

THE BETTER WAY

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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Special Report for The Better Way.

SYNOPSIS

Lectures Given by the Guides of Mrs. A. M. Gladding, for the Society of Union Spiritualists, at Grand Army Hall, 115 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 8, 1889.

PREFACE.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 1st, the Society of Union Spiritualists had the pleasure of welcoming back to their forum that eloquent and logical trance speaker, Mrs. A. M. Gladding. Mrs. Gladding is no stranger to Cincinnati audiences, but a word of praise is due to her here and we will quote the words of a lawyer and skeptic as to her evening lecture: "It was one of the most finished and eloquent pieces of oratory I ever listened to, and the inspiration was a gem." The gentleman has been a lawyer over forty years.

Below will be found a synopsis of her

MORNING LECTURE.

On Sunday, Dec. 1, there being no subject furnished the audience, the guides chose one of their own. Religion. There is no space to report the exact language used by the guide, but in attempt has been made to preserve the thought and substance of the discourse, which was upon Religion. The guide took the ground that in that word was contained all that had ever blessed mankind, and that had ever cursed him. Religion was not mere forms and creeds, but was a living of the highest and noblest purposes of life, and many a weary soul had been made glad by the consolations afforded by some kind word spoken or act done; because of the innate principle lying within the soul of man, which prompted him to deeds of love and kindness. There had been attempts made in the past, it was true, to blind and fetter the real nature of man under superstitious observances, but in spite of centuries of ignorance, in spite of centuries of formal creeds and cold ceremonies, the real heart of nature, the true religion of brotherly love had been opened to mankind.

The guide drew a comparison between a flower half opened and just unfolding its beautiful petals to the sunlight, and the growth of Modern Spiritualism, which had come to men unheralded by any wonderful heralds of announcement, but quietly and unobtrusively it had found its way into men's hearts, there to blossom and expand in its full beauty and power, as though that had always been its natural abiding place.

Modern Spiritualism came as an an-

swer to the false theories of blind credulity on one hand and the cold materialistic dogmas on the other, of so called science, and in place of belief it gave knowledge; in place of speculative materialism it afforded an absolute demonstration of the spirituality of man's nature and his continuous life as a conscious human intelligence possessing individuality beyond the grave.

It gave to man an actual application of practical rules of life, by which he could live and feel that he was not doomed to die in torment because of a belief or non-belief in some man-made creed. Spiritualism was a religion, a science that brought consolation to weary souls mourning for loved ones and enabled them to know that they were not dead but only gone before, and so the guide led the audience on step by step through the various beauties of the spiritual philosophy, holding their undivided attention. They evinced their appreciation by frequent applause.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Gladding went among the audience giving tests to the number of ten, and they were all recognized. Her tests seem to reach the heart of matters and bring a consolation at once that is lacking in many others.

In the evening the hall was packed to overflowing and the

EVENING LECTURE

was taken from the story of the little child who, gathering flowers by the wayside, looked up at her mother and said: "Mamma, which flower does God love best?" It was a beautiful lecture, and it is to be regretted that a full verbatim report could not have been made at the time. However an idea of what was said may be obtained from the brief synopsis of the leading thoughts. The guide said that we could draw a comparison between the little girl and her flowers and her question as to which flower God loved best, and the position held by many theologians as to which church was the true church of God and which people were to be saved and which lost.

Carefully, point by point, the guide led the minds of the audience over the various obstacles raised by superstition, showing in a clear, logical manner that all mankind alike were the children of Infinite God, or Good, and that no bounds could be placed upon the love of God for his children. That from the lowest and most degraded to the highest type of man all were children of nature, and who was there who dared step in and say, God loves this one best, or that one, perchance. Was there any man who could presume to do this? O, yes: Every denomination of orthodoxy would declare itself to be the best beloved, but there had at last arisen in the land a means of confounding the wise and proving that, after all the fabled stories of the past were only creations of man's brains and that, while men differed, as did the flowers and their colors, yet all proceeded from the same common source, nature, and could not be lost to nature.

The lesson of life to be deduced from this was a calm, unflinching devotion to right and truth, and to live our faith, our knowledge, not merely to talk it. Loving hearts were reaching out all over the world for a response to their aspirations, and they would receive it from the great fountain of universal love and truth. There was at last for man a freedom from the past, and he could march on untrammelled to a glorious future.

The tests that followed the lecture were beautiful and most convincing. Thirty-two were given, and all were recognized as correct. The test-powers of the guide, as expressed through Mrs. Gladding are indeed wonderful.

Below will be found a synopsis of the

MORNING LECTURE,

of Sunday, December 8, which was from the topic "Lessons by the Way," and which was well received by the au-

dience present, which was a large and intelligent one.

How often as we go through life, in the eager rush to attain pleasure, do we trample under foot some little thing that might teach us a grand and beautiful lesson of love and truth if we but studied aright. There was not a single page of God's great book—Nature—that did not contain some lesson for man's reading. That book was constantly revealing some new mystery to be studied, and it revealed that man was not born back in the ages, as in that fabled story, a perfect being, without a blemish, to then fall into sin. But he had evolved his present standard of intelligence and morality little by little. As grows the mighty oak from the tiny acorn, so had man climbed from the lower rounds of early barbarism to his present state of knowledge and civilization.

Man is what he is because of the environments of his life, and he cannot escape them, turn which way he will. He is brought face to face with the fact that he is living in a world of life and beauty, and has certain duties to fulfill and must work in accord therewith.

The guide went on to speak of the wonderful improvements man had made in art and science; bringing steam and electricity to act as his servants, in humble obedience to his will, instead of being the known agents of his destruction as in the past. Yet the first man who made the application of these was laughed at and derided in his lifetime, to be afterwards applauded in his death, when he no longer needed their words of praise.

And it had ever been so, and ever would be so until men learned the lesson of life, that it is the seeds that fall unnoticed by the way that afterwards grow to be mighty trees.

The guide was eloquent and her comparisons beautiful throughout the entire lecture, and the audience evidently appreciated it, for they listened with marked attention throughout the service. The lesson that she desired to impress upon the audience seemed to be the power of little things for good or evil (so-called), and all nature was drawn from to furnish illustrations. At the

EVENING LECTURE

the President of the society gave her as a subject the opinions of the clergy of Cincinnati as to heaven and hell. In a masterly effort the guide went over the general ground of orthodox beliefs in heaven and hell, showing their fallacies, and pointing out the fact that we carried to a certain extent our own heavens and hells with us.

There was no place of eternal punishment such as was pictured out in the fiery harangues of old time preachers, nor such a monotonous heaven. Man attained to a condition of happiness beyond the grave according to his life here, and that he found himself in such a place as his condition created for him, thus making his own condition and place of heaven or hell.

Modern Spiritualism taught men to live their heavens here, and not make the conditions for hells, either here or hereafter. The guide was a little sarcastic at several points when referring to old creeds and dogmas, and gave the philosophy of Spiritualism as to future rewards and punishments a thorough exposition.

The tests given at the close of the service were remarkable for their accuracy and the number given (thirty-five). Mrs. Gladding is a lady who impresses one favorably and she at once wins the perfect attention of the audience. She goes among the audience when giving her tests, and thus is enabled to reach many more than she otherwise could. Every test was recognized.

Written for The Better Way.

Equality.

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL.

The brotherhood of humanity is the sublime principle upon which Modern Nationalism is based, a principle that must be adopted by the nation before it can reach political perfection.

Through many have longed for this golden age, few have dared to hope that it was among the possibilities of the near future, but the coming of Looking Backward at this time when a solution of the social problem is so imperative, has dispelled the doubt by opening a way whereby equality can become a practical possibility before many years.

Written for The Better Way.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CHINESE BUDDHA.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A careful study of the life and sayings of the Chinese Buddha is commended to those who would have all moral truths included in the Bible, and think that the sacred books of the races replete with fables and false teachings. The biography of Sayka Buddha is undoubtedly embellished with myths, yet the story of his birth and death will awaken startling comparisons in the mind of the Christian. The date of his birth is fixed at 623 years before Christ, being nearly contemporary with the mighty tide of Sybilic Immigration southward, and it is thought by good authorities that he belonged to the same stock as Timur and Genghis Khan.

The book of Wong Puh records the principal incidents of his life. In this narrative the birth is recorded as follows:

"Buddha the essentially pure and universally despised body that is incapable of beginning or end, was led by great love to take the human form and to be born into the world. The assembled Devas had selected Maya, the wife of the King Suddhodana, for the divine mother, and she conceived him miraculously and gave him birth under a Sala tree. His body was lovely as a lotus and bright as the shining moon."

He grew up in the wisdom of his age and his father carried him to the ancestral temple, and the figures of the gods arose and did him homage. There he remained until ten years old, when he arose, cut off his flowing locks with his sword, put on coarse garments and fed on hemp and millet seed until his body was worn and haggard with self mortification.

Then the army of the devil assailed him and he put them to flight by the exercise of his love. He became fully inspired and converted many eminent men and the whole of the five worshippers to reason. The Buddha—wise men—came to pay him homage.

His death is thus described: "But alas! the divine being cannot always remain; the fuel is expended, the fire dies out and perishes. He directs his footsteps to the banks of the Golden River. Rays of glory beam from his face, the earth quaked, the mountains shook, and there were cries and lamentations."

From the sacred books we cull the following passages of interest, as examples of the wonderfully rich stores:

The Saddharma says: "Those who keep the ten commandments will be born in heaven."

The Poken says: "By cultivating innocence we inherit a reward in one of the pure lands."

"But our perfect illuminated sage came in pity to instruct the world, to harmonize those opposing sentiments and produce peace. To nourish and strengthen to rescue and save. To provide safe standing ground for those who profess to teach and enable them in their differences to return to the great fountain of rest. He came to dissipate these wild and confusing theories—to persuade men to lay aside the perverse modes of argument—to fall in with the great methods of proof and to embrace fundamental verities."

Men indeed differ naturally in their capacity for receiving truth, and there fore the different views of truth in the world."

There was a Shaman who nightly recited the Scriptures with a plaintive and husky voice, desiring to do penance for some thought of returning sin. Buddha in a gentle voice addressed him thus: "Tell me, my son, when you were living in the world, what you practiced yourself in learning?" He replied: "I was always playing on the lute." Buddha said: "And if the strings of your instrument were lax, what then?" He replied: "They would not sound." "And if they were too tight, what then?" The sound would

be too sharp." "But if they were tuned to a just medium, what then?" He replied: "All the sounds would then be harmonious and agreeable." Buddha addressed the Shaman: "The way of learning (religion) is even so; keep the mind well adjusted and you will be able to acquire reason."

When a Shaman binds his sash he must say: "I pray that every living soul may closely bind each virtuous principle around himself, and never loosen it or let it go."

Buddha said: "There are twenty difficult things in the world—being poor to be charitable; being rich and great; to be religious; to escape destiny; to get sight of the Scriptures; to be born when a Buddha is in the world; to repress lust and banish desire; to see an agreeable object and not wish to obtain it; to be strong without being rash; to bear insult without anger; to move in the world without setting the heart on it; to investigate a matter to the very bottom; not to condemn the ignorant; thoroughly to expiate self esteem; to be good and the same time learned; to see the hidden principle in the profession of religion; to exhibit by a virtuous life the doctrine of Buddha; to save men by converting them; to be the same in heart and life; to avoid controversy."

The fundamental idea of primitive Buddhism is "all is vanity." It is observed by one thought—the vanity of finite existence, the priceless value of one condition of eternal rest.

"The nature of individual substance is in permanency; that which is called substance is therefore no such thing; the nature of individual substance being thus without any substantial element or basis we speak of it as vain, empty and perishable." This led to the belief that everything was vain except the one great reality—a universally despised essence.

The King of Sagol asked Nagasena: "Does Buddha exist?" and was answered by the sage: "He who is most meritorious does exist—great king! Nirvana is!"

Buddha doctrines:

"The origin of all things is the result of cause;

The cessation of all things is the result of cause."

"No vice is to be committed;

Every virtue must be perfectly practical."

The mind must be brought under entire subjection."

This is the commandment of Buddha."

Sotuma said: "I devote myself wholly to moral culture, so as to arrive at the highest condition of moral rest, aiming only to obtain the unchangeable body, which has no bounds or limits."

All outward appearances gone there is left only that one true principle of life which exists independent of all phenomena."

"Desire is the source of evil. Those who cast off desire, these are called good. . . . Whoever is able to cast away covetous desire, anger, delusion, and all other sources of moral defect, and to separate himself from all mundane influences—this man is virtuous."

Buddha said: "The man who leaves his parents and quits his home for the sake of religion, who understands his own heart and penetrates the hidden motives of his life; and is able to exhibit to himself the law that admits of no selfish consideration—this man is rightly called a Shaman."

