

### Heroic Cuban Girl.

It was sundown in Santa Rosalia. The rainy season was on in Cuba, and low, rumbling thunder had been heard all the afternoon. That is, the people who lived in the little cluster of palm-thatched houses called Santa Rosalia thought it was thunder. And so it was—the distant roar of Spanish artillery that came up from the south.

One little cottage stood by the roadside some distance apart from the others. It was the home of the Moncados. The father, Jose, was dead. He had fallen a victim to the last, the "ten years' war. Three sons were left to carry on the fight, and they were then with Brigadier Lopez Recio. Only mother and Emilia, the sister, a little girl of 12 years, were left at home.

Suddenly the noise of clattering hoofs came from the southwest. The still night air bore the unmistakable sound with distinctness. In an instant every head was at the open door. Nearer and nearer came the galloping rider. He was alone. His horse was covered with foam, and panting like a tired hound. Up to the little gate of the Moncado cottage he staggered, and then his rider reeled and almost fell into the arms of his mother.

"My God! Rafael, you are wounded, my boy—"

"It is no matter. I can still ride. The battle of Saratoga is raging. I am on my way to Col. Pena. He does not know of it. We need him and his cavalry. Help me to a fresh horse and I will catch Pena at Santa Lucia tonight. I must—"

The poor fellow never finished the sentence. He had fainted. The arms of tender women carried him into the house. Poor little Emilia followed, the tears streaming from her eyes. She watched them draw off the riding boots, filled with her brother's blood. She brought water to moisten his parched lips. She saw the ugly wound in his hip and murmured through her gritting teeth:

"Bad Spaniards! Bad Spaniards! They will kill us all yet!"

And then her brother's eyes opened. The cold water had revived him. He tried to move, but only groaned in agony. Once more he strove to rise.

"Mother, some one, help me to my feet! I must go on—I must go on. I have ridden sixteen leagues since morning. There are only four more to Santa Lucia and to Pena. We must have him." And with a mighty effort he rose to his feet. Then he wavered, tears of helplessness came into his eyes, and he sank back on the bed with a sob of anguish.

"To think that I should go so near to the end of my journey and then fail!"

"How were you wounded, my boy?"

"'Twas near El Desmayo—late this afternoon. I had changed horses at La Vinda an hour before. Suddenly I ran into a body of Spanish guerrillas from San Miguel. I could not fight them; there were too many, so I took up a ravine toward Isidro. They fired five volleys after me and gave chase. They knew I bore a commission. My horse was fleet and strong, and I got away, but carried with me one of their rifle balls. I tore off parts of my sleeve and pushed them into the wound, but it still bled. I'm better now; I'm rested; I'll go on," and again he tried to get on his feet.

"Rafael, my boy, it is impossible, you are weak. You can not ride; the motion of the horse will cause you to bleed to death. Guido must go. Emilia, tell him to saddle a fresh horse and get ready to ride to Santa Lucia."

Emilia started toward the door, but her brother raised his hand in protest.

"Guido is only a half-wit. He might start for Santa Lucia, but he would never find his way in the dark. Even if he reached the place, he would forget whom he wished to see."

"But there is no other man in Rosalia," pleaded his mother.

"True! Therefore I must go, wound or no wound. Emilia, tell Guido to saddle a horse and bring it to the gate quickly. We are losing time."

"Brother we can't let you go. I'll never see you again," and the poor child buried her head on her brother's neck. Then suddenly rising she exclaimed, "Oh, why was I not a man? Cuba so needs men! Yes, I'll tell him to get Linda ready at once. Col. Pena must go to help Gomez."

Turning, she kissed her brother's forehead and hurried out to the stables. Soon the quick gallop of a horse was heard approaching the house. But it did not stop at the gate. On it sped in the direction of Santa Lucia.

A moment later, Guido, the half-witted black boy, wandered aimlessly into the room.

"Where is the horse, where is Emilia?" inquired her brother.

"Gone!" replied the boy.

"Gone! where?" came from all present.

"I dun know. She said something 'bout St. Lucia, jumped on Linda's back, and looks to me as how she's gone."

And so she was. The brave little Emilia, though not a soldier of Cuba, had taken her brother's place. She had gone to Pena—to tell him that the fight between Gomez and the Spanish general Castellanos was on, and that every Cuban in Camaguey was needed.

