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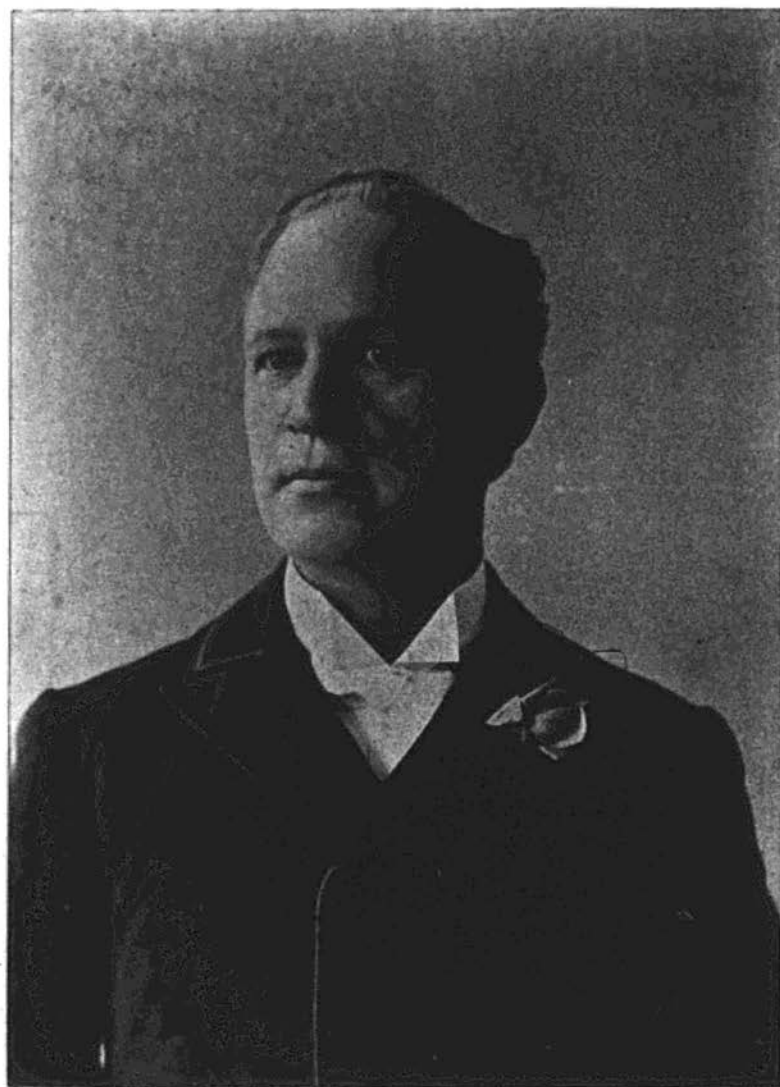
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JAMES H. BARRY.



The Coming Light

VOL. 3.

AUGUST, 1898.

NO. 3

“WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?”

BY JAMES H. BARRY.

WE are just at the beginning of what may prove to be a total change of national policy. Will it be for better or worse? “That depends.” Is our war with Spain a war for freedom or a war for conquest?

If for freedom, it must be carried on in a broad and magnanimous spirit, as it has been by our army and navy. But there are many safe at home, especially in editorial sanctums, who are very bitter against the people of Spain, innocent of any wrong intent, and against the soldiers and sailors of Spain, forced into the service for starvation wages, and starving at home.

My little daughter, aged thirteen, when she saw the glaring head-lines in the daily papers announcing Dewey’s victory and gloating over the deaths of six hundred Spaniards, asked with tearful eyes: “Papa, are you glad that those Spaniards were killed?” “No, Edith, I am not.” “I thought not,” she rejoined; “for lots of those Spaniards may have children just like us,” and,

as she kissed me tenderly, she added, "they will miss their papas just as much as we would miss you."

There spoke the "one touch of nature." Congress has virtually affirmed this to be a war for freedom, and not for conquest, and Americans so desire it to be. For that they have freely offered their money and their lives. For that hundreds of their corpses lie unburied to-day on the hills around Santiago. For that our naval heroes, from stokers to admirals, are willing to sacrifice everything.

Cubans for years, under almost unparalleled difficulties, with unsurpassed heroism, have fought for independence; not to exchange one master for another—a Spanish don for an American syndicate. We have no more right to rule over Cuba or the Philippines than has Spain. And right here let us ask ourselves the question: Would not the Cubans suffer as much with the Mark Hanna type of trusts and monopolies controlling their courts, legislatures and municipalities, as they have suffered under the rule of Spain? Could even the reconcentrados be much worse off under Spanish rule than are the miners of Pennsylvania, Tennessee or Illinois or the palace car builders of Pullman? Thousands of children in this "free" country, whose fathers are denied the right to work, even now clamor for bread; and thousands of mothers turn their faces to hide their tears as they hear their little ones pleading for what they cannot give. Who that has visited the garret's dingy story or the damp cellars in the slums where live the very poor, could have failed to realize their terrible misery, and, with a sigh, asked God to pity them?

It is evidently the purpose of the administration and the combines back of it to take Cuba and the Philippines and hold them, not as free countries under American protection, but as a means by which to open a wider field for American syndicates, land-grabbers and politicians, as in the case of the Hawaiian Islands. An American protectorate for Cuba and the Philippines is certainly necessary for a period long enough to enable their peoples to establish such governments as they desire and are capable of organizing. But that is a radically different proposition from

spending hundreds of millions of our people's money and thousands of their lives to make a few more plutocrats and owners of principalities. Our people do not want that policy. We are essentially peaceful, slow to anger even when we know that we have been wronged, yet so strenuously believing in peace that we will even *fight* for it. The Spanish people are warlike, and its government has taken advantage of that feature to become, in its colonial relations, conscienceless, greedy, cruel, a world's bandit. To crush Spain now may be a deadly blow to vested wrongs and an indirect but emphatic affirmation of the inherent and equal rights of all peoples to the soil and that which they produce, independent of deeds, charters, grants, laws or constitutions.

In view of what always follows the lust of conquest, the greed for the dominion of the earth, I would, were I to stand alone, oppose the acquisition of territory "on the European plan," even should I be accused of treason and hanged as a traitor.

If this war is not for freedom, what is it all about? After it is over will come our greatest difficulties, our "entangling alliances," our vexed questions. The liberty of the Cubans is important, but the liberties of our own people are more so. In this land teeming with plenty, with natural resources ample for a billion of people, there are millions of tramps, thousands of them in this State alone, which could support fifty millions, but does not support much over one million. These tramps are criminals by law, because denied the right to earn an honest living unless upon conditions with which it is impossible for them to comply.

"Millions of hands want acres
And millions of acres want hands."

Returning from this digression to the war. How would the American Revolutionists have fought if the French government had said to them: "Yes, we will help you to get free of Great Britain, but of course we shall have to see afterwards that your government is subordinate to ours; we will appoint your governor and your principal officials; we will apply our revenue and tax systems in your country." Yet this seems to be the program of the administration as to Cuba and the Philippines, approved by

many Republican and some Democratic politicians and papers, and of course by the trusts and monopolies. Will the people tolerate it? Those are the elements of the question,—“What shall the harvest be?”

Now let us look back a little, to enable us to look forward. I was opposed to this war because it was unnecessary. Had Presidents Cleveland and McKinley but done their duty by recognizing the Cubans as belligerents instead of prosecuting and punishing such Americans as desired to aid them in furnishing arms, provisions, etc., the Maine would not have been blown up and there would have been no war, because the Cubans could have then fought out their own salvation. But owners of Spanish bonds were influential enough to stifle the voice of our people and control both administrations in succession, hoping that the Cubans would be subdued, so that the bonds would rise. Cuban heroism and American sentiment, however, proved too much for these “powers of darkness in high places.” These they could not understand, being themselves destitute of patriotism, conscience and humanity. Therefore they trimmed their sails accordingly, and failing to realize on Spanish bonds, they now plan to ensure Cuban bondage by grabbing Cuban soil and running Cuban politics to their own enrichment.

When the war is over (and even during its progress, for “forewarned is forearmed”) we need to consider the rights not only of our race but of all races. If the principles of the Declaration of Independence are sound, they are as applicable to the Philippines and to Cuba as to this country; and the Declaration of Independence made by Aguinaldo and others, on June 12, 1898, should be regarded as no less sacred than that of American patriots on July 4, 1776. If these principles are carried out, this war will be followed not only by an era of peace but of progress. The benefits thus conferred upon others will react on ourselves, and “the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man” become more of a reality than has ever been known.

The Civil War, undertaken only for the preservation of the

Union, with strenuous disavowment of any intention to interfere with the then sacred institution of chattel slavery, nevertheless became its death. So may this war be, as to results, wrested from the control of the present slave power, and instead of being twisted into new openings for political and industrial spoils, become the means of immeasurable benefit. We are near "the parting of the ways." Which way shall we take? "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—likewise of nations—"which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." That tide is ours to-day, if we seize it.

Our Nation, and the States composing it, collectively and severally, have been gagged and fettered by courts, constitutions and a misrepresentative ballot. We are a live people, brimful of energy and ingenuity, tied down to the pettiness of the past. Cubans can start free of constitutions and traditions, unbound by the past. They will do it, if the matter is left to them. It is the duty of all friends of freedom in this country to protest against conquest, and to insist that those who have "fought the good fight" against Spain, year after year, in poverty, starvation, torture and ignominy, shall receive their reward in the right to establish their own institutions, their own government.

But they are of an "inferior race" and "we must teach them." Let me ask this question: Could our "superior race" undergo more terrible suffering for freedom than the Cubans have undergone, almost without hope, generation after generation? And may they not, without the judicial fetters which bind us, accomplish even more than we have done?

We must "teach them," must we? And our "great men" must hold them in surveillance and subordination until they learn! "Teach them!" What do *we* know? Teach them! Why, it is so much more difficult to unlearn than to learn that if we give them a "free hand" they will soon be able to teach us by example what a "people's government" really is.

One of the foundation principles of this Republic is that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." What moral right have we then to take possession of any land and establish a government for its people without their

"consent," whether they be "fit" or "unfit" to govern themselves? If "unfit," particularly, we would not want them, though we should "protect" them, without undue interference with their internal affairs. Suppose you know a family, the only fault of whose members is that they are the victims of injustice and cruel wrong, would you, because you had given them a helping hand, be justified in taking possession of them against their will? And if you thought them "unfit" would you wish to do so, and make them one with your own family? A nation is a family on a large scale.

One beneficial effect of the war has been that it has completely connected the North and the South. Another will be that it would not be safe for foreign powers to wrong American citizens. Hitherto, even the small Central and South American Republics have often done so with impunity, so that the victims had to appeal to British consuls for protection and redress. No more will that disgrace be repeated.