Buddha said: "He who receives the Tonsure and becomes a Shaman, and accepts the law of Buddha, must forego all worldly wealth, must beg whatever he requires, take one meal in the middle of the day, live under a tree and be concerned for nothing more."

Buddha said: "A man who foolishly does one wrong I will return to him the protection of my unjudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of these good actions always redounding to me; the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him."

Buddha said: "A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one is like one who looks up and spits at heaven; the spittle evils not the heaven, but comes back and defiles his own person."

Buddha said: "A man in the practice of religion who exercises charity from a feeling of necessary obligation, or from a feeling of partiality, does not obtain much merit."

"To feed one good man is infinitely greater in point of merit than attending to questions about heaven and earth."

"A religious man has his griefs and sorrows the same as the irreligious man: for from birth to old age, and from this to disease and death, how endless are the sorrows to be endured."

"I regard the dignities of kings and princes as the dust. Motes in a sun-beam, the value of gold and jewels as that of a broken platter."

Written for The Better Way.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTIN.

I once wrote, "I would not ask the path of peace and rest," thinking at that time a condition of peace meant a state of inactivity, where all progress stopped. I am inclined to think we breathe that sentiment with our American air. As a nation we have many virtues, of which we may justly be proud, but peace is not one of them.

"We are an active, energetic and courageous people; we do not lack bravery in the press or on the platform. We unflinchingly face toil in the shop, factory or mine, and do battle with nature when she opposes our will. We are a progressive people, but our line of progress is the pathway of the storm. This is all right, it is serving a grand purpose, and accomplishing magnificent results, but there is a higher plane, which we as a nation, which all humanity will reach in some happy future. It is a condition of peace that passeth our present understanding, a peace that is the very essence of undisturbed and infinite progress. It is a condition that can be fitly represented by the genial sunlight that steals upon the darkened earth with noiseless footsteps. No listening ear can catch the faintest sound from his velvet sandals.

The boisterous and angry winds may howl against its beams, but he is not diverted the smallest fraction. The cloud puts itself in his way and he turns it into golden glory. He arises at his appointed time and is true to the hour of retiring. Nothing can divert him; nothing can thwart him; nothing can disturb him. He moves upon his way in eternal quietness and calmness.

Take any congregation of people and read their faces. You will find anxiety, care, eagerness, energy and force written upon them, everything but peace, which is of all the most desirable.

Anxiety is torture, care is another name for pain; we are pulled in every direction, perplexed to know which road to take, and each one of these reveal a state of weakness. Peace alone is strength, because it admits us into the presence of the God. Within the holy atmosphere that surrounds our higher self, the only God we can comprehend, we find all that we need. But how may we find this retreat, this God within our hearts? The way is so plain a child cannot mistake. Are you burdened with numberless cares? Let us examine them. They all belong to tomorrow, next week, next month or next year. Just let the great power that formed this universe take charge of them for you. Just trust Him. Meanwhile you may do just the duty of the present hour, and that faithfully performed will insure present peace and future happiness.

This thought is of so much importance I feel justified in repeating it. A faithful performance of the duty of the present hour, and a perfect trust in the infinite for future results, will give peace on earth and good will to all humanity.

More Philanthropy.

Narrows a man; mere reception of charity demeans, belittles, pauperizes, and makes the recipient ashamed in the face of his benefactor. No man wants to be a dog, living on fragments from the rich man's table; even though they are carvings from the haunch, and given with heartiest good will. If I take from Philanthropy, Philanthropy must also take of God through me. I must sit, not under the table, but at the table; yes, at the Lord Christ's table. Philanthropy must reach out brotherly, otherwise his meat will choke in my throat, and corrupt in my stomach; and my manhood will starve, while my poor body is being fed. Philanthropy, if he be in the kingdom, feeds Christ's body in feeding my body; even as he feeds Christ's body in feeding his own.—T. L. Harris.

THE BETTER WAY.

THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

"Aristotle affirmed that neither virtue nor happiness can be attained by the individual separated. Moral development and the realization of our powers require, as external conditions, a settled community, social habits, the restraint and protection of laws, and a wise system of education. Man is by nature a political creature, and cannot isolate himself without becoming less or more than man. Thus the State is a prime necessity to man; and the State is prior in ideal to the individual; and this implies beforehand the conception of a State."—Encyclopedia Britannica.

Let us see if this statement of the eminent philosopher, born B. C. 384, is founded on natural laws. Antedating history are archeological traces of the Aryan race in Asia, whence sprang the original tribes and nationalities of Europe and America. It blended in oneness of thought and action two worlds—the spiritual and material. It was a world and bewitching polytheism, intellectualized by Grecian culture, Romanized to subordinate the masses to oracular and civil authority, but more moderately transmuted into the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, giving truer form and dress to the spiritual. In Government it was primarily patriarchal, held in abeyance to the edicts of the risen ancestors. This ideal, mixed with the superstitious, based in actual experience, became the *sacra* or holy tie of household unity. It naturally evolved communalism. Out of the common worship came the common meal, and the burnt offering to refine the viands to "angel food." These religious festivities, together with the sacrifices of propitiation, developed the tattered principles of the social. Here are the roots of our civilization, the embryo of the modern family, the church, the State. Prior to the sovereign citizen, as Aristotle avers, is the ideal of the State. The plan of the past shaped the subsequent structure. Nationalities since carry the imprint of the Aryan thought under ever continuous modifications.

In its intrinsic sense, what is society? It is more than a conflict. It is assimilated natures. It is an embodiment as perfect in itself, having institutional organs, functions and sentiments, volitions as the human system. Irrefutable is the apostle's statement: "We are members one of another." There is no absolute individuality. To seek it is the overstrain of selfishness. Isolation is equivalent to death. Higher uses come of interchange—unity in variety.

This view of our co-relations with each and all, making society a grouping process under the art-building of a collective soul, logically places the State in an administrative position, as the custodian of the people's supports of life, as the head of business, organizing, projecting and regulating the industries for the people's well and happiness. It is Aryan angelism materially universalized.

When the social is thus formulated, it follows that individual and corporate schemes are abrogated; and the incentives to industry are privileged duty and honor with labor enthroned in power. This is a sweeping revolution and a startling one, and scarcely any of us are ready to adopt such a change.

Let us look again at our starting point and carefully note the sequences. The germs of the social are inherited qualities in the individual. When they are unfolded, paired and grouped in the body politic, the individual, according to needs, receives the equivalent for earned labor; government being the principle of "equal and exact justice to all." This individuality evokes the latent integrity in human nature, for the environment tends to shape an honest citizenship.

Let the subject matter may not yet be set in its clearest light, let us in passing define the real function of capital. By all the old-time writers it is claimed to be money, stock, estate anything and everything that can be utilized in wealth attainment. In this comprehensive sense capital is placed in a position to be grabbed, on the principle of the dying miser to his son: "Get money—honestly, if you can,—but, get it." Capital is relegated to individuals and corporations that are smart enough to capture it as it comes and goes, and such become the pivots on which property is swung and balanced, if, indeed, it can be thus balanced.

From this definition, or rather adjustment of capital, it follows that the few have the wealth and the many serve under wage hire—the new form of the old slavery. The results are what we are realizing—social incongruities, oppression, frauds, strikes, innumerable sufferings and miseries everywhere cropping out. As never before, people feel the terrible pressure and necessity of a radical change. All over the enlightened world thinkers of every profession are discussing the trend of events and how to shape the safest policy.

The social develops genius; social need inspires the application of genius to labor. The product is capital. Inhering with the social capital, in the principle of the thing, is what all the enlightenment and inventions of the ages have bequeathed humanity at large. No mind invents without another mind helping. No laborer produces but others are concerned and benefited thereby. Social demand plays in with every effort of thought and muscle.

Who made the first gun? We do not know, but this we know, that the gun is common property, and that none of its improvements can be long monopolized. As the social is the prime factor of every invention, and the natural inhibitor of all there is, the intervention of monopoly is nothing short of robbery. Were it possible for man to create something, he would be entitled to own it forever. The best he can do is to combine from principles that are eternal. As principles are natural legacies inherited by all, it is the duty of government, as the voice of the people, to secure their uses in law for the mutual and equal benefit of all. The fineness and elasticity of steel, the compactness and beauty of Russian leather or iron, the structure of the steam engine, of agricultural machinery and the land it tills—who rightly owes all such? Who owns the fine arts, the sciences, the literature, the history of the ages, the beauties of the immortal? Monopoly in any such blessings of life is an outrage, a lie, a peril, a revolution!

If, irrespective of persons, the social is the heir of natural and acquired blessings, is the right by law or custom to divorce them from the legacies? Is there any half way station where society can safely compromise itself? Shall we in sentiment and constitution acknowledge that the rights of social possession are inalienable, and yet practically deny?

Nationalists propose so to institutionalize them that the people as a whole, through the government, as industrial agent working with and for the people, shall own and manage, the railroads, the telegraphs, the telephones, the commercial exchanges, and every other enterprise correlated with the common welfare; and be so adapted to earnings without any speculation whatever, that every able bodied man and woman of a specified age, shall have to work in adding value to the communal wealth; and for such labor, faithfully performed, shall receive from the government what is individually due—an equal share of the net earnings, each and all served alike, as recipients of a common bounty.

This great reformation so necessary to fealty and patriotic character is not so far off but we of to-day can lay its foundation in public sentiment and method ere the present century has ended. Golden is the achievement; shall we not do it? It supplies the long sought opportunity for improvement; shall we not secure it? The transcendent ideal of humanity formulated at last, the leveling up process projected, the descent of the angels of heaven experienced in every-day life, the Aryan spirituality enlightened and incarnated in exalted citizenship; what can so well engage our practical ambition?

Written for The Better Way.

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

BY GRANT FIGLEY.

The mind of man is curtailed with darkness, and his silence is born of understanding. The plowman treads his weary path and the little birds sit at his feet and carry away the worms of earth to their young. The lowing herds bedeck a thousand hills and the very winds sing their praises of harmony. There are times when the very clouds lose their course and seem to wait in the sky. Again, they shoot to the horizon, as if angry with their being. There are times when we are lost in the beauty of rhyme and even the spirit of a blind Milton longs for a flight on Zion's hill or a draught from Solomon's brook. He, too, conscious of his weakness, with Homer and Virgil invokes the Muse to teach his wings some loftier flight. A Sir Phillip Sidney singing of a crazy Hamlet on the turrets of Elsinore could not paint the scene.

We understand not the language of the murmuring thoughts that o'erhang the babbling brook. We see not their foliage drunk from the wells of light and air, but the wonder and mystery lends beauty to our dream of Paradise. Old colleges have given high degrees but they have never told us why the grass grows.

A grand panorama presents itself on every hand. The little brook finds its way to the sea. Ocean currents roll from pole to pole, and climates are borne on their way. Land and sea breezes exchange their fragrance. The mighty miracle goes on and we know not how. Shall we ask the living? Shall we ask the dead?

Romance has given its beauty to the world. The poet sings as he goes and the air is filled with the fragrance of flowery thought. The songs of Burns still find an echo in the heart of every home. The shrill notes of Byron mingled with the songs of lovelessness and we find response in every lofty soul, while the higher philosophy of man's mortality flows softly down the silvery stream of Avon.

The light of every star is reflected, and every frown its image. Nor is the old ocean without her charms; there reflected again, are the unmeasured depths of the starry universe, and as far as the eye can see we are met with the bewildering grandeur of sublimity. Thought is without language, and grandeur without description. Then what have we learned? We can never hope to grasp the mystic chords that govern the finer forces of nature.

The little flower is grand but more grand is its construction. Its fragrance is sweet, but more delicate is that knowledge which fathoms its origin. "Oh how beautiful!" exclaimed a little child at sight of the slaking sun. Frankly in all his power, in his palmy days, could say no more.

The star that shines through the midnight cloud; the roses that bloom on the mountain; the lilies that grow in the valley, have a language for the living

and the dead. We read of ancient glories and wander through the primeval gardens of old Arya, and try to picture the scenes of pre-historic development, and attempt to conceive the thrilling sight of the crash of falling worlds and the tumult of dissolving nature. We wander almost aimlessly down to Troy and witness the lifeless body of proud Hector by Achilles thrice dragged contemptuously around the beleaguered city of the Trojans. We wander through Grecian lands and far down to the stirring scenes in the heart of the now Dark Continent, and then to proud Rome's gladiatorial arenas, fair women and brave men. Still on we go across old ocean's broad expanse and find Columbus's shrine.

There is many a flower that we have never seen; there is many a harp that we have never heard, and many a story that will never be told. So the cradle in which we are rocked, the shrine at which we worship, the grave in which we are buried, and our final home, alike, are shrouded in fogs of mystery, and the secret of life will never be solved by mortal man. We yield it, we submit it to hands that are more divine.

