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The Coming Light

A Monthly Magazine

Devoted to

Higher Thinking,
Higher Living,
and a
Higher Social
Order

JUNE,

1898.

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Woman and Child,

Socially, Religiously and Politically.

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From Kindergarten to University.

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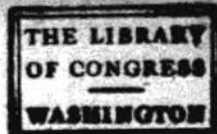
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THE COMING LIGHT,

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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THE COMING LIGHT is issued on the first of each month at its home, 621 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION for the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$1.00; single copy, 10 cents. Foreign subscription \$1.50 per year.

REMITTANCES should be made by draft or check bankable in San Francisco, or by postal or express money order. Other remittances at sender's risk.

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56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ills.

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THE COMING LIGHT,

HIGHER THINKING, HIGHER LIVING, and a HIGHER SOCIAL ORDER.

THE COMING LIGHT is a monthly magazine broadly humanitarian in its aims. Students of social and scientific questions, of whatever sect, ism, party, race or creed, are welcome to its columns with contributions bearing upon the highest ideas of civilization and the vital interests of all mankind.

THE COMING LIGHT will endeavor to gather up the truths of decaying social, religious and political systems and fit them into the building of the new. It will discuss all subjects pertaining to the development of physical, mental and moral man.

THE COMING LIGHT has no literary ambition, it is an earnest seeker after truth. We aim to present the *heart* of all questions, it matters not in what homely garb it may be clothed. We will voice the ideas of the humblest as well as the most advanced. We want the message of all God's children.

The homeless babes, the weeping Peters, the fainting Magdalenes, the saints and sinners, the highest and lowliest will receive candid consideration in our columns.

We are in search of "Salema," the Kingdom of Peace. We invite the co-operation of all who recognize the God in man and all who are willing to render "a service of love in the cause of all who suffer."

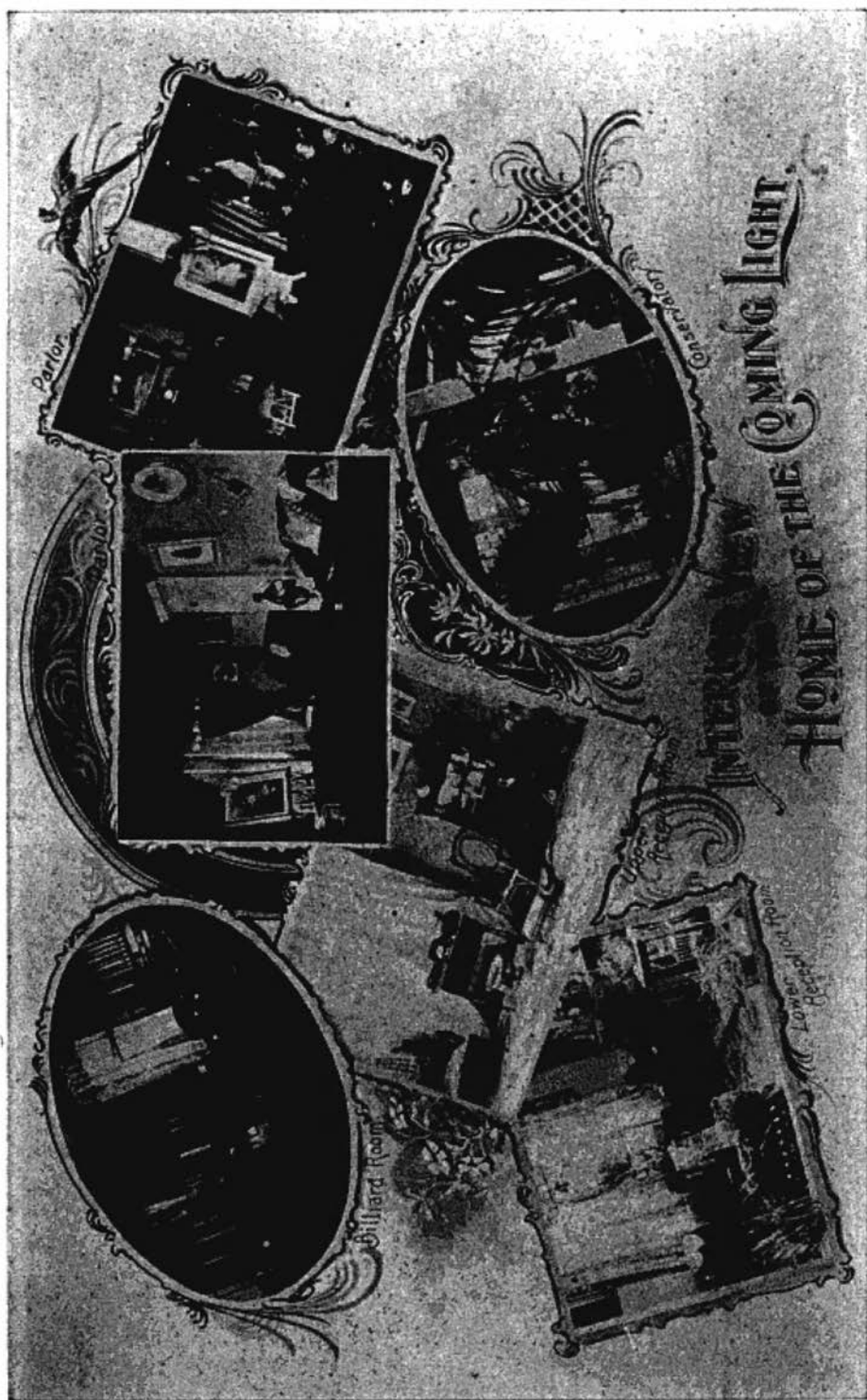
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INTERIOR VIEW



GILBERT. E. BAILEY, E. M., PH. D.

rid of silver on any basis. So there are two divorces and two marriages, and the original solutions become solid chloride of silver, and liquid nitrate of sodium. It is curious to note, by the way, that silver and gold, so precious in the commercial world, are despised and rejected in the chemical world; chlorine being about the only one who is ever ready and eager to marry for money.

The whole science of chemistry has grown out of tabulating such likes and dislikes, loves and hates, attraction and repulsion, of the two classes, bases and acids.

DUALITY. Here at the very beginning of existence, among the atoms themselves, the principle of duality is found—that principle which is recognized in the animal and vegetable world as sex. Every molecule is composed of two halves, as sodium-chloride, silver-nitrate, tin-oxide, etc.; of two opposites, base and acid, positive and negative, male and female. Study chemistry and you will become fascinated with this action of atoms, of molecules, of matter in its most primitive forms; in these marriages and divorces; in the complicated play of superior and inferior attraction; in the greater strength to seize, or inability to hold; and not only in the individual but in tribal preferences and prejudices. The atoms that have power within themselves, and of themselves, to move other atoms near them, that possess a power of attraction or repulsion that is selective, cannot be called dead.

MORALITY. Water loaded with impurities, if given a chance, will crystallize—freeze—into pure water, and the sediments left for a longer time crystallize into purity. Follow crystallization from snow and salt to rubies and diamonds, and you will learn that the molecules of atoms have a stern code of morals. Their first aim is to be pure; their second is to be perfect in form; and their third is to act in harmony. On the harmonious action of the atoms, and on pure, perfect molecules, all of the gigantic chemical industries of to-day depend. In the chemical world harmony is perfect law, and discord is crime, and we find that good attracts good and improves it, while evil attracts evil and is made worse. As man has two sides, a good and a bad, so has the atom a light and a dark side. Arsenic and strychnine are used both to heal

and to kill. Carbonic acid refreshes at the fountain and kills in the choke damp of the mine. There is no poison known but that can be used for both purposes. The light side of atoms produces life, health, bliss; the dark side brings disease, death and sorrow.

IMMORTALITY. Atoms combine on three planes of existence, as solids, liquids, and gases. Burn a piece of wood and it passes out of existence, dies, as a solid, yet this is only a change from the plane of solids to that of gases, from the visible to the invisible. There is no annihilation, no increasing, no diminishing, only dispersion and change of form, to be followed by collection and a new form. There is no loss of force; as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical force are all transmutable into each other. Anything that looks like death is but a token and certificate that life is about to start anew on another plane. In our sleep atomic changes—death of cells—take place in our bodies and we are restored. Hour by hour, day by day, we die in part that we may live anew.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

VITALITY. Bring some ammonia and muriatic acid near each other and watch the cloud of chloride of ammonium that forms. The restless atoms have rushed out to meet each other. It is impossible to comprehend the energy of these atoms; but just as it is possible to weigh the infinitely great stars, so it is possible to measure the vitality of these atoms. Motion serves to measure force, but not to explain it, for it is as subordinate to force as speech is to thought. As the created is a thought of the Creator, so all movement is radically vital, and all matter is in a sense living. Our own soul, which gives us consciousness of force, is also a type of it. It used to be a dogma that the chemical substances which are produced under the mysterious influence of life, in animal or vegetable organisms, could not be produced by the hand of mortal chemist. The chemist himself has overthrown this dogma and wiped out the barriers between the organic and inorganic, by

making a host of such things as formic acid, indigo, urea, etc. Not only do atoms seem instinct with a desire for life, and the inorganic ever show a tendency to run into the organic, but each atom *is* a life; and life in its rudiments is a property of all matter. The life principle, varying only in degree, is omnipresent. There is but one indivisible and absolute Omniscience and Intelligence, and this thrills through every atom of the whole Cosmos. The elixir of life lurks in every mineral, as well as every flower and animal throughout the universe. It is the ultimate essence of everything on its way to a higher evolution. The true explanation is then only to be found in the dynamics of spirit; that spirit which is not substance, but is the law of substance; not force, but the revealer of force; not life, but which makes life exist; not thought, but the consciousness of thought; the sole and single source of power. When we attain to the conception of a living material universe, animated by spirit, the mystery of Nature is solved. The Cosmos is not as some would have it, a vast machine wound up and set in motion with the certainty that it will run down; it simply changes from one form to another; ever evolving into higher forms on higher planes. The force that originated, and impelled, sustains and is the Divine Spirit, which

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

The law of birth, growth, death, of endless destruction and perpetual renewal, is everywhere seen working throughout the Cosmos, in nebulae, in sun, and in world, as in rock, in herb, and in man, all of which are but passing phases in the endless circulation of the universe, in that perpetual new birth we call Nature.

This may be called the poet's view, but it is forced upon us as also the highest generalization of modern science.

ARMY AND NAVY NURSES.

BY LADY COOK, Doughty House, Richmond, Surrey, England.

THE distinguishing virtue of this age is its humanity. Proofs of this abound in every direction. Even dumb creatures receive their full share of help and sympathy. Yet a great deal more might be done to ameliorate human suffering through a better organization of the means at hand. This is emphatically the case as regards the nursing of the sick and wounded in time of war, for this is more or less left to chance. We rely on volunteers, who may be few or many, fit or unfit, but who, because they are women, are supposed to be naturally capable of caring for the sick and wounded. Florence Nightingale, however, whose experience was second to none, writes: "It has been said and written scores of times that woman makes a good nurse. I believe, on the contrary, that the very elements of nursing are all but unknown." Again she says: "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse." This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be school-master because he was "past keeping the pigs."

The International Conference at Berlin, 1869, which was attended by one hundred and sixty-two delegates, representing almost every state in Europe, passed twenty-six resolutions, of which three were as follows:

"19. It is necessary for the vigorous development of Societies, and as a good preparation for their action in time of war, to furnish aid and help in calamities which may happen in time of peace."

