



For the Torch of Reason.

## Evolution.

BY GRACE E. GRUBER.

O wondrous is the beauty of the sky at  
fade of day,  
When Nature paints her canopy with  
pictures far away;  
Artists they cannot produce it; painters  
they hold not the art;  
They have used both time and talent,  
yet can only give a part.  
They have tried to paint the tinges, and  
to reproduce the hue,  
And the moving phantoms, gliding thro'  
the opal and the blue,  
And the golden rays of sunset, sinking,  
sinking out of sight,  
Seem to mock their every effort, for they  
do not paint it right.

While it fades behind a mountain of ex-  
pansive, spheric space,  
It just hints that Nature's waiting to  
give evolution place;  
It will hide from us till morning, then  
'twill slowly, slowly rise,  
And will reproduce such beauty that  
doth fill us with surprise.  
For tho' beauteous was the sunset, where  
its brilliant shadows fall,  
Far more beauteous the sunrise and the  
scenes it doth enthrall;  
For it lights the spacious canvas and re-  
jects the tints of grey  
That were changed by evolution at the  
fading of the day.

O how wondrous are the changes evolu-  
tion guides us through,  
And if e'er it disarranges, it can also  
well construe;  
Each and every force of Nature is com-  
pelled to thus bestow  
Every gift, for evolution has arranged  
the system so.  
We are sure that time don't vary, and  
we mortals, like a cloud,  
Don every tinge and coloring, to wear a  
darker shroud;  
We know these things will happen while  
Nature holds her place,  
And the natural laws of nature will all  
other laws erase.

O just picture all the splendor that dame  
Nature doth bestow,  
And she never makes distinction, let the  
rank be high or low;  
She hangs many a gloomy curtain o'er  
the archways hung with wealth,  
And in many a lowly cabin we find sun-  
shine, joy and health.  
In her giving and her taking, we will  
find the joy, the woe—  
But the sunny gleams will brighten ev-  
ery cloud she may bestow.  
Nature's wed to evolution, and its force  
affects each cause,  
For 'tis born of a religion, namely, all  
the natural laws.

Yet we find far, far too many who are  
blind and will not see,  
And reject these facts for fiction which  
they know could never be.  
They gaze and see the sunlight in all its  
splendor rise,  
Yet they will not see that Nature holds  
the force of all supplies;  
They would fain embrace a phantom,  
dressed in fairy tales and flaws,  
And reject facts' true assertion, holding  
all the natural laws.  
Yet we know that evolution with its nat-  
ural light will show  
All the flaws within the archways where  
religion's shadows grow.  
Brockton, Mass.

## Skill by Instinct.

By F. L. Oswald.

The organic faculties of each spe-  
cies of animals are marvelously ad-  
apted to its peculiar mode of life,  
but only in the lower creatures the  
skilful exercise of those faculties ap-  
pears to be an inborn gift. The  
young bee builds its first hexagon

with mathematical precision. The  
young ant needs no instructor to  
aid her choice of proper building  
material, of proper food to be stor-  
ed for winter use or distributed in  
the nurseries of the larvæ. The  
young butterfly, an hour after issu-  
ing from the shell of the chrysalis,  
can use its wings as well as at the  
end of the summer, and displays  
the same skill in steering its way  
through the maze of a tangled for-  
est.

Young birds, on the other hand,  
have to acquire such accomplish-  
ments by long practice. Instead of  
driving them back to their nests,  
their parents encourage their at-  
tempts at longer and longer flights,  
and seem to know that occasional  
mishaps will prove a useful lesson  
for future emergencies. The mother  
fox carries half-crippled game to  
her burrow and sets her cubs scam-  
pering in pursuit, allowing the best  
runner to monopolize the tidbits.

Young kittens practice mouse catch-  
ing by playing with balls; puppies  
run after grasshoppers, young squir-  
rels play at nest-building by gath-  
ering handfuls of leaves and moss.  
A British naturalist, who had do-  
mesticated a young beaver, one day  
caught his pet building a dam  
across the floor of his study. The  
little engineer had dragged up a  
cart load of books, papers, sticks of  
wood, etc., and piled them up to  
best advantage, placing the heavier  
volumes in the bottom stratum and  
the lighter ones higher up, and  
filling out the interspaces with let-  
ters and journals. Every now and  
then he would "stand off" to scru-  
tinize the solidity of the structure  
and return to mend a misarrange-  
ment here and there.

