



For the Torch of Reason.

## Humanity's New School.

BY J. E. H.

**T**HERE are times when nations are happy;  
There are times when they're gloomy and sad,  
But however they feel, for woe or for weal,  
There's a morrow to be happy and glad.  
The most of our troubles are useless,  
Whether those of the nation or men.  
They come from our fears; and our prayers and our tears,  
And our wars have, like slips of the pen,  
Made blots on the white page of progress  
And marred civilization's great book;  
But whatever we've done, in earnest or fun,  
There's a future to which we may look—  
A future of real men and women—  
In beginning we all must take a part;  
And the pages we've blotted, all blurred and all spotted,  
From the new let us cast at the start.  
There's a page of both black and white slavery;  
There's a page of divine right of kings:  
There's a page of the ghosts, and the angelic hosts,  
And the ignorance and crime that it brings.  
Ah! the old leaves must go and forever,  
For new leaves of sin-saving science  
Will dry up our tears and weak, childish fears  
And bid superstition defiance.  
Then up, all ye workers, ye writers  
Of the new book for humanity's school!  
Send true sample pages to fools and to sages,  
And "expansion" will soon be the rule,  
And when the old schoolmaster, Time,  
rings  
The new twentieth century bell,  
From the old being freed, in the new book we'll read  
Of salvation from darkest of hell.

## The Origin of Species.

BY GEORGE W. MOREHOUSE.

**W**HEN men first began to wonder how the objects around them, the solid ground, the seas, the trees, the sun, the moon and stars, the animals, themselves came to exist, they very naturally ascribed it all to their deified ancestry or mysterious invisible beings possessing the power to make all things. They themselves had made useful implements of wood and flint. Thus were the methods of the gods supposed to be allied to human methods—Nature's ways being then unknown.  
Through all the centuries, and up to very recently, mankind, with few exceptions, have believed that the different species of animals and plants were made from earth—one week not 6000 years ago, by special creative power. The species were believed to be fixed. When the science of geology began to gain a foothold, and it became evident that the fossil animals and plants were not the victims of a Noachian

deluge, but that they had lived long before the historical or the mythological periods, a new explanation was looked for, one that would not antagonize the old creeds. So it was assumed that the creative power of the deity had been exerted from time to time during the geological periods as occasion seemed to require. Men had inherited this creation disease, through such a long line of revered ancestry, that no remedy could do more than palliate.

Before the commencement of the present century the great mind of Goethe began to reject the special creation theory and grasp the true solution of the problem. He held that all parts of a flower are modified leaves; that skulls are modified vertebrae, and that plants and animals have been evolved from a few parent types. The new theory was dawning among advanced thinkers and workers like Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles Darwin, Kant, Buffon, Lamarck, Saint Hillare and Oken.

In November, 1859, "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life," by Charles Darwin, was published. The great work was supported by the accumulated and tabulated facts. It was attacked by an army of big and little theologians. They knew the weakness of their defences, and attempted to frighten and mislead with clamor.

Defenders like Wallace, Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Hooker, Lyell, Draper, Gray and Youmans came to the support of the unpaid truth. Such an avalanche of books, pamphlets, papers and tracts, all upon one subject, the world had never seen. Darwin stood unmoved upon the corner where the advancing thought of the world halted momentarily, and then—filed to the right. The march has been steady and continuous in that direction ever since.

Defeated in their attempt to destroy the Darwinian bridge, the hosts still suffering from the inroads of the creation microbe, are trying to prevent the completion of the approaches, and thus compel their followers to continue to flounder in the quagmire of superstition or to take to the woods. It is a forlorn hope, for the time is near when the bridges, the highways, the temples and the truths of nature, with all their wealth of utility and relief, will be free to all. Then men will cease to fear.—[The Wilderness of Worlds.

## The Press vs. the Pulpit.

BY JOHN W. DRAPER.

**W**HOEVER will attentively compare the thirteenth with the nineteenth century cannot fail to see how essential oral instruction was in the former, how subordinate in the latter. The invention of the printing press gave an instant, a formidable rival to the pulpit. It made possible that which had been impossible before in Christian Europe—direct communication between the government and the people without any religious intermedium, and was the first step in that important change subsequently carried out in America, the separation of church and state. Though in this particular the effect was desirable, in another its advantages are doubtful, for the church adhered to her ancient method when it had lost very much of its real force, and this even at the risk of falling into a lifeless and impassive condition.

And yet we must not undervalue the power once exercised on a non-reading community by oral and scenic teachings. What could better instruct it than a formal congregating of neighborhoods together each sabbath-day to listen in silence and without questioning? In those great churches, the architectural grandeur of which is still the admiration of our material age, nothing was wanting to impress the worshipper. The vast pile, with its turrets or spire pointing to heaven; its steep inclining roof; its walls, with niches and statues; its echoing belfry; its windows of exquisite hues and of every form, lancet, or wheel, or rose, through which stole in the many-colored light; its chapels, with their pictured walls; its rows of slender, clustering columns and arches tier upon tier; its many tapering pendants; the priest emerging from his scenic retreat; his chalice and forbidden wine; the covering paten, the cibory, and the pix. Amid clouds of incense from smoking censers, the blaze of lamps, and tapers, and branching candlesticks, the tinkling of silver bells, the play of jewelled vessels and gorgeous dresses of violet, green and gold, banners and crosses were borne aloft through lines of kneeling worshippers in processional services along the aisles. The chanting of litanies and psalms gave a foretaste of the melodies of heaven, and the voices of the choristers and sounds of the organ now thundered forth glory to God in

the highest, now whispered to the broken in spirit peace.

If such were the influence in the cathedral, not less were those that gathered round the little village church. To the peasant it was endeared by the most touching incidents in his life. At its font his parents had given him his name; at its altar he had plighted his matrimonial vows; beneath the little grass mounds in its yard there awaited the resurrection those who had been untimely taken away. Connected thus with the profoundest and holiest sentiments of humanity, the pulpit was for instruction a sole and sufficient means. Nothing like it had existed in paganism. The irregular, ill-timed, occasional eloquence of the Greek republican orators cannot for an instant be set in comparison with such a steady and enduring systematic institution.

In a temporal as well as in a spiritual sense, the public authorities appreciated its power. Queen Elizabeth was not the only sovereign who knew how to thunder through a thousand pulpits.

For a length of time, as might have been expected, considering its power and favoring adventitious circumstances, the pulpit maintained itself against the press. Nevertheless, its eventual subordination was none the less sure. If there are disadvantages in the method of acquiring knowledge by reading, there are also signal advantages; for, though upon the printed page the silent letters are mute and unsustained by any scenic help, yet often—a wonderful contradiction—they pour forth emphatic eloquence that can make the heart leap with emotion, or kindle on the cheek the blush of shame. The might of persuasiveness does not always lie in articulate speech. The strong are often the silent. God never speaks.

There is another condition which gives to reading an advantage over listening. In the affairs of life how wide is the difference between having a thing done for us and doing it ourselves! In the latter case how great is the interest awakened, how much more thorough the examination, how much more perfect the acquaintance. To listen implies merely a passive frame of mind; to read, an active. But the latter is more noble.

From these and other such considerations, it might have been foreseen that the printing press would at last deprive the pulpit of its supremacy, making it become ineffective, or reducing it to an ancillary aid. It must have been clear that the time would arrive when, though adorned by the eloquence of great and good men, the sermon would lose its power for moving popular masses or directing public thought.—[The Intellectual Development of Europe.