"20. Societies of Help should, therefore, in time of peace employ themselves in works of humanity corresponding to their duties in time of war, viz.; in tending the sick, and in giving

refinements of war should have correlative refinements of mercy," or as Achard says: "It is incumbent upon us to raise the science which consoles and heals to a level with the science that destroys." The need of this was the origin of the Geneva Convention and of the numerous volunteer societies for the mitigation of human suffering in war which have since arisen throughout Europe.

The value of those auxiliary aids is not to be questioned, especially when the volunteers can be relied upon. We feel, however, that it would not be wise for the State in future to depend solely upon these, but that it would be better to organize during peace a sufficient body of women, trained and prepared for any sudden outbreak of war. These should be rated to the army and navy in the same way as men, having their regular pay and allowances, officered, and subject to promotions and pensions and to all those advantages which promote efficiency in men. A noble field for women's usefulness would be here opened out, and experience has shown that in this particular department women are superior to men. What would have been the state of the British army in the Crimea but for Florence Nightingale, or what that of the Northern and Confederate armies in the American civil war if women had not organized and run their own relief corps, and provided for the sick and wounded when the efforts of the respective governments had failed? In the battle of Antietam, where more than ten thousand Federals were wounded, the supplies of the medical authorities were not a tenth of what was needed. In the battle of Fredericksburg, one hundred and fifty young men with the assistance of ladies found "twenty thousand wounded men in every conceivable phase of agony." Dr. Stille tells us how they worked night and day, many of both sexes dying from over-exertion. The sanitary commission succored twenty-two thousand wounded at Gettysburg alone. The train of carriages for the wounded after the battle of the Wilderness stretched for ten miles, along which "feeding stations" were established for the sufferers.

There should be no stint of numbers in the formation of a corps of nurses, seeing how many are needed in war, and what



SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

BY HUGH PENTECOST.

SOCIETY is a growth. Our present form of society is the result of all that for trillions of years has been. We, with our governments, politics, church, religion, manners, customs, wisdoms, prejudices, are not the products of an eruption. We are what we are because former people were what they were. Those who follow us will be affected by what we are. Revolution, by force of arms, is never a cause of social changes. It is but an incident in the process of evolution. It is a symptom of what is. Help does not lie in that direction. Thought is the cause of social betterment.

As an individual thinks, so is he. As a people think, so are they. Conditions are as favorable as they can be under the circumstances. They represent what the mass of the people think. The mass of the people believe in land monopoly, trade monopoly, money monopoly. They are monopolists in thought. If they object to the monopolistic system which now blights the world, it is only because they are the victims instead of the fruit-pickers of monopoly. The ownership of a thousand acres of land, or a factory whose products are protected by the tariff, or a million dollars in government bonds would transform many a hot reformer into a satisfied conservative. I once knew the voice of a reformer to be silenced by his marrying a woman with an income. He howled against monopolists until circumstances made him one; then he discovered that all along, in his heart, he had been one.

Take workingmen. They say they want freedom, but they vote into power the people who enslave them. The explication of the paradox is that though they feel the sting of poverty they believe in the system that produces poverty. They interest themselves only in schemes of amelioration which leave the system

heart of the rose is thought. In the fin of the fish, the wing of the bird, the foot of the animal is thought. Society modifies itself by thought. There is no way on and up for us except by the old, old way of thought. We have thought ourselves into the labyrinth in which we flounder. We must think ourselves out.



IT is no exaggeration to speak of the love of flowers. It is a scientific verity, and it is indeed a charming illustration of the principle of universal or cosmic affection of which we are daily reminded. It is a beautiful sentiment to realize that in all nature the product of harmony is beauty; beauty and harmony are found perfected alone in love. Flowers are so beautiful, fascinating us with their colors, inspiring us with their fragrance, because they are the product of the most delicate adjustments in nature, and the direct issue of the free relation of affinities.

The family is the ultimate unit of ideal civilization, and will never be abrogated. I do not think evolution prophesies the annihilation of the family. It prophesies its freedom and its exaltation, but not its abolition. But the conditions on which the legal family at present rests can never enter into the ultimate society—the ideal civilization. Voluntary familyhood must some time occupy the place of the existing legalized and enforced familyhood. Then will the soul be free—the mind triumphant. Then will the young be the offspring of love, and not necessity, and in structure, temperament and mentality constitute more than mythical giants. In any event the course of true civilization must follow the trend of pure and natural love, and thus maintain the harmony of that unifying principle which pervades all nature.—From "*The Conquests of Love*," by Henry Frank.

WHAT LIFE IS FOR.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

IN THIS period of intense and searching thought in which there seems an almost frantic galloping of mind among the numerous questions and problems that are focussed upon this hour, to the thinker no question can be more pertinent than this,—What is life for? What does life mean? By what means can the seeming incongruities, the inharmonies and cruelties be reconciled to any idea that justifies existence? Could a given idea of the meaning of life be universally recognized as true, it would tend to the unravelling of difficulties both to the individual and to the collective social body.

When any individual soul realizes the truth that every adverse circumstance and condition mastered by it has added to its strength, every unworthy motive, purpose and pursuit abandoned has increased its nobility, power, and happiness, it has found the true meaning of life to the individual as a unit.

The religions of the past have made of life a preparation for another state of being by a process of thought, feeling, and devotion to ideas that were not calculated nor expected to be actualized in the affairs of mortal life. The ascetic of Christendom and the *yogi* of Buddhism alike set aside the practices and affairs of external and associated mortal state as not related or necessary to the development of the ego, the spiritual life of the soul. But is not the recognition by all souls that the true meaning of life relates to each, both individually and as a member of the social body, necessary? The life in humanity is the most complete expression of the spirit, intelligence, life and love which the eternal processes of the universe have brought forth, so far as human knowledge can comprehend?

To a great extent a large proportion of humanity is in an infantile and childish stage of development. For this reason a

bring into the associated life of humanity the harmony of co-operation in place of the barbarizing methods of competition, the fighting principle.

The suggestion that a halt should be called and profound consideration given to the question, "What is the end which if attained would make life reasonable and worth living?" would if carried out accomplish much for human helping, no doubt. Such concentration of thought, could it be universal, would produce a calm and clearness in the thought atmosphere, would make a favorable condition for the clearer perception of thinking minds. But the deeper problem is, by what means to enlist the thought activity of the many who do not question what life is for.

Our systems of education are defective. The mere acquisition of knowledge is not education. A collecting of what another mind has previously stored, is not a training of thought power to the independent effort that reveals to the individual mind its vast resources. A merit system that bases reward on the acquirement of a greater amount of stored knowledge than some other mind has acquired is not calculated to promote the nobler qualities and aspiration. Till we can quicken higher ideals, and lay a broader basis for the purposes of life, even that of perfecting humanity, we cannot find life reasonable and worth living. And this must be begun by ante-natal education, that the plastic brain may be impressed with the thought of the limitless possibilities of human mind and soul, that the whole being may be set to a key note that cannot be drowned in the confusion and clang of pursuits of sense and self-seeking.

More than all else is it necessary to depart from the habit of measuring ourselves by and comparing ourselves with others. We need to find a standard of excellence within ourselves. And we need to establish this as a central impulse in the methods of education. Instead of cultivating a spirit of striving to surpass others, getting ahead of a comrade even in needful and laudable acquirements, it should be impressed from the very outset of existence and through post-natal training that the great purpose of life is to seek in one's self and for one's self the highest idea of

what is good and true and to measure one's conduct wholly by that standard.

Higher ideals, nobler aspirations, a more thorough self-respect, if inbred by an intelligent aspiring motherhood and held before the child at home, at school, and everywhere as the most important equipment for life, now and evermore, would quicken the higher quality of the human soul as no amount of purely intellectual knowledge can do.



DO your friend justice. Place him on the scale of your own conjuring and weigh yourself with him. Perhaps after all he is heavier, a better man than you. When you judge another make two columns in your mind, the pros and cons. Reckon them up as you would a sum, and subtract one result from the other. If there is more good than bad—more that is delightful than repellant—more sweetness than gall, hold fast to him forever. You have found a jewel, one with a flaw to be sure, but a jewel.

Never let your heart deluge your head, when friendship comes your way. The head must be above tears and smiles—in clear cold air—where it can think.

Be just to your friend and you will deal squarely with yourself. Await his coming—It may be a long time ere he appears—You can afford it—wait.

Jewels are not used for side-walks, nor stars for street-paving. You may find the pearl in the oyster you would eat, possibly at the retailers. Be sure it is a pearl before you set it. If it is precious conceal it, for there are thieves about. If it is luminous hide it, for it might dazzle some one else.

Your friend is your own—not another's—in *that* which makes him yours: otherwise go friendless, and live with the birds, the mountains and the sky. In nature some aspect of *you* is concealed, find that.—From "*Some Philosophy of the Hermetics*," by



thirty years which devastated the continent from the interior of Bohemia to the Scheldt, and from the banks of the Po to the coasts of the Baltic. Perhaps the most despicable prosecution of war in all history was the immolation by Napoleon of 2,000,000 victims to the glory of France on the altars of Mars and Moloch; nevertheless, that revolting holocaust proved to all the modern world that the cruel power of even a deified personality could no longer chain and hold in bondage the spirit of universal freedom that had for ages been springing in the bosom of humanity. Out of Napoleonic butchery arose the triumphs of the modern Republic, which to-day glorifies the destinies of that idiosyncratic nation. Out of the womb of war came forth our own beautiful Union, which while ever the hater of war, has been ever its most successful prosecutor when necessity demanded!

But war has often been the internal regenerator of nations. Rienzi sought in vain to reclaim the once glorious name of Roman civilization from the effeminate indifference into which it had sunk. For he knew that the spirit of the ancient tribune could be again restored to honor and power only by conjuring the terrors and tortures of the battlefield. Demosthenes well knew that the demoralized condition of the Athenian commonwealth could be reclaimed, and civic purity and pride be re-established, only by invoking the war god against the invading Macedonians, hence the thunders of his philippics, which died out amid the clash of arms, never to be forgotten in the annals of patriotism! Thus to-day, even when we had supposed that we had passed beyond the usefulness of war, we can see how such an apparently unfortunate event might be of profound value to our own civilization. The once virile patriotism of our countrymen, which stirred the breast of a Washington and a Lincoln, has surely begun to die out of the thought of our modern citizen. The conquests of commercial cunning have almost superseded the commands of honor. Aaron's golden calf is now adored; and that Moses who would lead his people to the promised Canaan of political probity and equality is jeered down by the tumultuous hisses of its devotees. The national inscription upon our coins, "In God we trust" is

more appositely read "In *this* God we trust!" Wall street to-day is dearer to the hearts of many of our people than Bunker Hill or Gettysburg. The great monopolies which hold our people in the cruel bondage of civic oppression are more dreaded than the approach of an enemy's battleship or an invading army of conquerors. Civic prowess has been supplanted by martial cowardice. Patriotism has become a byword, and sacrifice on the battlefield for the honor of one's country is called by many the deed of a dupe or the act of a madman. Sympathy has grown so stolid and selfish that the rescue of the suffering and dying, at the expense of inconvenience or of interference with "business" is derided as puerile and idiotic. What has Wall street to do with Morro Castle, or Fifth avenue with the squalid huts of the starving reconcentrados? What if the Spanish flag of tyranny does float over the capitol at Havana and a half-million good-for-nothing Cubans and negroes have been butchered and tortured to death in that hapless island? Should that fact interfere with the value of stocks or interrupt a fashionable function? "What am I to Hecuba or Hecuba to me?" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

When such an indifferent and effeminate disposition is slowly falling upon the American the sociologist can easily discern the possible value of a modern war. Already, although no gun has been fired, or a single life lost, (barring that monstrous outrage—the destruction of the Maine and its lamented crew—which yet shall be avenged by the hand of eternal Justice) a new spirit of genuine devotion to the flag and the principles of our glorious country has swept throughout the land from hut to palace, from toiler to millionaire. In this melting cause of renewed patriotism employer and employee clasp hands in inspiring reunion, and forget the wrongs and misunderstandings of the past. In this holy cause a Carnegie will stand side by side with a Sovereign; a Gompers with a Depew and a Vanderbilt, battling for human freedom and universal justice! A sense of brotherhood begins to possess the spirit of all Americans, of whatever station, as they contemplate the approach of an enemy and the defiance of our sovereign

principles. This will be the greatest blessing of the war, should it come. Our national commonwealth has been for years trembling on the crater of a threatening volcano. The strain between capital and labor has been unbearable. The crisis must be met sooner or later. An internal revolution is almost a certainty. An external war may obviate all this, and so reunite us and restore our ancient simplicity that when we have emerged from the flames and been clothed with the glory of victory, the social readjustments may result in juster and friendlier relations, which may afford an example to all the world in industrial evolution, as the past history of our country has in political freedom.





her of the damask cheek and eyes like the midnight stars.