Is it wealth that leads our way? Is it the fame that must sing our praises when we have become no longer mortal? Where is Abraham Lincoln, the Champion of Freedom? Where is General Grant over whose advancing legions frowned Vicksburg's gloomy old walls? Where are Frederick and Napoleon, our selfish ambition's career, over whose graves no slave ever bowed with a tear? Where are our scientists? They are gone, leaving the problem unsolved.

"We tread the same paths our fathers have trod." Must we mope and pine away our days in solemn though lofty reflections because Burns sang in his troubles that man was made to mourn? But rather should be a man for a that? Shall we throw away this little life as did Byron, if we see not the beginning nor the end? Shall we decree that our bones shall rest with our dogs as did Frederick, the Great, because we perceive at last that we are not great? Shall we follow in the frivolous way and see the river flowing on every cloud? Ah, no, my friends!

Let us live for the good we can do, Live for the right; yes, live for the true: Live for the world's good, and every day We'll be drawing nearer the Golden Way Leading up to Heaven and to God, In the pathway that our friends have trod, Who leaving this earth have gone before, But return to us from the bright; golden shore.

And picture for us the beauties rare, Of the homes that we have builded there, By our good deeds done here below. Only this much that we do know, That God will watch o'er us, With the friends gone before us, Caring not a single one, Though they believed not that his Son Could save all from eternal death Or torture by a single breath. What is it, the secret of life? What care we when done with the strife? For God is Love! He knoweth best; In His arms we all shall be at rest.

Written for The Better Way.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MRS. S. H. AUSTIN.

Christmas day, the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth is near again. On that day many voices will be uplifted, and join with one accord to sing the wonders of the birth of Christ. On that day, as of old, the eastern star will guide all feet to an humble stall where worldly greatness and rank bend low before a little babe cradled in a manger, and a virgin mother lost in an ecstasy of love and adoration, while the lowing cattle typify the homage of creation.

And again, the old story will bring to the mind of many, thoughts that chill somewhat the glory of Christmas. To youth it always brings joy and gladness; to old age it brings back memories of long ago, when loved ones clustered around, and glad young voices of love and joy made home seem the brightest place on earth. There is no one amongst us, young or old, rich or poor, at any pursuit, in any place, who might not be represented as casting some sad and boding shadow. No matter how bright the sunshine, how pure and guileless the life at home, how rich or poor, how well or ill planned each may be, in the cottage and in the palace, or on the rude beams of the garret; about us and amongst us inevitably falls the shadow of a cross which is to come.

This is the one thing we can never shake off, and from which we can never be free. All must bear some sorrows. All must pass sooner or later through the valley of the darkest of all shadows—the shadow of death—and, in the presence of this truth, the peace and the love of the Christmas season, seem but a cruel mockery to many. The cross, too, in many cases, has become not phantom, but a reality, and is very hard to bear. The way seems long and dreary, and oh, how lonely! There are hopes which are blighted, loves which are lost; dear friends and companions which have been carried to their final home; dearest anticipations have come to nothing; life has traveled beyond its illusions, and finds but little that is sure and satisfactory. The steadfast gaze into the mystery of things makes out nothing distinctly.

Burrows oftentimes enter quiet places, weary footsteps seek the repose they cannot find, and bright smiles sometimes hide an aching heart. So to some it is impossible to shake of the gloom of life from a heart which would otherwise "rejoice to be glad;" but, after all, few can resist the wave of love and good will which flows in with the tide of holy story on Christmas day.

Why not, therefore, be as little children on that day, and see the sunshine without looking at the shadow? If we cannot be happy ourselves, why not try to make others happy? It may be wise sometimes to have such faith as the little ones. They are told that if they are good Santa Claus will come at Christmas time and bring much beautiful gifts to fill the little stockings. Bright eyes are eagerly peering through the darkness to watch for the coming of the good fairy, but soon the eyelids are folded on the tired eyes, the little hands are laid on the coverslets, and their dreams are full of Santa Claus. The little faces look so bright and beautiful to-night, and the child dreams are so sweet and happy. At all events, Christmas time is Christmas time to them, and they gain a delight from it which can be shared only on condition of sharing their simple faith and trust.

Let, for the moment, these younger ones teach these older ones something; let the parents learn from their children to think this a real and happy time.

It is not easy, but it is not impossible, if in the main points of cheerfulness, frankness, reliance and hope, men could now and then "be converted and become as little children."

To throw aside, for the time being, the many cares and perplexities of every-day life and join in the children's pastime and pleasures, will recall to the memory the merry days of childhood and make the heart grow youthful again.

God help the poor! Theirs cannot be a joyous Christmas. Poverty and sickness bring no joys in their train. There are so many who out of their abundance can give a little that can give a ray of sunshine into humble homes, made dark and desolate by poverty and suffering. The kindness of the Christmas season sheds its genial influence on all alike.

Let us then be thankful and glad for the peace and good will of the dawn of the new year, and for the opportunity of forgiveness and charity. When we do our best to be glad for the merry season, and to take our share in the pleasures of others, let us be thankful for the coming of Christmas, and for the bells ringing out the false and pealing in the true.

Written for The Better Way.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED."

BY R. NEELY.

These were the words of the Pailliot jailer when by an earthquake the jail doors were opened, and the prisoners unbarred, and knowing the terrible consequences of neglect under the Roman law, he drew his sword to kill himself, supposing that the prisoners had escaped. "But Paul," who was one of them, "cried with a loud voice, saying: Do thyself no harm." Then he sprang in trembling and uttered these remarkable words, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

The vallant, and now famous apostle, who had brought upon himself and Silas the fury of the mob by casting a spirit of devotion out of a soothsayer, took this favorable opportunity to preach the gospel to the jailer; and was successful in converting him and all his household. Ever since it has been a hackneyed query, "What must we do to be saved?"

Even Spiritualists, as well as old-fashioned Christians, ask the question, and every one answers it in his own way—that is, according to what he thinks is the true way of salvation.

The question presupposes that we are in a condition out of which we need to be delivered; or, in other words, in danger of something from which we need to be saved. Before we can render an answer to this question we must know what this condition and this danger is.

Let not my reason fear that I am going to disgust them with a repetition of the old doctrines which they repudiate as irrational, and which are known as "orthodox," and fast becoming obsolete. My method shall be that which I am glad to see is becoming that of all the most spiritual Spiritualists; that is, to speak the truth, as I see it, without reference to those who differ with me; and whatever amount of truth I am able to speak will do its work, as all truth does; but if I speak that which is not true, it will fall as all untruth must.

Man is a progressive being, which he would not be if he was perfect. He is like the beautiful water lily growing out of the marsh. The Chicago Sunday Times of this date, and now before me says: "All mankind is made in the likeness and image of the Creator, and persons devoutly active in the salvation of souls will see beneath the exterior, however unprepossessing, the divine spark that can never be extinguished."

To be saved, in the most spiritual sense, is to develop this divine spark in the proper time, that is, while on earth, before we go to that world where we must live in spirit if we live at all. Paul said to the jailer, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Jesus labored hard on every occasion to get the people to understand the spiritual nature of his kingdom, but their development was very slow. Even his disciples who had been with him every day, were in danger of going back to their former pursuits, disappointed because he had not redeemed Israel from their bondage to Rome. But it was a spiritual redemption that he was working for, and he had sown the seed which when watered by the spirit on the day of Pentecost brought forth fruit in the development of that "divine spark" that shall never be extinguished. Never did a teacher give more spiritual instruction. "A new commandment I

give unto you, that ye love one another"—the very essence of spirituality; and what is mere Spiritualism without spirituality. To believe on Jesus the Christ is to believe and obey the precepts which he taught, and these were of a practical nature. The same hour of the night in which the jailer was converted he took those prisoners whom he knew to be unjustly bound, beaten and imprisoned, and washed their stripes. This was the first practical evidence of a new and spiritual life. The divine nature within began to unfold under the influence of the light of truth, as the lily unfolds its beauty from within towards the sun, leaving all the material filth from which it sprang to remain in the earth; and he performed the first humane work that came to his hand at the risk of offending the magistrates and theirate mob. Love to our fellow-man is the only true evidence of love to God. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Man is a dual being; that is, he has a divine and a human side to his nature. The terms spiritual and material suits me better. The material lives in this world, but not in the next; therefore, if we live to the material side of our nature and neglect the spiritual side we are as unprepared for the spiritual world as a young man would be to enter a university without the rudiments. Spiritual culture is the greatest factor in the salvation of man. The principles of spirituality are love, truth, purity, justice and reciprocity. We should endeavor to bring every thought, word and action into accord with these principles. That is what I call spiritual culture; and as the spiritual side of our nature unfolds this will become the ruling principle of our life, and supercede or neutralize all the failings and vices, which arise from the weak materialistic side of our nature and counteract our spiritual growth and unfit us for life beyond.

I have heard people talk about religion as if it were a mysterious union known only to those who have it; but I confess that after a long life of perseverance in well doing I know of nothing higher or better than to do right, and if all would do right there would be no need of locks on our doors, or police on our streets, or of penitentiaries and courts of law, or armies and navies; and when we had fulfilled our term of probation here in that way, I feel sure we would be welcome to our mansion of which there are many in our "Father's House."

Written for The Better Way.

Knocking at the Door.

A CIRCLE SONG BY DANIEL D. WOLFE.

We gather, knocking at the door
That shall our earthly sphere from thine,
To meet the loved ones gone before
And form a circle 'cross the line;
We're knocking at the door
To meet the loved ones gone before.

Come hover o'er the spirits' brink
And have it thine for living light.
Unto angels the broken link—
Our severed ties again unite;
We're knocking, knocking at the door
For light from the eternal shore.

Roll back the clouds of darkness, roll,
The tree of superstition blight,
Emanate the human soul
From groping darkness into light;
We're knocking, knocking at the door
That leads "where mortals weep no more."

Let goodness away the heart of man,
Let reason away the mortal mind,
And all unite as best we can
To aid and comfort all mankind;
We're knocking at the door
Where friends will meet to part no more.

Then truth set free from creeds will reign
And doubts and ailing belief no more—
Then spirits yet on life's earth-plain
Will freely meet those gone before;
We're knocking, knocking at the door
That frees the soul forevermore.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

THE CHRIST LOVE.

BY CELIA LOCKES.

"A place for everything and everything in the right place," is a maxim oft quoted regarding household things. A place for every person and every person in the right place would be the better way, then it would be easy to apply action in the proper place and where it would unfold and round out the human nature by reaching in to the reservoir of spiritual life and giving scope for the higher forces to harmonize the physical being.

Harmony causes individual life, and through its ability to act, it affects the physical conditions of life. Herein lies the secret of Christ's power, which harmonized and made whole the crippled minds and bodies of those who came to be healed. Jesus, the Christ, was the embodiment of harmony—the effect of a divine birthright which permeated his human nature. All are children of the divine originator. He will ever express through human existence more perfect spiritual nature, wherever His laws of love and wisdom are conformed with. Jesus said: "The Father and I are one." In truth and love they were one in spirit. Love and truth are the potent forces to regenerate degenerated humanity. Jesus taught the power of love to lift humanity higher in the scale of life.

Nature's laws have ever existed, and long before priests were ordained they shaped the human form to hold the breath of God. How will humanity grow better? By uplifting human discernment, that the Divine One's Soul or Universal Spirit and Architect of Nature shall find room to stamp the mark of love.

Divine law is the voice of truth. We hear it whispering in forests and murmuring in the waters. It kisses the fevered lips of tired men and women,

and is as fragrant with the beauty and bloom of Nature—that subtle force, that is forever striving to set aright mislead humanity.

Nations are struggling in the vortex of crime. We have our King Solomon and Belshazzars, and Lazaruses, who are starving for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table—history repeats itself,—and we have our interpreters who read the signs of the times. Then why shall we not have our Christ, who shall redeem mankind? And may not that Christ be love, born in the hearts of all humanity? The orthodox saying is that "Everything is possible with God." It is not only a wise but a true saying. We find it possible, through hate, fear, repulsive and inhuman conditions, to make mankind a race of murderers, cowards, idiots, sensualists, etc. God is in everything, but he is seen in beauty and gentleness or deformity and weakness, as is understood and applied to the scripture of nature's law.

Creeds are the documents of men who worship a physical Christ of ages past. If they realized the divinity of the love he had faith in and taught no creed could express it. They would see it from within and live it outwardly till the cause of crime would be no more.

For God is love, is the spirit,
Is the builder of heaven's dome,
The cause that man doth inherit,
The angel in each human home.

The kind of love that rules the world to day is that which compels a person to rob Peter to pay Paul; a love that makes a mother steal for her children, while the husbands and fathers spend their money in saloons and gambling places; a love that allows the rich to rob the poor, that starves hope and crushes the soul of man into the dust.

