



### In The Sunshine.

Ah! we never miss the sunshine  
Till the storm clouds roll apace,  
And we never miss the dear love  
Till we see the cold dead face;  
And our hearts are seldom melted  
Till the voice is hushed and still,  
Of the loved one we have walked with  
Up the pathway of life's hill!

Let us linger in life's sunshine  
Till the last glad ray departs,  
Let the twilights and the dawns  
Link the closer trusting hearts;  
Then each morrow will be brighter  
For the sunshine that hath been,  
And life's burden be the lighter  
For the sympathies between.

Oh to speak some words of kindness  
In the ear of human woe  
Is like eyes to stony blindness  
Of the groping ones below;  
So the touch of tender fingers  
On the throbbing brow of pain  
Is the sweet of life that lingers  
Ere we turn to earth again!

—JOHN IMBRI.

### Story of Michael Angelo.

It is related of this great sculptor, that once walking with some friends through an obscure street in Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he fell to work upon it, cleared away its filth, and lifted it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions ask him in astonishment what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock. "Oh" said he, "there's an angel in the stone and I must get it out."

He removed it to his studio and there, with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out.

What to others was but a rude unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art. A mason would have put it in a stone wall; a cartman would have used it for filling in, or to grade streets; but, Angelo transformed it into a gem of art, and gave it value for ages to come. What possibilities of virtue and usefulness may we not see in a child? Do we know how to get the angel out? Are children, men and women, to be only used for "filling in," to lie amid dirt and gravel, or to stand out in the glory and beauty of true manhood and real womanhood? To the end that human beings may become real men and real women, is the knowledge and practice of morals—that they may learn to use the measures that conduce to the highest happiness and supreme welfare of the greatest number, this is morality.

RIGHT LIVING.

### For the Torch of Reason. Fractional Christians.

The more enlightened and intelligent so-called Christian tells us he only believes certain portions of the Bible to be inspired by God, and refuses to believe the remainder is of such origin. By what line of reasoning he is able to satisfactorily satisfy himself that he has the right of selection, we are unable to understand. The bible is all given to us as God's divine word. It is, therefore, either all absolute-revealed truth, by Divinity, or it is not. There can be no middle ground. There is no authority in it for making selection. We have no authority, contained in it, authorizing us to select that which is to our liking, and reject that which is not in accord with our reason, or sense of morality or decency. The person who makes these professions of partial belief, and takes upon himself the right of selection, has no authority so to do. He is denying God's word, as revealed to him, and when he does so, he ceases to be a christian, as he cannot be one as soon as he questions the truth of "Divine revelation," as revealed in the bible. He pretends to be a christian, but is simply a hypocrite, or, to draw it more mildly, is deceiving himself. By accepting part, and rejecting part, he is performing the feat of riding two horses going in opposite directions, and must of necessity drop into the bottomless pit; for his present happiness, it is well that he did not live in the days of the inquisition. He says he believes in the moral teaching of the christian bible, and rejects its absurdities and superstitions, and despises its record of evil doings. In this he is no better than the so-called infidel, who also believes in its moral teachings, and in all moral teachings that were ever promulgated, from whatever source they come.

The infidel believes in them, not because they are contained in the Bible of any sect or creed, or mode of worship, nor because he believes they are inspirations by what to him is an impossible god, but because they are right, and because they are the teachings of the combined wisdom and experience of men of thought and knowledge, who have promulgated them as the best rules for the human race to follow. Honesty, and truthfulness, and charity, and fair dealings between ourselves, is the only true road to happiness, and strict adherence to these moral precepts brings their own reward.

These precepts are reason's precepts, and each individual man, however dull of comprehension, realizes their full force and potency. It takes no imaginary, angry god, to enable him to distinguish right from wrong. He knows it without assistance, and that the violation of right, brings pain, distress and anguish.

These fractional believers in the christian bible are not honest with themselves, nor to the faith which they profess. Their intelligence and reason teach the absurdities of the claims of the bible. Their reason rebels, and yet they seek to compromise between truth and fiction; honesty of thought on the one side, and a record of admitted mythical nonsense on the other. Let us be honest, and seek and act the truth. This record, called the christian bible, is either all sacred truth, or it is not. If it is the truth, like all other truth, it is capable of demonstration. There is no half way about it. If it is not truth; let it be repudiated. Let each man's free, independent reason answer honestly, and act upon the answer irrespective of threatened torments. If the answer be against the truth of biblical statements, remembering that truth can harm no one, and that adherence to false teachings and doctrines is hypocrisy, and retards the onward progress of man, and is inflicting an injury not only upon himself, but on those to follow.

CHAS. K. TENNEY.

Madison, Wis.

### For The Torch of Reason. Truth.

What is more powerful than truth? It has more weight than all else, and yet it rises and floats like a beautiful banner, where it asserts itself on all occasions. It had no beginning, and will have no ending. There never was a time it did not exist. Age has not marred its loveliness; its beautiful gilt edges have been often touched, but never tarnished. It is daily winging its way from pole to pole. It has no evil associates; it stands alone in this wide world a grand monument to all that is noble and pure. We some times imagine we lose sight of its beneficent influence, and lose faith in what it is able to do, and grope in darkness and despondency for a time, but if we will seek it in the true light, we will find to our entire satisfaction that it is not as far removed from our understanding as we once imagined. Nature has scattered her beauties

with an unsparing hand, but none of them impress so strongly upon the mind the idea of beauty as truth.

The flowers may be more beautiful to the eye, and may show an exquisite color, the wide spreading meadow may display its beauty, and fields and groves and winding streams may varigate the scene; yet all that is herein presented fades before this grand lever of the universe, TRUTH.

The more we compare truth with other forms of loveliness the more will we be inclined to award the palm to the former. This ever reigning king of the world to which all hearts should pay a glad tribute, can by the diligent study of nature be more powerfully felt and understood, than by any other available means within our knowledge.

Its potent charms are ever inviting us to keep in its glorious pursuit, however rough the road over which we may have to travel, bidding us have courage in its search, assuring us, that nature has directed us to the inscription written in type so bold that he who runs may read.

I believe that all the stumbling blocks will disappear from our path like frost from the window pane before the morning sun.

Draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. Do not leave open any road for retreat when once the onward march has begun, burn the bridges behind us that we may not go back.

This golden gem, truth, everywhere abounds but we can not grasp it at a single stroke. Let us not be fearful because we may have enemies; they furnish us the spice of life and are necessary to success.

What though we may stumble and fall in pursuit of this beautiful crown our zeal should soon set us on our feet again, and strengthen our minds for the performance of greater efforts. "There is one road to peace, and that is truth," and it will most powerfully prevail.

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth."

—MRS. R. A. BELL.

Compared with Shakespeare's "book and volume of the brain," the "sacred" bible shrinks and seems as feebly impotent and vain as would a pipe of Pan when some great organ, voiced with every tone, from the hoarse thunder of the sea to the winged warble of a mated bird, fills and floods cathedral aisles with all the wealth of sound.

INGERSOLL.