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PERIODICAL DEPT.

THE COMING LIGHT

OCTOBER, 1898.

DEVOTED TO

HIGHER THINKING
HIGHER LIVING
AND A

HIGHER SOCIAL ORDER

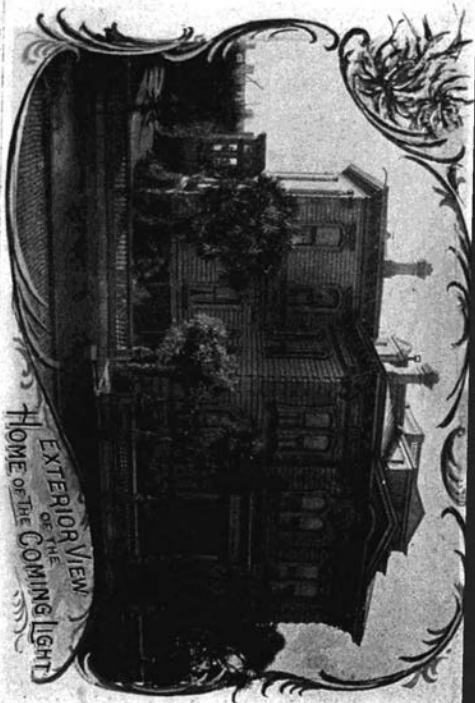
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EXTERIOR VIEW
OF THE
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COMING LIGHT





H. DHARMAPALA.



The Coming Light

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THE RELIGION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY H. DHARMAPALA.

IN ancient India about two thousand five hundred years ago things were very different from what they are at present. There were then no dogmatic religions in existence, no Mohammedanism, no Christianity, and the people were free from the attacks of sectarian missionaries whose work of denunciation has been so great as to provoke all hostility wherever they go in the propagation of their creed. India was happy under her own rulers, and the people had attained to a high degree of civilization in letters and arts. There were all sorts of philosophers in those days who made themselves famous by their polemical warfares and dialectic exhibitions. There were ascetics who courted popularity by the observance of certain ascetic principles which, when tested by the ethics of psychology, go to show that they had become religiously insane. There were among others those who vowed to eat a certain kind of leaf and

not take anything else; there were some who ate only grains, some who went naked, some who lived day and night under the open sky, some who wrapped themselves with horse-hair blankets, some who carried a fire-pot on their heads, some who stood on one leg, some suspending themselves to the branches of trees, some with uplifted hands, some went about wearing iron bands on their bodies to show the sustaining power of their philosophical learning hidden in their stomachs, so that unless they were fastened like barrels with bands of iron, they thought that the contents would burst out! There were also women learned in philosophy who went from place to place challenging men to enter the arena of controversy on the understanding that if the woman were vanquished she would become the wife of the victor. These were philosophical marriages. Everywhere there was intellectual freedom.

Priestly Brahmins were classified in the infidel writings of the Epicureans as buffoons, asses, etc. The Vedas were held up to ridicule. There were the Jains who preached the doctrine of non-action. They believed bodily action was the cause of Karma, and that according to their past Karma they suffer here. To get out of suffering they advocated severe asceticism as an atonement of the past Karma, and non-action in this life as a prevention of creating new Karma. Life is a burden here and moral suicide was therefore tenable. There was no deliberate suicide, but by starving oneself the physical organization may be reduced to bring on death so that the soul which is hidden inside the body, in size equal to the thumb, may escape and attain Nirvana. They took no food such as they thought had souls; drank no cold water, inhaled no air. Potatoes, milk, butter, honey, cold water, etc., were composed of living souls; the whole atmosphere was impregnated with living souls—these souls they were asked not to swallow into the system. They were Brahmins who retired into the forest and contemplated on the *Om* and the "*Brahman*" and went into hypnotical trances.

Speculation on metaphysical problems was the order of the day. There were also millionaires who had to show the vast-

sensation, every perception, every thought form, every center of consciousness is changing continually. Nothing exists for two moments consecutively. That which is changing also ends in suffering. Wherever there is sensation and perception there is change and suffering. The psychology of Buddha finds that there is no permanent Ego in the so-called individual which is a compound of physical form, sensations, perceptions, thought formations and sense-consciousnesses. These five *skandhas* coming together go to make the so-called individual, and with the increase of sense impressions the figment of a permanent Ego behind the senses comes into existence. In truth the psychologist does not find a permanent Ego besides the changing skandhas. Now the Buddha questions the student whether the material organization consisting of the body, eye, ear, nose, etc., is subject to change or not. The student answers that they are changing, and the Buddha then expounds the doctrine of suffering in declaring that that which is subject to change ends in suffering. That which changes, ends in suffering: how can it be said of it "This is mine, this is I?" Behind phenomena which are continually changing there is no permanent "I." The clinging to this illusionary idea is the result of association, which can be removed only by a strict scientific analysis of phenomena and a psychological application of the laws of truth. It is the bugbear of the ignorant man. Realize the law of change and there comes a feeling of relief that it is no use to cling to things which are changing. This clinging to things is the result of ignorance, and ignorance produces potential thoughts which culminate in individualizing consciousness. Consciousness produces mental faculties, perceptions, feelings which totalize themselves in an individualizing personality. This personality is composed of six seats of consciousness, which keep up a continual friction with the objects of the external world. This friction causes feelings of pain and pleasure, which produces a desire to further enjoyment. This desire for further enjoyment is the cause, the *Creative Will* which produces another existence. Whether in this life or in any other life that which is born is subject to death, decay,

etc. All this complex manifestation of the mind is the result of *Desire to Enjoy*, which again is the result of Ignorance. Birth in any material condition is subject to suffering. In heavens, or in earth, or in any other condition where there is any sensation or perception there is suffering. The mind has therefore to be brought to a condition of perfection not to be affected by the sensations or perceptions. To bring the mind into this absolute condition the Buddha found out the process. It is an ethico-psychological process; and the way he discovered is called the Noble Eight-fold Path, viz:

Right comprehension of truth.—That there is suffering, that there is cause for suffering, that there is emancipation from suffering, that there is the Way for this emancipation.

Righteous aspirations.—Compassion to all living beings, renunciation of all sensual things.

Righteous actions.—Abstaining from killing, stealing, sensuality.

Righteous words.—Abstaining from lying, slander, idle talk and harsh words.

Righteous livelihood.—Abstaining from selling poisons, flesh, murderous weapons, intoxicants and human beings.

Righteous exertions.—Abstaining from evil thoughts and engendering good thoughts.

Righteous concentration.—Setting the mind to analyze the body, sensations, mental revolutions, and all phenomena, and to bring it to a condition of non-attachment.

Righteous bliss.—The peace that comes to the mind when truth is realized, which could be preserved according to the strength of the individual in solitude. Perseverance in the Noble Eight-fold Path is a hard task; but as sure as the sun removes the darkness the exertion will not have to be made for a long time before the mind will enter into the eternal condition of Nirvana. The change in life will result in psychic growth of the senses; the ear, the eye, the mind and the body will become spiritualized.

Trust to truth, trust no one else. Depend on self and strive on diligently. You will realize truth.

TABLE.

Number and description of District	Number of precincts with 3 to 1 against the Amendment, or less.	Number of Precincts above 3 to 1	Proportionate vote in best Precinct.	Proportionate vote in worst Precinct.	Total adverse majority vote of District.	Average vote cast on amendment in each Pre.
28th, "Tar Flat," (Slum)	9	8	2 to 1	6½ to 1	1071	120
29th, "South of Market," (Slum)	9	9	2 to 1	5½ to 1	1234	120
30th, "South of Market," (Slum)	12	4	2 to 1	5 to 1	1070	150
45th, "Barbary Coast," (Slum)	8	5	1½ to 1	5½ to 1	788	120
40th, Western Addition	9	8	2 to 1	5½ to 1	1790	180
38th, Western Addition	5	11	2½ to 1	4½ to 1	1793	170
34th, "The Mission,"	15	6	1½ to 1	5½ to 1	1413	170
39th, Central North of Market,	19	2	1½ to 1	3½ to 1	1538	180

and social status may be inferred from the exceedingly limited area assigned to each precinct on the colored maps used in making the table. The 34th district includes the largest portion of the Mission, populated by the respectable middle class. The 39th embraces a large central slice of the north of Market street region, including the City Hall, while the 30th and 40th represent the whole of the Western Addition, with its educated and prosperous classes.