In fulfillment of her plan, and at her call, across the desert rode a fierce Bedouin who took gold and silver, and flocks, and slaves, whatever chance threw in his way; and in disguise of a wounded traveler he sought alms at the palace, which was given him by Attilia, and thus his eyes dwelt upon her. And when the time came that many of the defenders of the palace were called to the aid of a neighboring people, the evil woman, who hated with a vengeful hate, sent a summons and there came, like leaves before the wind, both footmen and horsemen, and at their head he who as a traveler had deceived, the fierce Bedouin. And from the palace among shrieks and sword thrusts and scenes of plunder and spectacles of death was borne the maiden; and the gods interfered not, for they knew what yet should be.

So far across the burning sands where the sure-footed camel plowed his way to the tents and the tribes of the mighty robber of the desert was she borne. And there was one among the women most kind, even the wife of the fierce man who had despoiled the beautiful maiden's home. "Thou hast come," said she, "from far, and thou canst never return to thy home, which is despoiled, or thy people who have perished by the sword. We may not turn to the days which died with past sunsets, but before us lie days whose suns have never risen, and youth is time for smiles and time to gift gifts, for the hands of youth are full of blossoms. The god's shower roses upon such as thou." At her words Attilia smiled, but she thought of the past days and sighed ere the smile had a moment lingered, and at night she bitterly wept.

The Bedouin, fierce and cruel, had many wives and his purpose was to add to his tents the tent of Attilia as that of another wife, and to the chief wife who had taken to her heart the beautiful stranger he spake of his intent. Being wise she said, "Of wives thou hast many, and thy son, who is also mine, has reached man's estate and a bride should be given him. She whom thou hast brought is fair as thou sayest, and thy generosity shall be lauded amongst all tribes if to thy son thou givest her who was of

WOMAN.*

BY



AS it required but one rib of Adam to make Eve, and as she is completely equipped with this portion of a skeleton herself, while she is ever a part of him, she is essentially not *all* of him; in fact she has a potent individuality that never can be his. The myth of the Bible is pregnant with meaning, and might be interpreted in its completest sense by a *practical* Hermetic; but in this essay we propose neither to inspect its subtleties, nor lay bare the shining tables of the law. We cover the face of Moses and come down to earth's level to behold humanity as it sees itself.

In the crowd we find woman; she is every where as common as man. She not only looks out through the lattice of the casement, but she traverses the street and barterers in the market. The bolt slips back as if moved by unseen hands when her knock is heard on the door. Unveiled she sits amid men in the council chamber and the church. She points her own telescope at the sky and searches for stars, as her timid sister hunts for flowers, and dares to look man straight in the eyes without dropping her fringed lids. She is possessed of a sort of bold modesty, the like of which was never seen on earth before. There is defiance in the straight carriage of her form and the poise of her head which is not wanting in sweetness, though it teems with half expressed power. The shape of her brow has changed, and Praxiteles, were he alive to-day, would need more breadth of marble where the hair kisses the skin, than he used in the palmy days of Greece. Her brain is heavier and more infolded, than was that

*From advanced sheets of a book to be issued under this symbol, entitled "Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics." Copyrighted, 1898, by D. P. Hatch of Los Angeles, Cal. All rights reserved.




of Diana, boxedⁿ into a twenty inch skull. She has kept pace with herself however, for her chin is firmer, and her eyes speak meanings not read in those of Dido. There is a challenge in their depths which has recently come; it has the sphinx quality. A man who has changed but little since the days of Herodotus, save through the evolution of his mother, seeks to read the riddle. He is puzzled, enchanted. The Oriental scoffs and sneers and *looks again*. The Occidental feels a sweetness about his heart *that is new—and gazes on*.

Behold the master parallel—man and woman—the pair bound eternally by the rib of Adam, in their polarity challenging each other, and smiling in an ecstasy of defiance, feeling in their extreme of consciousness the sweetness and indissolubility of the bond. Woman has slept through the ages till now, with an infant on her breast and an embryo in her womb; save here and there one, or a few who woke to shock earth from its foundations with the potency of an ultra individuality.

The woman in woman has lived sleepless from all time; but the man in her—the positive—naps off and on, as if drugged by sex narcotics. Evolution is slower than the mills of the gods, but in spite of this the individual buried in the brain of woman, at last looks out from the windows of her eyes—it is sleepy still—and wonders as its glance sweeps the spaces, whether there will be rain or shine. It wonders if it dare venture forth. It blinks and blinks and turns this way and that, uncertain. It feels as the bud feels on the first opening—afraid of space and the sun. It fears knowledge and learning and experience. It dreads the elbows of man and his tongue. It fears the elements and the battle. Yet when it looks over its shoulder on the nest where it has slept and dreamed for centuries, it finds it foul—unclean. For the first time it is sufficiently awake to sense decay and age.

The individual is turning, in woman, backward and forward—undecided. It lies down to get up, and gets up to lie down. It is restless. It has no fixed gaze, like that of man. Its power of concentration is weak. But mark you the sea, when its tide starts upward; no mandate of a king can stop it. It rises to its



both look with a challenging smile of full consciousness—eye to eye—one can never escape the other. The moving equilibrium will be struck somehow, somewhere between the negative and positive. The Pairs are faithful, and an equator is as certain as are the north and south poles.

But to-day, what of to-day, the positive now? We answer, it foreshadows *to-morrow*. To-day is the dawn which conceives and gives birth to noon—and who shall predict the splendors of noon? When woman reaches full consciousness, O man! tremble at your joy. When the girdle of Venus is taken from her hips and twined about her brow, O man! beware of too much happiness! In the old time Aphrodite stole in to sup with thee, and afterward to twine herself about thee as the ivy hugs the oak. But to-morrow from early dawn to dusk she will gleam here and everywhere, defying light with the flash of her individuality—on ship deck, in the mart of trade, 'mid books, touching all things with herself, till the world burns and your own eyes smart. Will it be better or worse? For whom, we ask—for thee? 'Tis out of order. Her turn has come. She also shall know life. She also shall read the future in the flash of *different gems*. She also shall draw at the flasks of varied wines. She also shall enter the ice chambers of intellect, and grow warm at the furnace of divine passion. She also shall give and take. Justice never yet through eternity has blushed. Her scale reaches out of sight, and her arm, from socket to finger tip, is too long for the measurement of mortal eyes.

The sun of the Orient descends to rise over the Occident, and departs from the west to flood the east. The equator runs true to the poles. And the doves of night brood o'er the land, when the sea-gull rises to greet the day.



YOSEMITE.*

BY CORA A. MORSE.

AH, Yosemite! Yosemite! night rests like a benediction upon thee, and thy mornings are a psalm-like prayer. Thy heart holds the secret of the universe and the key is withholden from man. Whether nature threw up these towering elevations in some awful spasm of effort to be freer and greater, or whether they are the work of a glacial period of time remote, we are left to conjecture. The evenness of the sculptured heights, the gorges torn between them so smooth and clean, inclines one to the latter opinion. What but oceans of water in boiling torrents could thus wear away these solid rocks? What but water could *still* weep over the Jerusalem of its destruction and babble incessantly of its constructive genius as well, leaving these marvels of its handiwork for the enjoyment and instruction of a journeying world?

It rains upon the mountain tops to-day. Heavily the dark murky clouds hang there. While here it is light and cheery, though the air stirs the trees sufficiently to wake the echoes in the hollow glens, and cool the heated atmosphere. But hark! what is that peal on peal resounding through the valley? 'Tis a cloud-burst on the mountains, that soon changes the white falls to a dingy yellow, and tumbles them down the mountains with renewed energy.

Somewhat like a pitched battle is a thunder storm in the valley. The clouds lower and grow threatening; the valley darkens like a prison house. As the wind begins to rise, the glens begin to whisper, softly at first then louder, the rain splashes in gusts, and now a flash of lightning reveals the great protecting rocky sides of our prison for an instant, then mutters its thunders

*Third chapter from "Yosemite as I Saw It," published in souvenir form, beautifully illustrated. For sale by THE COMING LIGHT Publishing House at 50 cents each.

against them. Soon the glens send back their reverberating answer.

As the fury of the storm ceases, the artillery of battle is appalling. The keen sharp report of thunder is carried along the valley and taken up by the glens, until seven distinct echoes, one following another, become a wonderful example of heaven's cannonading. One almost expects to see destruction on every hand when the storm subsides, but no, out of the fury of these seven fiends, the tall spires begin to appear, until all are visible, and more immortal than before. Their robes are cleaner and brighter, as they smile in the sunlight in proof that they enjoyed their little bath, and its melody as well.

Just opposite our window is "Stair Case Falls," trickling down a rocky shelving of stair-like shape, which forms a part of Glacier Point. Along all these rocks is the impress of huge icicles which hang from their edges from fifty to one hundred feet long, when the valley is locked in winter's embrace.

Looking from the porches of the Stoneman House we are in view of "Glacier Point," "Eagle Peak," "Indian Canyon," "Cloud's Rest," "Royal Arches," and "Ten-ie-ya Canyon," also the foreground of falls and meadow and the background previously described. "Grizzly" and "Moran Point" are hard by, and just beyond are "Cathedral Spires," pointing like index fingers to the light above, as the ruling principle in this temple of the living God.

There are but two spires now, but the torn side of the rocky structure reveals the former position of another spire, which reared its towering head to the very skies. The hymns the waterfall is singing, the silent sermons in the stones, offer the divinest worship. All days sing praises, and all nights give God the glory, as century succeeds century, and nations rise and fall.

Taking a stroll in the morning air, we follow a trail to see where it leads us. Ere long we spy a bridge spanning the river, and posted there are these words, "Happy Isles." We leave the trail and follow a path through the woods, soon coming in view of "The Rapids." A felled tree makes a bridge across them. We

of the lake, where the size of mountains, rocks and trees is magnified, and the colors, always beautiful, are mysteriously intensified. The slight ripple of the water stirred by the beat of an insect's wing, or the movement of the fish beneath its surface, makes a changing, bewildering kaleidoscope of color.

