

natural. They promised happiness in another world, and did all they could to destroy the pleasures of this. Their greatest consolation, their purest joy, was found in their belief that all who failed to obey their words, to wear their yoke would suffer infinite torture in the eternal dungeons of hell.

Living for God was tried in the Dark Ages. Thousands of scaffolds were wet with blood, countless swords were thrust through human hearts. The flames of fagots consumed the flesh of men. Dungeons became the homes of those who thought. In the name of God every cruelty was practised, every crime committed, and liberty perished from the earth. Everywhere the result has been the same. Living for God has filled the world with blood and flame.

There is another way. Let us live for man—for this world. Let us develop the brain and civilize the heart. Let us ascertain the conditions of happiness and live in accordance with them. Let us do what we can for the destruction of ignorance, poverty, and crime. Let us do our best to supply the wants of the body, to satisfy the hunger of the mind, to ascertain the secrets of nature, to the end that we may make the invisible forces the tireless servants of the human race, and fill the world with happy homes.

Let the gods take care of themselves. Let us live for man. Let us remember that those who have sought for the truths of nature have never persecuted the fellow-men. The astronomers and chemists have forged no chains, built no dungeons. The geologists have invented no instruments of torture. The philosophers have not demonstrated the truth of their theories by burning the neighbors. The great infidels, the thinkers, have lived for the good of man.

It is noble to seek for truth, to be intellectually honest, to give to others the true transcript of your mind—a photograph of your thoughts in honest words.

There are two ways. The narrow way, along which the selfish go in single file, not wide enough for husband and wife to walk side by side while children clasp their hands. The narrow road over the desert of superstition, "with heaven and there a traveller." The narrow grass-grown path, filled with flints and broken glass, bordered by thistles and thorns, where the twice-born walk limping with bleeding feet. If by this path you see a flower, do not pick it. It is a temptation. Beneath its leaves a serpent lies. Keep your eyes on the New Jerusalem. Do not look back for wife or child or friend. Think only of saving your own soul. You will be just as happy in heaven with all you love in hell. Believe, have faith, and you will be rewarded for the goodness of another. Look neither to the right nor the left. Keep on, straight on, and you will save your worthless withered, selfish soul. This is the narrow road that leads from earth to the Christian's heartless heaven.

There is another way—the broad road. Give me the wide and ample way—the way broad enough for us all to go together. The broad way, where the birds sing, where the sun shines and the streams murmur. The broad way