The figures in the first column of the table represent the number of precincts in the district that gave a proportionate majority of three to one, or less, against the amendment. Those in the second column, correspondingly, the number that exceeded this proportion. Thus we see that while the 39th district has 19 precincts above the line, those of the Western Addition have but 5 and 9 respectively. The 28th and 29th both have 9 and the 30th 12. Conversely, while the 28th and 29th respectively give 8 and 9 below the dividing line, the 40th also has 8 and the 38th 11.

Again we find, (see third column) that the best precincts of the Western Addition and the Mission gave no higher proportion of votes in favor of the amendment than the best of "Barbary Coast," while its worst proved no lower than the worst of the former districts. The 39th is by far the best according to this standard of comparison, the adverse proportion never falling below three and one-half to one.

Now to consider the actual numerical majorities (ascertained in the legitimate manner by calculating the entire vote for and against in each district,) we find that the despised slums make a far better showing than the north of Market street districts. True, the difference in the number of precincts must be taken into account, but even allowing for this we see that the former excel, and when we compare those containing the same number of precincts, we find that the 28th gives a smaller majority against the amendment than the 40th by 719 votes, and a similar comparison, equally unfavorable to the better locality, can be made between the 30th and the 40th districts.

The sum of the adverse majorities in the first four districts

THE LESSON OF EVOLUTION.

BY PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

NONE can be prepared to act well their part in the social economy unless they comprehend the special status of their own time as related to the past, present and future. They must be able to retrospect, inspect and prospect. Otherwise they will most likely waste their energies in ill adjusted efforts, however good their intentions may be. They will be like one beating the air.

All men have substantially the same wants. All are striving to satisfy those wants. But what a chaos of effort! What confusion, and what strife and conflict of methods characterize their endeavors. Until substantial unity of effort can be secured all attempts will be failures. As long as the poverty-stricken masses are disintegrated and contending with each other in opposing parties, so long will their labor be exploited by the united class of monopolistic employers. Let us study the problem, and ascertain how the present condition came to be; and then perhaps we can see what change is needed and how it can be secured.

In the evolution of humanity we start with the animal. Man is primarily an animal. The animal is selfish. Selfishness is animal righteousness. The hog that roots its fellow from the trough is never considered an immoral creature. The first care of all animals is to secure food and drink. Man is no exception to this rule. This primary necessity developed the intellectual power, which for long ages has been employed almost exclusively in devising means to satisfy the animal wants. Gradually the society instinct was differentiated from the gregarious instincts of animals. The moral instinct, also was developed to some extent, but the scope of its exercise was very limited in primitive society where all were on substantially the plane of equality. Riches, as we now use the term, were unknown. Defective

reason led to the lowest forms of superstition, which eventuated in the various forms of religion, all of which have been evolved from the ignorant misconceptions, by the primitive man, of the forces and objects of nature.

The primitive man was communistic. Like many animals and birds, he followed the most powerful of his brethren, not as a ruler but simply a leader. But the growth of the family into the tribe and clan, and ultimately into the nation, evolved trade, money and religious practices. Ethics grew, but the animal in man did not decline. It cannot decline—it is the substratum of man. Religion introduced the notion of discrete conditions and character among men. The powers and objects of nature had been personalized by an imperfect reason. They must be placated and honored. Men must be set apart for that work. Those thus consecrated to the gods came to be regarded as especially holy. They ruled the people by declaring the will of the gods. They selected rulers and kings as the gods directed. The priests made the kings, and they sustained the priests. Thus, through religion came the classes with exceptional privileges, and consequently exceptional honor and wealth. Among the nomadic tribes, the discrimination could not extend to any very great degree, but the development of agriculture, rendering the tribe stationary, necessitated houses, not only for the people but especially for the gods. In some cases, if not all, the gods had houses before the people. War, which is one factor in evolution, most likely commenced at first by the trespass of the nomads upon the agriculturists. The primitive man knew nothing of land titles. The whole boundless continent was his in which to drive and pasture his flocks. If there was any contention it was over the wells or springs of water. The shepherd, or herdsman, regarded with jealous disfavor the exclusive occupancy of the agriculturist. But the latter held his own, and triumphed over his unsettled brother. Cities, laws, and executive officials grew naturally out of the settled form of life. And thus from increasing complexity in social life, there grew more and more the bestowment of special privileges upon the priests and the officers

each great nation representing a civilization, has cultured, or rather evolved, in that growth and decline, some one great principle or truth, which is indispensable to the completeness of human life on the earth. Hence the following era has developed and re-applied that principle, adding something of its own. Thus humanity has ascended a new step in its upward progress. As in all chemical combinations, the addition of an extra element so completely changes the resulting compound that it possesses entirely new qualities and functional capacities, so also the incorporation of a new principle into the social compact makes all things new. And, as in the great march of life's evolution from amœba to man, different functions and organs have been successively developed in successive eras of differentiating change, so also, in accord with immutable, analogic law, has the social man evolved the more perfect and complex conditions of his organization.

All the unities of nature are plural—the union of two or more. Evolution is dual—integration and disintegration. From the disintegrated elements of the older empires the modern ones have been built. It took æons of time to build the individual man up to where he now is, and the building of the perfect social man must require more than a century, or an age. But the primary processes of evolution are accomplished by the automatic intelligence of impersonal nature, while the evolution of the social unity is largely controlled by the reason of the self-conscious ego. And as reason becomes more and more potent as the boundaries of knowledge are enlarged its reaction upon the mere automatic forces of evolution becomes more powerful each new generation. But one of the most marked features of the increased power of reason is seen in the fact that it has discovered that there can be no real growth except on the lines of nature's automacy. For ages, reason, under the spell of religious teachings, has been warring against the automacy of nature, and seeking to construct a true social status by securing a correct state of personal morality and affection. Golden Rules have been inscribed upon all the civilizations from Asia to Europe, and from Europe to America.

Selfishness has been denounced in every conceivable form of invective, and love has been eulogized in strains of loftiest eloquence and sublimest song; and we have the result. What is it? Simply—Hell—the hell of plutocratic rottenness and hypocrisy, and proletarian squalor and misery. But reason has discovered, as said before, that selfishness is animal righteousness. And it is just as righteous in the two-legged animal as in the quadruped. The animal is the basis—the foundation. It supports the moral and the intellectual. It is the fountain from which they sprang. The animal nature is no receptacle in which a spiritual being, by some hocus pocus, has been imprisoned to work out its salvation or its karma. The animal is the root and stem, while the intellectual and moral attributes are the flowers and fruit. Without root and stem there can be neither fruit nor flowers.

The institutions which have been reared upon the false philosophy of religious priests, are entirely unfit and totally inadequate for the expression of the higher thought and life of the present era. Reason proposes to change these defective institutions by a complete reversal of previous methods, growing out of the new philosophy. It calls a halt upon the eternal war against selfishness. Instead, it submits selfishness as the primary factor in the grand combination to overthrow the murderous regime of pious plutocracy. Food, raiment and shelter constitute the grand Trinity, for which the selfish animal necessarily aspires. Enlightened reason will array this trinity—this sum of animal wants against the exploiters of human life and joy. Reason, Conscience, Altruism and the highest spiritual instinct will come and baptize this selfishness as among the holiest potencies of humanity. The altruism which we laud as unselfish is only the perfected form of that which we affect to despise and abhor. The selfish animal man is the babe; the altruist is the grown man. But the babe and the man are one. The babe is in the period of specialism, while the man—the altruist—has reached the condition of universalism. The babe senses the present wants of the one. The man senses the wants of every one, because he has grown until he recognizes the solidarity of human kind. Every

them have, in many persons, the overmastering control in the line of the crude animalism, which ruled in the cave man of ages gone. It took millions of years to evolve from the amœba a reptile with a diminutive brain, and millions more before man with upright form and ample brain walked upon the earth. With brain growth has come the evolution of the regal Reason. But oh! how slow the growth! Reason has been, still is, the slave of pampered animalism instead of being the guide and master.