On the little heroine rode in the darkness of the night. She had been born and raised in the country, and she knew the way to Santa Lucia, although she had never before travelled in the dark. But she was riding to save her brother's life and for Cuba. Darkness, danger, nothing, daunted her. Bare-headed and alone, she urged her horse over the road at a pace which would have made most girls tremble with fear.

Not even when, an hour later, the tropical storm broke in all its fury around her did she hesitate. Lightning striking the tall "palma reals" caused Linda many times to shy and almost bolt the road, but the brave little rider held on and never loosened rein until in sight of Pena's campfires.

"Quien vs!" suddenly called out the picket.

"Cuba!" answered the brave little patriot as she reined up her panting steed.

"Adelante una!" ordered the guard, and Emilia, pale, wet and dripping, rode forward.

"Caramba! it is a child. Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Emilia Moncado. I want to tell Col. Pena that there is a battle at Saratoga. Gen. Gomez has only 530 men against over 2000 Spaniards, and he needs help."

A few minutes later, almost fainting with fatigue and nervous strain, she was borne into the presence of Pena.

"Dios mio!" he exclaimed as he listened to her story and then gave the signal for his command to mount.

"You poor little thing, you should be abed and asleep." Wrapping his coat around her little, trembling, wet form, he jumped into his saddle and had an officer pass the child up to him. The order was given to march, and in his arms the fighting colonel of Camaguey carried the little heroine back to her home in Rosalia.

"Take her," said he, as he handed her over to her half-crazed mother. "She brought us the news. I'll speak of her to Gen. Gomez. She deserves the rank of a major general. She has saved her brother's life, and her brave deed may win the day at Saratoga."

### Evolution of Religion.

BY A. G. HUMPHREY.

For many ages the religious world has believed and taught a teleological creation, while all materialistic thinkers and most scientists teach the hypothesis that the universe in its entirety, so far as the human mind can conceive, is eternal, had no beginning and can have no ending. Matter in the ultimate is uncreated and indestructible. The universe is objective and changes in forms occur under immutable and undeviating laws, eternally existing in the constitution of things. Evidences appear in the earth's crust that its was once nebula, and has reached its present development by the action of laws and forces in nature. The lowest forms of matter are elementary, and by the union of simple elements we have chemical com-

pounds constituting the inorganic world. By a force in nature, inorganic matter is raised into organized forms constituting the vegetable kingdom. And by a similar force vegetable compounds are changed into higher forms constituting the animal kingdom.

All of these forms are subject to various imponderable forces in nature, as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, mechanical force, etc. All matter is also affected by other forces, as inertia, gravity, cohesion, divisibility, etc.

The late Charles Darwin studied nature as it never had been studied before, and nature revealed to him her most pregnant secrets. No one man has ever so changed the outlook of the human race, so changed its morality, its religion, its hope, its intellectual and practical motive, as Darwin. He has discovered the method of evolution. It is first from the simple to the complex—from the monera to the man, and this by the laws of persistence, variation, struggle for existence, natural selection, artificial selection, sexual selection, and the use and disuse of organs.

If the earth is an evolution and man is an evolution, it logically follows that the works of man are evolutionary: his religion, his government and his social state. Evolution accounts for all progress and all improvement. It traces the steps man has taken from a savage and barbarous state to that of enlightenment and civilization. It shows the unfolding of the child to the man influenced by environment. It accounts for all the changes in the social state, leading to higher, better and more permanent social relations.

All religious systems are the works of men. The Hebrew religion presents no more evidence of a revelation outside of nature than Brahmanism; Christianity no more of a celestial origin than Buddhism. Read Mosheim's history of the Christian church from the first to the eighteenth century, and note its struggles for existence, requiring more than 300 years for public recognition and authority.

No system of religion presents any evidence of a divine origin. Each has struggled for an existence and for the supremacy it has attained.

Evolution is the day star of hope that beckons on to the day when man shall learn that the practice of full natural and uncorrupted virtue is his essential duty, and will constitute his greatest felicity. He will learn, too, that the powers of nature are competent for all the great purposes of human existence; that science in all of its relations to reform and human improvement, is the only infallible guide to sound health, the greatest longevity and the highest happiness, and that the children of the then perfect man will be so well born that they will not need religious regeneration. — [Freethought Magazine.