

spairing cry for it like that which ends the Revelation, "Even so, come thou, Lord Jesus" was enough to bring it, if infinitely wanting a thing impossible could make it possible to get it. The promise of Christ and of John, and of Paul, that it would soon come in their day has never been realized to this day. By the absolute failure of all of these their most sacred promises and hopes, all of their religion, and all of their schemes for the future Heaven are wholly bankrupted and their whole business and theory of things has already ended in nothingness. (Matthew, xv: 33-51, 1st Thess., iv,v, Rev., xx.)

Now what the Christian religion came to do, but has utterly failed to do, can not science do? For Science is our Providence and seems able, if we only use it right, to do nearly everything. Let us see. Can we not catch and moor this Heaven floating in the stars? Can we not anchor it to our earth and thus make it a joy forever as the early Christians dreamed it was to be? The first thing they dreamed about that Heaven was, that though it should come down to earth, it was to be the eternal home of those who lived, and loved and served their highest, "The Son of Man," which was the highest good of all. And that such an eternal home should be a common possession, becoming glorified by communion of the Saints, with higher joys than could be otherwise conceived of. Now is not Science anchoring that Heavenly home of hope, and rest, and love, upon this earth, just as the early Christians hoped and prayed that it should come? Is it not our fact of Science that the permanent, eternal home now, and ever must be on this earth? Is not that home enlarging yearly, so that the future generations will reach in it a life of unspeakable satisfaction—a comfort and glory more than we can now foretell—more than Paul ever saw when he went up into that "third Heaven" and heard and saw things unutterable? Is not the result of human love the "Christ that is to be" on this earth? Have not those who have lived and loved, and sacrificed for that "Christ," been by him redeemed, as he is crucified by the death of each generation to enable a better generation to be born in its place? Is not each generation a step in the ladder that leads to the "higher life" which is yet ever further in the future on this earth itself? Does not this Christ that is to be, this "Son of Man," give his beloved eternal rest, and yet with a continuous immortality in which they live as the Choir Invisible, helping and cheering those who continue their life on earth, by their higher life of love? Is not the Infinite Universe, THE ALL, the "Father," being gradually revealed by Science—revealed as fast as we can stand the

brilliance of its glory, and even faster than we can find words to express it? Yet all this revelation is made by scientists as the servants of Humanity, the human Christ, for only by the knowledge we inherit from them and by the co-operation we give each other, are the treasures and the glories of Nature made known. For by Man only do we come unto Nature. For is it not written? "No one cometh unto the father except by the son!"

Yes, only the blind can fail to see that Science has got hold of, and is now anchoring on this earth, that old heaven which has floated about among the stars—anchoring it in and by the human heart, on this earth. Thus, gradually is it drawing downward and becoming a reality here as the early Christians believed. And are not the cherubs, angels and saints, who make it realizable our children, blessed women, and beneficent men?

Men and women of the Twentieth Century, "why stand ye gazing up into the heavens?" Whom ye seek is no longer there, but here. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit (Science) hath said unto the Churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the garden of the Paradise of God."—Revelation II, 7. Where was that Paradise and Garden? Where will it always be? On this earth where it always was. And so our floating celestial heaven has returned to the earth from whence it rose to be realized as our Earthly Paradise HERE.

The Song.

On our first page appears Goethe's celebrated Masonic Symbol Chant. It sums up the poems we have given relating to earthly human duty an immortality, viz: Longfellow's Psalm of Life, George Elliott's Choir Invisible, Spiller's Love Shall Conquer, and now this sublime Chant the last of all.

We are not to say whether we like these and similar voices of Fate, for whether we will or no, we are measured by them. Not to learn to like them, if we do not, is to close the gates of the Earthly Paradise against ourselves. The imagery of this Symbol, considers our earth as the Lodge of Man—the Worker Mason: the Future Time as our great unexplored seed field with a veil seemingly ever advancing before us as we press on with our work between the great silences realizing ever anew "the powers of the good in the ever opening Future, not above (droben) but before and in the beyond (drüben.) HERE the crowns come to the active as their work and hope. All that Mankind was, and is or can

be, is concentrated in these few words. Carlyle was heard to repeat snatches from it as he passed away. It appeared to him as "The Song," one of the successors of the Lord's Prayer and one of those most remarkable of human utterances. ~~With the other poems selected~~ let it be stored in the memory. After years of use it will have deeper and fresher meaning than when eye and heart first tried to make something out of it. In time it may become the key of the new immortality.

Transcendental Immortality.

John Fiske has placed personal post mortem immortality in an amusing position, for a scientist. He is compelled to give up the material and immaterial "entity soul" of Revelation and spiritism. He says "It must ever remain an affair of religion rather than Science." "What goes on in the brain is an amazingly complex series of molecular movements with which thought and feeling are in some unknown way CORRELATED, not as effects or causes, but as CONCOMITANTS." "During the present life we know soul only in its association with body, and therefore cannot discover disembodied soul without DYING OURSELVES. This fact must always prevent us from obtaining direct evidence for the belief in the soul's revival"

Prof. Haeckel would say: "Don't quote further, his case is up!" No one now takes the old Cabenais materialistic view, that feeling and thought are "products of matter," but that they are "concomitants" of, that is attendants of the amazingly complex series of brain "molecular movements" and so 'correlated' with them. Now if we are certain of anything it is that correlates are the constant equivalents of previous correlations, whether called results, attendants, or "concomitants," or what not. There cannot be two ways, therefore, in which the same "concomitant" can be produced, and so the "molecular movement" way is the only one possible.

But after death he thinks there may be another way for "feeling" to exist. But how can a "concomitant" exist after the "molecular movements" of which it was a concomitant have wholly ceased? The more you think the more does the whole thing become absurd. How can the dead John Fiske concomitate, that is, continue to correlate the living John Fiske that has wholly ceased to exist? How can you sit on a limb after you have sawed it off? This is simply Fiskian absurdity thrown out to amuse or wheedle the gullibles.

His next argument is, that though it may not be Science, it may be "religion," and if you want a thing HARD enough, then what you want ought to BE according to your no-

tions of the world and man. There may be a "creator" too, to work that out for you, and that HIS plan will be a "house of blocks," unless it is in some unscientific and inconceivable way to effect your present wishes in some other inconceivable way. ~~It is not necessary, therefore,~~ "bankrupt" unless it pays off the whims of our selfish wants based on our unscientific illusions. In our younger days the said Fiske gave us the cure for this "katzenjammer" in one precarious bit of word we have never forgotten, viz:

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"When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you."

Let us take our human immortality and make the best of it, and cease the childish blasphemy of dictating to the Infinite God: the Infinite All.

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