4 Nature knows no method but that of slow, painful growth. She can make no sudden leaps or flights from lower to higher conditions. As knowledge increases reason becomes more potent and can accelerate the speed of growth.

5 Absolute nature never changes in essential essence. But by new combinations she develops new qualities and functions. Combining oxygen and hydrogen she formed water. There is no new essence, but there are new qualities and new functions. So reason combining new knowledge evolves new and higher sciences, philosophies, religions and social systems. Thus, increasing knowledge, as instrument wielded by reason, will be the reconstructor of our social system.

APPLICATION.

The present is a crisis period in human history. The animalistic energies, indorsed by religion and formulated in civil institutions, are most rapidly fruiting. What we term moral evil or sin is simply the extremism of good. Modern civilization is dominated by two forms of extremism. The sexual and the acquisitive faculties are the ones which, in their extremism of manifestation, betoken the death of present civilization. They were the factors which destroyed Rome, and but for the growth of reason through the increase of knowledge, would most certainly sink humanity again into ages of ignorant barbarism. So universally are we in the condition of extremism that it may well be said of the people, "madness is in their hearts while they live."

But many are running to and fro and knowledge is increased.

The slaves of to-day are mostly intelligent. They have the power in their own hands to change conditions. They are rapidly learning the methods of using the power which they possess for their own deliverance. The metes and bounds of the acquisitive instinct are being comprehended. Its fearful results are understood, and the altruistic spirit is being evolved. The pulse of humanity is beating quicker, stronger. Its soul is stirred to its profoundest depths, and its vision clarified to see clearer than ever the pressing need and the true method of relief.

IN nothing has liberty justified itself more thoroughly than in the resolute determination spreading among the American people to add industrial to political independence. It is the hope of the world that good has its effect as well as evil, and that on the whole and in the long-run, the seed of the good will overgrow the evil. "Heaven has kindly given our blood a moral flow." Liberty breeds liberties, slavery breeds slaveries, but the liberties will be the strongest stock. If the political and religious liberties which the people of this country aspired to set up had in them the real sap and fibre of a better life than the world had yet known, it must certainly follow that they would quicken and strengthen the people for discovery and obedience in still higher realms.—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

BY GRACE ROBERTS MOORE.

ROMAN history is a record and revelation of the evils, vices and extreme depravity of a social condition where force is the ruling principle. In private as well as in public matters the sole standard of conduct was "might makes right," without the least regard to sentiments of justice or mercy.

Even the religion of the Romans pandered to worldliness. Their service to the gods consisted of victims and perfumes laid upon the altar of some particular deity whose favor was deemed necessary in order to secure the success of an enterprise. The different gods and goddesses were bribed in this way to restore health, bring success in business, produce a bountiful harvest or gain a victory over an enemy. There was nothing in the Roman idea of religion that appealed to the heart or touched the conscience. Even the private character of the priest who officiated, or of the one who brought his offering, was of no importance so long as the rites were scrupulously performed according to old and accredited rules. The priestly office was a political position, often sought and obtained by men who according to our ideas would be totally unfit for a spiritual vocation.

There was but one religious order that seemed to demand purity of life as an essential, and that was the order of the Vestal Virgins.

Each Roman deity was personified under some material aspect. Jupiter was worshipped in the form of a stone, Quirinus as a spear, Mars as a shield, and so on. But Vesta, the goddess of chastity, was represented by flame, and her shrine was attended by maidens, selected with the greatest care from the daughters of the noblest families. So strict were the requirements as to birth, beauty and character, that the number of eligible candidates was never large, for the chosen priestess must



A VESTAL VIRGIN.

owed his life to the intercession of the Abbess of the Vestals with the dictator Sulla.

But on the other hand what obligations did they assume to offset these great advantages? Even over these fair young creatures, worshipped as if each was a goddess in her own person, a dark and threatening fate hung suspended. Their duties were light but neglect meant severe chastisement, and disobedience a shameful and lingering death. The only tasks imposed upon them were to keep the fire constantly burning and to guard the treasures committed to their care. Little is known as to these relics; even classic writers are indefinite. Cicero refers to them as "some sacred things." But we know that the most important object among them was a small terra cotta image said to have fallen from Heaven, which was called the Palladium. The articles must have been small, for once when the Vestals fled from Rome to escape the Gauls who entered the city in 462 B. C., they hid the relics in an earthen jar which was buried near the Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer that empties into the Tiber.

The order of Vestals is one of the oldest religious organizations. It was in existence from the very foundation of Rome in the eighth century B. C., to the fall of the empire at the close of the fourth century A. D. Like many other religious customs it had its origin in a practical necessity which finally became invested with superstitious reverence. Almost all religious practices can be traced to a useful and practical beginning. When the prehistoric Romans were leading a pastoral life on the Alban hills, the men were engaged in looking after the flocks or in hunting and fishing to secure food. The great need among primitive races is fire, which can only be secured by lighting leaves by rubbing or by striking rocks and sticks together. Each village therefore had a central fire constantly burning from which families could carry a brand to their domestic hearths. The duty of keeping this central fire burning became the special charge of the young girls of the tribe. Consequently when these shepherds left the mountains and sought a better home for themselves and their flocks on the banks of the Tiber, they brought this cus-

the effect of Domitian's zeal as a reformer of public morals. The account describes the trial which took place before the college of the priests of Jupiter, who sentenced her to death by burial alive. Immediately the victim was stripped of her monastic garments and flogged with rods by the high priest, then bound and gagged. She was placed in a hearse that led the way, followed by a procession of mourning and horrified relatives and spectators to a field outside the city where criminals were executed. Here the hearse drew up beside a deep vault already dug for the purpose and furnished with a lamp, a straw bed, some oil, bread and wine. This refinement of cruelty was done to avoid the reproach of having put to death a person once dedicated to the gods,—she might live a longer or shorter time as she made use of these provisions. When the ladder was lowered into the vault the high priest cut the bands that bound the culprit, murmuring at the same time prayers for the dying, and leading her to the entrance of this living tomb he bestowed his benediction and turned away as she disappeared from sight. A stone closed the entrance to the vault—the earth was piled over it and the final act of the inhuman tragedy went on unseen by mortal eye. By careful examination of existing records it has been conjectured that the execution referred to took place on the site now occupied by the Palace of Finance.

Archeologists were anxiously searching for some remains of the House of the Vestals, until their zeal was rewarded by the discovery that happened in December of 1883. The building was found in a fair state of preservation. Many busts, tablets and inscriptions were in their original places, and the hope of discovering the secrets of the order by the finding of the relics set all antiquarians in a fever of anticipation. They were doomed however to disappointment, for on further research nothing was found in the Penetralia but the octagonal platform on which the altar had once stood. The shrine and its contents had evidently been deliberately and intencionally removed, most probably by the Vestals themselves and the secrets of the order lie buried with the last Vestal. The most reasonable explanation is that,



SCHOOL OF VESTALS.

WASTED ENERGIES.

BY CORA A. MORSE.

ANATION mourns its dead! Mother Columbia weeps also at the bedside of hundreds of living skeletons. Malaria has fastened its poisonous fangs on thousands of America's promising young sons, whose future is blighted by a physical infirmity which will follow them to the grave. There is disease and death on every hand from lack of life's necessities and dearth of human care. Starvation, with luxuries to spare! Neglect, with competent and willing hands ready to care for the sick and dying! All this in the name of humanity and a humane war.