Like the scenery of another planet one imagines "Mount Watkins" and "Half Dome" appear as we view them in their liquid grave, while "Ahwahne" (the watch dog) stands like the sentinel at the door of some new earth. The reflection of the skeleton limbs of the trees gives the scene a weird appearance, and suggests the fleshless forms of other lands than ours. The ferns, flowers, brush and rocks upon the water's edge, mirrored and magnified, are beautiful beyond compare.

As we look, there gleams across the depths below, great arms of fan-shaped light, such as a searchlight throws. We look above, and just behind Ahwahne we behold the first fleet-footed messenger the sun is sending to herald his approach, and thus the "Watch Dog" proclaims "What of the night!" The trees on "Ahwahne's" heights now turn silver white as they tremble in the light, and soon the golden face of the king of day appears shining in the water. We hurry up the trail to the bridge to witness the second sunrise. Here the sun shows an outer rim of yellow light, the center is black, afterward becoming silver, blue, gold, and finally red. We hasten on to a depression in the trail and view the third sunrise which tints the sky a glowing crimson from "Ahwahne" to "Half Dome." A rim of gold adorns "Ahwahne," the sun then turns to a brilliant emerald hue and sinks in the darkening waters, which have changed to a murky green, sombre and spiritless, where a moment ago they portrayed a veritable palace of light. "Ahwahne" is suddenly transformed into a dark blue mountain, where anon it was as a flaming sword guarding the "Holy of Holies" that the sanctuary be not profaned.

P. S. Among the visitors to-day was a woman who looked at the lake and its reflections awhile, then said: "I have heard people say that their first impressions of the valley were overpowering, but to me great rocks are just larger small rocks, and



F. P. SCHALL, Artist of THE COMING LIGHT.



Oh, you cannot guess the power
Of a little simple flower!

O queenly month of indolent repose!
I drink thy breath in sips of rare perfume,
As in thy downy lap of clover bloom
I nestle like a drowsy child, and doze
The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws
The shifting shuttle of the summer's loom,
And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom
Before thy listless feet the lily blows
A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;
And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and spear
Thy harvest-armies gather on parade:
While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear
A voice calls out of alien lands of shade
"All hail the peerless goddess of the year!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The bee is not afraid of me,
I know the butterfly;
The pretty people in the woods
Receive me cordially,

The brooks laugh louder when I come,
The breezes madder play.
Wherefore, mine eyes, thy silver mists?
Wherefore, O summer's day?

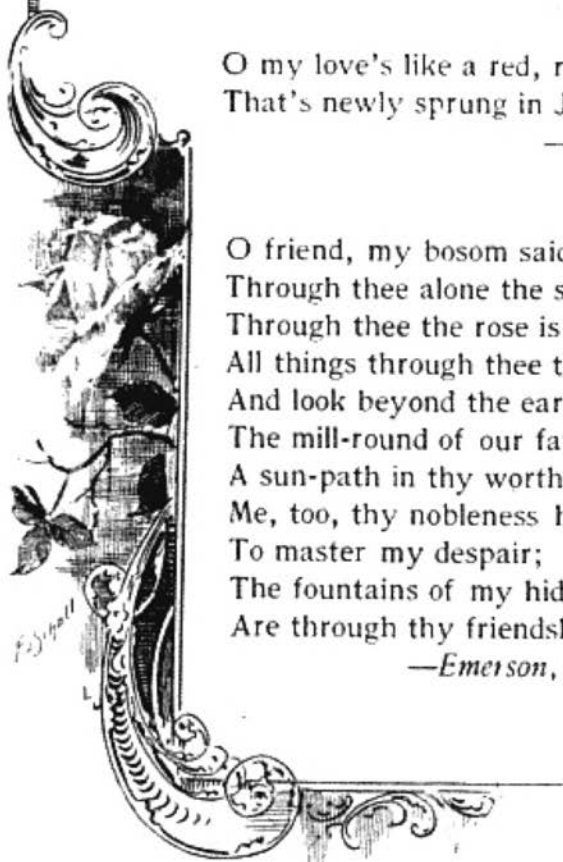
—Emily Dickinson.

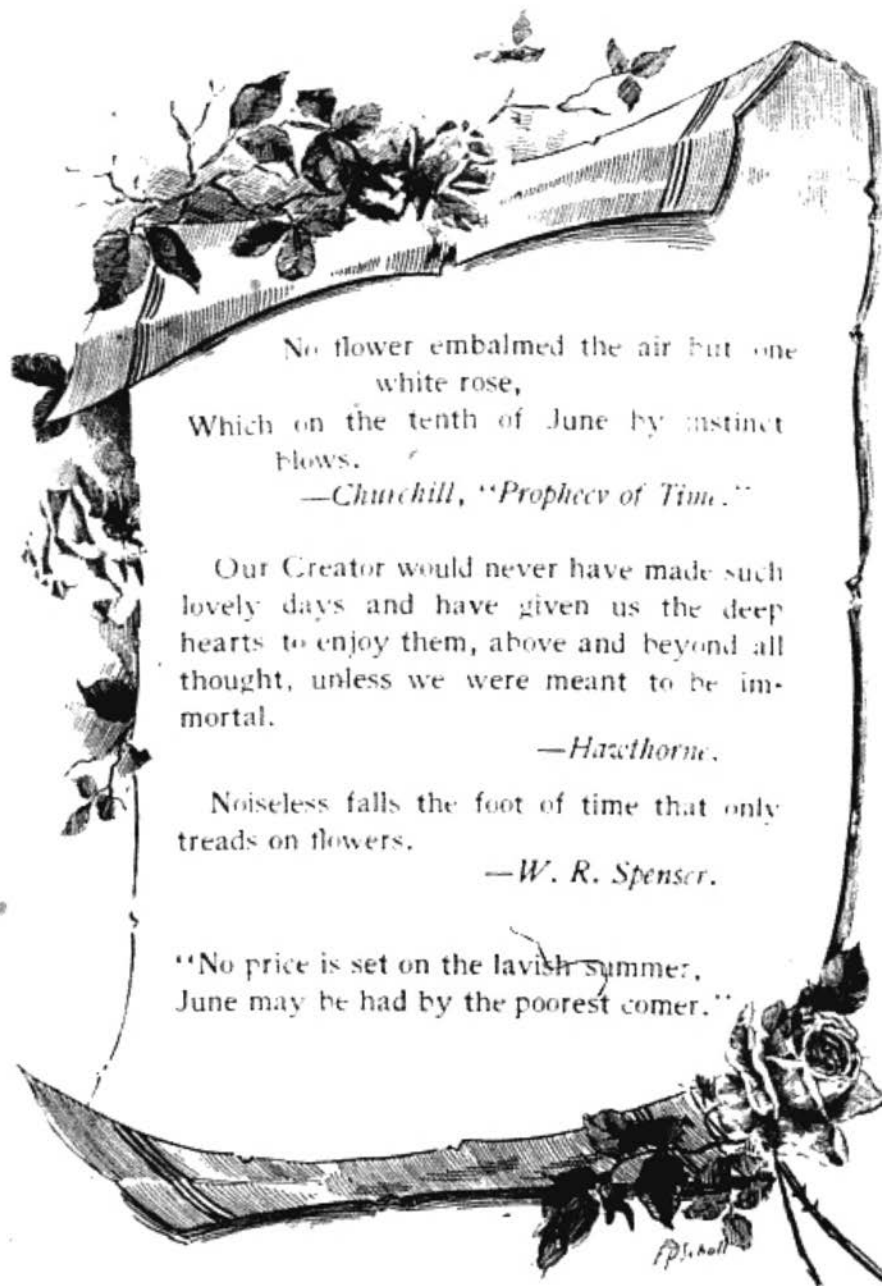
O my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.

—Burns.

O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—Emerson, "Friendship."





No flower embalmed the air but one
white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct
flows.

—Churchill, "*Prophecy of Time*."

Our Creator would never have made such
lovely days and have given us the deep
hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all
thought, unless we were meant to be im-
mortal.

—Hawthorne.

Noiseless falls the foot of time that only
treads on flowers.

—W. R. Spencer.

"No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer."

P. J. Hall

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 When if ever come perfect days,
 When Heaven tries Earth, if she be in tune,
 And over her softly her warm ear lays,
 And whether we look, or whether we listen
 We hear life murmur or see it glisten.
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it which reaches and towers
 And groping blindly above it for light
 Reaches a world in grass and flowers.
 Everything is happy now, everything is upward turning.
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As the grass to be green or the sky to be blue,
 'Tis the natural way of living.

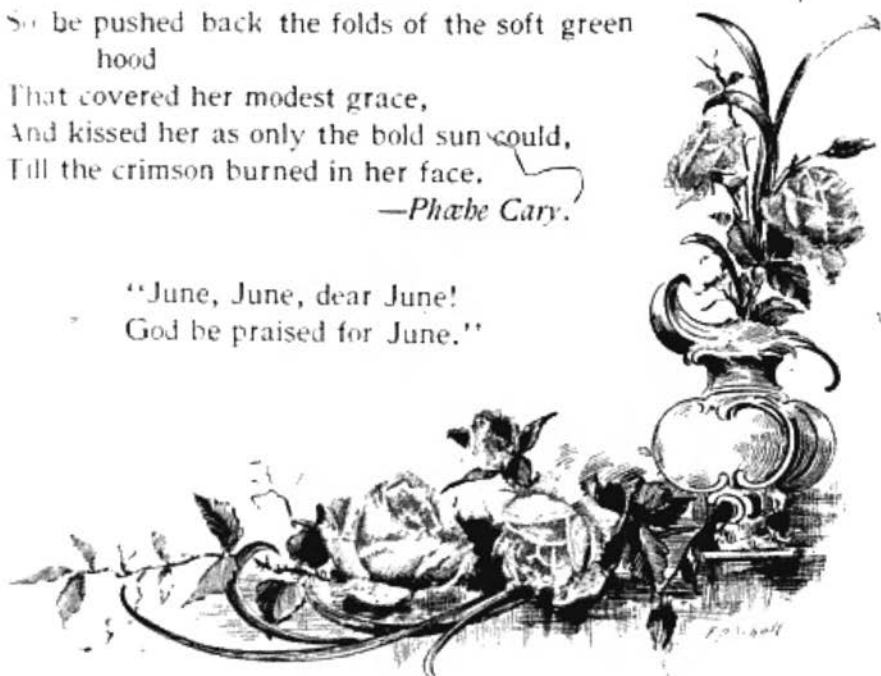
—James Russell Lowell.

The sun who smiles wherever he goes,
 Till the flowers all smile again,
 Fell in love one day with a bashful rose
 That had been a bud till then.
 So he pushed back the folds of the soft green
 hood

That covered her modest grace,
 And kissed her as only the bold sun could,
 Till the crimson burned in her face.

—Phæbe Cary.

"June, June, dear June!
 God be praised for June."



TO A YELLOW ROSE.

Fair, new-blown rose, thou hast absorbed
The sunshine for thy coloring;
And from the perfume-laden air
Hast caught the sweetest scents, to bring
As thy most precious offering.

With head bowed on thy slender stalk,
Set daintily among the green,
Thou seem'st an humble flower, and yet
No prouder one was ever seen,—
And so of flowers I hail the queen.

I sit enchanted, and a spell
Of prophecy upon me lies,
As with far-seeing eyes I gaze
Beyond the azure-tinted skies,
Where roses bloom in Paradise.