Children manifest early symp-  
toms of a similar instinct. Infants  
of two or three years can be seen  
squatting in the sand, excavating  
tunnels, or building prairie-dog  
towns. Young Indians insist on  
the privilege of breaking colts; the  
youngsters of the Bermuda Islands  
straddle a plank and paddle around  
with a piece of driftwood, if their  
parents are too poor to afford them  
a canoe of their own. To a normal  
American boy a tool-box is a more  
welcome present than a velvet  
copy of Dore's Illustrated Bible.  
Swiss peasant lads practice sharp-  
shooting with self-constructed bows.  
The old English law which requir-  
ed the son of a yeoman to practice  
archery for three hours a day was  
probably the most popular statute  
of the British code. On new rail-  
roads, bridges, etc., artisans, plying  
their trade in the open air, are gen-

erally surrounded by crowds of  
young rustics, who forego the pleas-  
ures of nutting and nest-hunting  
for the sake of watching the manip-  
ulations of a new handicraft. Even  
in after years the instinct of co-  
structiveness frequently breaks the  
shackles of etiquette, and princes  
and prelates have defied the gossip  
of their flunkies by getting a set of  
tools and passing whole days in the  
retirement of an amateur workshop.  
The emperor Henry I. invented a  
number of ingenious hunting-nets  
and bird-traps. Mohammed II.,  
the conqueror of Constantinople,  
forged his own chain armor.  
Charles V., the arbiter of Europe,  
preferred watch making to every  
other pastime. Cardinal de Retz  
delighted in the construction of  
automatons. Peter the Great was  
the best ship-carpenter of his em-  
pire.—[Bible of Nature.

## Theology and Science.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Ah! how true it is that Christi-  
anity has not, as you say, Chris-  
tianized the world! There is some-  
thing curious in the spectacle of  
the embarrassment of every sect of  
Christians in accounting for this  
fact. I know no subject on which  
there is more miserable floundering  
among incompatible views and un-  
tenable assertions. From those who  
with a foregone conclusion set about  
estimating how much Christianity  
has done for the world, to those  
who give the matter up and declare  
the deity to be a mystery of provi-  
dence, I find none with whom I can  
for a moment agree. To me, the  
wonder would be if it had Chris-  
tianized the world. Its unfitness  
for saving the race—for a universal  
reception by mankind—seems to be  
shown clearly enough by the rise of  
Mohammedanism, and by the  
spread of that faith so far beyond  
the extent that Christianity ever  
attained as to include, in our day,  
a fifth part of the whole human race.  
That religion, imperfect as we see it  
to be, met needs and gratified fac-  
ulties among certain races of men,  
which Christianity wholly neglect-  
ed. We are not of the races whose  
needs could be supplied by Moham-  
medanism; nor are we supplied,  
even on the most superficial view,  
by what Christianity offers us. As  
the omission of a provision for the  
antagonistic at once with the fatal-  
istic faculties of men made Moham-  
medanism necessary, so the neglect,  
amounting to discountenance, by  
Christ, of the domestic passions and  
affections, nullifies its operation

with us. After all the straining of  
divines to make the most of the Can-  
na marriage, and of all incidental  
mention of any family relations of  
the disciples, there remains an un-  
questionable vacancy in regard to  
the passions and affections which  
are of the most importance in our  
life. It is not necessary that there  
should have been either teaching or  
sentiment in regard to the domestic  
institutions which are still of high  
importance among us: such as the  
conjugal and parental as at pres-  
ent existing; because these, and all  
groupings into households by the  
rule of marriage and blood relation-  
ship, may be easily conceived to be  
a matter of rule and arrangement,  
and therefore of limited duration;  
but the passions and affections of  
which these arrangements are the  
temporary form, seem not to be rec-  
ognized by Christianity,—or, if at  
all, not in any proportion to their  
relation among our faculties. Yet  
more striking, perhaps, is the ignor-  
ing of the faculties, and their ac-  
tion, which are concerned in the  
pursuit of science and speculative  
truth. But there is no need to  
dwell on the particular omissions,  
while the fact is before us that  
Christianity has not Christianized  
the world, nor has the slightest  
prospect at present of doing so,—  
failing even to produce the remot-  
est likeness of itself where it is  
most loved and honored. From  
some once Christian nations it has  
avowedly died out: and among us  
[England], and in America, where  
it is supposed to be held in its high-  
est purity, it fails to make men less  
worldly, more sincere, more cour-  
ageous, or more kindly, than they  
are elsewhere. At home we have  
bishops living in palaces, while  
hundreds and thousands of the  
people are neither taught nor prop-  
erly fed: and in America we see the  
clergy and prayerful merchants  
and professional men taking the  
aristocratic side on the slavery  
question—rushing to conquest,  
grasping at wealth and indulging  
in a conceit and boasting as little  
compatible with the spirit of the  
gospel as the march of a caravan to  
Mecca, or the fetish rites of the sav-  
age on the Niger or the Ganges.

And we have quite as much, hap-  
pily, of the breaking out of the  
higher as of the lower impulses of  
men, in opposition to Christianity,  
or independence of it. We have  
"nature bursting through theology"  
in an upward as well as a down-  
ward direction. What an insult it  
is to our best moral faculties to  
hold over us the promises and  
threats of heaven and hell, as if  
there were nothing in us higher  
than selfish hope and fear!  
England, 1850.