That this is poor political economy no one questions. That as a people we have little to offer as an intelligent solution of any of the great problems of life no one denies. We are all awake to the fact that our Nation has strained at a gnat and is now swallowing a camel. We all feel the hot flush of indignation as reports of ignorance, cupidity, mismanagement and unpardonable indifference are day after day being confirmed. We are a surprised people to learn that, in spite of the millions of dollars spent by the Red Cross Society to make our soldiers comfortable, the bones of thousands bleach under the pitiless heavens. It seems that we have been helpless to cope with the situation, and that we have been obliged to stand by while death has mustered out company after company of bright-eyed boys who marched away to strains of martial music. They went from homes of plenty, under the banner that symbolizes liberty and protection, a banner that promised food and shelter, home and happiness to sufferers in other hands, but which waves to-day over the graves of our own starved and stricken ones whom we had not the wisdom to save. Peace has been declared but it is the cry of "Peace! peace! when there is no peace."

The heart and conscience of the Nation has at last been

reached and neither rest nor peace will come until the spirit of reconstruction has finished its harmonizing work. Men whose heads were so turned by the glare and glitter of war that they were incapable of doing anything but shout approval and dash madly on, carried by political currents whose treacherous water they did not stop to fathom until it closed around them a veritable dead sea, are calmly thinking to-day, with a great grief at their hearts, and are looking through tear-dimmed eyes at the wreckage about them. Women who came to the front, full of enthusiasm in what to them seemed a righteous cause, and who have worked without ceasing to still the cries of hunger, pain and despair upon the tented field, are dumb with astonishment as the appalling waste of energy appears to them; and many have laid down the work, too heartsick and discouraged to proceed further.

We may fix the blame wherever we please, we may punish whom we will, but this fact will remain, that our Nation needs an intelligent *mother*. Lack of organization of woman's forces is the prime factor in the needless suffering of the soldiers she has furnished for battle, and also in the ever present misery in times of peace. To womankind more than to men have fallen the details of life. Her ability to manage them has peculiarly fitted her for the work of overseeing and executing, and will yet make of her a first-class political economist if she bring her experience to bear in that direction; notwithstanding the fact that her executive power has been restricted largely to domestic life and that she has mostly been concerned with the preparation of food and the construction of clothing for her family. With such limited experience it is not to be wondered at that her first thought in time of war was to provide something for the soldiers to eat and wear, and that she started at once to collect funds to make purchases with, instead of devising other ways and means to meet the requirements of the men. From the domestic beggar which she has always been, with a further tutorage as church beggar, she naturally fell into the idea of begging to help the Nation take care of its soldiers. She has been so accustomed to all kinds of charity measures that it never occurred to her that she had the

let us pre-empt our own claims. Let us exercise our right of government by teaching our brothers the "more excellent way." Let us be ready with such practical suggestions in all hours of our country's need that our wisdom will be a law unto him. He will then beseech us to come to his help. He will want "*all women*" in the next war, for it can be turned into a war against inharmonies and the spirit of revenge and our Nation shall no more mourn the untimely death of its children. In that hour peace shall be declared without the shedding of blood. The hungry of all nations shall be fed, their bodies clothed, and their suffering be promptly relieved as such influence will spread like a contagion. If we do this, our boys have not died in vain. If not, woe to our Nation as it continues to purchase wisdom at the fearful cost of human life.

Woe to womankind, who is herself the *substance* of life, if she persists in wasting it through ignorance and misdirection of her power! The Nation's children are hers, she bore them. Hers is the right to demand their proper care under all circumstances, and hers the eternal disgrace if she sits supinely by and permits their cries to go unheeded. Having "learned of her husband at home" that he has not the power to manage the family, let her come to the fore with the wisdom born of centuries of experience, gather the babes of the world to her bosom, and demand for them homes, shelter, food, clothing, education, love and all the word implies. Let her inaugurate the reign of Mother-God.

MY WEALTH.

BY M. F. BISHOP.

HOW rich I am! for I have all the world affords. In every flower a heart beats full of love for me. The air upon my brow so gently plays a symphony of tender tunes. And sweet to see the rich and varied hues of color everywhere. The lawns and fields and woods, with endless shades of green. And blue above and billows of softest gray, like great soft fleecy pillows where angels rest their heads. And birds with songs so merry and so full of melody and life. The sun that shines on rich and poor alike. All, all are mine! The moon that rides in splendor through the sky, attended by her friends, the twinkling little stars. Her smile so quiet and so quaint sheds light upon the earth for me as for a king. The shadows cast from tree and tower, to shade from noon-day sun, are cool for me as for another, and the mountains with their majesty and pose, and everlasting hills where cattle graze and roam. The rivers with their mighty power and wondrous foam and roar and falls that speak with voice sublime. * Who says I'm poor? when I have all this and so much more. Then, there are the friends with smiles of cheer and willing well to all I do. And animals I love and praise return that love tenfold. And peace of soul that comes of loving all God's people. The earth that bountifully supplies the fruits and grains, the bees and dew and whispering leaves. The grass, the flowers, the trees, the stillness of the night. The gentle stir at dawn. The brightness in the eastern sky at full of morn. The hush and peace as Nature goes to sleep. The gorgeous coloring at west and north, as the sun says good night. So much is mine! I cannot enumerate! How rich I am!



—Charles A. Keeler.

OLD JOHN HAY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Alone in his cabin lived old John Hay,
 Way up in the mountains of fair El Dorado,
 He chopped on his clearing and whistled all day,
 And merrily spaded, and turned up the sod, O!
 With a hi, hi, hi, and a ho, ho, ho, for old John Hay of the
 mountains!

His whiskers were white and his rugged face tanned
 By the air and the sun of his fair El Dorado,
 But this old mountaineer could not quite understand
 Why men so objected to labor and plod, O!
 With a hi, hi, hi, and a ho, ho, ho, for old John Hay of the
 mountains!

—Charles A. Keeler.

He never was lonely, he never was sad,
With the woodpeckers calling, and jays laughing round him.
Tho' Jip was the only companion he had
A wag and a bark was sufficient to cheer him,
With a hi, hi, hi, and a ho, ho, ho, for old John Hay of the
mountains!

One day, as it chanced, he went down to the town,
And who should he meet but the widow, Jane Gaskin?
And the widow asked John to come in and sit down.
Said John, "So I will, since 'tis you do the askin'!"
With a hi, hi, hi, and a ho, ho, ho, for old John Hay of the
mountains!

Now old John Hay, as they talked, chanced to think
How snug in the mountains he'd be with Jane Gaskin.
He asked her to come, and as quick as a wink
Jane answered, "I will, since 'tis you do the askin',"
With a hi, hi, hi, and a ho, ho, ho, for old John Hay of the
mountains!

THE WAY TO LIBERTY.

Man seeks for liberty ardently and long,
Man finds his liberty lurking in a song,
Man wins his liberty fighting for the right,
Man keeps his liberty by truth's eternal fight.
Fight, fight, fight, in a world of woe and wrong!
Sing, sing, sing, in the darkness of the night.
Trust, trust, trust, that the dark foretells the light.
Victory and liberty are aye within our sight.

—Charles A. Keeler.

SWEET CHARITY.

Sweet Charity came to a world of wail
With one lone gift to give.
She scanned each face serene and pale,
Each soul too base to live.

She marked the beggar who craved her aid,
The poor who scorned to pray;
She marked the thief with the glance dismayed,
And the wreck for a moment gay.

Then she saw a creature so low and vile
That all men scorned her woe,
And she placed in her hand, with a loving smile,
A lily as white as the snow.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE COUNTY ROAD.

Beside the way, where the cross-roads meet,
I see the prints of the vanished feet,
And I wonder what led along that way,
On through the dust of a summer's day.

A little bare-foot boy passed by,
And he stopped on the way with an eager eye
To look in the bush for the linnet's nest,
Or so, from the tracks, I fondly guessed.

—Charles A. Keeler.

THE MARTYR.

What dripping music, saturate with pain,
Falls like the rain of dark, eternal woe,—
Falls on the white, uplifted face, in vain
Srtaining her gaze against its ceaseless flow,—
In vain imploring mutely, tenderly,
The easeful respite torn from long despair,
For one loved hour of joy's serenity,—
One hour wherein the wreath of peace to wear.
White, eager face, forever skyward turned,
Thy bliss is too sublime to melt in joy!
Thy vestal fire of pain is never burned,—
Quenchlessly glowing, ardent to employ
Thy pure and holy life to ends afar,—
The deathless fire of fate's controlling star!

