

Our Message of Peace.

BY HENRY CLINTON PARKHURST.

I saw a ship with a deep, wide hold, Which the captain said was filled with gold.

"O, where are you going, my sailor bold?"

"Going to pay the missionaries!"

I saw a ship on the Moslem coast, With a savage captain at his post; Each sailor looked like our Herr Most.

"O, where are you going, my gallant host?"

He waved his sword with haughty boast—

"Going to protect the missionaries!"

I saw some soldiers climbing a hill, And the captain thundered forth his will.

Each soldier his gun proceeded to fill With sixteen bullets bound to kill.

"O, where are you going, you sons of ill?"

"Going to protect the missionaries!"

I saw a ship on the China seas, With cannons which looked like sawed-off trees;

With wild marines as thick as bees, And sailors who skipped like Frisco fleas.

"O, where are you going with folks like these?"

A voice came back upon the breeze—

"Going to protect the missionaries!"

We need a bigger national fleet, With dynamite guns nobody can beat, With powder and shell to rule the roost.

To every chief on the China coast We'll say in words we needn't repeat:

"A gospel of peace we bring to thee. You read this book, you heathen Chinese, Or we'll blow your city clear over the sea."

O leave the Pagan of child-like smile To worship God in his own style. Despite our fears, perhaps he'll reach The pearly gates of the After While, By the good old route his fathers teach.

—[Boston Investigator.

Science Study and National Character.

BY ALBERT B. CROWE.

It is the sober second thought, we are in the habit of saying, which saves us, which takes the helm and sheers us away from the half-hidden reef in our first mad course. It is not. It is the sober first thought which has redeemed us from destruction time after time, the sober first thought of the few who are truly educated, who have looked below the surface of things and considered the hidden and obscure results, who have weighed the right and wrong and stood immovably for the right. It is the counsel of such men which has given us courage and power to restrain ourselves and face our hardest duty.

Evidence of disease of the national conscience must raise in the minds of thoughtful men grave doubts as to the sufficiency of our education to "insure national progress, prosperity and honor," whether because of inherent weakness of the system or because of the strength of the forces opposed to it.

Probably the most striking phenomenon which we have witnessed has been the tremendous display of excited feeling. No man can doubt that the force of blind passion has been in hundreds of thousands of men the dominant force.

When men become unwilling, or

uncaring, to ascertain the truth for themselves, they inevitably display a great willingness to swallow any statement which may obligingly be offered to them by some one else.

Every belief, no matter what its nature, is in time subject to examination. If it stand, it stands because it is able to bear this searching scrutiny and to answer fairly the questions of honest doubt. Honest doubt may be the result of honest reasoning; it must demand honest reasoning to satisfy it. This exercise of the rational faculty, then, depends upon and results from an awakened love of truth. How directly do these most obvious principles of scientific investigation forbid us to be carried away into excesses!

If love of truth and appeal to reason mean anything at all, they mean, first of all, eternal opposition to the power of unthinking passion of blind feeling.

Secondly, they defy prejudice. They call for the open court, the fair trial, the impartial judge.

Thirdly, they demand a sufficient amount of evidence. True Science is the enemy of wildcat theories and reckless generalizations.

Fourthly, the love of truth and reason, which are in the very grain of the scientific mind and heart laugh at credulity. They do not scoff at authority, or reject it. But they say; "We must know."

The fruit of honest investigation, the conclusions of careful reasoning on sufficient information, these are the Science student's riches. We should hold fast the proved good which we have received from others. And we should honor and revere those who have opened the way for us to the truth.—[Popular Science Monthly.

One of the most novel and interesting exhibits at the Paris Exposition is a complete set of bed hangings manufactured in Madagascar from the silk of the halabe. The halabe is a huge, indigenous female of great ferocity. It eats the males which venture near it, and will even devour the weaker members of its own sex. M. Nogue, the head of the Antananarivo Technical School, has now perfected a neat arrangement for winding off the thread with which the spider spins its web. Each spider yields from three to four hundred yards of this silk, which is somewhat finer than that spun by the silkworm, but it possesses extraordinary strength and is of a light golden color. By M. Nogue's process the product of the halabe can be widely utilized for commercial purposes. The bed hangings cannot fail to excite unusual interest.

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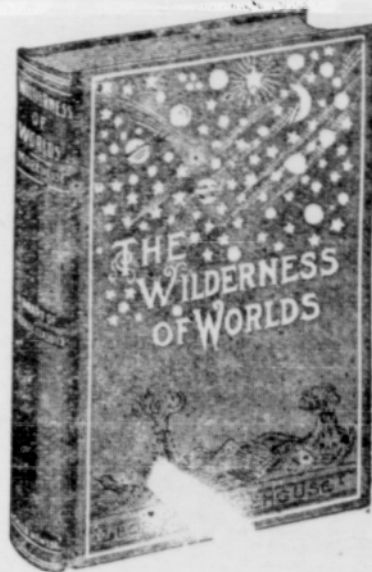
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