After the tumult—when we have time to think—we must meet "the still small voice" of conscience, which speaks for human rights, and far surpasses in power all the weapons of destruction. For if unheeded it leaves the people's enemies free to continue to work havoc, as they have done in all the long centuries. Let us hope that this war will bring to pass the vision of poets and prophets—ring in the era foreshadowed by Tennyson:

"When the war drum beats no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE ATOM.

BY G. E. BAILEY, E. M., PH. D.

(Concluded.)

THE most complex forms of consciousness have evolved from the protoplasm, and it from the mineral and atom. The mineral, vegetable and animal are but successive steps of progress in an ascending series, each having the properties and characteristics of the group below it, plus something new and different in addition; while Man represents in himself the sum of all, the Universe in miniature. The planes of existence may be classified as follows, beginning at the top:—

1st—The Animal Kingdom, reaching its culmination in
Spiritual man; and

Physical man.

2d—The Vegetable Kingdom.

3d—The Mineral Kingdom, which exists on three planes:—

Gases

Liquids

Solids.

4th—The Elements or Atoms.

The underlying idea is the steady advancement from the lower series to the higher, or organization and progress; evolution not revolution; and that life is made manifested to our senses through organized structure. The living matter of the first and second planes differs from that below in degree, not in kind; the microcosm repeats the macrocosm, and one chain of causation connects the nebulous original of suns and planetary systems with the protoplasmic foundation of life and organization.

Mineral and vegetable, vegetable and animal seem dispartate facts; but two phases of the same process may seem dispartate facts when taken a sufficient distance apart. At first glance it would seem impossible that heat and cold could originate from

each other; but watch the mercury creep up or down the tube and be convinced. There seems to be a wide difference between the atom and the amœba, or between the amœba and man, but evolution traces the degrees of progress between.

There is a special manifestation of force in the raising—evolution—of matter from each plane to the plane above it, and in executing movements on the higher plane. Plants cannot feed upon elements, but do feed upon minerals—atomic compounds—; animals cannot live upon minerals, but do upon vegetables.

Matter descending from the second to the fourth plane sets free energy that lifts matter from the third to the second; as decomposition of vegetable matter sets free mineral matter which may combine again in new vegetable forms. So also the destruction of matter on the first plane feeds matter on the second that is in turn raised again.

The vital energy manifested on each plane may be tabulated as follows, and numbered in reverse order to correspond with the above:—

4th, ATOMS—Physical energy only, as chemical at once raises matter to the third plane.

3d, MINERAL—Physical plus chemical energy.

2d, VEGETABLE—Physical, plus chemical, plus vegetable vitality.

1st, ANIMAL—All of the preceding, plus will power.

Each form of energy differs in degree, not in kind, as each is but one form of expression or manifestation of life itself. Both organic and inorganic forms are capable of assimilating material from without, the organic by nourishment; the inorganic directly—as the crystal grows by assimilating from the solution. Both are capable of producing offspring at least by division.

All matter must “die” in order to pass from one plane to the next higher; but death means only change of form, for there is no annihilation of matter; it is as eternal in some form as the source from which it came. Each manifestation—be it in crystal, pebble, flower, worm, or man—expresses in form and substance the degree of development attained by atoms in their universal

process of evolution, in their education through experience on all planes and through all forms of existence.

It is only by study of the lowest elementary forms, by learning the A, B, C, of nature that we are able to comprehend the higher and more complex; to understand that by union we rise to indefinitely higher evolution, higher species; by division we go down, ever down, to the lower planes. "United we stand, divided we fall" is true of the chemical, physical, vegetable and animal planes of existence, as it is true of political, commercial, communal, and domestic relations. Union is love, disunion is hate; union is unselfishness, light; disunion is selfishness and darkness.

Materialism fails because it stops before it reaches the atom and after it reaches physical man; because it refuses to believe what cannot be touched or felt. One who cannot go beyond experience may be a good observer but no philosopher; experience furnishes the premises but logic must give the conclusion.

Break a magnet in two, and each half is a magnet. Crush it to powder and the microscope shows each particle to be still a magnet; therefore we conclude that the big magnet is an assemblage of molecular magnets; we imagine legitimately where we cannot experience. Evolution teaches us that life as it now is, from the lowest plane up, can transcend itself; and must in accordance with the desire of the Creator, of which it is itself a part, transform itself into a higher life than that of physical man; into the higher plane of the Thinker, the Ego of Spiritual existence above and beyond the plane of this material world.

One cannot study any portion of this evolution without being impressed and touched by the great loving processes of nature. Love and goodness are as genuine forces in the scheme of progress as gravitation. Study crystallization and be astonished by the wonderful and beautiful division of labor; by the instinct of devotion and loyalty to the mass, by the *esprit de corps*. Study this in the nebular hypothesis, the love story of the babyhood of the solar systems, and you will see love, light and life as the great forces at work from the beginning; and that the atom's involution and evolution, its internal and external growth and development

have all one and the same object, MAN. Man is the highest physical and ultimate form on this earth; man himself who is destined through processes of evolution on spiritual planes beyond this earth life to become one with the ONE.

In physical man we may review all that precedes, until we realize that he is the combination of all the matter and of all the forces of all the preceding planes. We may realize all of this and still fail in our studies if we do not go on and study man's spiritual nature until we appreciate the truth that man contains within himself the same potential powers that exist in the creative forces of nature; that while he is the combination of a thousand elements, he is yet the expression of a single spirit. Each Ego is at least a feeble spark of the ONE.

* The lofty aspirations of humanity are not delusions, they are realities, proofs of the spiritual man growing, evolving to a higher life.

The atom, minute beyond comprehension, contains potentially the qualities of the crystal; the tiny crystal contains the possibilities of the seed; the seed the possibilities of the sequoia. In the germ the one-one hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter are the forces and tendencies of the whole nutritive and intellectual life of a human being. So in the invisible soul there dwells a picture of the whole universe, by mystic grace a dream of the divine in this life; a part of immortality, of the divine, when we change our forms to those of the next higher plane of existence, the spirit plane there, with greater powers and greater freedom, to evolve into more complete life, ending at last with union with the ONE from whom we came and of whom we are a part.

SOCIETY AND PHILANTHROPY.

BY MRS. E. O. SMITH of San Jose.

THERE is an old saying "In time of peace prepare for war," but we might as wisely reverse the terms and say "In time of war prepare for peace." This, by becoming more intelligent regarding the underlying principles which make for the peace, happiness and prosperity of nations.

Philanthropy may seem a tame subject at this time, when our great battle ships (which we have looked upon as vestiges of the time when men resorted to fighting as a peace measure) have put out to sea in order to shed the blood of human beings whom we have been wont to call our brothers. But true patriotism and philanthropy are closely allied, and we can best display our patriotism by laboring to establish that which is the greatest need of the hour, a better peace for "Uncle Sam's" family. No one will deny that the real need of this country is not so much war, as a better peace, and that can never be established except by the union of patriotism and philanthropy. In considering social life and philanthropy, we join a great band of earnest students of one of the greatest, problems if not the greatest, of our age. A problem which has baffled the students of economics in all ages, and which successfully worked out would put an end to war, and want, and misery, and bring at least the dawn of that millennium of which optimists of all ages have sung.

This article is shaded with doubt regarding the speedy solution of the problem; but a doubt or even a pessimism which is born of reflection is safer than an optimism born of thoughtlessness or credulity. A hopeless pessimism regarding ultimate results springs from egotism and narrow-mindedness. Its sphere is bounded on all sides by *l*. In one of the cities of California lives a man who honestly believes himself to be the light of the world. Not long since he attended a meeting of occults, and list-

Philanthropy is a term which has been as much distorted by use as any term in the English language. Philanthropy is the love of mankind. Philanthropists are born, not made. A man may give good gifts of money and estate and yet be utterly devoid of philanthropy. When a great fortune becomes burdensome, and the time approaches for nature to come in and separate forever the possessor from his possessions, true philanthropy would suggest that a portion of that which is no longer of value to its owner should be turned back into the avenues from which it was drawn, instead of being entailed to encourage idleness and profligacy, or turned into ecclesiastic or scholastic edifices which by their very nature debar those who have made them possible. Much of this latter sort of transference is going on in our country and passes current for philanthropy. It is a sort of death-bed philanthropy, and is subtracting from the foundations of our social structure to add to the finish and decoration. How long our structure will stand such undermining depends on its original strength and stability. In an article published some years ago, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Arthur Chavennes made the statement, which is apparent to all of us now, that the social battle which is upon us in this country is one to equalize chances, so that parents will endeavor to transmit virtues, such as industry, energy, thrift and economy, instead of their result in possessions.

How we ever evolved such atrocious ethical propositions as those which confront us in this country it is difficult to conceive. Honesty has withdrawn from public life and business pursuits. "Business is business." Politics is synonymous with corruption. Our present tactics which encourages a few firms to control the wheels of commerce, and, (to use a business man's term) to freeze out the poorer tradesman, is certainly bearing testimony to the doctrine that "the fittest shall survive," in its most vulgar interpretation. A merciless business competition without the leaven of noble sentiment is doing that which it will require armies of philanthropists to undo. Sentiment, which is so often ridiculed, is not always inane, it is not always sickly. Touching social problems, it is the revelation which humanity makes to the

and imagine ourselves "Scot free," and engage in the pleasant pastime of abuse, hurling all our anathemas at these our business and political scapegoats, forgetting that no individual is entirely at fault. The fault is in the system, and we are part and parcel of the system. What are we, the people, men who are voters and women who are non-voters, doing to protect our own interests? If the same magnificent response that has been made to a call for warriors to give battle to external foes could be made to a call for men and money with which to storm the strongholds of corruption in high places, to clean out political and business slums, to disfranchise indolent, inefficient and unfit voters, and enfranchise intelligence and morality, thereby protecting our nation's honor from foes within, we should soon establish a better peace, and realize the beneficent application of the law of the survival of the fittest as applied to nations.

But "while we have eyes we see not, while we have ears we hear not and while we have minds we perceive not the things of the higher law." We must recollect that without our voluntary submission selfishness and greed could not encompass our fair land. We ought to have too much pride of character to wish to be counted out of any proposition affecting the social life of the nation. In greater or less degree we must share in the responsibility of affairs. The spirit of shifting responsibility is the "worm that dieth not" and it is forever gnawing away at the heart of our institutions, and never shall we rise as long as we foster this spirit. We must rise to the consciousness of being *blameworthy* before we shall ever be accounted *praiseworthy*. The intelligent farmer declines to sow his seed upon the soil when the clods are hard and separate. He gets out his heavy crushing machine, breaks every clod and grinds it to powder, leaving the ground smooth and fallow, then he scatters his seed and an abundant harvest is the result. There is a tremendous undercurrent of revolt in this country. We see an unnatural inequality and feel that high-handed injustice is being done in the land; the philanthropist comes along, bearing in his hand the seed of collectivism; but he finds us disagreeing over methods. Perhaps the Creator



CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE BEHAVIOR OF GHOSTS.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

AN ENGLISH lady tells me that in her youth she was acquainted with a family residing in a hamlet not far from London. They were by no means in affluent circumstances, but they had a guardian angel all to themselves, who was, almost daily, visible to the whole family. He was always dressed like a laborer and invariably had a pipe in his mouth. What he did, or thought he was doing, for the benefit of the family was never discovered. He was rather fond of a joke, and when he saw some one of the family about to sit down on a chair he would often, very impolitely, appropriate it himself. As no one but a member of the *Psychical Society* would "sit upon a ghost," of course, another chair was taken for use by the mortal. Considering the prejudice against tobacco, shared, he confesses, by the writer, a guardian angel who smokes, or even persists in carrying a pipe in his mouth, is not an institution to be encouraged. It certainly suggests that he does not mingle in refined society in the *Summer land*, or else that the party now in power in that sphere has put a prohibitory tariff upon first-class *Havanas*.

