

## Torch of Reason

The Only Paper of Its Kind.

Published Weekly by the Liberal University Company, in the Interests of Constructive, Moral Secularism.

J. E. Hosmer, ..... Editor  
P. W. Geer, ..... Manager

Entered at the postoffice at Silverton, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, in advance.....\$1 00  
Six months, in advance..... 50  
Three months, in advance..... 25  
In clubs of five or more, one year, in advance..... 75  
Money should be sent by registered letter or money order.

### Notice!

A hand pointing to this notice denotes that your subscription has expired. You are earnestly requested to renew so that you may receive the paper without interruption. We have decided that it is best for all concerned that we do not send papers longer than the time paid for unless so ordered. This will prevent any loss and we will know just where we stand.

We request you to send us the names of Secularists who might become subscribers and we will mail sample copies.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, E. M. 300.

### THE TRUTH VS. OLD THEORIES.

Science teaches us that space is occupied by matter, and that one of the general properties of matter is impenetrability. Where, then, is there room for a god? If he(?) is immaterial, he is nothing, and if material, he must be either in organic form, like men and women, or in inorganic form, like an invisible gas, as oxygen. But the idea of a man-like god is too absurd to longer believe, and an all-wise gas is still more absurd, if it is possible, in the light of science, for the human mind to think of anything more illogical than an anthropomorphic god governing the motions of the planets, satellites and suns and at the same time counting every hair of our heads and directing every corpuscle in its course through the veins of every animal in the world. The great, eternal laws which govern matter have evolved the universe as it is and the life forms therein.

We have in the L. U. O. museum a number of little, smooth, round cakes of hardened clay. These little cakes were formed, so says the Hon. T. W. Davenport, the donor, in the bottom of an ancient lake in the state of Washington. Bubbles of gas breaking through the floor of the lake caused small portions of its clay to move up and down, up and down, for ages, and when the lake dried up these miniature mud pies were baked by the sun and furnish us food for thought in our endeavors to determine how they got here. Some, having no true knowl-

edge of such things, might suppose that the little boy and girl gods had a good time making mud pies while their father was building the world, and it would be fully as logical as to suppose that an adult god made the earth. Bubbles of gas breaking through a portion of less active matter in the great ocean of space, driven by the forces inherent in matter itself, undoubtedly formed the earth and the other worlds. Go back and back and

But when such men as John J. Ingalls can pen such lines as the following, what can be expected from those who by inheritance and by training only know how to follow? The enslaved mind produces the thought and the thought produces slavery in an eternal round, but vibrations from the ever-brilliant Sun of Truth will finally produce, enlarge and perfect the reason of man until all will inductively correct what they now accept

ous and unnecessary. But this does not disturb our belief in Shakespeare.

"Irrespective of creeds and theology, they are wise who would recognize God in the Constitution, because faith in a supreme being, in immortality and in the compensation of sternly conduces powerfully to social order by enabling man to endure with composure the injustice of this world in the hope of reparation in that which is to come.

"Inasmuch as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can be neither added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever."

A universe without a god is no more absurd than one without a witch, to the mind that has learned to account for things in other ways, and spontaneous feelings (often inherited), which are thought by some to be reason, is the only mental process which rejects the idea of a universe without a god. Fate, blind chance and miracles do not satisfy the mind, nor does the idea of a god. Those who have reason ask the question (which is as necessary of explanation as the one in regard to to the universe) who made your god? A god without a maker is more absurd than a universe without one, and the reason (not spontaneous) rejects the god theory entirely as an absurd complication rather than an explanation of the question.

A god is no more indispensable, we repeat, than a god's maker and operator, and so on, ad infinitum. The idea of the eternal forces is as easy to rest the mind on as the idea of an eternal god, and much more so when we consider that it solves the whole question. How could a good god make or allow so much evil? Is there a devil? Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? All these silly questions dissolve and no more trouble the mind that has been emancipated from the snares of the old ignorant god theory.

The universe, with its beautiful order, which becomes confusion, or at least potential chaos, to one who holds that a god controls according to his caprice, marches to the beautiful music of law, "to him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms." The belief in God and in immortality have been the cause of the social disorder in the world. It is artificial, admits of no improvement, the theories built thereon are bones of contention for warring sects, and they who wait to have their wrongs righted in another world become weak underlings, with the meekness of a serving ox and the brains of a priest-ridden donkey.

Matter and force are infinite and indestructible as far as man can know, and if "in some form we have always existed," as Mr. Ingalls says, how did it require a god to make us? And the same rule will apply

## A COMPARISON.

### CHRISTIAN.

#### A GOOD CONFESSION.

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind;  
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;  
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind,  
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.  
There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile  
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;  
There was naught half so base as the malice and guile  
Of my own sordid passions or Satan's control.  
For years I have borne about hell in my breast;  
When I thought of my God, it was nothing but gloom;  
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,  
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be  
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;  
To create a new world were less hard than to free  
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said,  
"Let there be light,"  
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart,  
One look from my Savior, and all the dark night,  
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,  
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;  
'Twas labor of minutes, and years of disease  
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died,  
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,  
No bright wave that leaps o'er the dark bounding tide,  
Is a creature so free or so happy as I?

All hail, then, all hail to the dear, precious blood,  
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me!  
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,  
And God have his glory, and sinners go free.  
—F. W. Faber in Signs of the Times.

back in time till the mind wearies of thinking, and yet there is no room for a god in the boundless depths of matter-occupied space, and we come back from our search with disgust for the rainbow and Santa Claus stories of the childhood of our race. And yet how many there are who, without evidence, are blindly accepting and depending upon this mythical creator to redeem the world, instead of realizing that the work all rests upon humanity itself.

### SECULAR.

#### A TRUE REDEMPTION.

The chains that once bound us are flung to the wind;  
From the fear of the gods the poor slaves are set free;  
And the love of Humanity buds fresh in the mind,  
Like a rose in a summer breeze, glad-some and free.

There's naught else in our world half so dark or so vile  
As the bondage of priests, that fetters the soul;  
There is naught half so base as the malice and guile  
Of their heathenish dogmas the weak to control.

For a while we endeavored of God to be blessed;  
When we'd think, off our guard, ah, then we would pray.  
A make-believe happiness gave us no rest.  
There was reason's still voice that it could not repay.

It seems as if nothing less noble could be  
Than a struggle for light from a dungeon so deep.  
To create a new world and forever be free  
Is better than bondage in ignorant sleep.

So the work will go on; we'll seek for the light,  
And truth like the sun sends a bright ray at morn.  
We have watched Science's star through all the dark night,  
And the nightmare of darkness forever is gone.

We cry not for mercy, nor fall on our knees,  
Nor confess to a god that was created by man.  
The past ignorant ages thought his wrath to appease,  
And today let them love him who ignorantly can.

And now, let the good and the free who can live  
Like a deer on the mountain, a bird in the sky,  
Like bright waves that leap o'er the dark bounding tide,  
Bring a joy to the heart and a light to the eye.

All hail, then, all hail to the dear, precious Truth,  
That will bring true salvation—re-creating the world!  
Soon unnumbered millions will follow its light,  
With the banner of Freedom forever unfurled.

from the priests and their books.

Mr. Ingalls writes as follows:

"A universe without a god is an intellectual absurdity which reason rejects spontaneously. Fate, force and chance do not satisfy the mind. If all the letters in the play of 'Hamlet' were shaken in a dice box and thrown at midnight in a tempest on the desert of Sahara they might fall exactly as they are arranged in the drama. It may be admitted that if destiny kept casting long enough they would some time inevitably so fall, which would render the Bard of Avon superflu-