

takes pleasure in his anesthesia, but his pleasure is not worth having.

At birth all men are helpless, but they soon learn to help themselves and, finally, to help others. This ability is the measure of our worth, and the youth who improves his time in thoughts and pursuits which educate and elevate will find that instead of becoming a useless, unhappy man he will have a mind well stored with that which furnishes himself and his friends much pleasure and profit of the right sort, while he whose selfish object begins and ends in wealth or pleasure will return to his first condition of helplessness long before his time. It is inevitable that frequently during the life of one who is chasing worthless wealth or pleasure, he will see its utter worthlessness; and the time comes in his maturer years when he clearly sees its utter insignificance: and then what? The rest of his life is spent in a fruitless endeavor to make up for lost time, or in the darkness of an aimless existence.

The merchant who arranges his goods with nothing but money in view, seldom does as well as he who loves the beautiful effects of his work. The artist, whose chief motive in painting is the pay, is not an artist, and ultimately fails. The inventor who loves a fortune more than his ideals will be disappointed. The playwright who counts his receipts above the entertainment of his audience will, sooner or later, receive hisses instead of applause. A teacher who "keeps school" for "what there is in it" does not teach school. And, finally, the human being who is wholly selfish, spending all his time in getting, and planning how to save his gains, or in throwing away his golden hours in profligate pleasure, has lost his life and is not much better than his brother, the monkey, and often does much more mischief.

He who'd be happy on life's sea,
The wealth worth having, gaining,
Must trim his craft afore and aft,
And spend his time in sailing.

The lowering sails for pleasure light,
Or treasure-islands seeking,
Will soon requite him day and night,
With disappointments reeking.

Then up my sailor lads; Yo, ho!
We sail but for the season;
But while we roam the ocean's foam,
Our pilot will be Reason.

And when we land, as land we must,
Our anchor gently loosing,
Ere we depart we'll will our chart
To those who'll still be cruising.

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For the Torch of Reason.

The Moral Man.

BY T. J. BOWLES, M. D.

Under the glitter and gloss of our Christian veneering, we are at heart but polished savages and still retain the vicious instincts of cruel animals. The construction of vast armaments by so-called Christian nations for the destruction of human life demonstrates that we are nothing more and nothing less than well-dressed barbarians.

Why is it that the so-called civilized nations are still engaged in the wholesale murder of their fellow men? Why is it that men everywhere are still toiling and sweating and bleeding, and without any hope for the morrow? Why is it that man, the highest product of Evolution, is far more unhappy than the beasts of the forests? Whence comes this awful perversion of our nature and this terrible load of sorrow and affliction? There is a cause for all things, and there must be a cause for the social distempers and discords, the agonies and the sorrows, by which happiness has been banished from the earth and mankind made cheerless and hopeless and desolate.

The answer to these momentous questions is not far to seek nor hard to find. The deadly poison that has blighted the hopes and the happiness of the race through all the ages is orthodox religion. Its extermination is an imperative necessity. Relief for the race can never come until Naturalism overthrows supernaturalism; until ethics is substituted for religion; until all the high stations in life now usurped by the priests are filled by the teachers; until Science is substituted for revelation; until the moral man is substituted for the religious man in all the stations of life.

The moral man has already made his appearance, and he will continue to increase and multiply until he spreads the net of his dominion over all the discordant races of the earth. We already have glimpses of the good time coming when the moral man shall rule the world. The Liberal University of Oregon has commenced the work, and when the work is completed, and surely it will be, the right will then triumph over the wrong; virtue will triumph over vice; physical and moral beauty will then triumph over physical and moral deformity; order and good government will then triumph over disorder and bad government; hypocrisy, sectarianism, hatred, vengeance and war will then give place to the blessings of morality, love and peace.

Every man who has been emancipated from the thralldom of priests and creeds should give freely of his time and energy for the moralization and humanization of Christian bigots, who for 1500 years have made this beautiful earth a swimming Golgotha of blood.

Muncie, Ind.

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