—*Lucy Sherman Mitchell.*

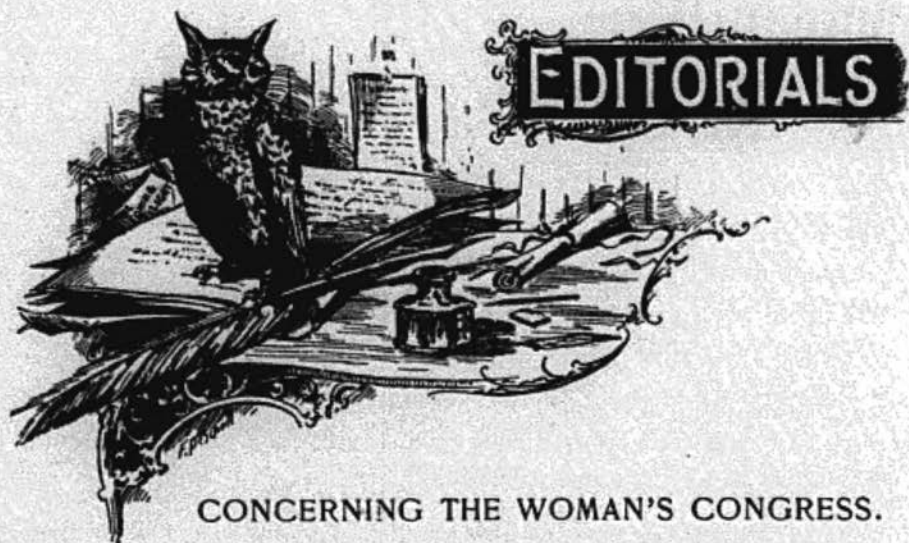
ACROSTIC.

The rosy fingers of the morn
Have touched the sky, and gems adorn
Each blade of grass, as day, newborn,

Comes wrapped in fleecy clouds of mist
O'er hills the rising sun has kissed.
Mysterious sounds are in the air;—
In haste the wild beast seeks his lair,
No more to prowl, as open swing
Gates night had closed with secret spring.

Life leaps in heart of flower and tree,—
In woods the birds sing merrily;—
Give thanks, O man!—The Coming Light
Has dared its enemy to smite,
Till day usurps the throne of night!

—*Lucy Sherman Mitchell.*



CONCERNING THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

THE Congress of Women lately assembled in this city was remarkable in at least two respects. First, because it was largely a man's congress, made up of university professors and clergymen; and second, because it treated almost wholly the education of the head in the various papers submitted upon this subject without due reference to the heart side of the question. As a result the aim of the Congress was in a large measure defeated. There was an absence of the real enthusiasm which should characterize such gatherings and upon which the success of every organization depends. Financial discouragement depressed many of the earnest workers who really desire to put the Congress upon a safe footing and to insure future interest and permanency.

At a loss to understand why there are not enough women in San Francisco to support by yearly subscriptions of one dollar each so essential a thing as a Congress of Women, a committee met to elect officers for the ensuing year, to suggest ways and means and to agitate the matter in order to find if possible the cause of the lethargy of their sister women upon this, to them,

all important subject; also to devise a remedy for the growing indifference to the work. Having forgotten to invite the lethargic women to speak for themselves, the Congress managers are still in a swamp of doubt regarding causes behind the effect they so much deplore. Being often questioned privately as to my own indifference and as to probable reasons for the indifference of others in this cause which should interest and engage all right-thinking women, it seems that a survey of the field in general and of causes in particular might be *apropos* as editorial matter in THE COMING LIGHT.

At the incipency of the Woman's Congress the hope was generated that it meant all its name implies, *i. e.*, that woman-kind was to have a hearing upon all questions pertaining to their own advancement and the advancement of the world in which they live. Thrilled by the vitalizing energies of such a hope hundreds of women came forward proffering their influence and their dollars to aid in the establishment of a court which promised not only educational advantages, but a unity and fraternity heretofore undreamed of. The flow tide of enthusiasm and faith bore the first Woman's Congress high upon the sunny beach of triumph. The world heard that California had banded her women for active work and said *Amen*. We shook hands with ourselves and each other and pressed on with preparations for the next annual event which must outdo the first in real merit and practical value. It was fitting that well known women who had earned cognition should first be given a hearing; no one demurred; and it was not until we began to spend the treasury funds to import Eastern talent that a cloud flecked our horizon. Of course we were glad to hear from the world's workers, especially these life-long workers in the cause of woman. We gave them a typical California welcome. Our Congress was heralded over the world and we once again laid plans for another year. Repeating the mistake of importing talent, with talent of our own to spare, the

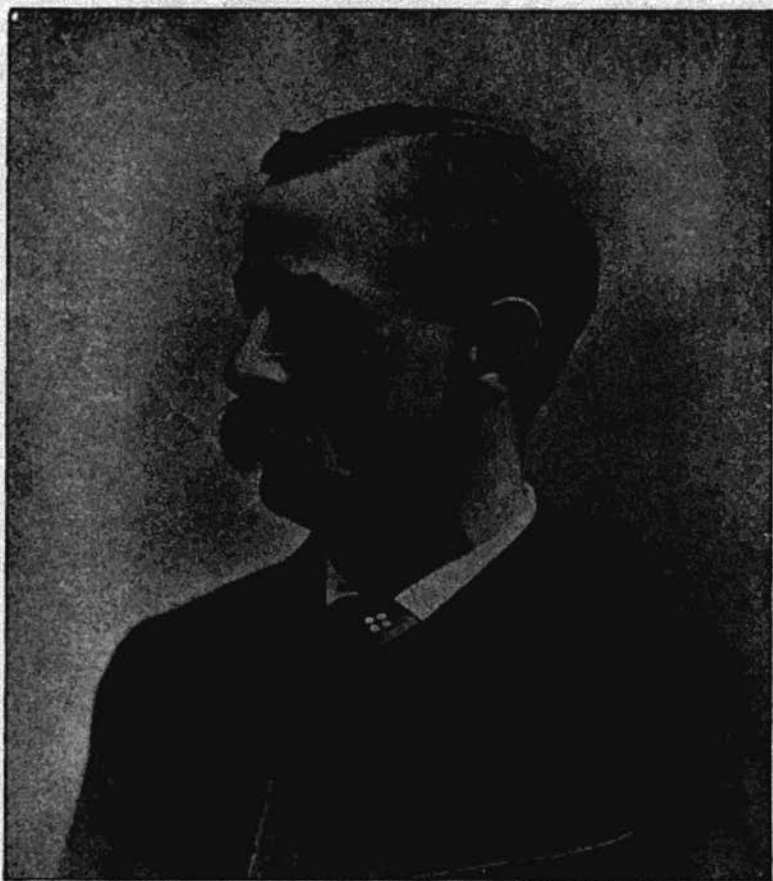
done what men fail to do. If we fall short of the *real* mother instinct which hears the cry of all her children and gives them equal opportunity; or if we cannot become a cement to hold the social structure together instead of describing lines of cleavage we would better leave the work altogether until we develop a conscience commensurate to the world's crying need. C. A. M.

GLADSTONE AND BELLAMY.

GLADSTONE and Bellamy! Names to conjure with! The one is acknowledged as the ablest premier of the most powerful of actual modern nations. The other is known as the dreamer of a splendid dream—a vision contemplating an empire compassing the ideals of Truth, Justice and Love. Gladstone represents the highest development of civilization under the inspirations of tradition. Bellamy stands for what may yet be as the issue of the ideal hopes and sacred social passions of man. Gladstone is practical and executive power. Bellamy is the potency of an idea. Gladstone represents the actualized greatness of England, her industrial achievements, her commercial supremacy, her military and naval prowess, and the effective might and majesty of her imperial dominion. Bellamy prophesies of greatness not yet realized, of industrial and social economics that await the adult growth of man. Gladstone ranks already as a great historical personage. Bellamy joins that wondrous procession of shadow men, whose thoughts have proved to be sharper than spear points, more potent than the scepters of kings. Great men these, though measured by different standards. They died almost in the same hour. Both are justly honored and gratefully revered. Both wrought nobly, and "their works do follow them."

E. B. P.

EDWARD BELLAMY



Honor to the author of *Looking Backward!* Bellamy did not give to the world a detailed scheme which is likely to be realized, but he has inspired millions to believe in great possibilities for man. In recognition of this man's genius we publish on the reverse of this portrait page his classic picture of competitive society under the image of a coach.

THE PURPOSE OF WAR.

A CONFERENCE of Unitarians in the East has sent a memorial to Secretary Long protesting against the use of the battle cry "Remember the Maine," and that memorial has been imperpertinently quoted as a text, by a host of sensational papers, for sarcastic and supposed-to-be witty paragraphs. The purpose of all punishment should be corrective, not retaliative. In the steps preceding the declaration of war some of our representatives at Washington showed the true spirit of a broad and noble patriotism and protested against hostilities for any other purpose than that of aiding oppressed humanity, and that basis was the one accepted by our President in his proclamation. Such a war would indeed be a holy war. "With malice toward none and charity toward all" we are warranted in carrying this conflict to the bitterest end, and if with victory comes greater power among the nations of the world, so also will come greater responsibilities, and we shall owe a duty to humanity which will be difficult to perform. If, however, we carry the vindictive spirit, and proceed with hatred in every thought and word and deed, we prove ourselves as deserving of the punishment of war as the enemy whom we are seeking to correct. The seeds of hatred which may be carelessly sown now must be painfully reaped by future generations. The thoughtful patriot will use every endeavor to keep his country true to its promise to wage this war in such a manner that future generations shall be proud that the land of the free won another victory for humanity.

W. C. B.

NOTES.

The San Francisco *Examiner* has not recognized THE COMING LIGHT in any distinct notice of it; but it has bestowed honor upon us by borrowing one of our notions. In our March issue we suggested that we might win our fight with Spain by shipping the fenderless cars of the Market street lines to Havana and Madrid and turning them loose in those capital cities of our enemy.

The *Examiner* in its issue of Sunday, May 1st, presents this pictorially as a Yankee scheme for "wiping Spain off the map." This comes a little late for the usually enterprising "monarch of the dailies," but we are gratified by this evidence that the *Examiner* does slyly, but profitably, read THE COMING LIGHT.

Across the musical firmament of San Francisco some rare stars have flashed their light during the last year; among them a star of the first magnitude in the person of Mrs. Florence Scarborough, a contralto singer of great ability and power who arrived in the city from Southern California, February 1st. She made her first public appearance February 16th at the Loring Club and has filled engagements constantly since, having appeared with Paloma Schramm in fifteen or more engagements. She silences the most severe critic as she sings to the souls of her hearers. She is beautiful in personal appearance, which beauty is equalled by the rich and extensive compass of her voice, which unites delicate timbre, sympathetic tenderness and intense fervor, a rare combination insuring the singer a welcome wherever she appears. It will be of interest to the student of heredity to know that Mrs. Scarborough is the daughter of Rev. W. H. Pendleton, whose marvelous bass voice was known throughout the United States as the most beautiful speaking voice in any pulpit. He wrote both words and music, which his wife, the mother of Mrs. Scarborough, rendered in exquisite mezzo soprano at the church services, she being the leader of the choir of the Fifty-third street Baptist Church for nearly fifteen years. Mrs. Scarborough has inherited the qualities of both parents in an intensified form. There is a great future before this young charming vocalist. Our readers should lose no opportunity of hearing her.