But ghosts are various, and history is full of them. The dark ages were fairly illumined by their presence. In those days, we are told, weird ceremonies, chiefly at midnight when there was no moon, were practiced by the initiate. His invocations, although powerless to-day, seem to have invited ghosts who were so particular that if a light went out, or he got frightened, the poor initiate paid the penalty with his life, or returned to the bosom of his family as an uninteresting idiot. We are told, by those who have groped amid these mysteries, that the reward of success was a control of certain ghosts, who had to do just what they were bidden. Still they were always ready to mutiny, so that it seems to us of to-day as if their master were sitting on a keg of dynamite. Enjoyment of his privileges, if he had any,

occurrence, or given some name which he is to accept as proof that his darling or friend is actually there.

It is quite true that the Psychological Society has discovered and proved that "tests" are by no means what they seem to be. For the most part the powers of the mortal have practically done the business for the investigator. But without intruding on the field of that learned society we many of us believe, and some of us know, that there are ghosts of dead mortals, who walk the earth with a disposition to play the devil for their own particular amusement. And as a still broader fact, such ghosts are no more attached to Modern Spiritualism than they are to Christianity in any of its branches, or to the home of the "heathen Chinese."

Every human being has an invisible side to him, which is practically the ghost of himself. In earth life a man chooses associates out of whom he gets the most satisfaction. The ghost of himself does just the same. So the world of ghosts is for each of us very much what we make it. And the behavior of our ghostly friends is practically just what our behavior would be under their conditions and surroundings. There are devilish ghosts, and ghosts that are angels. Mortals exhibit the same variety. All that Spiritualism does, or has succeeded in doing in nearly every case, is to introduce a man to his own ghost, and the ghostly forms of his intimate but invisible and unknown ghostly friends. If he will study their performances he may come to a very accurate conclusion as to his own spirit level. So when THE COMING LIGHT is thrown upon this subject, every man can see that if he will but struggle for a higher manhood, he will soon have ghostly friends after his own heart, and of whose behavior he will never have occasion to be ashamed.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

BY WINNIFRED HARPER.

[Eugene V. Debs, much prostrated by his arduous labors, has been compelled to suspend all active work for a time. Through the generosity of a former employer and dear friend he has been able to take a trip to Europe for recuperation. The following article is written by a native of the same town with Mr. Debs, thoroughly conversant with his whole course of life. Feeling that he has been grossly misrepresented and villified she sends us the article in vindication of his character. Miss Harper is of the Stanford University Class of '96.—Ed.]

IT IS in no spirit of vain eulogy or of fanatic enthusiasm that I attempt a defense of Debs; nor is it with a view to expounding any novel economic theories or original plans for a working man's Altruria. Furthermore, it is not as a profound thinker nor as a magnificent worker, (though these estimates might be claimed for him) but as a *sincere man*, that I desire to present Eugene V. Debs

Eugene Victor Debs was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1855. His parents are sturdy French, who gave their oldest son the conscience and sense of justice characteristic of the Huguenots, with the fire and eloquence, in redressing wrong, of the heroes of the French revolution. His education was practical, but not extended, as, after High School he insisted upon trying life as a locomotive fireman. The few years spent in close contact with the grimmer classes proved a liberal education to one of Mr. Debs' quick sympathies. He accepted at first a position of importance in a large wholesale house, but ultimately found his vocation as the National Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and editor of its magazine, the best labor periodical in the country.

For twenty-two years Mr. Debs served in official capacity, during which time there was never one vote cast against him, nor an opposing candidate named. By acclamation, he was re-elected for twenty-two years consecutively and not one year did he accept his full salary. When the time came in which his

me, which has not laid stress upon "his fleeting, kindly smile," "genial enthusiasm," "earnest sincerity," "broad humanity," and "general impression of strength and benevolence."

He has been true to all the relations of life. In twelve years of domestic life there has not been the slightest friction. His faults are those of the over-generous nature, looking ever to great ends and passing details. Like Goldsmith's preacher, "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side," and as of this same shepherd, it may be said of him that "those who came to scoff remained to pray." At a recent lecture in Massachusetts the nephew of George M. Pullman, in company with a friend, was in the audience, through curiosity. Debs happened to speak of Pullman. "The strangest thing," said one of these young men, "was that he said scarcely a word that was not kindly of Pullman, the man who was perhaps first cause of his imprisonment. I was surprised and delighted with the man; he is not a demagogue! When I left the hall I could say of Debs, 'Thou hast persuaded me.'"

Most people who are large-souled and sincere are singularly modest and simple. Plato says of Socrates that he "was wise enough to know that he knew nothing." "There are two things I will not do," Mr. Debs declares, "write a book and lecture for money. I think it would be disreputable for me to use the notoriety I gained through working men's trouble. *If I can survive all the talk, I think I can do some good; if it's temporary notoriety, then I shall, as a New York paper suggests, 'go back to that obscurity from which I emerged!'*"

Mr. Debs is very fond of music and of children, and the little ones in turn appreciate and befriend him. Two tiny children ran away from home and brought Mr. Debs two small red banks containing \$15, "to keep 'em from putting 'oo in jail!"

"Woman suffrage is one of my hobbies," Debs affirms. "Until women have all their rights, we are not civilized. I firmly believe every social condition will be improved when women vote. They have more integrity and honor than men. A woman's vote cannot be bought by a glass of whiskey. If I have aught of good in me I owe it to my mother, sisters, and my wife. * *

In 1893, Mr. Debs deliberately resigned a comfortable and remunerative position to launch forth upon a hazardous, difficult, and thankless enterprise. The idea of the American Railway Union was original with him. Close study and observation had taught him that in union only is there strength. Co-operation in the ranks of skilled labor and among capitalists had formed impenetrable phalanxes, why not in manual labor, weakest and least protected of all? Dissensions among the petty labor guilds weakened and impoverished them. Why not unite in one grand whole the railroad employees of the country? In an incredibly short time this mammoth organization sprang into being and received the toilers who flocked from every corner of America, eager to follow so able and disinterested a leader. Mr. Debs claims that the A. R. U., as a compact body opposing the power of plutocracy, succeeded; but as opposing plutocracy, plus the Supreme Court of the United States, and the United States militia, it failed.

The incidental frenzy of a few desperate men is no more attributable to the President of the A. R. U. than were the outrages of the Civil War attributable to Abraham Lincoln!

Had Debs had prescience of a scaffold, or an assassination at the end of his path, instead of a brief imprisonment, he would have pursued his course unrelentingly. "In my vocabulary there are no wails of despondency, however black the future may look to others," he repeatedly affirms. When the strike was ended, by the frantic appeal of capital to the iron hand of government, Debs was willing, eager to stand trial before a jury of his peers in any court. Instead he was thrown into prison by a judge, without any more opportunity for just trial and defense than had the victims of the French tribunal. Governor Waite of Colorado publicly says: "The imprisonment of Debs is the greatest instance of judicial tyranny in the history of this government. He was arrested without warrant, imprisoned without a jury, and tried upon the dictum of a judge. The constitution has been confessedly violated." Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago says: "Debs is the leader of a sympathetic strike. We cannot forget that Amer-



VERNAL FALLS AND LIBERTY CAP.
(From "YOSEMITE AS I SAW IT," by CORA A. MORSE.)

THE COMING LIGHT

Glimpses of Eden? Yes, once again
 I caught a sight of a Paradise
 Where wealth commanded the praise of men—
 The coin of love grew worthless then,
 For the golden wings on which to rise
 To the glittering vault of the gilded skies
 By fame and ambition could never be wrought,
 And this later wisdom had clearly taught
 That a home in Eden with gold is bought.

Glimpses of Eden have fainter grown
 As the shadows lengthen along my way;
 Adversity's winds to its garden have blown
 Wild seeds, and they discordance have sown;
 And so, as I gaze afar to-day,
 No wonderful land doth its beauty display;
 But a vale of Contentment lies instead
 Where my eyes can behold it—just ahead,
 In a path my footsteps are sure to tread.

—*Lucy Sherman Mitchell.*

 FORGIVE AS YE WOULD BE FORGIVEN.

And you would bind the "scarlet letter" to her breast?
 You who so earnest prayed to be forgiven
 As you forgave? - Who hold your hopes of heaven,
 By just the slender thread of God's bequest,
 For sake of Christ, who died the world to save?
 You will deny the like to one whose sin
 Came through a power that strove her love to win,
 Then, in its height of life, dug deep a grave,
 And buried it, unmindful of a plea
 For justice 'gainst the merciless decree.

 THE BRIDAL ROSE.

I placed it in her hands,—the first-oped bridal rose
 That grew upon my bush,—and scarce less white were they
 Than it, as clasped across her pulseless breast they lay;
 The cheeks matched both, as in their still and sound repose
 They pressed the satin pillow of her narrow bed,
 And all admired its spotless purity and grace,
 And thought among themselves how fitting 'twas to place
 Its snowy whiteness in the casket of the dead.

They did not know how much more fit it was to greet
 The waiting bridegroom whom she went away to meet.

L. S. M.

 CONTENTMENT.

An angel erstwhile brought to earth,
 Bright jewels, pure, divinely fair,—
 And sought among its denizens
 Those who would cherish them with care
 And in their breasts the treasures wear.

They were unset; but in the heart
 Designed for them was left a space
 They just would fill; so no mistake
 Could the bestowing angel make,—
 Not one would fit another's place.

But one he carried far and long,
 And tried its proper soul to find;
 Almost despairing, he once more
 Took counsel with a Master mind,
 And asked if 'mong the human kind,
 So much as one Contentment wore.



LUCY SHERMAN MITCHELL.

THE SONG OF THE SOUL VICTORIOUS.

(Adapted from the Orient. Authorship Unknown.)

