

## True and New Bible Chapters.

The first page of this Torch justifies the exclamation: "The last is the best!" Those extracts are better than any bible chapters. Let us keep them and make the most of them.

First, then, the glorious INGERSOLL gives us his indictment of ALCOHOL and God. They are THE two bad "Spirits" of the world; and his indictment is a "True Bill" against them both. The idea that any good comes from these two Spirits when taken into the body or the mind of man is simply a SUPERSTITION—the worst of superstitions—that every Liberal should take especial pains to get free from. Is he, in fact, a Liberal (an emancipated one) until he has succeeded? Ingersoll knew as much about the effects of alcohol as any one; he tried it himself and saw every phase of its trial in others, and at last he gave his final verdict—which was and is: Let "THE DAMNED STUFF" alone!—absolutely alone!

Ingersoll is right, for Science backs him up and sustains him fully in every word he has left us against what Shakespeare (in Othello) calls the "Evil Spirit, the Spirit of Wine, the DEVIL"! The late attempt of Prof. Atwater, of the Wesleyan University, to prove that alcohol does some good to the human system in some way, and that it is not a thief that "steals away the brains of man," as Shakespeare says, do not stand cross-examination at all, and have utterly broken down under chemical and physiological criticism. Alcohol stands now just where Shakespeare, Ingersoll and Science placed it, as the "fire water," the liquid Devil. Its fearful, deadly superstition we should get so far OFF from that we would instinctively regard its sight and fumes with a sort of horror, as the breath (that is spirit) from the face of death itself. For such in fact it really is. The Torch will show you that it is the paralyzer and destroyer of every healthy nerve and cell in the body. Watch out for that article—soon to come.

NEXT, DR. PAUL CARUS lifts us safely over the poisonous fog-tail of the Spirit-God superstition that Ingersoll has truly indicted, viz: AGNOSTICISM. As a fume from alcohol is a real "Spirit" or BREATH from it, (for breath is all that the word 'spirit' means in any language) so the old superstition was that there was a "something" in everything that caused its changes and properties, and, as a "Spirit" breathed out from it. Thus God was the "Spirit" or breath of the whole world—the real "essence" of All. This imagination is the real bottom of all Theology, Fetishism, and church or "spook religions" of the world, of which Agnosticism is the last and faintest, but unhealthy, fume. Science by its fundamental Law of "Correlation and Equiva-

lence" of all the changes (forces) of the world, has not left room for a single, even evanescent or imaginary fume of this old Spook-God! As Dr. Carus points out as soon as the changes of the infinite world are found to be equivalents of each other they are the whole of existence or of any possible "phenomena." But WE are one of those changes and are constantly created and continued by them, so that our will is the HINGE of the world between the objective IS, and the subjective FELT. Existence is thus scientifically found to be the TOUCH (game of tag), or friction, between this objective not I,—world WITHOUT us, and the subjective world of sensations and ideas and will WITHIN us. Our existence is the constant equating of these two conceptions, and each of these ultimates can be explained only in terms of the other. Thus: Objective, or not I gives us Subjective, or I. Thus we find the subjective to be the product and out-flowering of the objective world, and thus only intelligible or explainable. And on the other side of the equation of existence, we find that the objective world is only intelligible and explainable as the FACT and result of our subjective sensations, our touch and tag play with it. The etymological root of the word TAG, and its cognate words, tells the whole story. But of this more anon, in the Torch, too,—watch out, and see when the Ultimate of Existence drifts by!

LASTLY, on our first page stand the HEROIC words of George Jacob Holyoake and of Rufus Choate, backing the golden and inspiring Poem thereon. There could not be a more fitting bugle call to the healthy glory of the New Life, of the New Era, of our New World that Science has opened up to us—so new and so bright that it almost seems as if newly created for us? As Choate says, such New Epochs are the ever true Heroic Ages with their deeds, ideas, purposes, cares and agonies, followed by superlative joys, as they raise themselves and us into THE NOBLE—in the upspringing growth of our time and race!

May we not, then, be proud of this First Page? As we glance over it again the Spirit of our College Yell comes over us, and L. U. O. sends out a "defi" to the laudators of all of the Bibles of the world to put up, from them all, one equal page of true foundation of existence with its Infinite, of true Philosophy for the conduct, motives and end of life; or of greater aspiration, satisfaction and true glory in the result to be achieved! Try it, and let us see your spook-lights flicker before the Sun of Science! Meanwhile, as a sort of benediction and "recession-al," take this final word, the object-end of life, from our poet Lowell:—

Be NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

Yes, let us have a communion of "saints" who were not "medieval barbarians" of the churches, but who can now help us to live cooperatively in the True, the Human and the Noble!  
T. B. W.

## Cobbler, stick to thy last!

A shoemaker found fault with an oil-painted slipper in one of the paintings of a celebrated artist, but showed the greatest ignorance in criticising the other parts of the painting. Hence has arisen the oft-quoted saying, Let the cobbler stick to his last, and let every one attend to his own business.

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