July! That is the nation's great month! To this fact THE COMING LIGHT is fully alive and alert. We also shall give the eagle a chance to scream and patriotism an opportunity to voice itself. But patriotism, it must be remembered, is of various strains and tempers, either complacent, or enthusiastic, or conservative, or ambitious, or critical, and so the voices in our next issue may be many-toned. But they will be worth audience and attention. We shall offer to our readers articles whose themes range from Yankee Doodle to the problems of national destiny. The magazine will have a *Fourth of July* aspect and significance—a national number, and of a sort such as has never been in the

which will prove to be of great interest and value and is to be followed by other writers of repute to the conclusion of a strange yet true chapter in evolutionary processes. The August number will probably contain chapter second, as the July number will be devoted to fuss and fireworks and various special features.

The Civil Benefit Alliance is a new organization with headquarters in the Supreme Court Building, 305 Larkin street. Its aims are an interdependence, a universal comradeship and power, peace and prosperity through co-operation. It demands no membership fee and all sincere men and women are eligible members. A co-operative business has already been established. J. B. Bean is the secretary of the society.

A man who was called "a fool" for rectifying an error made in his favor in the payment to him of a sum of money in a business transaction, explained his action in this way: "I happen to labor under a disadvantage. I have the habit of shaving myself; and you see I wouldn't like to look in the glass every morning and *see a scoundrel*." How would it do to enact a law in this country that every man shall shave himself?

Special attention is called to the poem by Vantia Bailey and the one accompanying it, whose authorship is unknown. They came too late to make part and parcel of the magazine articles, hence the insert in the departments. They will bear careful reading as both bear the impress of the spirit of life in its moods of interpretation.

We are pleased to introduce Clara Iza Price as a COMING LIGHT poet and writer of stories having occult significance. We have pleasant surprises in store for our readers in her special line some time in the near future.

Special attention is called to Dr. E. D. Barber's "Complete Osteopathy," a new book that is creating much favorable comment among all new schools of medical practitioners. See Book Reviews for price, etc.

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Special attention is called to Dr. E. D. Barber's "Complete Osteopathy," a new book that is creating much favorable comment among all new schools of medical practitioners. See Book Reviews for price, etc.

of daily living, which is the only redeeming power. Because women have trusted the reins of the government in the hands of men without serious thought and without question the world has become deaf to the new commandment. Do you realize it my sisters? Do you understand that so long as we are negatives in the world just that long we may weep over the Jerusalem of the world's destruction through man's misinterpretation of life's message? Time now is when woman must rise in the full dignity of her woman nature and lead the great army of the world to the victory of peace and love. Man has taken the last step that he is capable of taking alone. His own heart sickens as he presages the outcome of his blind unwisdom.

We need beg no longer the right which nature has accorded. We can mass ourselves in one grand phalanx and *become* the new commandment which all men must hear and obey. We have mistaken our calling, we are wasting our real life substance by becoming in any sense a party to war and its attendant evils. Rachel's voice weeping for her children will not suffice. She must put on the whole armor of God and compel peace by becoming the *spoken* word, the *living* command, "Love one another." With concerted action all races of men will give ear, hostilities will cease and our sons and husbands be spared to aid us in the building up of the kingdom where the "Prince of Peace" shall reign forever.

C. A. M.

SOME DOMESTIC ENEMIES.

THE most significant item of war news up to date, not even excepting the tidings from Manila Bay, is that many of the men applying for enlistment are too deficient in vital force to be acceptable under the army regulations. A marked feature at the enlistment offices in the large cities has been the number of unemployed seeking to gain the living by fighting which they are unable to gain by working; and, in this crowd of unemployed, the common characteristic has been such a low state of the vital forces that their enlistment as anything but patients in a famine hospital has

been out of the question. In all the talk about national greatness a word should be added concerning the numbers of the nation's sovereign subjects who cannot get enough to eat.

Side by side with the rejections on account of vital weakness from lack of nutrition, have been the rejections on account of vital weakness from over-stimulation. The cigarette has demolished more prospective American soldiers than the Spanish can hope to answer for during the entire war. "Of the cigarette-smokers ninety per cent were rejected," says a recruiting officer, "and of all others about fifteen per cent were rejected."

The out-of-work stomach and the tobacco heart are the deadliest enemies in the horizon at this moment. It will be a brave day for the nation when it becomes wise enough to put an end to their assaults upon its citizenship.

J. H. M.

SAILORS' RIGHTS.

SPAIN is a medieval nation, modified only on the surface by the world-progress of the last century and a half, but Spain is far ahead of the United States in its laws relating to seamen.

American seamen are bound to their ships for the time imposed by the contracts which they are forced to sign if they are to work at all; Spanish seamen have the right to leave the brutal captain, the unsafe ship, or the starvation rations at any port, contract or no contract.

It would be well for us to extract a few motes of this sailor sort from our own eyes while we are striving to remove the Cuban beam from the eyes of Spain.

J. H. M.



Legislation on Behalf of

SATURDAY'S CHILD

By EVA V. CARLIN.

(THIRD PAPER.)

"The child that is born on a Sabbath-day
Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay;
Monday's child is born to health;
Tuesday's child is born to wealth;
Wednesday's child is fair of face;
Thursday's child is full of grace;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for his living."

HOURS OF LABOR.

LAST month reference was made to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that a state has unquestionably the right to protect the health of laborers, thus favoring the possibility of securing a further reduction of the hours of labor, and favoring the retention of what has been gained along that line,

labor upon Sundays is to be severely punished.

SANITARY AND ACCIDENT LAWS.

Only a few states require accidents to workmen, including children, to be reported. These are Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and Minnesota, which last has the most comprehensive law, containing provisions for safe-guarding machinery, a lack of such precaution increasing, in many trades, the probability of disablement. The irresponsibility of thousands of small employers, and the skillful evasion of responsibility by great corporations, leave the workingman's family without redress or compensation when the bread-winner is disabled or killed outright. The inspectors report the frequent finding of a child at a dangerous machine, *because a father had been disabled by it*, and keeping the place depended upon the child's doing the work during the father's absence.

The commissioner of the Minnesota Bureau of Labor urges the prohibition of all child-labor in connection with machinery, for he does not believe that children in dangerous occupations *can* be adequately safe-guarded, as they are more careless than adults; their attention is weakened by over-strain in labor, and they do not appreciate the value of safety devices. In saying children are careless he does not seek to throw responsibility for casualties upon the child—carelessness is youth's prerogative; but when a boy's chance of death is seven times as great as that of a man, and when the chance of accident for a girl under sixteen is thirty-three times greater than for one over that age, the state should prohibit the employment of all boys and girls in such hazardous occupations. As only the most serious accidents ever find their way into print, and but few of those, public attention has never been focussed, even for a moment, upon this sinister phase of child toiling, by which there comes upon the community an increasing burden for maintenance of those thus disabled. That employers recognize the danger to children is evidenced by the fact that many of them require a minor's employment release from the parents of children employed by them, and its use frees the employers from the danger of civil damages consequent upon injury. Killing children by machinery is no crime in many states; seven states only forbid them to clean machinery while it is in motion.

Among injurious occupations tenement house shops stand first, because the work, excessive as to hours and speed, is done

in places unfit for habitation. Laundries are usually in basements; tobacco factories in attics; sweat-shops are found underground and on top floors, but in either case they are without proper light or ventilation, are reached by filthy passageways, are cold in winter, hot in summer, are exposed to danger by fire and the air is foul at all times from lack of drains or defective sewer connection. Work does not cease when scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases stalk abroad in these filthy dens, and scores of garments made under such conditions are delivered to the contractors to be sold in general market.

The difficulty of legislation against sweat-shops lies in the objection to the constitutionality of a law that interferes with the conduct of any industry in a house or tenement, and "sweat-shops" are defined to be rooms or residences, not factories, in which industrial occupations are carried on. In New York a statute has been passed declaring that any building occupied by more than three families shall be held to be a tenement and subject to regulation. Similar legislation has been attempted in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Thirty-four statutes have been passed in twenty-two states concerning seats, and healthful appliances in mercantile establishments, but generally speaking the conditions surrounding children so employed are of the very worst, is the verdict of Mr. Riis, who has carefully studied the problem as presented by the five thousand children under age so employed in New York city alone.

Only two states have restrictions as to hours of labor for children in stores. The growth of the sentiment of humanity has corrected much injustice and established many safe-guards; but only through laws are these gains made effective, and state interference should be demanded where the power of voluntary association is proved inoperative.

Next month we will consider some of the methods useful in creating public sentiment looking toward the abolition of child-labor and tending to enforce such legislation, by which Saturday's child may be set free from the miseries of wage-earning toil.

of human experience are more so. What is more serious and sad, for example, than the almost indefinite postponement in human thought of the noblest issues and results of life? Thus far through all time, in answer to the question of what life is for, people have put life's ultimate good in the far future. It is always some glory, or greatness in the distance, something at the top of a high ladder, something unattained and still dubious, something to be secured when we reach heaven.

This is what makes the Sphinx so grim, so sad and solemn.

It makes life a mockery.

Years ago some American travelers, resting in my shadow, read aloud, to while their time away, a little book which they called "Alice Through the Looking Glass;" and here is a portion that I overheard:—

The White Queen of some mystical country proposed to employ Alice as a lady's maid and offered her "two pence a week and jam every other day."

"Alice said: "I don't care for the jam."

"It's very good jam," said the queen.

"Well I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

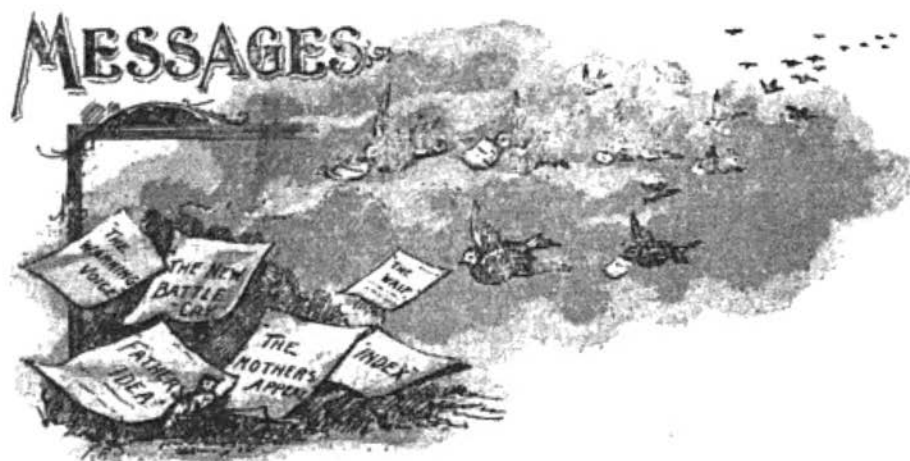
"You couldn't have it if you did want it. The rule is, jam to-morrow, and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day."

"It must come jam to-day, sometime," objected Alice.

"No, it can't. It's jam *every other day*; to-day isn't any *other day*, you know."

Now the Sphinx would like to know if the people of this present world don't think it is time to have it come *jam to-day*?





THE following message speaks for itself. Let he who can, answer it.