I stand in the Great Forever,
 I live in the ocean of Truth,
 And I bask in the golden sunshine
 Of endless love and youth.
 And God is within and around me,
 All good is forever mine;
 To all who seek it is given,
 And it comes by a law divine.
 In the deathless glory of spirit
 That knows no destruction nor fall,
 From the immortal fires of heaven
 To the plains of earth I call.
 Who is this "I" that is speaking—
 This being so wondrous in might?
 'Tis part of the primitive Essence,
 A spark of the infinite Light.
 Blasphemous and vain they may call me,
 What matters it all to me?
 Side by side we are marching onward,
 And in time we will all agree.
 Oh, I stand in the Great Forever,
 All things to me are divine;
 I eat of the heavenly manna,
 I drink of the heavenly wine.
 In the gleam of the shining rainbow
 The Father's love I behold,
 As I gaze on its radiant blending
 Of crimson and blue and gold.

In all the bright birds that are singing,
In all the fair flowers that bloom,
Whose welcome aromas are bringing
Their blessings of sweet perfume—

In the glorious tint of the morning,
In the gorgeous sheen of the night,
Oh, my soul is lost in rapture,
My senses are lost in sight.

Come back, O my soul, in thy straying
Let thy wandering pinions be furled,
Oh, speed through the heavenly ether
To this prosy and sense-bound world.

They say I am only mortal;
Like others I am born to die;
In the mighty will of the spirit,
I answer, "Death I defy!"

And I feel a power uprising,
Like the power of an embryo god;
With a glorious wall it surrounds me
And lifts me up from the sod.

"I am born to die!" Ah, never,
This spirit is all of me;
I stand in the Great Forever,
Oh, God, I am one with Thee!

I think of this birthright immortal,
And my being expands like a rose,
As an odorous cloud of incense
Around and about me flows.

A glorious song of rejoicing
In my innermost spirit I hear,
And it sounds like heavenly voices,
In a chorus divine and clear.

THE COMING LIGHT

Oh, the glory and joy of living!
Oh, the inspiration I feel!
Like the halo of love they surround me
With new-born raptures and zeal.

I gaze through the dawn of the morning
And I dream 'neath the stars of the night,
And I bow my head to the blessing
Of this wonderful gift of light.

Oh God, I am one forever
With Thee by the glory of birth!
The celestial powers proclaim it
To the utmost bounds of the earth.

Ye pilgrims of varied probations,
Ye teachers and saviors of men,
To your heaven-born revelations
My spirit shall answer "Amen!"

With you in the Great Forever,
With the children of earth I stand,
And this light flowing out like a river
Shall bless and redeem the land.

Oh, the glory and joy of living!
To know we are one with God,
'Tis an armor of might to the spirit!
'Tis a blossom that crowns the sod!

Thus I stand in the Great Forever,
With Thee as eternities roll;
Thy spirit forsaketh me never;
Thy Love is the home of my soul.

have led the world to trust in their ideals have we borrowed the thought and given it re-setting, guarding and cherishing it because of its antiquity; but because it is to us a *living* truth which we believe will in time be realized by the heart-hungry, sin-sick, soul-darkened world. And because we believe it true, we intend to keep the banner of Ideals floating and to continue to emblazon it upon our pages, while listening to its music in our souls, so long as THE COMING LIGHT exists and, the while, the "wheel of the breast" stirs the crimson tide of life.

The Godhood of the race! that is precisely what we are trying to reach; we will strive for nothing less. And if like the hunter who gave a lifetime to the pursuit of the white bird of truth, and having traced it to its eyrie, cut his way step by step to the top of the mountain and crept with bleeding feet from niche to niche to the summit, to find at last but *one feather* from its immaculate wing, and while dying with exhaustion clasped it to his breast and looked heavenward, thanking God because the people might follow the pathway he trod and find two or more, until the road was so well beaten and the way so well known that sometime the bird would be found and her knowledge revealed—if like him we must lay down the life physical before we see to any considerable degree the God-power of ourselves or the race manifested, it will be to perish on the mountain top of faith and hope with the banner of our ideals clasped closely to our hearts.

The most discouraging of the pessimists are those who almost seem to exult in the fact that no one has ever reached their ideals. When we reflect upon this and upon our remoteness from our own ideals, we suffer at times from heart-palsy; but press onward to the goal, knowing that the "truth shall make us free."

Do you remember the story of a great battle where the general in command fell under the shots of the enemy to the dismay of the soldiers, and a valiant color bearer saw the situation, raised the flag aloft in air and pressed forward to the enemy's ranks, calling his fellows to follow on? The officers in charge of the regiments shouted "Bring back the flag!" He waved the ensign in defiance of their orders and answered "Bring your men to it!"

His courage carried the army to victory and the world heralded his brave deed. So in this battle for the triumph of the higher principles of life we will not part with an ideal. We will stand and shout "bring the people up to the highest standard." We will fight for our ideals with tongue and with pen. We fear neither conservative criticism nor unbelieving scorn. The ideal is the real. The still small voice of the soul is the evangel of truth. We will live by it and die by it. We will continue to work for the entire liberation of the race, for its final evolution to Godhood. The sunlight creeping over the hilltop of each day will but strengthen our efforts and reinforce our power, until the radiant day cometh when achievement and realization give the right to rest.

If there are any discouraged among you, if any are faint-hearted, be of good cheer, clothe yourself in the full armor of your loftiest ideals and "stand by the guards" of the new dispensation until victory is ours!

C. A. M.

THE IDEAL-REAL.

A GLANCE at a stray proof-sheet, left on the sanctum table, reveals the senior editor enrapt with a vision of *Ideals*. But let no reader mistake our associate for a mere dreamer of idle dreams or a victim of fatuous and illusory imaginings. Such a judgment would be a most egregious blunder.

This caution is given because to a certain class of minds the very word *ideal* suggests always and only the purely visionary, the fantastic, the chimerical, the will-o-the-wisp, the castle-in-the-air, the thing that never was, is not, and cannot be forever. "Woe is me!" says the blinking owl, "that anyone should think of sunshine as aught but obscurity or imagine that any object can be clearly perceived except under the shades of night!" For the traditionalized mind this owl philosophy is practical, experimental

The ideal society will be that society which discovers and adopts the best methods by which men may live together and make of the universe a true human home.

Thus the ideal is only the as yet unrealized real—waiting for realization in the thoughts and achievements of men.

E. B. P.

DAVID AND THE LUPINE-BUSH.

IF A man do good, what shall be his reward? is not a new question. David—was it David? I am miles away from a Bible, so let us say that it was David—David said, "I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread," or words to that meaning—it has been years since I was presented with a picture-card for correctly repeating the text in Sunday School, and the lupine-bushes and sand-hills amidst which I write tell me that their memory of the passage is not accurate enough to offer any corrections to my version; and, as I said before, it is miles to any Bible other than the sea, and sky, and lupine-bushes, and sand-hills.

But David lived a long time ago, and the sand-hill on which I am sitting tells me that many things have happened since his time. The ocean, which is the mother of the sand-hill, and much older, also assured me that many things happened before David's time concerning which he was not informed or which he neglected to mention. They were just going on to remind me of the surf-boat which carried away heroes risking their lives in the effort to save others, and which drifted back to shore bottom-up and empty; and of the sailors who went out in the rotten ship, because it was the only ship in which employment offered, that they might come back with money to buy bread for their women and babies, but who never came back at all; and of many another tale of brave heart and honest endeavor defeated by warring

force or greed, when the lupine broke in and claimed my attention.

Now, the lupine, you must understand, is far younger than either the sea or the hills, and therefore much wiser and more acute in its intellectual processes. The sea is millions of years old, more ancient than all the pyramids, or than even the men who builded the pyramids; and the hills, too, are only younger than the sea; but the lupine-bushes are modern, and ratiocinative, and able to approach a statement like David's by the flank, and in the rear, and by the west-nor'-west side, and to worry from it many a meaning which would not be dreamed of by the blunter and simpler-minded moralists who have never studied tactics, and who can answer only "yes" or "no" to such a statement as David's.

The lupine-bush said: "David was able to differentiate clearly between the different classes of phenomena which came under his observation."

Perhaps I should explain, just here, that the lupine—being very young and very wise, talks in a learned tongue that reminds one faintly of Herbert Spencer.

"And so," the lupine-bush continued, "David saw that perfect wisdom means perfect righteousness. There is no wiser man than the man who does right, and no fool so foolish as the transgressor. If it were not so, there would be no force in the appeal to forsake the evil and cleave to the good. Of course, the wise man will do the good as well as know it, or he would be a fool and not a wise man. And so, perfect wisdom including perfect action, your wise—or righteous—man walks around all things that harm and seeks only those things which are good. It's all very simple if you think it out, and David was quite right. But when he said 'righteous' he meant something pretty wide-awake."

"One of the sailors who tried to swim ashore in me, but who found my waves too heavy for him," said the ocean, "swore to himself some before he went down, and I heard him say that he knew the ——— planks in that ——— ship were ——— rotten, and that a cruise in her was a ———"

dangerous undertaking. It appears to me he knew enough to escape that destruction, and then walked straight into it. There was a man wise enough for that occasion who took the chances because he could not make a living otherwise, and he was forsaken, and now his seed are trying to make a living selling peanuts up yonder on the beach, and that is meaner work than begging."

"As I said first," answered the lupine with rather more cocksureness of attitude than was becoming in one so young and small, even if it was very wise, "David knew how to differentiate. He did not say that he had never seen a righteous man forsaken; but that he had never seen the righteous forsaken; whether it were a righteous man or a righteous nation. Of course, the nation includes the man, and if the nation is foolish enough to be wicked, or wicked enough to be a fool, that nation will be forsaken. That is the reverse of David's observation. The wicked, he had seen forsaken. But the nation is made up of men and women—don't you see?—and they are the ones who will do the hurting. If in their individual affairs they are wise, they will not be forsaken, so far as the results of their individual actions go; but if the society of which they are parts is a fool in its actions, it will be forsaken, and the men and women will suffer accordingly. That was what was the matter with the sailor who went out in the rotten ship. He was part of a fool of a nation which fenced him off the land and then failed to make sure that the ship into which it drove him was fit to go to sea. Of course, he got drowned, and the nation lost its sailor. As a woman who used to come out here once wrote:

"Better have a tender conscience for the record of your house,
And your own share in the work which they have done,
 Though your private conscience aches
 With your personal mistakes,
And you don't amount to very much alone,
"Than to be yourself as spotless as a baby one year old—
Your domestic habits wholly free from blame,
 While the company you stand with
 Is a thing to curse a land with,
And your public life is undiluted shame;



MOSE DELIVERS A LECTURE.

Ladies an' Gen'lemen:—

I re'lize de diff'culty in dis here undeh-takin. I knowd it when I receive' de reques' from de President of de Debatin' S'ciety, to delivh a cou'se of lectures 'fore de S'ciety an' de Chu'ch. I feels flattered by de wisdom of yo' choice, an' hopes, dat by reason of my years, dat whatever I lacks in education may be made up by 'sperience or observation. I decided, on thinkin de matteh ovah, dat I take fo' de subjecks of my lectures, de Human 'Motions, an' dat I begin wiff de strongess of dem all—an' dat is Love. Love is de stronges' of all de Human 'Motions. Some folks might tink dat Hate de stronges', but taint sc—Love win every tin e, shcre.

