



For the Torch of Reason.

The Other Life.

By Alonzo Leora Rice.

"Surrendering up thine individual being, shalt thou go to mix forever with the elements."—Bryant.

"At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize,
In leaves and blossoms to the skies."
—Holmes.

"I had rather think of those I have loved, and lost, as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world; I would rather think of them as unconscious dust; I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in light upon the shores of other worlds."—Ingersoll.

I cannot help but think how richer far
Are you, my friend, who paid long
years ago
The debt that I, as mortal, too must
pay.

I never think of you as gone; but
changed,
Transmuted from the dust to earth-
born things,
By wondrous crucible within the earth,
And clear alembic of meandering
streams.

Air claims a part of your sweet pres-
ence; buds
That open by the wayside and the rills,
Or star the azure meads; your beauty
bides

In delicate draperies wherein the moon
Enfolds herself, when over Latmus' hill
She looks down on her fair Endymion,
Who bears, like me, the mortal thrall
of life.

And you are with me everywhere I
turn;
In clouds that brighten in the upper
air,
Or blush when the long day goes out
at last;
The snow's white sanctity, the crystal
dew,
And mists that curl from alters of the
morn.

And when the rain is gone, and clouds
repose
In fair and pleasing visions of the east,
The sun comes out, and over hill and
vale,
From raindrop and the vapor of the sky,
He weaves the arch that spans the
world with light;
And there I see your presence shining
still,
Within the rainbow's splendor, seven
fold!

And myriad ministrations yet will come
And kindly offices that never cease,
As still the years pursue their endless
course.

The beauty of the blossoms that bedeck
The bride, and load the breeze with
odors rare,
Is yours. The waxen flowers that are
held
Within the senseless hand of him that's
dead,
Speak of a resurrection soon his own.

I hear your voice at nightfall in the
pure
Vernacular of the communing leaves,
That whisper lullabies to my sad soul,
And charm me with the old-time mel-
odies.

The lapse of waves along the wooded
shore,
When I sit down at eve to watch the
stars,
Entrance the dusk with countless white
resolves,
Is still the sound that pleased me long
ago.

I bide my time; till interfused and
mixed,
The elements that know corruption here
Shall put off dull mortality, and sleep
Forever in a close and clasped embrace,
And be companions to the stars, and
run
Through all the generations of the
flowers!

Principles of Society.

By C. F. Volney.

Wandering in the woods and on
the banks of rivers in pursuit of
game and fish, the first men, beset
with dangers, assailed by enemies,
tormented by hunger, by reptiles,
by ravenous beasts, felt their own
individual weakness; and, urged by
a common need of safety, and a
reciprocal sentiment of like evils,
they united their resources and their
strength; and when one incurred a
danger, many aided and succored
him; when one wanted subsistence,
another shared his food with him.
Thus men associated to secure their
existence, to augment their powers,
to protect their enjoyments; and
self-love thus became the principle
of society. Instructed afterwards
by the experience of various and
repeated accidents, by the fatigues
of a wandering life, by the distress
of frequent scarcity, men reasoned
with themselves and said:

"Why consume our days in seek-
ing scattered fruits from a parsimonious soil? Why exhaust our-
selves in pursuing prey which eludes
us in the woods or waters? Why
not collect under our hands the ani-
mals that nourish us? Why not
apply our cares in multiplying and
preserving them? We will feed on
their increase; be clothed in their
skins, and live exempt from the
fatigues of the day and the solici-
tude for the morrow."

And men aiding one another,
seized the nimble goat, the timid
sheep; they tamed the patient
camel, the fierce bull, the impetuous
horse; and, applauding their own
industry, they sat down in the joy
of their souls, and began to taste
repose and comfort; and self-love,
the principle of all reasoning, be-
came the incitement to every art,
and to every enjoyment.

When, therefore, men could pass
long days in leisure, and in com-
munication of their thoughts, they
began to contemplate the earth,
the heavens, and their own exist-
ence, as objects of curiosity and
reflection; they remarked the course
of the seasons, the action of the ele-
ments, the properties of fruits and
plants; and applied their thoughts
to the multiplication of their enjoy-
ments. And in some countries,
having observed that certain seeds
contained a wholesome nourish-
ment in a small volume, convenient
for transportation and preservation,
they imitated the process of nature;
they confided to the earth rice,
barley, and corn, which multiplied
to the full measure of their hope;

and having found the means of ob-
taining within a small compass and
without removal, plentiful subsis-
tance and durable stores, they es-
tablished themselves in fixed habita-
tions; they built houses, villages,
and towns; formed societies and
nations; and self-love produced all
the developements of genius and of
power. Thus by the aid of his
own faculties, man has raised him-
self to the astonishing height of his
present fortune. Too happy if, ob-
serving scrupulously the law of his
being, he had faithfully fulfilled his
only and true object! But, by a fatal
imprudence, sometimes mistaking,
sometimes transgressing its limits,
he has launched forth into a laby-
rinth of errors and misfortunes;
and self-love, sometimes unruly,
sometimes blind, became a princi-
ple fruitful in calamities.—Ruins
of Empires.