The kind of love needed is that which develops the higher nature and which will cause the enlightened use of the lower or physical nature.

There are many Jenny Linds and Pearly Roes—

Who "with fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Sit in an unwomanly rage
Plying their needles and thread."

There are modern Raphaels and Rubens, who, while delving in work they are not fitted for, hang in the mental walls of brain-room pictures equal to the productions of the old masters. Where nature has the divine use of her birthright, she produces not one beautiful tree but many, not one lofty mountain that towers above the clouds, but many; not one flower that is lovely, but millions of them with different fragrance and tints, that harmonize with all else that lives true to itself.

Written for The Better Way.

LAW.

H. H. BRIGHAM, M. D.

Law governs all. Suns and worlds, all planetary systems, are subject to the control of a law perfect in its operations. Evolution and development is the result of law exact and universal. He who is wise enough to comprehend this law, can understand the growth and development of planets. When wiser grown he may be able to read it in detail, beginning with the atom and tracing it through all its combinations, through mineral, vegetable, animal, man, and angel. Human understanding has not until recently been able to grasp the grand fact of the perfect universal law, and now it is most imperfectly understood, but as far as we have gone we find no room for special providences or chance operations.

Eclipses come at the hour when expected, and if the storms sometimes disappoint us, it is not in answer to somebody's prayer who had a journey to go or an enemy to conquer.

The husbandman sows the seed and if he understands and obeys the law, he is sure of a bountiful harvest. But if through ignorance he disregards nature's law, no amount of sorrow or repentance will give him one bushel of grain.

Man is no less subject to an inexorable law than all the rest of nature. It governs every particle of his entire being, controls his every thought, word, and act.

Man being subject to law, the ultimatum for which he was created must inevitably be reached, if, like the wise husbandman, the law is understood and obeyed, a noble man is the result; but if on the other hand, the law is totally disregarded, the lowest condition of humanity is the result, or a total failure as in the case of idiocy.

Improvement of the race can only be accomplished through a better understanding of the law of development in all its departments. First in importance are the laws that govern generation. When these are known and obeyed, we shall have a race of noble, grand and good men, free from sin and disease.

The laws of hereditary descent are responsible for all the remarkable men the world has ever seen, whether they were remarkable for goodness and high moral and intellectual attainments, or for wickedness and crime.

But this assertion should not discourage reformatory movements. Yet no work of reform can count on success unless it moves in harmony with the law. This as far as I understand it precludes force, and brings into requisition patience, forbearance, benevolence, charity, kindness and love, and the reformer who starts in with a small accumulation of these desirable qualities, happily finds that his possessions increase in proportion as he gives of them to his fellow men, so grandly perfect and harmonious are all the workings of nature's law.

Written for The Better Way.

OVER THE HOUSETOPS.

BY ALICE C. MALTBY, M. D.
Article IV.

When I saw you last, I told you that Miss Blank taught me the first I ever knew of spirit return. I must mend that sentence somewhat. I had heard of such things before that time but not just in the same way. I say this because the face of an old man has been present to my memory all day. I would not want that spirit for he is in spirit life now to feel himself forgotten. If there be any virtue in opening out to a youthful mind, the hidden and mysterious things of nature than this old man, my early friend, deserves the reward, small or great, for to his teachings do I owe much that joys me most to-day. I will tell you how I came to know this man and when I tell you it may be that you will remember that you knew him too.

I had just begun to go to school. I was a little tot and used to believe, with the utmost confidence, that everybody was glad to see me, everywhere or anywhere. Coming from school one day, I saw a man sitting upon a doorstep carving something that he held in his hand. There were a few children standing about him and I rushed to see what he had there. I clambered up the steps and sat down beside him. "What are you doing Mr. Man?" said I. "I am letting a dove out of prison," said he. That was a queer thing for a man to say. I caught hold of his hand, and gazed at what he held there. Sure enough, it was a beautiful dove partly carved from a lovely white, mother-of-pearl shell.

"Was it always in the shell?" I asked. "Yes, it was always there. Beautiful angels sleep in cold marble slabs until some sculptor comes along and sets them free. The world is full of beautiful sleeping things that some one will find some day. Remember that the very boulders in the street may be coarse and plain outside, yet a jewel may lie hidden in their heart." This was strange stuff to talk to a little child, yet it fascinated me. I wanted to see the angels in the stone and the jewel hid in the boulder's heart, so I formed a habit of stopping there as I came from school. The strange man grew to know me and to watch for my coming. He told me of the queer creatures that lived in the sea. He showed me coral and trilobites, strange petrified shells and Lily locronites. He carved beautiful things from the shells and gave me a white heart and lovely dove cut from a bit of shell. His words were full of wisdom and I drank them in with delight. No one else talked to me of these things. All went on smoothly until a creature called a gossip, looking abroad for material got her green eyes upon us, and straightway proceeded to invade the paternal presence.

She told my father that I had been seen in dreadful company, that the vilest sort of a man was enticing me to his doorstep, there filling my heart full of all sorts of heresy.

"Who is this man?" asked father. "Why, that old Spiritualist up on Cutter street."

I can never forget my feelings when I was called up and told never to stop and see my old friend again. It seemed to me the most terrible thing that had ever happened to me but I made up my mind as to what I was going to do. I would see my friend once more, if I died for it, and tell him I was forbidden to come to see him and why. I went there the next day and told him. A little flame of color crept up into his cheek, I was sitting in his lap looking into his face.

"My little one" said he. "They tell you that I am a Spiritualist and they are right. You know that I told you that doves sleep in the seashells and angels and jewels and gold in the rocks and marbles and that to some men was it given to find these lovely things, and this much more do I say also; in the air about us even in this bright sunshine, are spirits more beautiful than those angels, and birds far sweeter than the doves in the shells, and they come to the few who know how to find them. They come to me in the right season and comfort me in hours of pain and sadness. There is a fair spirit, my little one, that I have often seen near you when you have been here. She has in her hand a lovely crown of moss rosebuds. Sometime that crown will be yours. She says so; but I will not see it. My grave will be green many times before you wear them, but when you have earned your crown, remember me. Now run home, little one, your father has told you not to come here. Do not come."

I went home, but I made up my mind as I went. I shook a small fist in the direction of the home of that gossip and vowed a huge vow. I must get father to see my friend. I didn't know how, but it must be done. And it was done. The spectacle of the minister of the neighboring Episcopal church sitting on that doorstep with that old Spiritualist, was presented to the green-eyed monster just opposite.

I remember how father came home, a little sheepish, because he had been well entertained, and I remember that he told mother apologetically, that the man really did have some interesting things there, he had gathered from somewhere, and was a harmless dreamer, he thought, and I might go—but not too often—to see him. How happy I was. I went there often and helped him arrange a cabinet of geological specimens for a college somewhere. Years after, I stood in a room in the old college I told you about, and there I saw the very stones, that I as a child had wondered over and talked about with my dear old friend. There they were; the very boulder I had seen him break and screamed with delight over, when we found the center filled with blood-red quartz. Yet it isn't surprising. This world isn't so large after all, and scientists

are few. I will not talk much more of this. I tell you of it as a just tribute to an early friend. A dreamer, a poet and scientist. One whom the world knew little of and few could understand. He sleeps in his grave, but in the hearts of many he is remembered still. I do not wear the moss crown. Does it wait for me? I am not superstitious, but safe in an album of mine is a bit of card I keep as sacred as I would a jewel. On one side is painted a wreath of moss rosebuds, on the other a bit of verse. 'Tis the work of my old friend. The edges of this card are yellow now, but the moss rosebuds are perfect still. Buds of promise they seem to me. I would not part with this. Is it a talisman? I used to think so years ago. I keep it still.

A GHOST IN A VILLAGE.

Students of the night side of nature cannot do better at the present moment than pay a visit to the small colliery village of High Littleton, says the Bristol Mercury. Since the celebrated Bath ghost, of 1887, no such excitement has been provided for dwellers 'twixt high and nether Jove as Littleton now affords.

High Littleton is already split up in two hostile camps. One party, the materialistic section, is inclined to regard the business as a practical joke. The other section is awestricken. The premises honoured by this ambassador from Pluto are situated next to the Wesleyan Chapel, and an attempt has been made to build upon this fact a theory as to the likes and dislikes of the visitor. The circumstance, however, would appear to be only a coincidence. We are informed by a reliable authority that the first signs of an uninvited guest appeared about a month ago. The occupants of the house in question had retired to bed in good time, when they heard a strange noise in an old chest of drawers. It seemed as though a bottle was rolling from one side to the other. They naturally examined the chest, but nothing was discovered. No sooner were they in bed again than the noise once more became audible, and the only means of obtaining silence was to keep the light burning. The family, when the morning came, seized the chest of drawers, broke it up, and burnt it as an uncanny thing. No further manifestations occurred for a fortnight. After then, just as soon as the family had retired to rest, strange knocking were heard. This time the family felt a little alarmed, and called in a neighbour. This gentleman at once went upstairs, and cried, "Come on! I am ready for you!" The challenge seems to have been accepted on the instant, for a chair sprang towards him, and the fender abandoned the hearth. The furniture was readjusted, but no sooner was the light removed than chair and fender again betrayed their independence of physical law. On Friday night another neighbour, who did not believe in ghosts, agreed to watch in the haunted chamber. He waited a quarter of an hour, and then came a knock at the fireplace, followed immediately by the familiar manoeuvres of the furniture. A second manifestation occurred when the fender, chair, &c., had been replaced. This time a thorough examination of the premises was made, but it threw no light on the strange occurrences. It was decided to try again, when a third manifestation succeeded the removal of the light. Nothing more happened that night. By Saturday the village was considerably perturbed. A dozen persons formed themselves into a committee of inquiry, and at night some six took up their stations in the apartment. They were regaled with the usual entertainment. It shows the pitch to which the public mind had wrought, that on this occasion one of the six laid his hand upon the chair, prepared to see whether the demon could wrest it from his grasp. The demon could. No sooner was the protecting light removed than the chair jumped away from the restraining hand, while the fender kept it company in this devil's dance. Three times did the ghostly artist "do his turn." Another meeting took place in the haunted room on Sunday evening. Five members of the Wesleyan congregation worshipping in the adjoining chapel, he'd a prayer meeting on the bewitched spot, and resolved that if the demon showed himself, one of their number should ask him why he was troubling them. The usual preparatory knock was heard from the vicinity of the old fireplace, but this time the floor seemed all alive. It creaked violently beneath the feet of the watchers—so much so, indeed, that at one moment the party, who were seated on a bedstead, actually thought that the bedstead and they with it were all going down. Hardly had they been reassured on this point when, before their astonished eyes, the chair became violently shaken, and then seemed to be flung down with much force upon the floor. The fender came out into the middle of the room. There was no sign of any agent; the demon still kept himself aloof; but one of the party, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, now demanded in the name of the lord, why "he" troubled them. No answer was returned, and a light was produced. It was then seen that the chair had received no violent ill treatment. No further reports of the disturbances have reached us, except the statement that they are still going on.—Two Worlds, England.

He Found the Bounder.

"So this is a prohibition town?" said a drummer to the landlord of a small local option town in Texas.

"Yes, we don't allow any liquor to be sold if we can possibly prevent it, but, sir, there are men in this town so utterly devoid of honor and principle that for twenty cents they will peddle out this liquid damnation. What do you think of such an unprincipled scoundrel?"

"It strikes me it is a mere matter of business. Where can I find the unprincipled scoundrel?"

"I am the man. Follow me."

When the drummer returned his mustache was moist and he was out a quarter.—Texas Sittings.

THE DOUBLE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In a work by Washington Irving, entitled "Moorish Chronicles," he says, "I find this statement by the Spanish historian, Antonio Agapida:—

"The battle of the Durovas was chiefly memorable for the following miracle: The Christians were incastellated at San Esteven de Gormady, near the banks of the Douro. The Moors had possession of the fortress of Gormady, about a league further up the river.

"The battle commenced at dawn of day. Court Fernan Gondyales, however, before taking the field, repaid with his principal cavaliers to the church to attend mass. Now, at this time there was in the service of the count abate cavalier named Pascual Vivas. This cavalier had made a solemn vow that whenever he entered church in the morning, he would on no account leave it until all the masses were finished.

"On the present occasion the firmness of this brave but pious cavalier was put to a severe proof. When the first mass was finished, the court rose and sallied from the church in clanking armour, and soon after the trumpet and quick tramp of steel told that all were off to the encounter. Pascual Vivas, however, remained kneeling before the altar, waiting, according to custom, until all the masses should be finished. The masses that morning were numerous, and hour after hour passed away, yet still the cavalier remained kneeling all in armour with weapon in hand, yet so zealous in his devotion that he never turned his head.

