

through the fields where the flowers grow, over the daisied slopes where sunlight, lingering, seems to sleep and dream.

Let us go the broad way with the great world, with science and art, with music and the drama, with all that gladdens, thrills, refines, and calms.

Let us go the wide road with husband and wife, with children and friends, and with all there is of joy and love between the dawn and dusk of life's strange day.

This world is a great orange tree, filled with blossoms, with ripening and ripened fruit, while, underneath the bending boughs, the fallen slowly turn to dust. Each orange is a life. Let us squeeze it dry, get all the juice there is, so that when death comes we can say: "There is nothing left but withered peel."

Let us travel the broad and natural way. Let us live for man. To think of what the world has suffered from superstition, from religion, from the worship of beast, and stone, and god, is almost enough to make one insane. Think of the long, long night of ignorance and fear! Think of the agony, the sufferings of the past, of the days that are dead!

I look. In gloomy caves I see the sacred serpents coiled, waiting for their sacrificial prey. I see their open jaws, their restless tongues, their glittering eyes, their cruel fangs. I see them seize and crush in many horrid folds the helpless children given by fathers and mothers to appease the Serpent God! I look again. I see temples wrought of stone and gilded with barbaric gold. I see altars red with human blood. I see the solemn priests thrust knives into the white breasts of girls. I look again. I see other temples and other altars, where greedy flames devour the flesh and blood of babes. I see other temples and other priests, and other altars dripping with the blood of oxen, lambs, and doves.

I look again. I see other temples and other priests, and other altars on which are sacrificed the liberties of man. I look. I see the cathedrals of God, the huts of peasants; the robes of priests and kings, the rags of honest men.

I look again. The lovers of God are the murderers of men. I see dungeons filled with the noblest and the best. I see exiles, wanderers, outcasts,—millions of martyrs, widows and orphans. I see the cunning instruments of torture, and hear the shrieks, and sobs, and moans of millions done to death.

I see the dungeon's gloom, I hear the clank of chains. I see the fagot's flames, the scorched and blackened face, the writhing limbs. I hear the jeers and scoffs of pious fiends. I see the victim on the rack, I hear the tendons as they break. I see a world beneath the feet of priests, liberty in chains; every virtue a crime, every crime a virtue; intelligence despised, stupidity sainted; hypocrisy crowned, and the white forehead of honor wearing the brand of shame. THIS WAS.

I look again, and in the East of hope's fair sky the first pale light shed by the herald star gives promise of another dawn. I look, and from the ashes, blood,