



TRUTH.

Truth is like gold in the gulches,
Of buried deep under the sod,
While often the tender-foot searches
For gold on the face of a clod.
The color is found on the surface,
But if you would find richer stock,
Go down where large nuggets are buried,
Go down till you find the bed-rock.

Many people examine the surface,
And penetrate never within;
But the outside is sleek as a beaver,
The heart often dyed deep in sin.

Hence lives are but base contradictions;
And hearts are oft pining in sorrow;

To-day what may seem quite angelic
As crime may be looked on tomorrow.

Truth, then, is scattered and buried,
It is mixed with the gold in the glen;
Go wash all the dirt from these nuggets

And find if you can honest men.
For truth that is pure and unvarnished
Is worthy the search of the wise;
Compare it with nuggets and diamonds,
Pure truth is by far the best prize.

One miner, perhaps, in a million
Will pick up a fortune today,
While others may toil for a lifetime,
Yet delve in the very same way.
And yet 'tis by toiling we find them—
These nuggets we so much desire;
'Tis only by working unceasing
We manage to climb up still higher.

Christianity and War.

The Marquis of Dufferin, now retired from the British diplomatic service after labors of some fifty years, has a rather pessimistic philosophy regarding nations. In a speech in Belfast, Ireland, recently, he declared as one of the convictions which a lifetime of observation in the highest diplomatic posts had stamped upon his mind, that "it is a vain thing to expect nations to be just or reasonable when their material interests are at stake." This seasoned old diplomat went on to say:

"Another conviction which has been borne in upon me is this, that in spite of Christianity and civilization, in spite of humanitarian philosophies, the triumphs of scientific knowledge, in spite of the lessons of history and the bitter experiences of the more recent past, force and not right is still the dominant factor in human affairs and that no nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand."

What a reply are these words to the claims and pretensions of the eulogists of Christianity as a divine system which has radically transformed the nations that have adopted it! The Marquis said that a "consolatory idea had lately dawned upon the horizon," by which he

meant the principle of arbitration as developed by Great Britain and the United States, which he hoped would eventually prove, if not a remedy, "a mitigation of the risks of international strife." Let us hope that arbitration treaties will, in the near future, render wars between civilized nations impossible. Steam and electricity, commercial intercourse, international interests, breadth of thought and sympathy, and the spirit of respect and reciprocity—developed by trade and travel—these will, in the good time coming, accomplish for mankind what centuries of faith in theological mysteries have failed to produce.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Apostrophe to Science,

Thou alone performest the true miracle. Thou alone art the worker of real wonders. Thou knowest the circuits of the wind—thou knowest "whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Fire is thy servant and lightning thy messenger!

Thou art the great philanthropist. Thou hast freed the slave and civilized the master. Thou hast taught men to enchain, not his fellow man, but the forces of nature—forces that have no backs to be scarred, no limbs for chains to chill and eat—forces that never know fatigue, forces that shed no tears, forces that have no hearts to break!

Thou art the great physician. Thy touch hath given sight; thou hast made the lame to leap, the dumb to speak, and in the pallid face thy hand hath set the rose of health. Thou art the destroyer of pain. Thou "hast given thy beloved sleep," and wrapt in happy dreams the nerves of pain.

Thou art the perpetual providence of man—builder of homes, preserver of love and life! Thou gavest us the plow and loom, and thou hast fed and clothed the world!

Thou art the teacher of every virtue, the enemy of every vice, discoverer of every fact. Thou hast given the true basis of morals—the origin and office of conscience. Thou hast revealed the nature of obligation, and hast taught that justice is the highest form of love. Thou hast shown that even self-love, guided by intelligence, embraces with loving arms the human race. Thou hast slain the monsters of superstition, and thou hast given to man the one inspired book. Thou hast the records of the rocks, written by wind and wave, by frost and fire—records that even priest-

craft cannot change, and in thy wondrous scales hast weighed the atom and the star!

Thou hast founded the true religion. Thou art the very Christ, the only saviour of mankind!—Ingersoll.

Origin of Species.

No one ought to feel surprise at much remaining as yet unexplained in regard to the origin of species and varieties, if he make due allowance for our profound ignorance in regard to the mutual relations of the many beings which live around us. Who can explain why one species ranges widely and is very numerous, and why another allied species has a narrow range and is rare? Yet these relations are of highest importance, for they determine the welfare and, as I believe, the future success and modification of every inhabitant of this world. Still less do we know of the mutual relations of the innumerable inhabitants of the world during the many past geological epochs in its history. Although much remains obscure and will long remain obscure, I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate study and dispassionate judgment of which I am capable, that the view which most naturalists until recently entertained, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. I am fully convinced that species are not immutable; but that those belonging to what are called the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any one species are the descendants of that species. Furthermore, I am convinced that natural selection has been the most important, but not the exclusive, means of modification.—Darwin.

Impossible to Love God.

If I take my ideas of God from theology, God shows himself to me in such a light as to repel love. The devotees who tell us that they love their God sincerely, are either liars or fools who see their God in profile; it is impossible to love a being, the thought of whom tends to excite terror, and whose judgments make us tremble. How can we face without fear, a God whom we suppose sufficient barbarous to wish to damn us forever? Let them not speak to us of a filial or respectful fear mingled with love, which men should have for their God. A son can not love his father

when he knows he is cruel enough to inflict exquisite torments upon him; in short, to punish him for the least faults. No man upon earth can have the least spark of love for a God who holds in reserve eternal, hard, and violent chastisements for ninety-nine hundredths of his children.—Jean Meslier.

Secular Fiashes.

Science makes friends, religion makes enemies. The one enriches, the other impoverishes. The one thrives best where the truth is told, the other where falsehoods are believed.—Ingersoll.

"It is dangerous to let man perceive too distinctly how closely he approaches the animals, without at the same time showing him his greatness.—It is also dangerous to let him see his greatness too much, without at the same time indicating his lowliness.—Still more dangerous is it to leave him in ignorance upon both subjects.—On the contrary, it is of the greatest advantage to give him a clear notion of both."—Pascal.

Nothing appears to be really durable, eternal, and worthy of the name of a principle save matter only. Matter, as the absolute, includes within itself all forms and dimensions. But the infinity of forms under which matter appears is not accepted by her from another, nor, as it were, only in outward appearance; but she brings forth from herself, and where we say there is death, there is only the outgoing towards new life, a loosing of one union which is the binding into a new.—Giordano Bruno.

"Like the Roman emperors, who, intoxicated by their power, at length regarded themselves as demigods, the ruler of our planet believes that the brute animal subjected to his will has nothing in common with his own nature. The affinity of the ape disturbs and humbles him; it is not enough for him to be the king of animals, but he will also have it that an impassable gulf separates him from his subjects, and, turning his back upon the earth, he flies with his threatened majesty into the cloudy sphere of a special "Human kingdom." But anatomy, like those slaves who followed the conqueror's car crying out 'remember that thou art a Man!' disturbs him in his self-admiration, and reminds him of that visible and tangible reality which unites him with the animal world."—Broca.