"All this while the esquire of the cavalier was at the door of the church, holding his war horse, and beheld with surprise the count and his warriors depart, while his lord remained in the chapel. From the height on which the chapel stood he could see the Christian host encounter the Moors and could hear the distant sound of the trumpet and din of battle. At the sound the war horse pricked up his ears, snuffed the air, pawed the earth, and showed all the eagerness of a noble steed to be among the armed men; but still Pascual Vivas came not out of the chapel. The esquire was wroth, and blushed for his lord, for he thought it was through cowardice and not piety that he remained in the chapel while his comrades were fighting in the field.

"At length the masses were finished, and Pascual Vivas was about to sally forth, when horsemen come riding up the hill with shouts of victory, for the battle was over and the Moors completely vanquished.

"When Pascual Vivas heard this he was so troubled that he dare not leave the chapel nor come into the presence of the court, for he said to himself: Surely, I shall be looked upon as a recreant knight, who has hidden himself in the hour of danger. Shortly, however, came some of his fellow-cavaliers, summoning him to the presence of the court; and as he went with a beating heart, they lauded him for the valour he had displayed and the great services he had rendered, saying that to the prowess of his arm they owed the victory. The good knight, imagining they were scoffing him, felt still more cast down, and entered the presence of the count covered with confusion. Here again he was received with raises, which he still thought done in mockery. When the truth came to be known, however, all present were filled with wonder, for it appeared as if this cavalier had been at the same moment in the chapel and in the field; for while he remained on his knees before the altar, a warrior exactly resembling him, with the same arms, device, and steed, had appeared in the hottest of the fight, penetrating and overthrowing whole squadrons of Moors. He had cut his way to the standard of the enemy, killed the standard bearer, and carried off the banner in triumph. His purport and coat of mail were cut to pieces, and his horse covered with wounds; yet still he fought on, and through his valour chiefly the victory was obtained.

"What more moved astonishment was, that for every wound received by the warrior and his steed in the field, there appeared marks on the purport and coat of mail and upon the steed of Pascual Vivas so that he had the semblance of having been in the severest press of the battle."

How is a Spirit Rap Produced?

Sir—I have recently been giving this question some consideration, and, so far as my personal experiments have gone, I am led to think that the peculiar percussive sounds by which our spirit friends often give communications are not really raps at all. My theory is that the production of a sound cannot take place without a slight movement of the article from which it proceeds; imperceptible to the sifter, perhaps, but still real, and the raps are but the creakings of the articles upon which they are produced. This movement, as all spirit movements are, I take it is not physical, but caused by opposition to the earth's gravitation by a counter magnetic attraction. Can any evidence be produced which would show that raps have been produced on some hard substance not pliable like wood, such as cast iron, which cannot creak? If so my theory will fall through. YARBOW.

Cardiff. [We have frequently heard raps on iron and metallic substances. We have heard them on the wooden floor underneath a carpet, on the ceiling, on a sheet of paper held in mid air, on any substance and in any conceivable way within a certain distance from the medium. We have also seen at a dark seance a luminous body shaped like a hand with the fingers pointing to the table. From this luminous ray a rap was produced. It was possible thus to say beforehand that there would be a rap immediately. In the Spiritualism of Edmonds and Dexter there is a drawing showing how above and below the table at which a sitting is held there is a reservoir of force, the raps being made by equilibrium between these two storages of psychical force. But are all raps made in the same way? We shall have a good deal to say on this matter when we commence next year an account of our personal experiences.—Ed. of "Light."]

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MERRY XMAS!

Thoughts are actions in spirit.

Inconsistency makes man a child that needs caring for.

Within every human being there is an angel in embryo.

Every life theory is a truth—if but for the one invents it.

Be merry with the merry and let Santa Claus materialize in full form.

Only when we become willing to believe a new idea, can we understand it.

All that has life, has sensation, and all that has the latter, has a soul or immortal part.

"And man became a living soul."—Did dead souls exist prior to this event? Soul is life! Individualized soul was probably meant.

When a man compliments you, and you discover that he has given another the same "taffy," you may form your opinion of him.

We cannot know or appreciate the real value of a person or an object until we know the cause—the interior or spiritual thereof.

Only the pure in heart shall see—Good, or, in fact, can see it; for to the impure or selfish all is dark and deformed, and to the good all is good.

Although every soul constitutes an individualized entity, yet there are individualities among these souls that are a host each in themselves. As many are like one, these, individually, are like many.

Some people regard charity as a thing which should only be dispensed to the good and pure. These do not need it; it is the unfortunate ones who need it, and those who cannot extend it to such, are themselves of the class that want it badly; for such are weak indeed. Self-knowledge is lacking.

Christmas! What pleasing memories of the past reverberate throughout the soul as we see the many preparations made to welcome this event. 'Tis not our day, 'tis true, but we cannot yet relinquish all that holds us to the Christian world. For our children's sake we celebrate, enjoying that which makes them happy, while doing homage to our Christian neighbor. Our aim is to live in harmony and peace with the world, and we cannot do better than to begin with those nearest to us. So let us be merry with the merry.

Anything undertaken for the sake of opposition only, or to break down another, cannot succeed. The incentive—the cause must be spiritual, even if the undertaking is a strictly material affair, so to say. All effects, like man, must have a healthy interior or spirit condition, otherwise there is a standstill or a failure. Selfishness is the spiritual perverted or misdirected, and when the aim is to harm another failure must be the result. Let every undertaking rest on a healthy foundation, by making the aim to build up only; for what we wish to others we obtain for ourselves—whether good or bad. Thought in spirit is synonymous with actions in material life.

Newspaper reporters, not many years ago, who could make descriptive that which they encountered on the way, were well paid for their talent. Later the one who went on a hunt for items claimed the pastry. Now they have become veritable detectives, tracing the murderer immediately after a murder, by scent or signs; and thereby relieve the constabulary of much red tape ceremony and methodical detective work, in which the real murderer often has a chance to escape, hide his trail, lead the detectives astray or possibly cause the wrong man to be suspected. Reporting is certainly a progressive profession and should be duly appreciated by those possessing the talent, and not abused by temperance or selfishness, for it is a qualification or gift known to us as psychometry.

All evil may be said to be due to ignorance; for it is almost impossible for an intelligent being to do wrong after he knows what is right. Weakness to resist becomes the cause after a consciousness of these facts, for no wrong is ever committed after that without a heart's pang following it; and as those gnaw into the soul, reformation is promising. "The vilest sinner" etc., but reparation and not repentance alone, is needed to equalize matters, and this often takes about as long to undo as the sin was indulged in. A spiritual washing takes longer than an ordinary Christian washing, but it makes a man feel all the better for it. It is real and not imaginary, for it is a matter of fact and not of faith alone.

Happy is he who can sing "How beautiful is life," for such a one is blessed with health. We are wont to regard life as we are constituted, or, as the materialist would say, according to the state of our liver. But as the liver is only one of the agents on which ill health or disease operates, we must look beyond the liver for the cause. This lies in the spirit (not the soul), and as the spirit is freed from its impurities, we all reach that state in which life appears beautiful to us—beauty being synonymous with purity, and health with happiness. Thus to become happy, gain health. Spiritualism points the way without the aid of drugs or M. D.'s. Investigators are welcome, for there is light enough in it to satisfy the needs of every soul.

The greatest men, materially considered—those laden with worldly honors, political, social and business influence—are often the narrowest in soul, cavilling about small matters as to the ownership of a trifle or as to whom is right in a most unimportant affair. Imagine the conflicting emotions that must trouble such a being when beginning to realize his spiritual existence—the humiliation that such must experience, when still feeling himself great or influential and cannot act or exercise his soul powers on account of this unspiritual state of his make-up. How much better off is the one who knew naught of worldly superiority and is thus enabled to begin spirit life with the vir, or of a real spiritual entity. Be humble under all circumstances. Christ taught this is an important lesson to aid the spirit in the life to come.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

We know there are some readers who invariably overlook the correspondence columns, believing them to contain simply news matter pertaining to societies, meetings or lecturers' movements. Although this is true, it must not be forgotten that they often contain gems of spiritual or philosophic thought, gathered from lectures delivered at these meetings; and not to forget that reports of materializing seances and of physical manifestations also find their way into these columns. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

X-MAS.

Some people give because it affords them great pleasure to give; others because it pleases the recipient and reaps a sort of quasi reward in the form of gratefulness or thanks—influences pleasing to the mind or spirit of the giver. Some give on speculation and others from motives of vanity or to be glorified. But however given, don't fail to give something to your loved ones for Christmas. Every gift is a love act that creates happiness in some heart, and without the latter there can be no Merry Christmas. It is not our day, but we celebrate it out of respect for our fellow mortals in one cause—the Christian world, who are also teaching of the soul's immortality. It is a glorious mission, and in this respect we are brethren having one aim in view—the salvation and happiness of man in the future. So let us be at peace, and celebrate in unity and love.

MEDIUMS' WORK.

As mortals undertake to do the work that properly belongs to the spirits, the latter withdraw their support, influence, aid and inspiration. And what is Spiritualism without spirits in it? Like the play of Hamlet without Hamlet! Newspapers, societies, camp meetings, are all governed by spirit bands. Mortals of course constitute the agents through which these intelligences operate. But while everything is going right and progress is being manifested these mortals are doing the bidding of the spirit world, though they credit themselves with the success. But even the best of spirit instruments, whether for writing, speaking or working, may be interrupted or disturbed in their work by interfering mortals (non-mediums) who imagine they know better than those in charge. Such is equal to gagging the wheels of spiritual progress, for it is a stepping in between the spirit world and their instruments, thus undertaking to do the work of the latter. Let your instruments work according to the natural bent of their inclinations. This portends a rapport with spiritual law. A disinclination indicates a break in the harmony and if pushed to the extreme will sever the connection entirely. Disintegration must follow. A medium can only operate under spirit dictation. Outside of that he or she is but an ordinary mortal, and ordinary mortals cannot make anything a success that pertains to the cause. Without mediums there can be no Spiritualism, and they must be left entirely to the spirits.

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CHARITY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR UNDERSTANDING.

We occasionally receive letters from good, honest people denouncing good and honest mediums as tricksters. Not that such people feel incensed because they did not get tests, but because they imagine themselves tricked—principally on account of not understanding the manifestations. Some are accustomed to seeing spirits look earthy, others ethereal. When the former attend a seance where only draped forms appear, they suspicion masquerading by the medium. When the latter attend an earthly seance, they hint about confederates. Some of the oldest, who think they "know a spirit when they see one" are often the most bewildered at the most unexpected moment. Whether due to some psychological effect of the circle on the sitter or discord with the same, or whether out of harmony with the spirit sphere present, must be left to individual opinion. But fact is, that every class of seance—for mediums are graded most definitely—has a different effect on the investigator, and where one would feel most uncomfortable and suspicious, another would feel at home and comprehend every movement or action of the spirits manifesting. When the latter is the case, the investigator is at home, and will be the happy recipient of tests and personal visits from spirit friends. A seance in motion or action is a portion of the spirit world materialized with spirits comporting to that special condition. If it is not our sphere we will neither understand it nor get anything satisfactory. If beyond our natural sphere our natural attractions can not show themselves. If below it they will not or cannot from reasons which may be inferred. To speak plain, there are always some people in a cause who are not intelligent enough, i. e., they are too unsophisticated or too innocent of spiritual matters—to understand these things, and thus will continue to find fault as above as long as they are admitted to seances. Not that we would refuse them admittance; but it is a pity that conditions cannot be made comprehensive to inquirers, or that inquirers will not permit themselves to be taught. But as it is, we can only incite to more charity as a substitute for understanding, and let this be the promising virtue of future reward until intuition or scientific knowledge takes its place.

TO BECOME HAPPY—FORGET SELF.

She only wanted to hear something about herself!—Significant expression. What a world of sorrow lies buried within it. She was ill unto discontent—spiritually ill, and nothing could rouse her to activity or give her momentary relief or pleasure but to speak of herself or hear herself spoken of—in praise, of course. Self-love, selfish vanity had been a passion and disturbed her spirit so as to shut out all happy influences from the beyond. What an unappreciated existence must be undergone in order to neutralize such a condition! Is it a wonder that some people, in their closing years of life, have to toil and labor for the benefit of others—for the glorification of others, reaping neither the gratification of seeing their work appreciated in their own behalf nor of hearing their name mentioned in connection with deeds accomplished by them for the good of mankind? But such is the decree of nature—of spiritual law—of intelligence—of God. Nature rewards, but also punishes. Man cannot love without reaping happiness. He cannot be selfish without reaping misery. Physical selfishness reaps physical pain. Soul selfishness reaps soul pain. One manifests as disease; the other as discontent. One eats into the flesh, the other into the spirit. And while physical temperance brings health, soul or spiritual temperance awards with contentment—soul joy.