I spose de stronges' an' deepes' love dat was ever witnessed by mortal eye was de love of God fer de worl'. De facks of de case is deese. De good God, he look outen de windows of heaven, an' he see de whole worl' goin ter rack an' ruin. Dere was mo' hatred on de earff dan it could well support. It jess groan undeh de burden of hate. An' dere was his chosen people tryin ter cleanse dere sins in de blood of bulls an' goats, 'cordin' to de law of Moses. Well, Moses powe'ful wise man—he receive his message from de Lord Hisself on two stone tablets, an' taint fer ole Mose ter say dat de Lord n' Moses made er mistake; but I does say dis—if de blood of bulls an' goats did cleanse dere sins,

it nebber put love in dere hearts. An' God, he looks all ober de worl', an' he see de udder nations goin' to de bad place w'en dey d.e, fer dey nebber had no chance ter hear of Moses an' his stone tablets, ner no chosen way. An' God open his eyes wide, he so sprised when he see it, an' he say, "My sakes er liver! Dis here wont do. Ise got ter stop all dis. It wont do at all." So at las' he think ef it was love what was needed, he betteh sen' love inter de worl'. So he take his only son off inter a cohneh, by de wall, under de shade of de tree of life, an' he say, "I guess I haff ter sen you down dere ter fill up dat vacancy." "What vacancy, fadder?" ask de Lord. "Why, dat vacancy where dere haint no love." "All right, whatever yo' say," says de Lord. "You go on down, an' down an' show em what love is. You teach em dat de 'scential ting is ter love me wiff all dere hearts, dere nabor like dere selves, an' ter try ter keep straight so long as dey lives, an' ter trus' me ter take care of dere sould afteh dey dead."

So, de good Lord, he come down here, an' he come ter a lowly home, an' he live a life of love—of sacrifice. He heal de sick, an' he raise he daid, an' he cast out debbils, an' make good men outen bad ones. But, law me! It took de worl' a powe'ful long time ter learn de lesson. An' dat part of it what was a livin at dat time never seem ter rec'gnize de truff, but dey took de Lord an' crucified him jes' cause he teach a doctern contrary to dere views of de subjeck. He died cause he teach like he did, but he live ter save us. We's saved by de life of Jesus Christ. Somehow I kaint nebber see how we's save by de deff of Christ. It pears ter me dat we's save by follerin his zample, an' livin his life, er tryin to. Seems ter me it must be de life of Jesus what save us, not his deff. To be shore he died, but on'y cause he teach contrary to dere views, which was dat de Savior dat dey spect so long, goin ter be powe'ful on dis earff, an' so he was, but twas de power of love. Dey nebber spect anyone of lowly berff an' raisin ter be dere Messiah. But Ise learn one ting, an' dat is dat God's goin ter sen what we needs, we'her we are spectin' it er not. Yes, de gift of God to de worl' was de bigges an' bes' zample of love, an' human loves jes' like it, on'y wiff a difference.

One of de greates an' best instances of human love, was de love of a boy fer his sister. Somehow it seems as if from de time dat baby girl was born he love her bettern anyone else. An he take care of her all de time, an' when she grows older he work fer her. He stop going ter school, so he could git a job ter earn

little sac-ifices counts a heap. Deys like de gnats an' flies—dey does a heap more towards keepin' us awake den elephants an rhinoser-horses.

I minds a instance^s where love got a man inter trouble, onct. It happen like dis—Dere was a pore man liven near me, an we both lived back of a rich man who jest erbout kep de pore man, who neveh done nuffin sceptin preach some an tend class-meetin, where he always talks erbout de love of God in his heart. An one time de rich man fine de pore man in his chicken coop. Now dats a mighty bad habit, dis ting of gittin inter odder man's chicken coops. My neighbor hole him off at arm's lenth, an de pore fellow shake in his boots as he hear dese words—“Its bin my understanding dat you love me an dat you have de love of God in your heart.” “I has, I has, plenty of de love of God in my heart, an I loves you betteh dan most any one sceptin de Good Lord,—but—I loves—chicken—too.”

An now my friens lse agoin ter close wiff jest one more instunche dat come under my pussonel obse'vation.

At one time dere was a ole white man what was a trampin from his ole home somewheres in Kaintucky, to Souf Ben', Indyanv. De ole man mighty weary, an foot sore, an feeble, an look siff he never live ter reach de end of de journey. His shoes mos' worn offen his feet, an his hair stan' out in places trough de crown of his hat. De ole man all erlone, sceptin his dog. Twant no p'tickler kind of a dog,—just a lill yaller dog, an small like. De ole man come to me an he say, ef I could give him a drink of water? “Cert'ny,” I says, an he tell me dat as he past de house blonging ter my neighbor on de souf an ask him fer a drink, dat he tole him dat de time fer him ter die was long past an gone. “Now I knows,” said de ole man, “dat I dont mount to much; lse lived a long time an haint nebber seen much but want” —an his voice all trebbly like, an de yaller dog raise his ears an lower em an look wisful like an lift a lill paw an watch de ole man, while he continers on—“but I has a son up in Souf Ben', what I haint seed fer a many a year. I knows twont be long now fore I has ter lay down dis life an den—well, somehow, I kinder thought, Id like ter see my boy; so I has saved all de money he ever sent me, thinkin I would use it fer one of two things—eider to berry myseff, er ter take me on de cars ter see him. But I thought afteh all dat Id betteh walk to see him an save dat money”—an his voice shuk, an de lill yaller dog sit up, an de ole man reach out a trebbly han an pat his haid, an den de lill dog sneeze an roll over. De ole man look up an say, “Would

he's proud of it just the same. My mother thinks I'm chuck full of ideas that the people would do well to git holt on. Some of the nabors made fun of the spellin but none of em dared stand up and say that what I writ want true, every word of it. It was bein incouraged by mother that I writ that article for the fourth of July, there bein a heap o things I've been wantin to say about matters and things, that never is menshuned in the old tasher'd newspapers that haint changed their minds a bit since the ceth of George Washington. I felt terrible disappointed when I found that it was several days behind time and was plum crowded out. I dont want it put in the August number. Just keep it till the next fourth of July for taint to be expected that them papers will grow any to speak of in a year's time.

I wish you'd tell me who the man is that writ that poem on "My Uncle." I'll warrant he's a preacher or a deakin in a church or some unsophisticated layman that haint done no politicle thinkin to amount to nothin or he wouldnt have such almighty faith in his Uncle. Why its fairly child like in its simplicity! I've got a few questions laid up for him, questions that will shake his faith to answer, but that's no difference as I know of.

The days of religus superstishun is passed, and its high tin e political-superstishun was rolling by, and when that's out of the way it will be no time till social superstishun will share the same fate, and poor humanity can get a sniff of freedom's life-givin air. These evolutin disturbunces is somethin awful. I've had em; I know all about em. I used to be one of the props of the hard shell Baptist Church and set the greatest store in the world on pleasin God and the new minister and his wife, till I got to thinkin for myself, then I saw as quick as wink that we didn't need any paraphanalay to serve God in; we just needed common onesty and justice. Then I begun to grow and have a mind of my own. Mother says my ideas has real savin grace in em, and she was tikeleder than I was when you writ to me that I had been real strengthenin to the editorial staff. I never thought of such a thing even in my wildest dreams, and I've had lots of em when I'd get all sturd up inside about the injustices and unlovinness in the world, and set down to think about the reconstructin of em. I'm willin to do my level best, though if you want me to send on my ideas from time to time please answer.

Cousin Dorothy.

NEEDS OF THE HOUR.



NOT ECONOMICS, BUT ETHICS.

THIS era has solved the problem of production. There is no longer, for the race, a "struggle for life." "There is produced more than enough food, more than enough clothing, more than enough wood and metals, to feed, house and clothe every man, better than the average man is fed, housed and clothed to-day," says Edward Atkinson. This is the most stupendous fact in the history of the race since some primeval man discovered fire. Individuals may suffer, but the race is secure. Machinery, the result of the scientific and inventive spirit, has enabled man to conquer nature, and to get time to be a man. Yes, the problem of production is solved; and now that of distribution must be solved.

Necessarily in solving the former problem we have cultivated selfishness; the solution of the latter problem will necessitate the development of a different spirit. To produce, demanded intellectual ability, and the intellect is materialistic and cold, individualistic and aggressive. To distribute demands the recognition of brotherhood, and this needs love. Love is spiritual. Spirit is warm and altruistic. Out of it is born justice. All that is needed now, is the cultivation of the sense of justice, and a higher ideal of life, to make our earth an Eden.

This is the true province of Religion. Her aim is righteousness; which is only rightness, or right living from the highest ideal. The schools have solved the first problem; the church must solve the second. Will they? Yes. If not the church as it is at present then one born out of present needs. And the new is coming in the many movements in the psychic and the mental healing fields. All these are spiritual movements and presage a rapid solving of the problem of distribution; for they all teach an ideal manhood that is Spirit, and hold out aims that are above the commercial standards of to-day.

The redemption we need, cannot come through the political or economic movements, that are rapidly growing, but will come, as these have, from the awakened conscience, that sees the injustice of the present conditions. Therefore the needed reform

little sac-ifices counts a heap. Deys like de gnats an' flies—dey does a heap more towards keepin us awake den elephants an rhinoser-horses.

I minds a instance where love got a man inter trouble, onct. It happen like dis—Dere was a pore man livey near me, an we both lived back of a rich man who jest erbout kep de pore man, who neveh done nuffin sceptin preach some an tend class-meetin, where he always talks erbout de love of God in his heart. An one time de rich man fine de pore man in his chicken coop. Now dats a mighty bad habit, dis ting of gittin inter odder man's chicken coops. My neighbor hole him off at arm's lenth, an de pore fellow shake in his boots as he hear dese words—“Its bin my understanding dat you love me an dat you have de love of God in your heart.” “I has, I has, plenty of de love of God in my heart, an I loves you betteh dan most any one sceptin de Good Lord,—but—I loves—chicken—too.”

An now my friends lse agoin ter close wiff jest one more instunce dat come under my pussonel obse'vation.