Lessons of Instinct.

By F. L. Oswald.

Nature has guarded the health
of her creatures by a marvelous
system of protective intuitions.
The sensitive membrane of the eye
resents the intrusion of every
foreign substance. An intuitive
sense of discomfort announces
every injurious extreme of temper-
ature. To the unperverted taste of
animals in a state of nature whole-
some food is pleasant, injurious
substances repulsive or insipid.
Captain Kane found that only the
rage of famine will tempt the foxes
of the Arctic coastlands to touch
spoiled meat. In times of scarcity
the baboons of the Abyssinian
mountains greedily hunt for edible
roots, which an unerring faculty
enables them to distinguish from
the poisonous varieties. The nat-
uralist Tschudi mentions a troop of
half-tamed chamois forcing their
way through a shingle roof, rather
than pass a night in the stifling
atmosphere of a goat stable.

Man in his primitive state had
his full share of those protective
instincts, which still manifest them-
selves in children and Nature-
guided savages. It is a mistake to
suppose that the lowest of those
savages are naturally fond of ar-
dent spirits. The travelers Park,
Gerstaecker, Vambery, Kohl, De
Tocqueville, and Brehm agree that
the first step on the road to ruin is
always taken in deference to the ex-
ample of the admired superior race,
if not in compliance with direct
persuasion. The negroes of the
Senegal highlands shuddered at the
first taste of alcohol, but from a
wish to conciliate the good will of

their visitors hesitated to decline
their invitations, which subsequent-
ly, indeed, became rather super-
fluous. The children of the wilder-
ness unhesitatingly prefer the
hardships of winter camp to the
atmospheric poisons of our tenement
houses. Sharyl Ben Haddin, the
Circassian war chief, whose iron
constitution had endured the vicis-
situdes of thirty-four campaigns,
pathetically protested against the
pest air of his Russian prison cell,
and warned his jailers that, unless
his dormitory was changed,
Heaven would hold them responsi-
ble for the guilt of his suicide. I
have known country boys to sleep
out into a shower of rain and sleet
to escape from the contaminated
atmosphere of a city workshop, and
after a week's work in a spinning
mill return to the penury of their
mountain homes, rather than pur-
chase dainties at the expense of
their lungs.

The word frugality, in its original
sense, referred literally to a diet of
tree-fruits, in distinction to carni-
vorous fare, and nine out of ten
children still decidedly prefer ripe
fruit and farinaceous dishes to the
richest meats. They as certainly
prefer easy homemade clothes to
the constraint of fashionable frip-
peries. The main tenets of our
dress-reformers are anticipated in
the sensible garments of many half-
civilized nations. Boys, within
reach of a free bathing river, can
dispense with the advice of the hy-
dropathic school. They delight in
exercise; they laugh at the imagi-
nary danger of fresh-air draughts,
and the perils of barefoot rambles
in wet and dry. They would cast
their vote in favor of the outdoor
pursuits of hundreds of occupations
which custom, rather than neces-
sity, now associates with the disad-
vantages of indoor confinement.
The hygienic influence of arboreal
vegetation has been recognized by
the ablest pathologist of modern
times; avenues of shade trees have
been found to redeem the sanitary
condition of many a grimy city,
and the eminent hygienist, Schrodt,
holds that, as a remedial institu-
tion, a shady park is worth a doz-
en drug stores. But all these les-
sons only confirm an often mani-
fested, and too often suppressed,
instinct of our young children:
their passionate love of woodland
sports, their love of tree shade, of
greenwood camps, of forest life in
all its forms. Those who hold that
"nature" is but a synonym of
"habit" should witness the rap-
ture of city children at first sight
of forest glades and shady meadow
brooks, and compare it with the
city-dread of the Swiss peasant lad
or the American backwoods boy,
sickened by the fumes and the up-
roar of a large manufacturing town.
A thousand years of vice and ab-
normal habits have not yet silen-
ced the voice of the physical con-
science that recalls our steps to
the path of Nature, and will not
permit us to transgress her laws
unwarned.—The Bible of Nature.