ever-growing light.

"He felt that the living are indebted to the noble dead, and that each should pay his debt; that he should pay it by preserving to the extent of his power the good he has, by destroying the hurtful, by adding to the knowledge of the world, by giving better than he has received; and that each should be the bearer of a torch, a giver of light for all that is, for all to be.

"This was the religion of duty perceived, of duty within the reach of man, within the circumference of the known—a religion without mysteries, with experience for the foundation of belief—a religion understood by the head and approved by the heart—a religion that appealed to reason with a definite end in view—the civilization and development of the human race by legitimate, adequate and natural means, that is to say, by ascertaining the conditions of progress and by teaching each to be noble enough to live for all.

"This is the gospel of men; this is the gospel of this world; this is the religion of humanity; this is a philosophy that contemplates not with scorn, but with pity, with admiration and with love all that man has done, regarding, as it does, the past with all its faults and virtues, its sufferings, its cruelties and crime, as the only road by which the more perfect could be reached.

"He deemed the supernatural—the phantoms and the ghosts that fill the twilight-land of fear. To him and for him there was but one religion—the religion of pure thoughts, of noble words, of self-denying deeds, of honest work for all the world—the religion of Help and Hope!

"Facts were the foundation of his faith; history was his prophet; reason his guide; duty his deity; happiness the end; intelligence the means.

"He knew that man must be the providence of man.

"He did not believe in religion and science, but in the RELIGION OF SCIENCE—that is to say, wisdom glorified by love, the savior of our race—religion that conquers prejudice and hatred, that drives all superstition from the mind, that enables, lengthens and enriches life, that drives from every home the wolves of want, from every heart the friends of selfishness and fear, and from every brain the monsters of the night.

"He lived and labored for his fellow man. He sided with the weak and poor against the strong and rich. He welcomed light. His face was ever towards the East.

"According to his light he lived. 'The world was his country—to do good his religion.' There is no language to express a nobler creed than this; nothing can be grander, more comprehensive, nearer perfect. This was the creed that glorified his life and made his death sublime.

"What can we say? A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the far forest, a babe is born, and the great world sweeps on—

"By the grave of man stands the Angel of Silence.

"Farewell, dear friend, the world is better for your life. The world is braver for your death."

And here we must close the quotations—with the pathos with which he foretold the close of his own personal life. How can any friend, any one who knew him, read these words except in silence?

"And so locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughter's babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to grey, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss."

Whose heart, but that of our noble Poet and Prophet-Leader, ever "gave endurance to time" so tenderly for those he loved?—and finally for himself!

Many more of his glorious words, shining like jewels in this "dark world", might be given, but these are enough. These give beyond doubt the grand foundation and purpose of his own life, as well as of the lives of our friends for whom they were spoken. That foundation, then, clearly rested upon the four cornerstones upon which must stand that better world of the Future to be, viz., LIBERTY, LOVE, SCIENCE and HUMANITY. Because our departed Leader stood firmly based upon these, as the above quoted words incontrovertibly show, he can only fail of a good and glorious immortality, not only in name and fame, but in correlative and endless reality, by the failure of the Liberal world to become the receiver, conductor and correlative-transmitter of his life and soul work to future generations. Unless the grand work and purposes of our Leader are realized now by those who are wholly or in part Liberals (that is, LIBERATED from the old creeds and superstitions), and unless they speedily prepare efficient

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