Man is the arbiter of his own happiness and as he lives for others or denies himself the pleasures of earth life he reaps the reward of heaven, so-called. A life of asceticism or absolute self-sacrifice is not necessary. There is a wide gulf between that and temperance or selfishness. We may live for self alone, and we may share our pleasures with somebody. It is not the enjoyment of life that causes future misery, but the selfish enjoyment of it that hurts. The man who neglects his family to spend his time and earnings away from home is the one whom nature seeks out to inflict punishment upon. The woman who neglects her household and children to attend fashionable tete-a-tetes is the one whom nature frowns upon. Selfishness poisons every act that man does; and as every deed is an action of the will that makes up part of the spirit body, a poisoned act poisons or taints the spirit with impurities which must sooner or later be purged through the physical body. All passions react for indulgence, and when the body is too infirm or conditions unfavorable for the same, discontent manifests itself instead. This is the reward. Passivity permits the discords to outgrow; self-sacrifice aids in their release. The latter is to listen to others and cease desiring to hear something about yourself only.

TRUSTS.

On the question of "trusts" the President in his message says that when they are organized for the purpose of opposing healthy competition or to monopolize the production or sale of an article of general necessity they become dangerous conspiracies against the public good and should be made the subject of prohibitory and even penal legislation.

THE ROOT OF EVIL, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

The world's selfishness is a boon to physicalists; for if there was no selfishness there would be no disease. All evil finds its root in selfishness, and disease is but one of the effects—it is the telltale of the spirit's discords, whether inborn or developed after birth. Every discord or peculiar phase of selfishness manifests itself through the body as an ailment of some sort—debarring strictly physical ailments as those that may be contracted by exposure or careless physical indulgences or pleasures. Organic troubles as those of the liver, kidney, heart and stomach, and oftentimes of the lungs, may be traced to extreme selfishness or selfishly sensual indulgences—if not in self, in generations past where the foundation was originally laid, and passed on from father to son or from mother to daughter. In that respect our sins may cause suffering in several generations hence. Thus reform must necessarily begin with grandparents. Coughs, colds, rheumatic and neuralgic troubles may be caused by sensual indulgences as well as exposures, and may be regarded as effects of selfishness too. But such are not inheritable until they become chronic or so deeprooted as to taint the aura or the spirit state of the patient. This being the life condition of man it is naturally carried over to his offspring. Excess exposes every one to disease, even if he does not expose himself by incaution; for this produces a loss of vitality or magnetism and subjects him to contagion from other diseased persons, and often from spirits who have a tainted or impure aura, or a spirit body still containing the germ of old diseases. Of course, this is a boon to spirits, for only through a human body can this germ be discharged, and spirits are ever ready to take advantage of conditions that offer them release or a channel through which to let off their impure substances. Until this is possible, they suffer—discontent in lieu of pain, depression where the germ of organic troubles lie hidden, and melancholy where selfishness or hatred is enkindling the soul. The latter is freed by aiding mortals or sacrificing themselves for other spirits—selfishness or hatred being the innate love principle reversed or acting for a negative instead of a positive effect. By so-called love actions the negative is allayed and man finally comes in rapport with the positive of nature or spirit so-called. This constitutes happiness in soul or health in spirit, which is synonymous with health in body or in the flesh. Physical ailments thus betray selfishness or hatred in the mortal. It need not be active nor noticeable. Nor need we be ashamed of it; for we can easily charge our forefathers with having been the creators of it—if we cannot recall anything in our own lives that might have laid the foundation for it. Disease though is the purifier of the spirit. It is the only hell that exists. And if not freed in this life, it becomes our hell in the next. All do not possess this germ, and therefore all do not suffer alike. But we will always find that the most benevolent, generous or charitable to be the healthiest of people—this proving our theory to be founded on a healthy inference. Thus selfishness is the physician's boon, but as the world becomes freed from it, their occupation will wane. Dull business among the profession will be the first indication to a betterment of the world, and the sooner it comes the better.

"MATTER IS ETERNAL."

Under the above caption Mr. W. Perkins of Bellevue, Fla., writes to the "Ironclad Age" of Indianapolis, Ind., an article, which, in its way, is quite interesting—to materialists, full of truth—to materialists, and probably very pleasing—to scoffers; but when he touches upon a subject of which he is totally ignorant, and which concerns the cause of Spiritualism, we feel it a pleasing duty to correct or instruct him.

He says in paragraph I:

"That matter in its many forms exist about us is no less self-evident than our own existence. This it is impossible to doubt since we know it from our own senses. Here our knowledge begins and here it must end. A wild imagination deludes into Spiritualism, conjuring at ghosts and hobgoblins, while common sense studies the properties, qualities and forces of matter. Beyond this we can know nothing. Into the fancied and silly spiritual domain common sense will not go; only a distorted imagination can flourish in such a conjured up region."

We also admit that the existence of matter is self-evident, and it is impossible to doubt since we know it from our senses. But we also know that spirit exists through our senses. Because this gentleman's spiritual senses are not yet unfolded, he, like the blind man who does not believe in the existence of colors, thinks there are no senses higher than those of the physical body, and thus supposes that knowledge must naturally end with a knowledge of matter only. Speaking disparagingly of Spiritualism as he does proves either total ignorance of the subject, or else prejudice. The existence of a spiritual realm has been proved beyond a doubt. Not to him, perhaps, but to millions of others with as much common sense as he possesses—notably to such men as Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., Prof. A. R. Wallace, Epes Sargent, Judge Edmunds Profs. Hare and Zollner, Hudson Tuttle, Loveland and other eminently practical scientists and thinkers.

After telling the reader something about the evolutionary theory and supporting it (without any other evidence of the truth except what has been written by material

scientists) he berates Christians for their "silly soft brained faith in bible statements," finally closing with "nature and science alike find no room for a supernatural creator or governor. Like the oath in civil courts we must hold the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

This is all very well, but he, like material scientists, expects others to believe unproven theories, while disbelieving (or refusing to investigate) that which can be substantiated by tangible evidence.

When the immortality of the soul is denied (which he does in refuting the spiritual phenomena) Christian and Spiritualist alike are combatted, and it becomes a common cause with them to defend their claims. The Christian has it on record, the Spiritualist at his seances in the present. Every age has had a time when spiritual manifestations were rife. Those have been recorded, and on each one a religion was founded. So ours may pass and leave us only a record of them. Therefore all should investigate while the opportunity is presented—especially as the present revelation of spirit is the most definite and universal so far as records to this effect are extant.

We agree with the writer in saying that "Nature and science alike find no room for the supernatural." So far we have found nothing supernatural in spirit return. It may appear so to new investigators. But as they begin to understand the laws which govern these manifestations, they find it quite natural. And those who investigate in the spirit of earnestly seeking truth, will find that Spiritualism is a whole truth, and nothing but a truth—grand enough to make everybody happy, for it proves that our knowledge does not end with the decay of matter, but that a higher truth just begins where matter ends, relatively speaking—matter like spirit being eternal—and opens to our view the glories of a beyond—a future life.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE SENSIBILITY.

Sensitives undoubtedly have noticed that a peculiar fear—a sort of dread—overcomes them at the approach of certain persons, even though they be daily associates. Then again there are times and occasions when those same persons do not exert this influence; or, at least, no disagreeable influence is perceived. For the latter there are several reasons. When the sensitive is in a very positive state of mind at the moment, he or she repels this influence,—at the same instance indicating that this positivity may become permanent or absolute, and constitutes the condition that all will attain some day in the future, whether as spirits or mortals. At other times, the one producing this influence is not quite so active in his material or sensual or animal state, or in whatever proclivity or particular phase of character this disagreeable influence becomes manifest. That it is due to a discord with nature, a passion, a weakness, or some ugly quality as arrogance or selfishness is evident by the effect; for spiritual qualifications or virtues as love, humility, amiability, modesty etc. have an opposite effect on a sensitive and is ever welcome. A temporary control of his ugly nature therefore allays the repellant condition for the time being and the sensitive perceives nothing disagreeable—though nothing pleasing either, for such have not yet attained the state in which pleasing or healthful or cheering influences are emitted. But a constant control of ones unspiritual nature finally leads to the above, as it enables the divinity—the good—in man to unfold and come to the surface. Now, such may be applied to the sensitive, who perceives these unwelcome influences, as well; for to sense the negative or material or discordant, the one in question must also have something that is unspiritual, even though it is not the same evil. A simple negativity is sufficient to perceive negative influences. But if they have only a single virtue that is active enough to counterbalance their negative nature, they become positive to the other, and are thus freed from promiscuous influences or those that are not directly centered on them, as envy, hatred or contempt that is particularly intended for them. Then, of course, it requires a little more than ordinary positivity to ward them off, some though being sufficiently "soul-centered" or positive or spiritually strong to protect themselves from all manner of influences. Such are on a par with the higher spirits and would be freed from earth-bound conditions were they to throw off the body or die, so to say, during that period. And there is no doubt that many are helped over about this time to prevent them from falling back into negativity or the human state, on account of circumstances that might prove detrimental to them. But why not all? It may be supposed that all cannot be spared. Some are probably too valuable to lose as instruments for the spirit world, while others have families dependent on them for support; and where such is the case, we may take for granted that they are protected in a measure—either by appointed guides when in public service or by familiar spirits when in private life. Whatever the truth, it is well known that sensitives are conscious of an unremitting struggle with self to overcome or resist some disagreeable influences, whether alone or in the presence of mortals. The former give evidence of individual evils or that spirits are working on their passions. But as it cannot be supposed that sensitives are condemned to constant temptation by occult influences, there is hope that

they may reach sufficient positivity to resist these influences in the material body as well as out of it. Evidence exist in favor of this hypothesis. Sensitives have asserted that they have been more subject to disagreeable influences at one time than at another—notably in the past, indicating that they were stronger or more positive in the present. This looks like progress. If the smallest percentage can be outgrown, all can be, and man may reach the angelic state (in spirit) while yet in the body. This will free him from the influences he so often dreads. But may he not still be cognizant of them without suffering, so as to be able to analyze, psychometrize or judge the nature of those around him? Undoubtedly. All people that read character, so to say, are not subject to sensations. They read it intuitively or intelligently, as it were, and we may thus regard psychometry as the physical or negative, and intuition as the mental or positive phase of character reading. Whether they be regarded as phases of mediumship or not, is indifferent. They are human qualifications at all events through which much information, both material and spiritual, can be attained, and those who make the best use of them, will reap the greatest harvest of light and comfort through them. For they not only regale the possessor with the negative, but with the positive or happy influences as well, partaking of either or both according to individual development—like attracting like in proportion to the force of the vice or virtue in the sensitive.

Literary.

"The Pacific Investigator" is a new issue on Nationalism and Spiritualism combined. Geo. F. Perkins is the editor and proprietor. Price \$1.50 per year or 15 cents per month. Published weekly at 874 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Giordano Bruno Pamphlet No. 2, contains articles from Robert G. Lager, Geo. J. Holyoake, T. B. Wakeman, Prof. Davidson and a poem entitled "Italia" by Hudson Tuttle. Price 15 cents. H. L. Green, publisher, office of the Free-thinkers Magazine, Buffalo N. Y.

"Diluvium;" or The End of the World. By George S. Pidgeon, 1829 K. street, San Diego, Cal. \$1.00 bound.—The author of this work theorizes on the probable results of inundating the desert of Sahara, believing that such an undertaking would affect the center of gravity of this planet, thus shifting it to another portion, thereby bringing on a calamity that would cause a general destruction of life and land by flood, earthquake, cyclone and electricity—the latter being produced by the friction or conflict of elements until equilibrium is restored. The supposition is based on the withdrawal of sufficient water from the various oceans to the Sahara to cause the earth to turn over on account of the additional weight centered in North Africa, thus changing that portion of the earth into the south pole—it being supposed that the heaviest portion of the earth is attracted to some other universal center of gravity.—Quite a new but serious objection. Those in favor of converting the Sahara into an inland sea, might somewhat alter their opinion after reading this book, and should therefore send for it.

Venus as a Sister World.

While watching these graceful windings of the planet, we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, travelling in a smaller but otherwise almost similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry we find that the likeness between it and our earth is in some points very great—greater, in fact, than in the case of any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter, and Venus 7,500. The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine-tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction as that of the earth. These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine tenths of our present weight, and should find distances bearing much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be formed there, would be compacted and constructed like those we daily see around us.

This would not be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger as Jupiter, Saturn or Neptune. Again, the year on Venus would be about 225 days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than is the case on any other planet. In the length of the day we should find a still more home-like experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation. Venus rotates in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds. The day, of course, depends a little upon the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this, as seen on our earth and Venus, would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and year and to our world's density would cause a similarity, in all probability, in the important matters of mountain form and of vegetation. In fact, so far Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.—Chambers' Journal.