At one time dere was a ole white man what was a trampin from his ole home somewheres in Kaintucky, to Souf Ben', Indiany. De ole man mighty weary, an foot sore, an feeble, an look siff he never live ter reach de end of de journey. His shoes mos' worn offen his feet, an his hair stan' out in places trough de crown of his hat. De ole man all erlone, sceptin his dog. Twant no p'tickler kind of a dog,—just a lill yaller dog, an small like. De ole man come to me an he say, ef I could give him a drink of water? “Cert'ny,” I says, an he tell me dat as he past de house blonging ter my neighbor on de souf an ask him fer a drink, dat he tole him dat de time fer him ter die was long past an gone. “Now I knows,” said de ole man, “dat I dont mount to much; lse lived a long time an haint nebber seen much but want”—an his voice all trebbly like, an de yaller dog raise his ears an lower em an look wisful like an lift a lill paw an watch de ole man, while he continers on—“but I has a son up in Souf Ben,' what I haint seed fer a many a year. I knows twont be long now fore I has ter lay down dis life an den—well, somehow, I kinder thought, ld like ter see my boy; so I has saved all de money he ever sent me, thinkin I would use it fer one of two things—eider to berry mvseff, er ter take me on de cars ter see him. But I thought aften all dat ld betteh walk to see him an save dat money”—an his voice shuk, an de lill yaller dog sit up, an de ole man reach out a trebbly han an pat his haid, an den de lill dog sneeze an roll over. De ole man look up an say, “Would

yer mine givin Sport here, a bone ter gnaw, or sumpin?" An wwhile I feeds em bofe, lie tell me dat he have hard work ter keep de lill dog from flyin at de heels of my neighbor on de souf, an dat he tought twas mighty quare, fer "Sports a good dog, haint you, Sport?" An afteh dey eat nuff ter satisfy demselves, dey bofe start out ergin, an I watch em up de road. An—does you all bleeve it?—de nex day de news come dat dat ole man was foun dead up de road; an when de neighbors all gadder roun ter look er ter help, de lill dog whine an cry an look so pitiful; but he growl an show his teef an bristle up his hair at de man who said hard words to his ole master, an I haff ter coax him erway ter my home, where I try to keep de lill feller. But one day he come home wiff a foot all shot to pieces an I never could stop de bleedin, an would you all bleeve it, dat lill dog try to limp off ter where his master buried? So I knows where dat lill dog wanter go, so I picks him up an carries him out ter de spot, an he lick my han an whine, an I—scuse me, ladies an genlmen, but I never can keep de tears back when I tinks of it—an I lays dat lill dog down on his masters grave an I sits dere till he die. Den I buries him. Dat lill yaller dog love his master to de lass.

I tanks God fer Love. Deed I does, weher its de love dat de Lord Jesus Christ had fer us, er de love dat a animal have fer us, er de love of one's country.

I tanks God fer Love, de strongess of all human 'motions.

A. E. T.

DOROTHY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MISS EDITOR:—

I saw in the June No. of your LIGHT that one of you has dropped off and left all the work for the other to do. I dont know neither of you and dont care about it just so a woman keeps at the helm to steer the ship into continued light instead of darkness, which it would run into fast enough if a man undertakes the steerin.

I'm much obleeged to you for giving my letter a place in the Message Department. Eph, he's my brother, made all kinds o' fun of me appearin in print in a first class magazine. He thinks all an old maid is fit fer is to darn socks and sew on buttons; but

NEEDS OF THE HOUR.



NOT ECONOMICS, BUT ETHICS.

THIS era has solved the problem of production. There is no longer, for the race, a "struggle for life." "There is produced more than enough food, more than enough clothing, more than enough wood and metals, to feed, house and clothe every man, better than the average man is fed, housed and clothed to-day," says Edward Atkinson. This is the most stupendous fact in the history of the race since some primeval man discovered fire. Individuals may suffer, but the race is secure. Machinery, the result of the scientific and inventive spirit, has enabled man to conquer nature, and to get time to be a man. Yes, the problem of production is solved; and now that of distribution must be solved.

Necessarily in solving the former problem we have cultivated selfishness; the solution of the latter problem will necessitate the development of a different spirit. To produce, demanded intellectual ability, and the intellect is materialistic and cold, individualistic and aggressive. To distribute demands the recognition of brotherhood, and this needs love. Love is spiritual. Spirit is warm and altruistic. Out of it is born justice. All that is needed now, is the cultivation of the sense of justice, and a higher ideal of life, to make our earth an Eden.

This is the true province of Religion. Her aim is righteousness; which is only rightness, or right living from the highest ideal. The schools have solved the first problem; the church must solve the second. Will they? Yes. If not the church as it is at present then one born out of present needs. And the new is coming in the many movements in the psychic and the mental healing fields. All these are spiritual movements and presage a rapid solving of the problem of distribution; for they all teach an ideal manhood that is Spirit, and hold out aims that are above the commercial standards of to-day.

The redemption we need, cannot come through the political or economic movements, that are rapidly growing, but will come, as these have, from the awakened conscience, that sees the injustice of the present conditions. Therefore the needed reform

movement is purely an ethical one; one that shall hold the ideal of justice before the mind until it is actualized in acts. He who loves justice will be just, as naturally as he who loves money will be selfish. It is not more knowledge, but more love of right we need. The right is plainly seen. As plainly seen to-day as was the right procedure concerning slavery seen fifty years ago. We need the awakened conscience. That will not come from economics. Appeal alone will do it. The teacher's work is to show how to apply justice. This is the present needed step. The masses feel the pressure. The only effective help they can have is ethical. Economics will soon be a thing outgrown. So much will be produced, and so easily, and the ideal will be so different from now, that all the economics needed then will be "the new commandment, that ye love one another," though we may have to reach this by way of the golden rule.

Ethics then, this is the growing need. Let all questions of money rest; let taxation rest; let every political question take a back seat; and let a noble ideal of Right, Justice and Brotherhood be taught; then "direct legislation," will redeem politically the nation. Without this ethical development ballots will fasten the same or worse conditions on us. For ignorance and injustice will vote ignorantly and unjustly. If the Church sees and rises to the situation all is easy. To-day the demand is for better men, for seers, healers, and developers of latent powers; just as the demand an hundred years ago was for discoverers and inventors and workers. Then the world was to be conquered. Now man must conquer himself. And this personal victory is won only by devotion to a noble ideal, and in the love of right.

Topeka, Ks.

H. H. BROWN.

Christian justice has been strangely mute, seemingly blind, and miserably decrepit this many a day as far as Saturday's Child is concerned. The *play* of children has of late received unprecedented, but deserved attention from altruists, and free kindergartens, city playgrounds, seaside pavilions, summer cuttings in the country, fresh-air funds, etc., etc., are being multiplied all over the country by the science of summer charity; but the more serious question of the *toil* of children has not been as adequately answered; to ignore the welfare of a million and a half little ones surrounded by the conditions described below, is to pore over the hyssop on the wall, and remain blind to the cedar of Lebanon.

Helen Campbell, a recognized authority on the subject of child wage-earners, writes as follows:

"At all points, in fields, workshops, factories, mines, and homes, these children are working from 10 to 12, and even 15 hours a day." Not only is there the positive hardship and suffering that accompanies toil of this nature, but the negative one of the utter absence of joy or any pleasure that rightfully belongs to childhood. Added to this is the ignorance which results and which settles like a pall on mind and spirits. The average age at which these factory children begin work is nine years. They were found by the first factory inspectors to be not only delicate and puny, but so ignorant that many had no mental outlook beyond their own factory. The report of the New Jersey bureau of labor states as follows: "Sixty per cent had never heard of the United States or Europe, and 95 per cent had never heard of the Revolutionary War. Many who had heard of the United States could not say where they were." The commissioner of New York State reported in 1887: "Year by year we have seen the demand increase for smaller and smaller children, until it became a veritable robbery of the cradle to supply them." School attendance, though made compulsory, is evaded at every turn, the most rigid inspection being almost powerless against the concerted living of parents, whose greed is often as evil a factor in the child's life as any to be encountered in factory or shop." And the reports of inspectors from many other States repeat the same story.

In the face of such facts as these, every community should ask the law-makers for better laws, and the law-enforcers for better enforcement of existing laws. The reader who has followed the course of legislation on behalf of Saturday's Child, as set forth in the April, May and June numbers of THE COMING

LIGHT, will note that, so far, it has not been in the hopeful direction of bettering the condition of child-toilers by positive legislation of the beneficial sort, but it has been legislation which is restrictive rather than constructive. This month's article shall record some cheering features of recent legislation on behalf of children, based on larger views of justice and life; and also it will indicate some methods by which public opinion may be awakened to a sense of the urgent need of reform in the matter of child-labor by first creating a public sentiment on kindred topics,—a sentiment that will seek positive expression in the press and on the platform, and thus serve as additional leverage for legislative action concerning Saturday's Child; for, with all due recognition of the importance of bringing moral and reformatory forces into sympathetic relations, it is folly to hope for sufficient improvement in business ethics to induce manufacturers, or needy parents, to refrain from drawing upon this source of labor in the fierce, competitive strife of production. State action is necessary to secure the full benefits of the abolition of child-labor, and no other course of legislation can be pointed out whose results have been uniformly beneficial to employers and employes; while to the Acts on behalf of the child-workers in England, may be traced the rise of important principles in the science of the functions of government, whose application has increased the material prosperity, the political advancement, and the moral progress of the whole community at large.

The twenty-fifth annual National Conference of Charities and Correction held in New York City May 18th-25th, was noteworthy from the fact that the question of methods—reformatory or formative—largely engaged the attention of this gathering of over a thousand earnest men and women. And the general opinion seemed to be that they should bend their organized efforts to create moral conditions for the protection of the child, and to provide proper school facilities for every child in the community, realizing that prevention is a higher form of service to the State than cure. The Conference declared its belief that "the State of the future will expend its money and power to better purpose than on prisons, reformatories, almshouses and 'Homes,' which are the shame of an enlightened community, because they are the proof of its failure somewhere in dealing with the inmates of such institutions."

Strong words, these, inspired by the sense of justice that condemns the pitiful results of a so-called charity. Another consensus of opinion reached by the conference was that "every

tion before six o'clock in the morning, or after seven in the evening, or during the hours when the public schools are in session. Age and schooling certificates, showing the holder's age and education, must be filed with the employer, in the case of all children under seventeen; these certificates must be shown on demand to any authorized school attendance officer or factory inspector. Minors who cannot read at sight and write legibly simple sentences in the English language, cannot lawfully be employed, unless given the opportunity to attend a day or night school. In Massachusetts, there is on hand also the establishment of "parental" schools, the new name for truant schools, but with a difference. The trustees of these State schools are seven in number, at least two of whom must be women. The placing of women upon school boards, and the appointment of women factory inspectors are measures much to be desired in the interests of child-laborers. This is one of the certain attainments in behalf of the working children brought out of the agitation and co-operation of the many forces that go to make the modern labor movement. Others are, the establishment of public kindergartens; various restrictive factory laws as to age, hours of labor, and conditions under which that labor is performed; an increased trend toward the teaching of domestic economy in our schools, and a wider recognition of the value of manual-training schools, thus applying a leverage for social elevation at the very bottom of society; industrial farm-colonies for boys; but, alas, the tale of achievement is all too short.