NOT IN VAIN.

I blew a bubble of radiant dye,
That imaged the wonders of earth and sky,
But the bubble burst with a stifled sigh.

I builded a hope like a cloud of gold,
That gathered the earth in its spacious fold,
But the hope was entombed in the earth's drear mold.

I gathered a love to my aching heart
But it pierced and it pained like the sting of a dart,
For the love was a thorn and I shrank from its smart.

But the thorn bore a blossom that bloomed at my breast,
And the hope was upbuilded of brooding unrest,
And the thing I had fancied most cruel, was best.

—Charles A. Keeler.

MOODS.

With the rushing of the wind
I am speeding, I am speeding;
Leaving life and hope behind
In the world so swift receding—
Palpitating life that lingers,
Clasping hope with clenched fingers,
I am leaving, I am leaving,
While the dizzy soul is weaving
Patterns in the loom of sorrow,
Pictures of the dread to-morrow.
Now the wind is softly dying
And I wander mid its caves—
Revel in its dreamy sighing,
Wander o'er its winding ways,
Think no thought of pain's imparting,
Feel no pangs of sorrow's smarting.
Wind of hope, or wind of sorrow—
Which will move my soul to-morrow?

TWO STARS.

Will-o'-the-wisp, thy lantern is glowing
To lure me, deluded, afar;
Will-o'-the-wisp, thy pallid light, showing,
I took for a wandering star.
Will-o'-the-wisp, the fens and the fallows
Lie gloomy and dismal around;
I miss the sweet sigh of the pine tree that hallows
My path with its musical sound.
Will-o'-the-wisp, far, far from thy burning
I looked through the murmuring night,
And there glowed the star I had sought in my yearning
For guidance from darkness to light.

—Charles A. Keeler.

I see where you are, Mr. Clam, by your bubble;
Your fountain so merry will lead you to trouble;
For down goes the spade through the mud and the ooze—
To lie in my basket you cannot refuse.

The wind drives the mist raw and chill o'er the bay,
But mother and babies are hungry to-day.
Dig deep, little spade, for our clams will buy bread,
And the hungry ones waiting at home shall be fed.

GLORIA.

Oh burst from your channels, wild rivers,
Mad cataracts plunge from your steeps,
And sound in the tumult that quivers
In joy o'er the waste of the deeps,
GLORIA! GLORIA! GLORIA!

Sublime where the cloud-world is drifting,
With majesty born of the earth,
Oh mountain, thy deep voice uplifting
Peals forth to the plains of thy birth,
GLORIA! GLORIA! GLORIA!

Oh man, from thy utter despairing,
From thy tumult of passionate pain,
Oh crush the vain grief thou art bearing
And join in the antheming strain,
GLORIA! GLORIA! GLORIA!



Through the Joints of the Armor. The San Francisco *Call* has opened a rare opportunity for a journal like THE COMING LIGHT, which aims to get at reality and the very heart of things. The prosperous and conservative elements of society are generally so self-complacent, so satisfied and content in their snug comfort, and withal so panoplied in their approved traditions, that it is difficult to reach the conscience of them, or even to irritate their sensibilities, with the darts of rational criticism and moral censure. But *The Call*, in its issue of September 4th, raised a question as to the effect of twenty-four hours of truth-telling in the city. In doing so, *The Call* uncovered the joints of the armor through which effective thrusts may be made; and indeed it summoned up a little company of the valiant, to push relentless spear-heads into the very consciousness of San Francisco. THE COMING LIGHT, not at all responsible for these stabs into the conscious quick, welcomes the chance to probe them and see what kind of moral tissue they pierce.

First, then, these representative citizens have *The Personal* somewhat to confess about a self-judging, self-*Consciousness*. rebuking personal consciousness. Hugh Craig, for example, declares that "not one of us to day searching our own hearts can afford to have the truth told even for a single day." He is seconded in this by Barclay Henley who says, "Our tender moral epidermis cannot bear the chill blasts of unmitigated truth. We need the sheltering scenes of make-believe, the wind-break of compromise, and we crouch under the lee of deceit or hide in the coverts of hypocrisy." To the same effect thinks Mr. Frawley who confesses, "I don't care to be in San Francisco on that day of moral reformation," and he holds that if any man should "linger on that interval of wrath and vengeance it would require ten years of valuable life-time spent in artistic lying to make himself even with his fellow men." Then uprises Dr. Gardner to intimate that we should all go to the madhouse or to prison, and that "if any human being did escape the insane asylum or San Quentin, ten chances to one he would be found skulking from hill to hill to avoid meeting his friends or foes." Now all this is very bad indeed, and if it is even half true the Judgment Day is likely to be fully as trying an occasion as ever Jonathan Edwards led us to anticipate. The "Father of Lies" must have a big family of children in San Francisco.

On this point it is the indubitable prerogative of *The Business* Mr. Hugh Craig to speak with authority. What *Consciousness*. he says is astounding. THE COMING LIGHT would not have ventured to put the case so strongly. Indeed we have not regarded the situation as so utterly bad. But here comes the president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce declaring that "to have the truth told even for a day would demoralize the commercial interest and financial ruin would be the result—why? Every house doing business on the credit system would not survive the day." Nothing more severe than this was ever said by even the most

ranting agitator in arraignment of the prevailing business methods of our times. We are minded to print it on a placard in big and illuminated text and hang it in the hall of every reform club in the country as a justification for their most radical and unsparing criticisms of the commercial system by which we are afflicted. This is unquestionably a confession out of the heart and based on a thorough inside knowledge of existing conditions. We shall certainly feel at liberty, henceforth, to speak any critical word on these matters, however severe, that seems to us to be called for. We shall point to Mr. Craig as our unimpeachable witness.

THE COMING LIGHT wishes, upon this point, to call especial attention to the fact that it is not *The Domestic Consciousness*, here protruding its own views, but merely reviewing the declared opinions of others. Upon this matter many are peculiarly sensitive and we are glad of an opportunity to record the convictions of the spokesmen selected by an accredited newspaper like *The Call*. One of its respondents, Mr. Danforth, declares that telling the truth for twenty-four hours "would certainly not be productive of domestic tranquility nor would that all-pervading X-ray virtue foster courtships. . . . No couple undecieved would even in their insane moments desire a marriage license." Another respondent, Mr. Cator, holds that the spoken truth "would produce domestic anarchy, separations and thousands of divorces." But it remained for Mr. Craig upon this point as upon that of the business consciousness, to say the most startling word. He holds that truth-telling would be *revolutionary* as regards that traditional institution—the Family. He says: "It would lead to a reconstruction of the basis of society, a dissection of family ties." These are the most significant utterances of many a year and deserve the most serious attention in order that we may determine the social bearing of them and all that they portend.

THE COMING LIGHT is not surprised at these *The Meaning and the Moral* disclosures as touching the consciousness carried in the breasts of San Franciscans. We have long believed that our institutions, our customs, our social relations, our industry and trade, our morality and religion, and our personal attitudes and actions are all vitiated more or less by underlying and interior falseness. And moreover we believe that the people generally, alike in San Francisco and everywhere else, *know* this perfectly well, and so carry about in their breasts a deep sense of condemnation for what we thus are and do. This is the very reason why such a journal as ours rises in the midst of men to lift a voice of rebuke, challenging our human kind to arouse themselves and slay this *False* that is within them singly and socially. We are constrained to insist that our greatest immorality is not found in our overt acts of sin and shame, but rather in this deep and radical sense of prevailing untruth, evasion, subterfuge, pretense, humbug and masquerade. That we should any of us be willing, with this dark self-knowledge, to go on even for a day with things as they are constitutes our real turpitude, our withering and mortal shame. There can be no real life of men, no vital value in their experience, no moral power in their deeds, no religion in their hearts, until they make an eternal compact with verity and reality. Life now is only "a fitful fever." Or rather it is a grievous bondage in the bands of falsity and deceit. The individual man and the social man both await that "Truth that shall make us Free."