DEAR EDITORS OF THE COMING LIGHT: Seein that you are both women I thought I would write a letter. I'm only a Missouri farmers daughter but I do a heap o thinkin these days there ain't much to do on a farm after the chores is done except to think. there is no money to buy clothes or make em up with on account of the mortgage that keeps us forever a slavin. Taint that I'm thinkin of specially just now though, its about this pesky war. Its the horriblest nonsencicalest war that any body ever hearn tell of. Thousands of farmers boys bein called out to free the Cubans when theres no bigger slaves on earth than they are themselves. They are the unthinkenest lot that ever was born or they would stay at home and let McKinley and Congress fight it out by themselves. Talk about starvin Cubans look at our own starvin that die right in smell of good vittles that they haint got money to buy. If it is the starvin they want to help what are they moonshinin around on ships for, instead of landin and takin somethin along for them poor sufferers to eat? If I was managin things I would raise a fund to buy up all the spare butter and eggs and lard and meat and all the bread stuff in the states of Kansas and Missouri and load some ships down with it and feed their starvin stomicks, instead of talkin over cables for six weeks at a stretch while hundreds and thousands of em are dyin every day. Pears to me there aint much patriotism about paying such

way ahead of us in their ideas of humanity. A warrior is the lowest man among em they wouldnt clothe the war spirit with power and set it up as an idol to be worshiped. Talk about a humane war any way its all nonsense, just as well talk about a religious gorilla. It just makes the blood bile in my veins. The real spirit is always published in the songs of a time and Ive noticed that the song of this time is Remember the Maine, and its full of revengefulness instead of humane sentiments. The speeches of Congress was a long ways from bein humane Imagin Patrick Henry one of my ancesters makin such a speech Its perfectly disgustin to read the brags of this big country over little Spain its enough to make a fellers cheeks burn with shame. Then that squabble in Congress when they were making this war and pretendin to set Cuba free. Why its about the sickennest thing that ever happened in this country. Gentlemen sent there to protect us women and the interests of our children standin up there and callin each other names that aint fit for polite ears, shakin fists and throwin books and yellin like Apatchee Indians why a Spanish bull fight is nowhere along side of such misbehavior. A brave fight for liberty and humanity haint it? fine influence to civilize the Spanish with haint it.

Lord save us from such shame. COUZIN DOROTHY.



A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys. Here it is:—"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—*Ex.*

IN THE HEART OF A ROSE.

How do we know the thoughts that grow
In the heart of a rose?
We reach the source of thought divine
When we worship at Nature's inmost shrine.
Sometimes a child, with lips apart,
Gazing deep in a rose's heart,
With a questioning sigh and a look of awe,
Feels all the working of life and law
In the glowing heart of a rose.

How can we tell the joys that dwell
In the heart of a rose?
We touch the heart of infinite bliss
When we know we are one with all that is.
Sometimes the mists are cleared from my sight,
My soul mounts up to meet the light,
And I feel with a joy that is almost pain
That its inner meaning is clear and plain,
For I am the heart of the rose.

—VANTIA BAILEY.



TIME TO WEEP.

I said, when the great sun of morning rose
 Up from the hills, and struck the day from night:
 "How can I bear until the evening's close
 This heavy burden brought me with the light?
 O that the twining arms that hold me so
 Would for one blessed moment cease to cling!
 O that the souls to whom my soul must overflow,
 Would for one instant cease their clamoring!
 Perhaps, when all these cares are hushed in sleep,
 I shall find time to weep."

I said, when the hot noon-tide sun so fiercely shone
 That the parched earth lay dumb in its despair,
 Seeing my fellow-workers labor on,
 Each over-laden with his weight of care:
 "My burden is not hard; but O these cries!
 The bitter anguish of this struggling throng!
 How can I crush the tears back from my eyes,
 And spare a hand to help the weak along?
 Perhaps, when this great world is hushed in sleep,
 There will be time to weep!"

But when the tired day sank into the night,
 And the red sun hung toppling o'er the west,
 Leaning a moment from my casement's height,
 I caught the spirit of a mighty rest.
 My soul sprang up to meet the evening star,
 Dropping its burden in the arms of night;
 A glorious message coming from afar
 Filled all my being with a pulsing light;
 I shouted while the world lay hushed in sleep:
 "There is no time to weep!"

[The above poem fluttered into our sanctum in an envelope bearing the words "For THE COMING LIGHT." No authorship is given, no explanatory word aids us to give it proper credit. It is our habit to lay aside all unsigned contributions, but the soul of the writer, which rises to meet our own in every line, is stronger than habit, hence we give it place and ask the writer to come out from hiding that the world may know to whom the meed of praise must be accorded.]

by Art must be controlled and directed. To what end? To what immediate end?

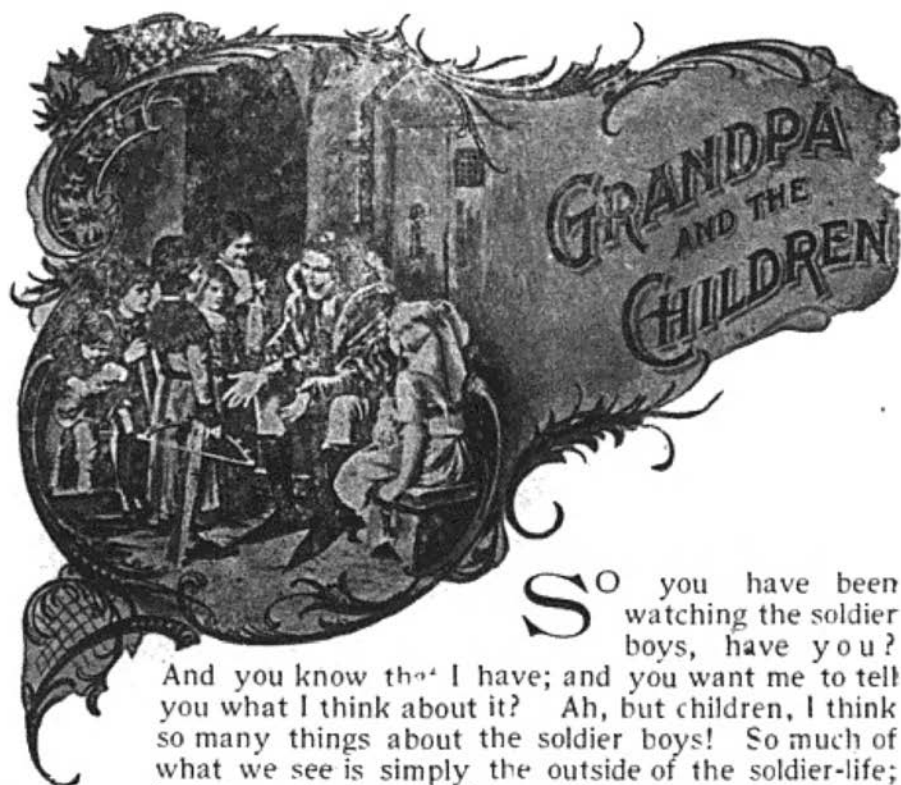
To the creation of the City Beautiful, the beautiful house of mankind, and therein, and in keeping with the spirit of the Whole, the creation of the Fit, the Seemly, and again the Beautiful!—*F. J. Cobden-Sanderson.*

We should approach the question of the beautifying of London from the side of tidying up of necessary work: there is little hope just now of Art produced with malice aforethought. We must, above all, get rid of the grandeur idea of Art. We have only to go to Vienna to see what modern mechanical grandeur will do for a city. Art is but a garment of life. It is the well doing of what needs doing. Art is not the pride of the eye and the purse, it is a link with the child-spirit and the child-ages of the world. The Greek drama grew up out of the village dance; the Greek theatre was developed from the stone-paved circles where the dances took place. If we gathered the children who now dance at the street corners into some better dancing-grounds, might we not hope for a new music, a new drama, and a new architecture?

Unless there is a ground of beauty, vain it is to expect the fruit of beauty. Failing the spirit of Art, it is futile to attempt to leaven this huge mass of 'man styces' by erecting specimens of architect's architecture, and dumping down statues of people in cocked hats.

We should begin on the humblest plane by sweeping streets better, washing and whitewashing the houses, and taking care that such railings and lamp-posts as are required are good lamp-posts and railings, the work of the best artists attainable.—*Of Beautiful Cities by W. R. Lethaby.*

The decoration of public buildings should be the highest form of popular art, as it was in the Middle Ages, when a town-hall, or church, was no bad equivalent for a public library storied with legends and symbols—histories, as they were, which impressed themselves upon the unlettered, through the vivid language of design. At present, the highest form of popular art appears to be the poster, which, if it does not always *decorate* our buildings, at least often *covers* them.—*Of the Decoration of Public Buildings by Walter Crane.*



SO you have been watching the soldier boys, have you?

And you know that I have; and you want me to tell you what I think about it? Ah, but children, I think so many things about the soldier boys! So much of what we see is simply the outside of the soldier-life; and so much that we don't see is the most important and the real-est part of the soldier-life. We see the camp near home, the flags and flowers and music, but these are only the beginning of soldiering. Afterwards, comes the long journey to strange lands, and the long waiting in a far country, with, perhaps, battle and wounds and death for many. And across the sea, in Spain, are other soldier boys getting ready for the same long journey. They are the ones who are to bring battle and wounds and death to our boys; and our boys are to retaliate with battle and wounds and death for them. That is the cost of war. The tears and heart-ache and long loneliness of the folks at home; the long loneliness, the sickness, the wounds, and perhaps the death of the boys at the front—these are the heavy cost of war. It is such a pity! It is such a pity for both sides. And children, it is just as much a pity for the Spanish mothers and fathers and sisters and their boys away at the front, as it is for us and our boys. *And I hope*

you will all stop for a moment every day to think and feel so. It will help to bring peace of the right sort—peace based on justice and love—sooner than it can ever come unless we do have this feeling for both sides.

This is the child side of the war, this remembering the human reality of the loves and aches, the hopes and hurts of the people we are fighting. This is being just to them, by thinking of them as they really are, and not as some of the abominable pictures in the papers would have us believe that they are.

Yes, I know about the Cubans, and I know that the Spanish government has been treating them very badly indeed. The United States is doing the splendidly right and heroic thing in telling the Spanish government to call its soldiers home, and to leave the Cubans free to manage their own affairs in their own way. There is no doubt about that. It is right and wise to prevent injustice, and the United States is fighting to prevent injustice.

But, and it is time to remember it again, the game of war is the devil's game. It is finally a loss for both sides. The victorious side pays for its glory and success in tears and suffering and sorrow; and the losing side pays the same heavy price for its defeat.

And it is the poorest way in the world to decide questions. Love and reason are the best parts of men, and they are the lamps that will best light our feet through dangerous places. Never doubt that. Hatred, misunderstanding and strife are blacknesses that shed darkness just as a lamp sheds light. These powers of blackness must be put out of the world, and I believe it is part of the business of you young Americans to put them out, and to bring the world to a better way of getting along with itself?

So, I say, as a beginning to this work of filling the world with light, think of the Spanish boys once in a while, and of their fathers and mothers and sisters, and be as sorry for them and their hurts, as you are for the hurts of the people about us.

and in the wide fields of the world whatever, and all, that the days of reason and liberated good sense call for.

Minot J. Savage says in a recent sermon:

If we can make it clear to the world that Spain is responsible for the destruction of our battleship, there is no question of our being able to be indemnified. Is it the best way, because two hundred and sixty men have already been killed, to kill ten or fifty or a hundred thousand more—not only Americans, but Spaniards as well? And did it never occur to you in all these matters that it is never the right person that gets killed when you go to war? These men that we should send out in our armies, they are not responsible. Why should we kill them? The poor Spaniards that would meet us in defence, they are not the ones that blew up the Maine. Why should we kill them?