Schnorpske says. "Women are seldom absent minded. But when they are, they are. I am told of one who, in a fit of absent mindedness, put on two corsets and didn't discover her mistake until she tried to button her dress."

Address Bishop A. Beals at 240 Arundel street, St. Paul, Minn., during the month of January.

Harrison D. Barrett, is open for engagements to lecture. Address 982 Grove street, Meadville, Pa.

Lyman C. Howe is open for engagements for the months of December, January and March following.

Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee will lecture for the Society in Indianapolis, Ind., for the month of January, 1890.

Prof. J. Clegg Wright is open for engagements for the months of March and April 1890. Address Newfield, N. J.

Bishop A. Beals has been re-engaged by the St. Paul (Minn.) Society for December. Address 240 Arundell street.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 89 and 90.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade of Capac, Mich., is now ready for winter month engagements as lecturer. Terms moderate and references given.

Judge Featherstone is ready to answer calls to lecture. Terms moderate; correspondence solicited. Address for the present, San Marcial, N. M.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will make engagements for fall and winter week evenings for 6, 10 and 12 lectures. Address 52 Irving street, South Framingham, Mass.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight will be pleased to correspond with societies wishing to engage her services as a lecturer and test medium. Address Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rev. James DeBuchananne will speak in St. Louis and vicinity during the month of October. In Topeka, Kan., during November and December. Will be open for engagements for the season of 1890.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee has closed her lectures in Wheeling, W. Va., and at present is resting at her home in Geneva, O. She will start for Atlanta, Ga., in December and will make engagements en route.

Dr. E. B. Russel, inspirational lecturer, wishes to correspond with Spiritualists who desire to have lectures in their locality, but have not sufficient financial means to accomplish the same, address 36 Winter street, Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless will lecture for Spiritualists of Santa Cruz, Cal., for the month of December and January. All communications to Dr. J. R. or Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless should be sent to the above address until further notice.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged at Buffalo, N. Y., for October, and at Cleveland, Ohio, for November. Engagements open for December, January and March following. Will also answer calls for week evenings at accessible points from above points.

Business Medium

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Will give readings by letter of future business prospects, or of spirit friends for \$1 00; or will answer six questions for 50 cents. Address, Mrs. M. E. Herosia, 121 4th Ave., New York City.

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 Prof. J. R. Buchanan, 6 James st., Boston, Mass.
 Rev. J. M. DeBuchanans, Ph. D., Bangor, Me.

The Temple Fraternity School for children meets
 10:30 a. m.; afternoon services at 2 p. m. and Wednesday
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 Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1—Sessions
 every Sunday at 11 a. m. in (large) Palace Memorial
 Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats
 free. Every one invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Cor-
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 [32] LADIES' AID SOCIETY—First Friday, Spir-
 itualistic Washington Street, near West Spring
 place, for members only, first Friday in each
 month. Public meetings every Friday evening at
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 COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at
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 Excellent music. Dr. H. H. Mathews, Chairman.
 America Hall, 734 Washington street,—Services
 every Sunday. Dr. W. A. Hale, Chairman.
 Public Social Meeting will be held every Thurs-
 evening at 7½ in the office parlors of Evans
 street, 175 Tremont street Eliza J. Bennett.
 The Spiritualistic Phenomena Association
 hold their regular meetings at America Hall, 1031
 Washington street. It is the hall above the
 ladies' Aid Hall
 Spiritualistic—Spiritualistic meetings are held in Pil-
 grimage Hall, Odd Fellows Building, each Sunday eve-
 ning at 7½ o'clock.
 Meetings are held at Grand Army Hall, Sundays
 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. All mediums invited. G. F.
 F. Chairman.—The Ladies' Social Aid Society
 hold their regular meetings at America Hall, 1031
 Washington street, first Friday in the afternoon and eve-
 ning at 196 Chestnut street. M. L. Dodge, Secy.
 Cambridgeport.—Meetings are held every Sunday
 evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, 545 Main street. H.
 Adams, Secretary.
 New York, N. Y.
 The American Spiritualistic Alliance meets at 211

All Spiritualists are cordially invited to be connected with THE ALLIANCE—either as real- or non-resident members—and to take a part in its work.

The Alliance is disposed to aid the American Spiritualist Alliance as it do so by sending contributions to its treasurer, F. S. Maynard, 210 Brighton St., who will acknowledge all remittances.

THE ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead," and each is invited to become member.

H. K. Kiddie, President.
F. Clark, Cor. Secretary, 89 Liberty St., N.Y.
Lumbia Hall, 878 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets.—People's Spiritual meeting, Services Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P.M.; Wednesday at 7½ P.M. and 9 P.M. Jones Conducted.
Kempers Hall, corner 52d Street and 7th Avenue.—

at 11 a. m., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. Meetings every
General Conference will be held every Monday
at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of
M. O. Morrell.

The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday
at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of
M. O. Morrell.

A Psychological Society meets every Wednesday
evening, at 8 o'clock, at 510 1/2 avenue, near 36th
St. J. F. Snipes, President, 470 Broadway.

Philadelphia, Pa.

First Association hold their meetings every Sun-
day morning and evening, at their hall, 80 Spring
Street, 2 1/2 p. m. W. J. Wood, President.

The Second Association of Spiritualists, of Philadel-
phia meet every Sunday at 8 p. m. at their
church, Thompson Street between Front Street
and Frankford Avenue. Circles and spiritual ex-
ercises 8 p. m. and 7 30 p. m. Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia,
President, and Treas. Mrs. Mary Ann Brown, Sec-
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Philosophy-is always present, and Jacob Grupp, Phila-
delphia's best male medium, is very often present,
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um income. Lawyers and public cor-
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Everestons Spiritual Conference meets every Sun-
day at 2 1/2 p. m. at their hall N. E. corner 8
and Lombard Sts. Wm. Rowbottom, Chairman.

Fourth Association hold their meetings every
Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock at N. E. corner 3rd
and 9th Aves. Mrs. M. Brown, President.

Cleveland.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1,
opens every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. H-
all, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Libera-
lists earnestly invited to send their children,
and the public cordially invited to attend

Spiritualist meetings, Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

Children's Lyceum every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. W. Pope, Conductor. Friends and public cordially invited.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society meets every Sunday at 9:30 p. m. in Probeck's Hall, Franklin Avenue. Admission free.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Spiritual Alliance meets in Wauzata street chapel, between Eighth and Ninth streets, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. Mary A. Tussey, Secretary, 223 East 8th street.

Toledo, O.

First Alliance of Progressive Thought meet every Sunday at Clark's Hall, Cherry street. President, B. J. Jans, 2018 Locust street; Secretary, W. M. Smith, 948 Dorr street.

Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Harmonical Society of Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 7:45 p. m. at their new hall, 100 corner Peoria and Monroe street.

The Young People's Society of Chicago hold a musical and literary entertainment at their hall every Sunday evening.

Peoples' Spiritual Society meets at 116 Fifth Avenue every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. All are made welcome. G. L. S. JENNIS, Pres.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Brooklyn Progressive Spiritualists hold the weekly conference meetings at Everett Hall, corner 4 and Houghtry streets, on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock p. m. Good speakers and mediums. Seats free. Samuel Bogart, Pres.

Pittsburg, Pa.

The First Spiritualist Church of Pittsburg lectures every Sunday at 10:45 and 11:45 and evening at 7:45. Children's Lyceum at 2 p. m. at the hall, No. 6 Sixth street. J. H. Nicklory, Pres.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Allegheny Pa., meets at Washin ton Hall, corner of Washington and Beaver avenues, every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7 1/2 p. m.

Troy, N. Y.

The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Kenman Building, corner Broadway and Third streets, at Troy, N. Y.

Progressive Spiritual Association No. 2, meet at Star Hall, corner of Third and Fulton streets, (entrance on Fulton) every Sunday.

Brooklyn, Mass.

First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Hall, Bay State Block 67 Centre Street, Boston, Wednesday, 2 p. m. Sundays, lecture at 7 p. m.

Mrs. M. U. Fletcher, President.

Brooklyn Spiritualists' League, conduct lectures every Sunday.

T. H. Long, Correspondent.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

First Spiritualist Society meets in Fellows Hall, Market street, every Sunday, 7:30 p. m., M. D. D. Higley, President.

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INDUSTRY, ECONOMY AND LOVE.
ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

"Conning the problems of existence, Myrtle?"
"Yes, Tan; trying to solve the mystery of living at ebb yet seeming to float buoyantly, really seeing it almost impossible to make both ends meet. Have you arrived at any solution of the manner in which we are to exist as society misers and yet have to fight every inch of ground for daily food and needs? I cannot."

"Work we must, Myrtle, and it would be my idea to give up this struggle for appearance and be that which we certainly find ourselves, since father's death has left us so nearly penniless."

"But, Tan, if we do this, you know I lose all chance of winning Mr. Carlos and his millions. He would never stoop to the working girl for a wife, however much he admires my 'beautiful face.'"

"Why need you care, sister? You do not love him. He is too old to mate with your young life; too cold by nature to satisfy your loving disposition. Why, for mere moneyed wealth, will you think to sacrifice your young life and your warm, sunny nature? Wealth is not all to live for, dearest. You know our father was never a contented man with all his worldly ways; and see how wealth can take wings. How far better that you should live an open life, with no deceit, and let your heart turn as the needle to its magnet, and some day, when your labor and Herbert Wilbert's shall have laid up sufficient means, give your hand, as I suspect your heart has long been given, to this man of worth and wisdom. Yes, I think this is my intention, to live as an humble, honest working girl. If you do not join me, sister, you leave me to struggle alone; for you must go to Aunt Charlotte, and I must open a shop. Will your wealth repay the loss of my companionship and Herb's love? For one hour look into the future—say two years hence—with that future cast with Aunt Mr. Carlos and wealth. Then for one hour look at the picture fancy can paint of your life, ten years hence, with Herbert and his love. I will leave you to this meditation, for I need a walk, and shall go to Cites and price some millinery, etc., then I will do some figuring and see what hopes I can build."

"Well, if you must, Tan, but I think you should wait a few days. I don't see the necessity for this rush."

"You know, Myrtle, we have permission to remain in this house but ten days more, and but five hundred dollars to do anything with. It behooves us to take action in some direction. Will you review your future in the light of these two destinies?"

"Oh, yes. If you will be serious, I must also."

"Tan, the elder by two years, put on a brave face and went forth to make her way in the battle with the world, and Myrtle, the twenty-year-old beauty, and winsome sister, seeing her go, straightened up, clasped her hands across her head and did what Tan had suggested. For nearly a full hour she thought of the beautiful dresses she loved; the jewels, beaux, parties, homes, everything that wealth could give. All these she would encourage Mr. Carlos in his wooing. But—the misery would be in marrying old Carlos. With my bonnie laddie and a crust, or, at least, what two pairs of willing hands could earn, there would be a thousand times more happiness. I stand by Tan and wait for Herb. Good-bye, old Carlos, and the two hours are not nearly well. I shall walk too. I may meet Herb, and if I do, I shall repay him with a smile for my coldness on last Tuesday. Youth and love are too beautiful to waste. I can be a brave girl and I shall." Snatching up her hat and gloves she passed into the street.

This afternoon was a mild spring day, and as she passed down Commercial Avenue the stores looked inviting, with their open doors and windows filled with bright shades of goods. Giving her head a slight toss, Myrtle murmured, "I care not how grand your display. I shall not enter your doors again until I have honestly earned the means to purchase a new dress or hat. I can look well for some time in those I have worn that I am resolved to face a working girl's life. Tan was wise in her strategy, and we should be thankful that we have plenty of good clothes on hand and five hundred dollars with which to open a business. Many a poor girl is left destitute. I hope we can manage to do so well that we can give work to some poor, hard struggling girl. Really, our lot is a bright one when viewed by sensible eyes. Now I am hearing the drug house where Herb

clerks. I hope I may have a chance to bow some customers out."

Herbert Wilbert was a fine specimen of manhood, and his face showed refinement and intellectual beauty, lit by a great joy as he caught sight of Myrtle Goss and received her smiling greeting.

"Good afternoon, Miss Myrtle. You are enjoying the fine day, I see."

"Very much, Herb; the day and my novel thoughts."

"Ah! novel thoughts? May I walk a short distance with you? I can leave the store just now."

"Why, yes, a block or two; I am going to Cites."

He dashed at his hat and stepped forth by her side. "I am interested in those novel thoughts, Miss Myrtle. Are they available?"

"I can divulge a few," she laughed.

"I am building air castles on the foundation of a few hundred dollars, and filling them with good resolutions and poor, very poor, working girls."