* *

San Franciscans are congratulating themselves *Respectability* just now that the locality about St. Mary's and the Church. Church is to be made respectable, and are making an effort to "brighten with blossoms a lost thronedom of sin." The Paulist Fathers have led the crusade to do away with the haunts of vice in the vicinity of their house of worship and have been seconded by many citizens. A mass meeting has been called and the Supervisors have been petitioned

to condemn the property and devote it to the establishment of a Park, which petition has been granted and \$75,000 appropriated for the purpose. The reasons given for such a move all hinge upon the one word "respectability." One of the Paulist Fathers says that "the existence of a disreputable quarter in such a place has been disgraceful." Another says that "the flagrant display of vice in the neighborhood of St. Mary's has long been a source of annoyance." One expresses the opinion that "it is certainly time that respectability entered into the locality near us." Father Otis in his call for the mass meeting says: "Our purpose is to have a crying evil eliminated from the locality in which our Church or any Church is situated. We believe that the respectable members of the community are in perfect accord with our purpose." In fact some of our well-meaning citizens have expressed opinions in accord with that of the Paulist Fathers. Among them are these: that "vice must be crowded out in that locality;" that "the health, happiness and morals of the city would be improved if a park or a square take the place of the haunts of sin;" that "the houses should be appropriated because of their menace to morality and respectability;" that "it is a very necessary thing that the objectionable memories clinging to that quarter be wiped away by the establishment of a park;" that "I can think of no better way by which the regeneration or purification of that district may be accomplished than by the Paulist Fathers' plan."

Since the question is open for discussion, and
Who is Responsible? since it is one that touches the very life of the
 community, it is one that deserves serious con-
 sideration. If these "women of sin" are to be
 driven to other localities because the Church is too respectable to
 tolerate them in its vicinity, where are we to look for help in the
 solution of this, the most vital problem confronting society to-
 day? Both pulpit and pew are chargeable with the downfall of
 as many women as are those who make no pretensions of religion.
 A messenger boy once said to the writer, in answer to an

the blossoms may even go far to "regenerate and purify that district," but is this really more desirable than the regeneration and purification of the souls and bodies of the women who are being driven away from the Church influence? Where is the big appropriation for this as well as for the park? Is the culture of flowers of so much more importance than the culture of souls? Is not the lowest human of a higher species than the most developed flora? As such are they not worthy of our most loving consideration? If the mission of the Church is not to "seek and save the lost," as was the mission of the Christ in whose name every Church is flourishing, it is time their buildings were all demolished and parks and squares put in their places in order that the respectability and morality of the community may be maintained. For hypocrisy is a "stench in the nostrils of the Lord" and ought to be a like stench in the nostrils of true men and women.

The Cruelty of the Proposed Plan. In the spirit and method in which they propose to stamp out the evil in their vicinity the Paulist Fathers are open to the charge of heartlessness.

So far as appears they neither propose to provide these women, whom they have made homeless and penniless, with the means of livelihood, nor find other quarters for them, much less to deal with their companions in vice. They drive them anywhere out of sight. But all know full well that a like plague spot will be established elsewhere in the city with influences just as demoralizing; but seems to matter nothing to them what other district is invaded, or who suffers in consequence so that their own respectability is guarded. We might expect such action on the part of a council of Apaches, but we have a right to expect better things from the followers of Him who said "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," and who said to the Magdalen, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

The Cross—The Bleeding Heart of Jesus—The *The Symbols of* Virgin Mother! If the cross really symbolizes *the Church*, anything, it is the duty of the ever-present now, no matter how grievous a burden it may appear to be. The duty of the Church in this case is to stand in the midst of these "dens of vice" unabashed and unafraid, and by the spirit and power of the love which the bleeding heart symbolizes reach the bleeding hearts of suffering which these condemned ones carry, and help them to become quickened with new life and purpose. The Virgin Mother, so devoutly worshipped in these great cathedrals, is the symbol of womanhood everywhere and in all conditions of life. The Church will do well to teach man that the true worship of the Virgin Mother consists in his protection of womanhood against the fire and flame of his lust. This done, all women will be held virgin, or pure, and all localities become respectable.

According to the Great Teacher there is more joy in heaven over the one sinner who has been lost and is found than over the ninety and nine that have gone not astray. The negatively good people who compose the Church have failed entirely to interpret the meaning of the text, otherwise they would work early and late for the "one sinner." The reason is obvious. The *one* who was lost and is found is more valuable to society than the ninety and nine that have gone not astray, from the fact that the experience gained enables the lost one to point out the pitfalls and dangers which beset the path of others. Such souls, when found of the spirit, become a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. The respectability of the Church has always shut out such ones; hence the slow growth of the really moral sentiments and the utter failure of the Church as either a reformatory or remedial agent. Let St. Mary's, and every other Church in Christendom, stand firmly and placidly in the strongholds of iniquity and bring the people up to a higher standard of mentality and true religious life, or let them sink deep in the valley of humiliation and leave



COMMENTS ~ AND EXTRACTS

JULIUS HARE well says:

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place, we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road.

If this were the spirit in which all people determined both their theories and their practice, the world would not turn many times on its axis before human thought and life assumed more rational phases. But in many respects men are pitifully prejudiced and "the right road" is the last road on which they choose to travel.

There was something dignified and human in the question put to our Hawaiian Commissioners, at a public meeting, by W. B. Keanu, a prominent planter of the islands:

In regard to the United States Government—that great Government which we all know—that liberty-loving country which sent people to this country to enlighten it—can that nation take this country and annex it against the will of the people of this country? Was it because Hawaii and the Hawaiian people were not able to take care of themselves, that it became necessary for the United States to come and take hold of these islands?

And there was little that was either dignified or human in the answer vouchsafed by Senator Cullom:

The Government of the United States, like every other government, deals with governments. It does not deal with neighborhoods nor with people in squads. The Government of the United States found a government on Hawaii and it dealt with that government just as it had done in other cases.

Yes, we dealt with a government that was not made by the people of Hawaii, and undertook to settle their destiny without consulting their will. What becomes of our declarations about "the consent of the governed," which we have loudly professe

to regard as a sacred basal principle in order to anything approaching a free government? And in view of what we seem to be doing in the cases of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, what becomes of grand old Abe Lincoln with his famous saying about "government of the people, by the people and for the people?"

We are fully aware that Editorial notes like the two which precede are liable to be regarded by some as unpatriotic. But the editors of *THE COMING LIGHT*, in their simple innocence, believe that true patriotism does not call upon us to be less than broadly human and impartially just, and on the other hand that what is broadly human and impartially just cannot be inconsistent with a true patriotism.

That there has been a necessity for the work of Red Cross Societies and other charity organizations in order to care for our soldiers is little short of a shame. In fact there was no necessity for the activity of these agencies. By which we mean that it was possible for the government, and its high duty, to provide amply for all the needs of the soldiers, both ordinarily and in emergencies, and it was unnecessary and wrong to throw any part of the responsibility upon charitable citizens. The most admirably pertinent word yet said on this subject, so far as we have noticed, was spoken by Fighting Bob Evans in a charity meeting at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., as follows:

I appreciate the work of you ladies, but I believe we all will have to regret having been obliged to hold such a meeting. Any government worth fighting for must care for its brave men who leave wives and children, which is the hardest part of it, to face the enemy, which is the easiest part of it. If the nation ever learns this lesson, then in years to come the necessity for such a meeting will disappear.

That is the unmistakable good sense and practical wisdom of a man and a soldier.

The Popular Science Monthly strikes a magisterial attitude and reads off ponderous lectures against Socialism and the movement towards co-operation and the public control of industry. Readers can easily judge of the value of its dissertations by noting how it undertakes to belittle the motives and purposes of those who urge reform and progress along these lines. It says:

We are not doing good or getting good fast enough, and a lot of extra-good people—as they think themselves—are going to help forward our moral education by various legislative measures.