The discussion of effective means by which the social conscience may be awakened to the needs of Saturday's Child, must be reserved for still another paper.





WHAT IS LIFE FOR?

INSTEAD of "What is life for?" it seems to me the question should be *What is the imprisonment of life in physical form for?* The short answer to this question is that life is *for the experience gained in controlling matter.*

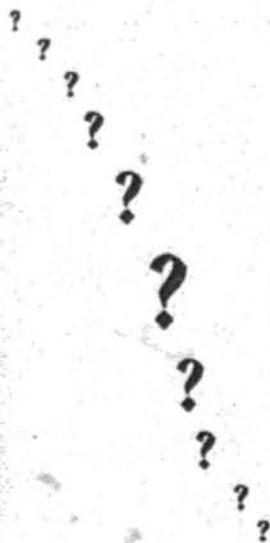
To those who regard the soul as the growth of ages and not a mushroom growth of three-score years and ten, this answer is the only logical conclusion. The improper use of the power to control matter is necessarily immoral and tends to produce a pessimistic view of life; hence the question "What is life for?" The great difficulty, and it is very apparent, is that man in his blindness does not recognize certain absolutely fixed moral laws—that all the evils he endures are simply remedial punishments for infringement of those laws. The more fully man realizes the nature and fixity of those laws, just as much more rapidly will he progress. One great cause of this deplorable blindness of man is his crude conception of God as an arbitrary being meddling with and changing the laws and course of nature to satisfy a whim,—all traceable to so-called "revealed religion." Give man a scientific foundation for his religious belief and see whether woman would be slightly termed the "religious sex." Carlyle says "It is well said, in every case, 'that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him;'" also, "Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all what religion they had?" As scientific truth is true religion, all true religion must have a scientific basis; hence, any religion which has not a scientific basis is not

call our "individual rights" it removes one of the most common difficulties in our upward way. There are no "individual rights" when our motive is love; when we live in harmony with principles, there is no desire for "individual rights." So much of what is called such is nothing less than personal selfishness under the guise of another name. Search for your motives carefully before demanding rights as such. It is safe to say, that if our motives are pure we never will seek our "individual rights" — much less demand them. Let us give up "resisting." Let us refrain from holding our mental weight against the door of circumstances. For as long as we push, just so long will circumstance push on the opposite side. When we "let go" or "resist not," the door will open and the evil tumble in a heap at our feet, and we can readily walk over it. Let us cast out selfishness by obeying the law of non-resistance in every detail of our lives.

KATHERINE H. NEWCOMB.

Yes, "individual rights" is but another term for "individual selfishness." It belongs strictly to the untutored perceptions of a limited mentality and betrays a bondage to the perverted senses which is pitiable. Sinking one's individual rights is not, as many suppose, a puerile action which tends to weaken the walls of human defense. On the contrary the law of non-resistance is a law of strength. The word non-resistance, though not literally, is in reality, but a synonym of the word appropriation, which implies strength and positive force and is the positive pole of non-resistance in its accepted negative interpretation. An illustration of the sustaining power of the steady, insistent law of appropriation is found in the functions of the human body and brain. Consciously each organ or set of organs gathers to itself the qualities to be used in repairing its waste particles. There is no cry of individual rights in this daily work of reconstruction. From the universal storehouse of atmosphere and sunlight about us the lungs calmly, quietly, unresistingly appropriate their legitimate amount of air and their necessary amount of spirit. The arterial and venous systems gather the waters of life which flow as rivers through this wonderful Eden. The bony structure absorbs the mineral substances which the lungs and heart pass by. The muscles gather to themselves the fibre-building qualities

which keep them intact, while the nerves appropriate the electrical elements to utilize in their communication with both the interior and exterior worlds. The work going on year after year in the houses we live in, with a precision that the intellect is incapable of, ought to teach us the grand lesson of non-resisting, harmonizing co-operation with our fellows. The fact is that the universe is teeming with a superabundant supply for the needs of its every creation, whether it be animate or inanimate. The law of life is the law of appropriation, *intelligent conscious* appropriation, of just such things as have utility, the righteousness of the law consisting in the fact that the life force treats with the utmost etiquette all things not needed by it. Everything in the scale of being below mankind lies close to the universal heart and *lives* by its natural instinct to appropriate supplies sufficient unto its day and hour, and the exigencies of life. The great stumbling block in man's way is his failure to distinguish between his wants and his needs. Imagine a syndicate of minerals with a one-hundred year franchise on the sunlight! Think of a syndicate of vegetables with a monopoly of the water privileges of the world! Imagine a syndicate of cows with a "corner" on grass, or of the carnivorous animals with a "corner" on beef! The individual right of all life below man is limited to the *needs* of that life, just what it can appropriate to sustain the same. In following the leading of instinct we find strength in non-resistance, through the law of appropriation, if we are intelligent enough to confine ourselves to life's actual needs and are not overmastered by an array of wants which continue to increase as fast as gratified, until we are ready to destroy each other because of supposed encroachment upon what we term "individual right." To be able to take a non-resisting attitude and as intelligently find rest in a quiet appropriation of what we need, as do the grades of life below us and as do the very organs within our own bodies, is to be able to stand undismayed midst life's trials, to be possessed of the perfect love which casteth out fear, to enter into an understanding of the real unity of things in which infringement upon individual rights is unknown, and to realize a brotherhood of man so broad and deep and high as to swallow up carnal ambitions and place our feet upon the solid rock of spiritual knowledge which sees its own release only in the unfettered condition of an entire world.



THE SPHINX.

The Sphinx sits ever by the stream of life,
 Even as she sits amid the pyramids
 Within the narrow valley of the Nile.
 The questions: What is life and what is death?
 Who placed us here? What keeps us? To what end?—
 These questions ask we and no answer comes.
 Man builds his creeds; and each creed disagrees
 With all the rest. The old ones fade away,
 And new ones come instead. Creed follows creed,
 Till in the endless maze we grow confused,
 And turn and face again the silent Sphinx.

The brutes about us mock us with their forms,
 Saying: "You sprung from us. The stream can rise
 No higher than its source. Hold, Hold, proud man,
 Amid your dizzy dreams. Do not forget
 Your kindred here, for you are linked to us."

The Earth, our mother, puts her silent force
 Upon us and restrains us to herself,
 Saying: "You are my children. You have grown
 From out my elements. You rose from me;

From me drew sustenance; and unto me
You must return. My iron hand of law
Is on you. From it there is no-escape."

The far-off Sun looks at us from his throne,
Saying: "I am your father. You have drawn
Your life and light from me. The energy,
Coursing in thrills electric through your frames,
You gained from me. The very tints you wear
Upon your souls, these also came from me.
· Il these must be surrendered once again."

The stars gaze on us from the shores of space,
Across the spatial sea; and seem to say:
"We are the emblems of the universe,
The blossoms of Eternity, but you
Are merely worms; and, like the worms, must die."

And then, our creeds all melted from our minds
As melts the dew upon a summer morn,
We turn once more and face the voiceless Sphinx,
That sits like a mysterious question mark
Before the portals of Eternity,
That silent sits and nothing says at all.

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by ancient sages, and we have made the soil about them good. Have we not nurtured them, oh, so carefully, with tears and blood! Surely now, O Lord, shall our thorns bring forth grapes." But it came to pass that the Fire swept over them, and in the fire which licked up the thorns many good trees were burned, and in their place was left nothing but blackened stumps. And many of the children died in that fire. The children said: "We had the best Intentions; they should have brought forth grapes."—*Bolton Hall.*

What we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only kept the ranks unbroken, and met death—a monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness.—*George Eliot.*





OF all the unreasonable children! And so many of you too! Letter after letter, and then, not letter after letter, but just dozens at once, and all saying the same thing! And the most unreasonable thing! The most old-fashioned thing! It's enough to break my heart.

So you want fairy stories, do you? And you positively will not endure any more essays on international politics? You want an old-fashioned grandpa, and you must, positively must, have fairy stories?

But don't you see, I am not an old-fashioned grandpa, but a very new-fashioned one, and I am not at all sure that I know any fairy stories. And yet you are all saying that you must have fairy stories, and that no more political economy will be tolerated. Well, then—you see I do know some fairy stories, but they are true, every word, about real fairies, so I don't know whether you will like them or not. That is why I stopped after I had said "Well, then." I wanted to ask you if I should go on. What's that? All right!

Once upon a time—that is the way all real fairy stories have to commence, you know, and it means any time you please to think about—once upon a time there was a *real* fairy made of iron, and copper wire, and brass, and silk thread wound around the wire, and a great many pieces of metal that were fastened



COMMENTS ~ AND EXTRACTS

The statistics of crime in Connecticut, compiled by Secretary Wells of the Board of State Prison Directors, point straight to the rural districts as the sore spot in Connecticut civilization. The facts as cited bear out our recent warnings as to the growth of hoodlumism and crime in the small back towns, and give renewed emphasis to the demand that, if possible, something should be done by the State to strengthen the arm of the law in the

country districts.—*Exchange.*

INSTEAD of "strengthening the arm of the law" in these rural districts it might be well to provide a means of education heretofore untried. The children of the rural districts are born to a monotonous round of toil. They are for the most part trained by second-rate teachers who fail to interest or really instruct them. Their close relation with animal kind has a tendency to dwarf their finer moral sensibilities, their backs are fitted to burdens too heavy to bear. They have only the society of those tutored in the same schools as themselves. They hate the farms and when Saturday night comes they ride to the village to smoke, drink and gossip because there is no other outlet for their desires. The country church has few attractions, for the reason that the minister is necessarily one who can be employed at a scant salary, and whose resources are not equal to the needs of growing minds, which, finding no opportunity to spread their branches at the top, concentrate power at the base of the brain and act out the lower promptings of nature. Barring the free air and sunshine and sufficient food, which the children of rural districts enjoy, the odds are with the city children in favor of morality and true citizenship. We would better endeavor to supply some of the needs of these children by establishing in every village institutions where art, music, literature, instructive games, illustrated lect-

ures, and a free library are part of the provision made to draw out the better side of this neglected class. We would better pass a law against overworking these helpless children, many of whom toil from five o'clock in the morning until eight at night. These things will work more moral reform than can be worked by trying to strengthen the arm of the law we already have, or by increasing prohibitory measures and precautionary restrictions, of which we ought to be ashamed and which we ought to make haste to correct.

VOX POPULI.

A bright school teacher of Hollister, Calif., says: "I find more in THE COMING LIGHT that is of real value than in all my other educational magazines."

THE COMING LIGHT is the most wide-awake and enterprising, liberal magazine I know. How do you manage to do it?

M. A. WALSH.

THE COMING LIGHT is the best of the reform magazines. There is something about it that makes one feel like being good; and not only that, but like getting up and doing something to back up the feeling.

ALLAN V. MORSE.

I feel like sending your lovely magazine into many homes. It is a jewel.