"Can you be a little more explicit, please? I am unable to catch the plan and dimensions of your structure, though I think it must be beautiful."

"Oh, Herb! I have decided to join Tan in an effort to support ourselves at a business venture. She is at Cites pricing millinery goods and I am about joining her. I think this more honorable than idleness and a life with Aunt Charlotte. We have five hundred dollars all told."

He was looking at her so earnestly and admiringly that a small boy giggled and j-rked out the wise remark: "He's in love, he is; see him look!"

The young couple blushed slightly, and Herbert said in low tones:

"You are a noble woman, Myrtle."

They had reached Cites large business house. "May I call soon and hear more of your plan?"

"Tan and I will be glad to have your better judgment on many points."

"Then I will call this evening, if agreeable."

"Do so, Herb."

CHAPTER II.

Two months later these sisters were busily engaged trimming and selling hats, bonnets, fancy articles, etc., and in a certain corner they have established a dressmaker and given employment to two of the poorly paid working girls at liberal wages. Another large room is divided by curtains into a sitting room and bed room, and a second back room is used for dining room and kitchen. By buying bread and occasional cake and pies, and saving fresh fruits, they have but little cooking and housework to attend to, and they find housekeeping cheaper and more homelike than boarding. They are pleasing and attractive, making new friends in the quarter of the city they have selected, and finding real pleasure in honest labor.

"Well, Tan, our day's work is done; it is eight o'clock; drop the curtain and let us chat. I am getting used to work and like it. I would not under any consideration, exchange our cosy little home and independence for Aunt Charlotte's drawing room and domineering presence."

"Not even for Mr. Carlos' wealth?"

Tan loved to tease her handsome sister, and she knew this man's wealth had lost all attraction.

"Well, you know I am willing to wait ten years, if need be, for my own bonny laddie to secure a home for me to grace. Have you read Ned's letter? I saw you receive one from the carrier."

"Not a moment have I had, but I shall do so now," and she drew her low rocker to the light, broke the seal and perused her absent lover's letter.

"Ned is more successful as a western farmer than as a stock speculator. He says he thinks his heavy failure was intended to bring out his real faculties and get it. Says that he thinks industry the making of a man, and when, in another year, I join him, that our lives will be much richer than when we each had an abundance of worldly wealth at our command. I think Ned is right. There is wealth in honest labor that requires individual action of mind and body."

"Herb told me in his note to-day that the firm had surprised him by a raise of fifteen dollars in his monthly salary, for interest displayed in their business, and said he would call to-morrow evening and take us to the Abbot concert on the strength of his good fortune. Herb is a diamond."

"Anything like Mr. Carlos' diamonds for brilliancy, little sister?"

"You dear old tease, you know Herb is ahead of everything and everybody but Ned Rodgers."

Love and common sense have fully won the day. Now to see what a year of industry and happy hopes will do.

"Myrtle, we have added eight hundred dollars to our five in the past fourteen months, over and above all expenses, so that the share of each is six hundred and fifty dollars in money, and our invoice shows a four hundred dollar stock which is clear of incumbrance. Now I will take my half of the money and two hundred for my interest, and let you carry on the business in your own name and right; or, I will

leave the stock, add one hundred to your bank account, put Tillie Brewer in on a salary, to fill my vacancy, and hold one-third interest. With fifty dollars I can purchase all the clothing I will need to add to my wardrobe, and still have five hundred to invest in a millinery stock in the thriving little town that Ned's ranch joins."

"Which would you prefer to do Tan?"

"Well, if Tillie would accompany me west, I would prefer to withdraw in full and leave you to carry on the business for yourself. With your two trusty girls you could do nicely."

"Yes, Rose and Nina are trusty and very much attached to me for taking them in; while Tillie, I verily believe, would die of grief if parted from you. She will go gladly. I surprised her weeping this morning and she said, when I kindly asked her if she had had new trouble with her drunken father, 'Oh, Miss Myrtle, I can bear anything better than seeing Mrs. Tan start so far away. You are good and kind but I was she who saved me from the ruin the evil one was planning.' It would be a good thing for Tillie if you took her from those sad memories and her father's power."

"Then I will do so."

So it was decided, and a month later Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers and Miss Tillie Brewer took a night train for their far-away Kansas home, while Myrtle and Herb turned to retrace their steps after loving good-byes were exchanged with the happy bridal party.

"Darest, will you fear to venture with me on the same voyage one year hence?"

"No, Herb. If our prospects remain as bright and increase as rapidly, I think we will be safe in that voyage, and I do not think it will be venturesome but full of certainty of wedded love and harmony."

"You are a dear, brave girl, and I shall save every cent I can for the building of a neat little home. I have a lot in view only five blocks from your business stand. I will come to-morrow before it is dark and we will walk out for your opinion of the location. I think it best to buy a lot now and be improving it with shrubbery and trees. Don't you, my Myrtle?"

"Your plan is good and I will ask permission to aid a little in beautifying our future home surroundings. What is the lot worth?"

"Two hundred dollars. There are two corner lots, but I could not spare four hundred from the amount I have calculated having for the house and furnishings. Perhaps we may be able to purchase it later on."

"Well, come to-morrow and we will look at the lots."

CHAPTER III.

The year has passed. The new house is completed. The two lots—one bought by Myrtle as a surprise to Herb—are neatly enclosed by a tasty picket fence, and partly sown with blue grass. Here and there are neat flower beds with blooming plants. At intervals through the front yard are shrubs and roses. In the back yard are planted a few choice fruit trees.

Everything is in readiness for the owners to take up their abode, even to a trusty Irish girl—one of Myrtle's proteges—being busy preparing a supper for the young husband and wife expected to-night from their bridal visit to Ned and Tan. At the shop we find Rose and Nina domesticated as the sisters were at first, but not as owners. Myrtle will still carry on the business, paying these girls an increased salary and furnishing them this comfortable home, but overseeing the business a few hours of each day. She had found her bank account tripped during the year and had furnished the new house from her own purse. She had enlarged her stock by many useful and saleable articles, and felt that it was good to be self-supporting. She had received offers for her thriving business, but reasoned that a wife could be just as lovable and more independent. Herb had felt very proud of her ability and independent spirit; very proud indeed of this brave little woman's love, and they had stood before the altar and pledged each other full-right and deep-at love for life.

We will take a look at them five years later. Myrtle is standing at her husband's side, while his arm clasps her trim and neatly clad form as he points to the toddling baby girl and her Newfoundland pup rolling and playing on the green sward a few feet away.

"Little wife, I added a thousand dollars to little Tannie's future revenue to-day."

"And I added a lesson in unselfishness she will keep through life."

"How was that, Myrtle?"

"Our child is but three years old, Herb, but she is old enough to know when kindly taught, right from wrong. I had given her a new doll and she seemed much pleased, laying her old rag doll aside with a remark, 'You is a old baby wif a broken foot and a dirty face. I don't love you any more.' I said nothing, but awaited my chance for a lesson. Soon a poorly-clad woman with a little girl just Tannie's size came to the door and asked if I could aid her. She had a honest look and her story was pitiful, so I gave her aid. The little girl had looked wistfully at Tannie's doll, and at last said, pulling her mother's faded but clean and patched dress, 'Mamma, me want a pitty doll, me want dot any doll.' 'Huh, my baby,' said the mother, in a low, kind tone. Now was my chance, so I said, 'Darling, can't you give the little girl your doll?' 'Me will give her Carrie, for she is old and broken and dirty-faced,' said our baby.

"Daughter," said I, "would you not feel badly if mamma did not love you when you had a soiled face or torn apron? Who broke Carrie's foot?" "Me did, mamma, and me would cry if mamma did not love me all the time." She had soiled her face since I had washed her an hour before. I lifted her to the mirror. She buried her face in my breast and wept for fear I would not love her. After a moment she smiled through her tears and said, 'Me will div little girl my new dollie, mamma, and wash Carrie's face and love her most to def. Kiss me, mamma, and wash my face, too.' I did kiss her and

eat her down. She went to the little girl and said, 'Here, little girl, you can have my new doll. I love old dollie best, and mamma will wash her face for you. Your mamma keeps your face clean, and you keep your dress clean, don't you?' The child was almost wild with joy, and Tannie was as happy as a bird, when she had overcome her selfishness."

"Bless the little mother and our baby. She shall have another new doll to-morrow."

"No, Herb, not for weeks, and then not with any mention of reward for giving up her new doll to-day. Her reward has come from her own little heart and the knowledge that mamma loves her. See, she has the old doll close hugged to her arms and has seemed to love it better than she ever did. I washed its face and then baby and I had a nice hour's walk and talk. 'Children are never too young to understand if kindly taught.'"

"You are a model mother, my little wife."

"Your love is my reward, dear Herb."

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years later, and fifteen years after their marriage, we will again inspect the home life of the Wilberts. It is even ing, and autumn's chill winds play about the windows, seeking admittance, but inside all is cozy and cheerful. Five happy hearts beat in the breasts of this home's occupants. Middle-aged but well preserved are the parents. Their teen-year-old Tannie is playing the piano, while Herb and Myrtle join their voices with hers in song. Ten-year-old Fred is listening attentively through the book across his knees shows that he has been reading Dickens' "Child's History." Little five-year-old Herb is quietly building a block temple and humming the tune that his parents are singing. At eight o'clock little Herbie puts his blocks orderly away and gives a good night kiss all around, then goes with Tannie, who tucks him nicely in bed. Retiring, she nestles down at the side of her papa, and softly says, "What have you to tell us to-night, dear papa?"

Quickly Fred closes his book and draws his chair near his mamma who has taken a seat near her husband. This nightly talk of Herb's is the hour the children best love.

"Well, to-day, my children, I conned some sad lessons. One never grows too old to learn, and I sometimes think the lessons one studies from observation are of more real value than those taught us in childhood at school. Is it not so, my wife?"

"All lessons are useful, dear, and all have their years. If in childhood we had failed to learn our lessons well, we had not now been able to see the lessons that accidental occurrence often demonstrate."

"Well, to-day I had business with a man who in early youth was reckless and unreliable. To-day he was arrested as a defaulter, and because I had once worked on the same paper as carrier boy, he sent for me to bail him out of jail. I dared not trust him, for, knowing him as a truant and dishonest boy, a frequenter of saloons and low places as a young man, and a cruel and drinking husband and father, I believed he would skip the country and leave me to pay a thousand dollars of your mother's and my honestly earned money. I said, 'Mr. Claton, I am truly sorry for you. I would willingly pay a thousand dollars if thereby your honor could be established and your family receive a kind and sober husband and father back to the home roof. But, poor soul, I fear you have drifted beyond my reach.'"

"My God, Wilbert!" he exclaimed. "I would rather than possess ten million dollars be as honest a man as you are. But to-day I stand in a cell because when a boy I was careless of the trust of those I worked for and made my home with. First of all, I blame my mother for humoring my selfishness. You warned me and strove to have me reform when reformation would have been easier, but I would not heed your words. The woman I married, had been kindly treated, would have made me a good wife; she did much better than I deserved; but my coldness and tyranny killed all the love in my heart. I am to-day a ruined man; a man without friends, love or home. O, that I were dead!"

"'Cat on,' I said, 'there is no death. It is not too late to purify your soul by repentance, even in a cell, and prepare to enter the future state as a man determined to outgrow and undo the past. I will look after your family some and come to see you again if you wish, but try to make your future an honest man's life.'"

Pausing a moment, he said, "Now Fred, where are the lessons?"

"That I must be truly now if I would not be locked in a cell for being dishonest when a man, papa."

"That is part, and the principal part of the lesson I want you should glean from this tale, my son, but there is still another lesson. What is it, daughter?"

"That selfishness leads to dishonesty, and dishonesty leads to ruin, papa."

"And that kind words may reach a stony heart even at a late day, as I feel that your papa's words to-day sank into Mr. Claton's heart, and in his confinement will take root and spring up, though they may be dwarfed and for many years barren of much fruit," rejoined Myrtle.

The clock chimed nine and the children arose, kissed their parents fondly and retired for the night. One hour longer Herbert and Myrtle sat chatting as all married persons love to chat. Ned and Tan are equally happy and useful. They have an interesting family of four children growing into noble men and women under proper training, kind treatment and home sociability. Rose married an honest man some years ago. Nina remains single because of the lover who passed to spirit life. She is now an equal partner with Myrtle in the fancy business, the old business much increased. Faithful Tillie has laid down her mortal career, but left others to stand as proteges to Tan.

Thus we leave our friends, who by industry and economy have attained an abundance of worldly means, enough to satisfy their needs and assist in charitable acts. The other lesson lies in the evidence given that love based on true worth makes marriage an assured success.—The Home, Boston, Oct., 1889.

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