We hasten to assure our readers that there is no evidence



EDITOR OF THE COMING LIGHT: I notice, Madam, that you don't think it right for us to compel the islanders in Hawaii and Porto Rico and the Philippines to come in under our flag and be prosperous and happy. But I think that's just what this country's for—to force everybody that we can get at to turn in with us; and lick 'em if necessary till they are willing to do it. We've got warships enough (or can make 'em) and soldiers enough (or can raise 'em) to capture all the islands in both oceans and make "territories" of 'em and pour the blessings of our glorious American civilization all over 'em. The folks in the islands are only "natives" anyhow, and ignorant even to darkness and blackness; and the one thing which they particularly don't know is *how to govern themselves*. Contrariwise, *we do know* how to govern ourselves, and we have known it so long and practiced it so successfully that our knowledge is getting to be too great to keep it "bottled up" in any one country and ought to be exported wherever it is most needed. And so I think we ought to put big armies of occupation into all these places and force these people to govern themselves just as we do here.

But some folks are saying that all we ought to do is to see to it that the islanders "secure the blessing of liberty." Well, that's just it. Liberty is exactly what we want 'em to have,

and it's what we are prepared to give them. We've had it here in our Declaration of Independence for more than 120 years already. We've got a tremendous goddess of it facing the world in New York harbor. We sing it in songs, and preach it from pulpits, and shout it in political campaigns, and declaim it in Fourth of July orations, and embody it in no end of resolutions in party conventions. Next to the knowledge of how to govern ourselves we've got more liberty in this country than anything else. There is an excess of civil liberty here, and we ought to give some of it away. Now our surplus liberty can be carried to these island territories by the governors whom we appoint and their staffs, and secretaries and household servants. And our garrisons can load their cannons with it up to the muzzles and hang it on the points of their bayonets and so in some way or other we'll get it into the breasts of the poor oppressed natives of these benighted and belated islands.

I wish you'd think this over, Mrs. Editor, and see if you can't afford to change the tune of your magazine and make it help on this kind and Christian cause. Yours truly,

D. E. MOCRAT.

DOROTHY'S LETTER.

Im just a wonderin what that poet thinks of his Uncle by this time. May be he don't read the papers to find out what's goin on and what's been goin since 1861 and before that too. I read the papers through, all of em, if they are blanket sheets, and I go to all the meetins where they admit women to find out what people are a thinkin about. It keeps me bizzy but there is no other way of knowin things. If the poet and his Uncle would take it into their heads to do a little more studyin and investigatin they'd reach some good, clear conclushuns in a hurry, and it wouldn't fall on us women to rack our brains findin out where the truble is and showing of it to em.

The worst thing Uncle Sam has done is lettin all them soldiers die for want of vittles and good nussin. The newspapers says that the doctors complained that there want enough medicine to go around, and that they couldnt fight the disenteery and fever without a drug store at their backs. That may be true but it pears to me that it was mostly lack of brains. Ive been around the camps takin in the situashun and I know that there

by the soldiers. I reckon he will go right to work and bond the ilands the-same as he has bonded the rest of his territory and visit his bond inikwities on the 3rd and 4th generashuns of them poor heathen too. He's got about a billion dollars locked up for emergencys now, and is such a poor kalkulator that he wont use it, and keeps goin in det to his eyes and payin interest on more money and bondin his unborn offspring to pay the det. What would he think uf his mother if she had a cubbord full of bread and butter and cakes and pies for the entire family, and kept em locked up for emergencys and went in det for more vittles and paid interest on the det and then didnt pervide more than half enough to go round? He's got hundreds and thousands of dollars of whiskey tax that he dont kollect that he might kollect and be a usin. What would he think of a body that had bread bills out standing and wouldnt kollect em, but went and borried money to by more bread and paid interest on the money, which is ekwiivalent to payin two prices a loaf for it? It is the unthinkenest management I ever heerd of, and this haint half he's doin and not a doin. But there haint space to talk about it more now. Im goin to write my opinyuns of Californy for the next LIGHT.

COUZIN DOROTHY.

NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

[This department is designed as a forum for the discussion of practical steps for human betterment. We invite, for use here, the contributions of any who have carefully thought their way to clear, practicable ideas upon any of the problems involved in the growing life of the race; questions of individual, or social advancement, and interests of either a limited or a universal application. Send us your matured and carefully prepared thoughts and so help to clear the atmosphere and make the way to the Kingdom of Man plain.]

TO understand thoroughly the needs of this most trying hour one must understand not only the present conditions and their effects, but also what led up to these conditions. But within the limits of such an article as this it must of necessity be a very brief and imperfect analysis which is made.

It has been said that "The nineteenth century began in a struggle for the rights of the individual man; the twentieth century begins in a struggle for the rights of mankind." That sentence seems to contain the kernel of the whole condition. The century just passing has been a struggle for the rights of the individual man. The result has been that might has been right. The individual who has been successful has oppressed his unsuccessful brother. The man who could and did accumulate this world's goods has robbed his neighbor by exorbitant prices. The man who had executive ability and business genius ground down, by low wages and long hours, the man whose only capital lay in his strong right arm. So we have, as a result of a century of struggle for individual supremacy, two classes—the used and the user, those who benefit and those who are benefited.

The struggle between the man who had the ability to use his fellow-man's labor or necessity to increase his own hoard, and who, in so doing, naturally oppressed him by long hours, insufficient pay or exorbitant prices, and the man who was oppressed, has brought on the present condition of social unrest. In like manner have the corrupt methods used by individuals and corporations to obtain place and power and favorable legislation brought on political unrest.

This wide-spread unrest has developed an eager and intense longing to do something to change and better conditions, which has resulted, and will continue to result, in good or bad action, according to the strength and purity of purpose of the leader



[This Message Department has an open window toward the whole wide world. It invites communications from all who are impelled to speak the honest word out of their hearts. The editors will abdicate the critic's chair as toward the writers in this department, only let your messages be brief and to the point. Bring to this department the things that help or hinder you, the things that inspire or discourage you, the things you wish to do for others or wish them to do for you. Tell us how everything seems to you and how you think it ought to be. This department is the free Council Chamber of us all.]

EDITOR OF THE COMING LIGHT: I am an old man with a family to support, and a poor laborer, though I have been sober, saving and a good hard worker all my life. But I lost my home, my farm, in the East, by a foreclosure twenty years ago; and since can never get a home again, and much less on this side of the Rockies. You say in a recent **COMING LIGHT**:

One of the necessary factors in the reconstruction of society is a *religious* (underline, mine) center where truth stripped of external authority can be promulgated.

Religion is *not* understood by the masses, and the few who understand it don't care to live it, to practice it, and worse than that they give a false idea of it to the people. Speaking of a "religious center," the Church member will think of his own Church or religion. If he is a Methodist, of his own particular sect or Church, and so on. But true Christianity, as taught and lived by Jesus of Nazareth (not the Jesus Christ of the Churches) and his disciples is not Churchism, is not the religion of Churchism. It is as far from it as the Orient is far from the Occident. Churchism is a parody, a comedy, a counterfeit bill, a forgery, a grand fraud, a lie, an insult to poor suffering humanity!

The masses possess the greatest of all gifts—the most simple

good sense; and thus they get out and keep out of the old church shells; they turn with disgust from that flat, insipid salt of the world that has lost its savor. We must not try to corral them again in some narrow creed. Till they get enlightened, the word "religion" gives them nausea, it disgusts them and repulses them farther off. Now they are like so many droves of sheep, without pastors, turned out in the plains. We need a simple spiritual philosophy based on the dual laws of Mother Nature—the spiritual and the physical going hand in hand, an individual, domestic and social religion—and this is the only successful mission I see to be used.

ISADORE PLAGUET.

Walla Walla, Wash.