We are glad that this great-souled man voices the sentiment of peace and love, and calls into question the feasibility of the present strife. If every minister in the world had uttered as strong a protest it might have saved the expense of war and the far greater expense of human life, by arousing like sentiments which might have led to an organized protest of the millions of church women, who rely upon the words of their minister as the ultimatum in contingencies requiring decisive action.



LET'S SWEAR OFF.

The following composition was written by a little girl of eight years: "There was once a poor young man who loved a wealthy lady's daughter. But he had no money to buy furniture. One day a bad man asked him to go and get drunk and offered him \$22 if he would do so. But the poor young man said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' He went home, and on his way he found a purse with \$500,000,000 in it. He was very happy, and he ran and told the rich lady's daughter. Then they got married. They had a beautiful wedding, and the next day they had twins. So thus we see that virtue is its own reward."—Ex.



"IN THIS OUR WORLD" is the title of a collection of poems by Charlotte Perkins Stetson that have come to bless the thoughtful reader and to inspire the soul that dreams and drifts, by the injection into it of vivifying currents. Its purpose, to enlighten through conviction, is tenderly foreshadowed in the preface.

Would ye but understand!

Joy is on every hand!

Ye shut your eyes and call it night,

Ye grope and fall in seas of light—

Would ye but understand.

The book in its mechanical construction is produced in a fine style of modern art: it emanates from the University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A., contains two hundred and seventeen printed pages, is adorned with a portrait of the gifted author and is published by Small, Maynard and Co., Boston. The poems, one hundred and fifty in number, are classed under three heads, viz: *The World, Woman, The March*. In neither division is there a single poem which the most dyspeptic critic or humanity hater would consider "dry, stale and unprofitable."

The writer is intensely humane, and what the thousand eyes are to the butterfly in enabling it to pierce its environment is the keen and refined vision of this seer into the holy mysteries of life and through the veil of mortal sense, behind which greed, lust, avarice, ignorance and injustice hope to hide. Never was love more real, sorrow more pathetic, joy more profound, disgust deeper, and immortality more significant than as seen through the medium of some of these verses. Through the web of mortal heroism and weakness, of man's virtues and vices, of life's losses and gains, runs the golden thread of expression upon which they are strung in such plain Anglo-Saxon phraseology that none can fail to see their meaning.

Her vision of what woman will be when certain conditions in her evolution are realized is thus portrayed:

"A woman—in so far as she beholdeth her one Beloved's face,

A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth the children of the race;

A body, free and strong with that high beauty

That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;

A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,

And Justice reigns with Love;

A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise and tender,

No longer blind and dumb;

A Human Being of an unknown splendor

Is she who is to come!"

For the anti-suffragists, among whom are "fashionable women in luxurious homes," "successful women who have won their way," "religious women of the feebler sort," "ignorant women—college bred sometime but ignorant of life's realities," and some good, conscientious women with ideas, but who think woman's cause is best advanced by letting it alone—of these, who "tell us they have all the rights they want," she says:

"Traitors are they all—

To great Democracy and Womanhood."

The writer of this notice remembers to have seen an audience of a thousand cultivated people convulsed with laughter and clapping their keen appreciation of the poem entitled "An Obstacle," when read by the author herself. It is an old and early friend and so full of truth that an appreciative press never permits it to fall to the ground and be forgotten.

Mrs. Stetson's powers of poetic description are never more happily exercised than when California is her theme. Its pioneers, its changeless seasons, its unlimited extent, its views from a car window, or the summit of Russian Hill, the city's beauty,

"With the glimmer of white walls,
With the climbing grace of towers;
Fair with great fronts tall and grand,
Stately streets that meet the sky,
Lovely roof lines, low and high,—

all are painted with a skilled hand and in colors.

To the regiments of our "Regulars" who have just bade farewell to the beautiful Presidio—so many years their home—this picture of the beds of fleur-de-lys, which are so familiar to them at this season, will be well remembered:

"High-lying, sea blown stretches of green turf,
Wind-bitten close, salt covered by the sea,
Low curve on curve, spread far to the cool sky,
And, curving over them as long as they lie,
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys."

Now who can tell how often and perhaps vainly they will long for

"The strong, sweet winds blowing straightly off the sea
Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow,
It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free!

The poems which best express the author's opinion of grave questions relating to social and political economics sparkle with wit as well as with nuggets of uncommon common sense. For instance, under the title of "Heroism" verses portraying the strain required to escape the trammels of old habits of thought, under the effort to train one's "ancestral brain" to modern service and to live abreast of what one thinks, how true

"It takes a courage grim

As led Columbus over the world's rim."

What preacher of the yesterdays or todays, exhorting his people to accept the salvation brought by the birth into this world of the Son of God, has ever expressed more truth in an hour's exhortation than is contained in these five lines:

"If we have not learned that God's in man,
And man in God again;
That to love thy God is to love thy brother,
And to serve the Lord is to serve each other,—
Then Christ was born in vain."

The poem entitled "Wings" would admit the author to recognition as an Apostle of the beautiful did the book contain nothing else which is its equal.

"A sense of wings—
Soft downy wings and fair—
Great wings that whistle as they sweep
Along the still gulfs—empty, deep—
Of thin blue air."

This and the completing lines are so full of the sense of strength, swiftness, freedom and expanse, that the reader involuntarily inhales a deep, long breath, extends his arms and feels, momentarily, plumed for flight, either of body or spirit.

Doubtless there are hypercritics who will measure some of the stanzas in this book by the tape line of a standard of rhythm which often sacrifices mere sound to sense, but the beating heart of the world, which loves, suffers, and aspires, will realize in it and be grateful to it, for an interpretation of the best and holiest within the soul of man.

For Sale by Elder & Shepard, Booksellers,
238 Post Street,
San Francisco.

Price \$1.25.

The World Beautiful is the title of two small volumes written by Lillian Whiting. She points the way very beautifully to the social side of the new era, the new time that is to be. It might well be called the fine art of living for she deals with the real life which knits men together, and forms a basis for the economic combinations in industries and the more touchable practicalities.

She says: "The highest ideal of happiness lies in social intercourse; the highest luxury of life in a sympathetic relation to one's fellow beings." Again: "Any friendship worthy of the name is large enough to include each and all,—those who have sinned, those who have been sinned against. Human life, as impersonated in each individual, is made up of mingled imperfections, striving with more or less genuineness and ardor for perfection."

Her thought of the subtle life in and about the social man is expressed in the following paragraph—"We live not only in an atmosphere composed of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen but in one which is simply throbbing and pulsing and thrilling with vitality. It is life all life around us. This atmospheric vitality holds in solution all things. We may draw from it in every conceivable direction and receive in a measure limited only by our capacity for receiving. In referring to Christ's promise "and greater works than these shall ye do," she says: "And the way is Love. This is the utmost potency, the divine energy, the spiritual conditions of all bloom and brightness and blessedness of life are love and harmony, or that harmony that is the result of love."

I have given here only the basis of her philosophy. In its application to every day social life she finds the very essence of culture and an open road to light and wisdom.

The work is in two volumes of about 200 pages each, beautifully bound in green and gold cloth, price each \$1.00. In white and gold each \$1.25. It is published by Robert's Bros., Boston, Mass.

M. L. M.

Fresh from the hands of the printer, Hudson Kimberly Co., Kansas City, comes Dr. E. D. Barber's "Complete Osteopathy," a book of 550 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, printed on a beautiful quality of paper and splendidly illustrated with cuts of the various positions of patient and operator in osteopathic practice. The doctor is a clear, concise writer and uses few technical terms to confound the uninitiated. The book is destined to have a large sale among the searchers after truth and those of afflicted humanity who have failed to find relief from physical suffering under old methods. The instructions are so simple as to enable anyone ordinarily intelligent to become proficient in the manipulations. The doctor has authorized THE COMING LIGHT to offer the book for sixty days at the low price of \$10.00. This is very cheap for so valuable a work. Send in your orders to Dr. E. D. Barber, 415 Keith and Perry Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"In This, Our World," Poems by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"The Nature of Mind," by Albert Chavannes.

"The Road to Immortality," by Brother Paul.

"Osteopathy Complete," by Dr. E. D. Barber.

"In The New Capital," by Joon Gilbrith.

"The World Beautiful," 3rd Series, by Lillian Whiting.

"Vibration The Law of Life," by W. H. Williams.

Poems of Today, "Heliotrope," "A Cottage Gray," by Frances M. Milne.

"777 Sensations," by Lendall Basford.

general betterment of mankind. Ezra James editor, Station A, Cincinnati, Ohio. Fifty cents per year.

The Christian Life, a journal of heredity, published quarterly in the interest of Sex Holiness, at Morton Park, Chicago, Illinois, J. B. Caldwell editor. Price fifty cents per year.

Expressive, a monthly journal of mind and thought, published in London, England. Price 6s 6d per year.

The Spirit of Truth, a monthly published at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in the interest of Spiritualism. Thomas Cook editor. Fifty cents per year.

The April *Journal of Osteopathy* is as usual up to the standard and 'contains a fine portrait of our old friend, Dr. Andy T. Still, the founder of *Osteopathy*, published at Kirksville, Missouri. Price one dollar per year. Ten cents a copy.

Christian, a monthly metaphysical paper edited and published by T. J. Shelton, 2222 Chester Street, Little Rock, Arkansas, is a creation all by itself and must be read to be appreciated.

New Light holds up the torch of Divine inspection for metaphysical students. Published monthly at Westport, L. I., New York.

A new song "Mother, God is Here," by Alvesta, comes to us from Scott Browne, Brooklyn, New York, and is destined to be sung by the people of the future more than now, as it is ahead of its time.

Prospectus of an American school of Metaphysics, of which Edmund Whipple is principal, outlines a thorough course of study and ought to be well patronized. It is located at 272 Madison Avenue, New York.

We note that *Intelligence* has adopted its old name of *Metaphysical Magazine* with the April number. It is a power in the land under whatsoever name it wears and is a credit to American journalism.



OFFICE CHAT.

THE COMING LIGHT hopeful thus instructs her dolls, which she has seated in a row upon a window seat to hear the sermon she and mamma have just attended: "Now dollies, I want to teach you that God made everything. He made the trees and flowers and once he made a beautiful garden with fruit trees in it, and made a man and called him Adam. Adam was happy at first but he soon got lonesome and asked God to send him company, and now *remember this*, dollies, God put Adam to sleep and took out all his *brains* and made a woman."

We feel much inflated as letters of appreciation continue to come to us from all over the world complimenting our work, both mechanical and literary, while the real encouragement we are receiving from our fellow journalists is an inspiration every hour.

This number of the magazine is three days later than usual on account of the rush of job work during the past month. With greater facilities, which we are providing, we hope that such an apology will be needless in the future.

Part of THE COMING LIGHT force have "gone a fishing" and part are in the country rustivating and trying to sprout ideas for another year's use, while the printer's devil remains at home and makes pi and other indigestibles, makes love to the typo and fires up with all his might to keep the light coming until the editorial staff returns.

The above hint is sufficient guarantee for the special features in the July number promised in the editorial notes. With a whole month in which to work out new and original conceptions of how a journal should be run. Don't be surprised if some genuinely devilish colorings flame out in its pages in an effort to insure it a warm welcome by its many readers.