E. DODD, Arlington, Neb.

The attractive "make-up" and pleasing "dress" of THE COMING LIGHT is not all that wins my heart but the pure spirit and deep sentiment of undying love of the advanced philanthropists who write for it are the magnetic features to me.

N. P. SPAULDING, Dundee, Mich.

My heart thrills with love and gratitude toward the hearts and brains that have the strength and courage to make a voice for humanity in such a magazine as THE COMING LIGHT, the June number of which was as meat and bread to the hungry.

B. F. M., Spokane, Wash.

Friends who have seen the copies of THE COMING LIGHT sent me pronounce it by far the best magazine in its line that has come under their observation.

BEATRICE M. PRICE, Seattle, Wash.

And know not it is there; except at times
 There comes to me a sense unnamable,
 The veil seems just a little drawn; I see
 An awful glimpse that shakes my inmost soul.

There rises up a something in my soul,
 A something of unutterable age,
 As old as life, aye, and as old as death,
 That gazes through my eyes upon the world
 And brings a sense of loneliness, a gleam
 Of fearful knowledge, then it fades away."

His appreciation of and sympathy with nature is expressed in his song of
 "The Mountains:"

"The mountains, O the mountains! How they lift
 Their faces unto heaven, as in prayer!
 They stand as the mute choristers of God,
 They are the symbols of Eternity.
 They point like fingers to the Infinite,
 Forever upward, piercing through the storm,
 Or glowing with the glory of the dawn."

His poems of sentiment are only equaled by his stirring songs of freedom and liberty. We welcome with outstretched hand this active vital element in the world of poetry and song. The book is on sale at this office or at the publishers, Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ills. Price one dollar.

"Partisan Politics—The Evil and the Remedy," by James Sayles Brown, Lip-pincott Co., Philadelphia. This volume rehearses in detail the numerous evil-involved in the existence and operation of political parties. It dwells on vote, purchasing, gerrymandering, the abuses of patronage, class legislation, log-rolling, corrupt influence, irresponsibility, endless controversy, and many other political shames of party procedure. All these evils are familiarly known to the American public, but it is well to have them presented as a whole, and arraigned before the bar of reason and the general weal; as the author proceeds to do. The more salient point in the book is the proposed remedy. It is, to enact "a law declaring any candidate nominated by a political association (*i. e.*, an association working through the usual machinery of party organizations) ineligible to the office for which he is designated." We leave it with our readers to decide whether this plan is feasible; but suggest that as a basis of judgment about it they read the book.

"New Era," Charles W. Caryl, author and publisher, 204 California Building, Denver, Colo. In this volume of 192 pages, Mr. Caryl explicates his novel and original scheme for regenerating human society. He is organizing "The New Era Union," which is to erect somewhere on God's footstool a "Grand New Era Model City, to be the Most Complete, Wonderful and Permanent Exposition and Emporium for the Entire World," also the "Grandest and Most Perfect Educational, Amusement, Industrial and Residence Model City of the World." This city is to occupy about 100 square miles and will be laid out in concentric circles surrounding a magnificent and permanent World's Exposition building. It will have within its limits every desirable accommodation and facility to make life run smoothly and happily. There will be magnificent model hotels, palaces and dwellings of different grades as to cost, finish and accommodations, parks, lakes for boating, fishing and bathing, conservatories, boulevards, noiseless electric railways, factories, stores, warehouses, and so on *ad libitum*. The inhabitants will be organized upon a military principle, with groups ranking as generals, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, privates and recruits. These divisions will live in homes of varying splendor, ranged in circles, the general's circle being nearest to the center of the city and the privates and recruits at the outer rim. Everybody will have something to do, all will live happily and in comfort and security. Altogether the description somewhat surpasses that of the New Jerusalem in the New Testament Book of Revelation. We wish well to Mr. Caryl's scheme, and shall expect to move the headquarters of THE COMING LIGHT to this Wondrous Metropolis when-

ever its banner of welcome is unfurled above its completed architectural grandeurs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "Voices of the Morning," poems by J. A. Edgerton; cloth, \$1.00.
 "Vibration the Law of Life," by W. H. Williams; cloth, \$1.25.
 "Soul Growth," by Mary Champion Pratt; paper, 25 cents.
 "Astounding Revelations," by L. Ormsby; paper, 25 cents.
 "The Law of Vibrations," by T. J. Sheldon; paper, 25 cents.
 "Religion, Old and New," by Eliza Burt Gamble; paper, 25 cents.
 "Ancient Sex Worship," by Clifford Howard; cloth, \$1.50.

PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

The Coast Seaman's Journal, of San Francisco, for July 20th, is one of the best numbers. Its editorial matter is always strong, certain, and up-to-date. Those in this special issue are of remarkable character, notably the ones on "Imperialistic Folly" and "Notice Served on Slavery."

An Emperor's Forty-six Portraits and Poses.—With five German warships facing Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila and the intentions of the German Kaiser still a matter of some doubt, the leading article presented in *The Cosmopolitan* for July will be read with interest. The forty-six portraits and poses of the Emperor William which illustrate the article are in themselves an extraordinary exhibit. They might be described as "The Evolution of an Emperor shown by forty-six human documents." Undoubtedly so large a number of portraits were never before gathered together of any royal or imperial personage.

Industry, published at Oakland, Cal., has in a late number set forth the condition of the tramp, and our responsibility for him and to him in plain English and discusses "War a Cloak for Crime" in a most fearless and intelligent manner. In politics it is a "middle of the road" Populist.

Light of Truth at all times maintains its high standard, but some of the late numbers are "search lights" of truth.

The Progressive Thinker, Chicago, of July 23d, turns its battering ram on all the frauds in Christendom. The editorials are spicy and crisp. Brother Francis is to be congratulated on his ability to discover and to elucidate the causes behind effects from which society is suffering.

The brilliancy of late numbers of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, show continued improvement under the management of its new editor, Harrison D. Barrett. Lovers of liberty everywhere ought to aid him in cancelling the National Jubilee obligations, and to encourage him in his efforts to keep the folds of the banner pure and unspotted. It is a work that all may help to do.

The Voice of Labor, San Francisco, of July 21st, treats with the utmost fairness the "burning questions" of the hour. We are glad to note that it has among its contributors some "brainy" women whose ideas are original and forceful. The Eclectic Department, conducted by Minnie C. Bell, is a strong educational feature and is deserving of great praise.

Lucifer, published in Chicago, "hews to the line" in all matters pertaining to the absolute freedom to the race. It deals "Press Censorship" a death blow and exposes "Methods of Persecution in England" in a recent number. The clearest editorials, for which Brother Harman is noted, make of this a paper worthy the perusal of intelligent people.

Pacific Health Journal, published at St. Helena, Calif., a monthly devoted to the development of sound minds in sound bodies by the hygienic methods or the use of pure air, food and water. 50 cents per year; 5 cents per copy.

Helen Wilman's *Freedom* for July 13th is more than ordinarily helpful. Its editor predicts the "passing of the old and the birth of the new" in strong, clear

SANCTUM NOTES.

Our pages are enriched this month by two new features. One of them is an insert of poems, on blue tint paper, gathering into a cluster a collection of verses from some one author. In this number we present five poems of Lucy Sherman Mitchell of Minneapolis, whose work has already met with much favor from our readers, as it has appeared in previous issues. The other new feature is THE COMING LIGHT X Rays, under which heading our readers will find relishes of a piquant and palatable quality. The Rays, this month, are from the lucubrations of orator Mose and spinster Dorothy, whose "ideas" are recommended to the attention of our readers.

In view of Cousin Dorothy's gracious interest in THE COMING LIGHT and of her manifest practical wisdom and critical acumen, the Editor has urgently invited her to visit the Pacific Coast, acquaint herself more thoroughly with our plans and aims, and give us all the benefit of her observations and reflections while here. If she accepts the invitation our readers may expect the transmutation of her thoughts into additional X Rays for our new department.

Mrs. E. O. Smith of San Jose joins this month our corps of contributors. Mrs. Smith is widely known and honored throughout the Pacific Coast as a philanthropic worker, a woman of forcible intellect and practical good sense. The second part of her able article will appear in September.

Our September number will contain a collection of poems by J. A. Edgerton of Lincoln, Neb., whose fame as a New Time poet is rapidly spreading. "The Sphinx," which appears in this issue will serve as foretaste to our readers and sharpen the mental appetite for the forthcoming collection.

In the hurry and bustle to get the July special out we omitted to mention that the picture of Thomas Paine was from a photograph taken from an oil painting executed by Mrs. Addie Ballou of this city, whose reputation as an artist is too well known to need further comment. Also that the portrait of Joan of Arc is from one of the most famous artists in the old world and was kindly loaned us by a friend, while that of Sojourner Truth was sent especially for the July number by a co-operative reader from "away down East" where Sojourner once labored to break human bondage. To all of these THE COMING LIGHT acknowledges obligations.

The publisher had occasion a few months ago to visit Arizona on a lecturing tour and just after meeting his first appointment an incident occurred which is quite apropos of matters mentioned on another page. The story may best be told by quoting from a letter which he wrote to a friend in this city:

ASH FORK, A. T., Jan. 17, 1898.

— — — — —: A tunnel is burning out on the railroad five miles east of here and I am stranded for the day and may be longer waiting for travel to be resumed. There are about two hundred passengers restlessly roaming around throwing snow-balls, taking in the sights of the city (which consists of about two dozen houses) and advising the railroad officials how to put out the fire. I am putting in my time catching up with my correspondence. * * * I am writing under difficulties. Am sitting as near the stove as possible, with my typewriter on my knees (the machine, I mean) and a gaping crowd standing around reading every word I am writing! ! ! There, that last sentence did its work, they read it and have taken the hint; all except one fellow and he probably can't read. I shall have to retract the last sentence for even he has now left me to finish in peace. I find this *machine a great convenience, for I can carry it with me and use it on railroad trains or in waiting rooms, and it does as rapid and better work than the old machine which I had used for seven years. Yours, W. C. B.

PRESS NOTICES.

Among our interesting exchanges is THE COMING LIGHT, published at 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco. Dr. Cora A. Morse is editor of this excellent magazine, and her experience as a physician and worker for the advancement of mankind is all made to serve her ideals of what education should be.—*The Osteopath*.

THE COMING LIGHT for July is a real patriotic number—red, white and blue in paper with an excellent table of contents, and beautifully illustrated.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

THE COMING LIGHT is bright and progressive and devoted to the higher thought of the time.—*Progress, Minn.*

THE COMING LIGHT is a large, beautiful, finely illustrated magazine of first-class mechanical appearance. From its contents it is entitled to be classed with the leading magazines of the East. It is strictly in the work of reform and a special friend to woman and toilers.—*Oregon Frater*.

The June number of THE COMING LIGHT has the usual variety of thoughtful articles, embracing a large variety of subjects.—*The Liberator, Norton, Kas.*

*For further particulars see first advertising page.