Individual, domestic and social religion, yes, that is the kind of religion the sad old world is pining for. A religion free from creed and dogma, form and ceremony. A religion that unites instead of dividing into sects and factions. A religion of action which springs daily into new life. To minds who have learned to distinguish between Churchanity and Christianity the shams of so-called religion and the tissue of falsehood which is woven through Church doctrines is very apparent and fills the soul with sickness and discouragement. Nevertheless the Church is growing, growing away from "God's anger," from "man's total depravity," from "infant damnation," from "hell" and the "doctrine of the elect." Growing into a recognition of God's love, into a knowledge of man the creator, into the idea of human happiness and the salvation of *all* mankind. It will continue to grow as one by one of its adherents are "born of the spirit," and are able to stand in the strength of the freedom such birth gives to rebuke the material sleepers they leave behind them, until all become at last awakened to the full significance of the text "the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive." The Church as it is to-day is but the unripe fruit upon the religious branch of the Tree of Life. The social and political branches of the tree are full of even *more* unripe fruit. Upon the cultivation of a deep and truly religious spirit, the central branch of the Tree of Life, depends the symmetry and perfect fruitage of the entire tree. We who have broken the fetters of Churchanity must

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
 Five in each, with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten?
 Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
 How many joints in the human hip?
 One in each. Like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh??
 One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees?
 One in each—the kneepan, please.
 How many bones in the leg from the knee?
 Two in each, we can plainly see.
 How many bones in the ankle strong?
 Seven in each, but none is long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot?
 Five in each, as the palms were put.
 How many bones in toes half a score?
 Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
 And now all together these many bones wait,
 And they count in a body, two hundred and eight.
 And then we have in the human mouth,
 Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.
 And now and then have a bone, should think,
 That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink—
 A sesamoid bone or a wormian we call.
 And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

Science is undoubtedly still plastic and in many particulars undetermined. This may account for some of the diversities of conception and statement concerning physiological facts. We present as an interesting instance of such variation the following "boy's composition" on

THE HUMAN BODY.

The human body is divided into three parts—The Head, The Stomach and The Diagram. The head contains the brains, if any. The stomach contains the heart and lungs. The

diagram contains the bowels, five in number, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y.

THE TRUE LIFE, AND REAL LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Man in his evolutionary progress from the lower to the higher stage of existence is gradually emerging from the bonds of materialistic thought, and is entering into the freer domain of the Spirit. It is not in Matter that the mental powers and sympathies of humanity can rest in hope; or be free from the torment of physical fear. Man has to penetrate the true and deeper nature of real life in order to find a firmer footing in the path of existence; and to rise above the degrading influences of Materialism, and of mere carnal creeds. "To be carnally minded is death." "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The next century will surely witness the reign of Spirit; and this must result in the real freedom of mankind from the present carnal bonds. This World, and the life thereof, will be more clearly seen, and recognized in the natural *twifold* relationship of Spirit and Matter. This *twifold* nature of the World is the true source of mental comfort and repose. Man has so far understood existence best from the material standpoint of observation; but now the days are coming when the spiritual side will be more fully understood and appreciated. The Spiritual World must needs be the grandest, and the most interesting to the enlightened human mind; for therein is found the life of all Nature: and the Light, which cometh from Life, and which shineth now in material darkness; and which will, ere long, "lighten every man born into the world."

R. M. BRERETON.

Forest Grove, Ore.

The life of all Nature and the light or wisdom that comes from life is the Spiritual World, and is found only in the individual. It is enlarged through the growth of the individual from the destructive regions of the basilar brain where the roaring lion prowls, to the constructive region of the perceptive brain under whose ruling the higher loves begin to spiritualize one's whole being. This is true of races as well as of the individual. Students of the evolution of races have noted their gradual ascent from the dominance of the combative and destructive influence of the Will, through the aggressive and speculative tendencies of

the mind, until the Rubicon was crossed and a race was born whose face bore the test of the refining fire of the spirit which works through the higher brain convolutions to the consciousness of man, leading forever to the light. The expression of the "real light and true life" of the world takes place in every individual seed germ which pushes past the confines of its shell and imprisonment of the clod which covers it, into a resurrection and growth.

"I saw a little blade of grass
Just peeping from the sod
And asked it why it sought to pass
Beyond its present clod.
It seemed to raise its tiny head,
All sparkling, fresh and bright,
And wondering at the question, said:
"I rise to seek the light."

Just so with the spiritual life of man. It is a daily growth, a throwing off of the corruptible, the pushing forth of the incorruptible, the continual proclamation of the God within, that "I am the resurrection and the life."

peoples are the different corps, the divisions of that army. Each of them has its post assigned to it, and its special operation to execute; and the common victory depends upon the exactitude with which those distinct operations are fulfilled. Disturb not the order of battle. Forsake not the banner given to you by God. Wheresoever you may be, in the centre of whatsoever people circumstances may have placed you, be ever ready to combat for the liberty of that people, should it be necessary, but combat in such wise that the blood you shed may reflect glory, not on yourself alone, but on your country. Say not *I*, but *We*. Let each man among you regard himself as a guarantor, responsible for his fellow countrymen, and learn so to govern his actions as to cause his country to be loved and respected through him.

. . . . In the name of the love you bear your country, you must peacefully but untiringly combat the existence of privilege and inequality in the land that gave you life.—*Mazzini*.

Men are not ashamed to rise in Parliament and elsewhere, and speak the things they do *not* think. 'Expediency,' 'Necessities of Party,' etc., etc. It is not known that the tongue of man is a sacred organ; that man himself is definable in Philosophy as an 'Incarnate *Word*'; the Word not there, you have no Man there either, but a Phantasm instead!—*Carlyle*.

The scriptures of men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, and beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems vaguely to rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory. A garden in which there is the Master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.—*Henry George*.



WHAT THE SPHINX SAYS.

What says the Sphinx? My ear is close
 To her unopened, silent lips;
 I hear no sound—yet listening,
 Still as the bee the honey sips,
 I gather that the world is old—
 The world is also young, and new.
 A contradiction does it seem?
 Tell where the circle ends, can you?

—MRS. C. K. SMITH.

This reminds me that a certain great American philosopher-poet, in a poem devoted to me and entitled "The Sphinx," puts forward similar paradoxes of thought. He says,

"Out of sleeping a waking;
 Out of waking a sleep;
 Life death overtaking;
 Deep underneath deep."

And again,

"Pride ruined the angels,
 Their shame them restores;
 Lurks the joy that is sweetest
 In stings of remorse."



"The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;
Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child must work for its living."

SOMEWHERE on the statute book of California, I am told, there exists in bold black type a law which permits a child of ten years of age to be employed in wage-earning ten hours per day. This law is explicit and mandatory regarding the duties of employers in posting notices in their places of business giving names and ages

of children employed by them. And there it stops. No one thinks of complying with this provision.

There are no restrictions as to the kind of labor, the conditions under which this labor is to be performed, or the rate of wage to be paid the child-toiler whose anomalous position is the result of necessity on the part of the parent, or of his greed eager to turn to account the earning capacity of his child, and tradition supports such procedure.

Children are engaged in wage-earning in San Francisco at some fifty occupations, exclusive of street avocations and the large number employed in mercantile establishments.

It is my purpose to depict, from time to time, in these pages, the situation of Saturday's Child in San Francisco with its accompaniment of overwork, underpay, and sinister surroundings that are a menace to his mental and moral growth; this article will deal with the child in the canneries, for now is the busy season of the fruit industry.

Quick—there's a Third street car bound south—we'll go first to the Brannan street factory. Our way lies through a dismal region settled by a teeming busy population of hard-working foreigners, Jews and Irish predominating in numbers, with a fair sprinkling of English and some Americans, for rents are cheap hereabouts, and the employments of many are to be found in the neighborhood—if the living is to be found only in the vicinity of bricks and cobbles, the home must be there, too, if possible, to avoid car-fare.

It is a common remark that the more proudly a region has originally been tenanted, the humbler are its inhabitants in the day of decline when the locality has lost beauty and pre-eminence. And though to-day we are reminded of the early residents, whose names are perpetuated in the streets of Howard, Brannan, Bryant, Folsom and Harrison, when South Park was a district for fashionable dwellings, we note chiefly groggeries, small fruit and vegetable stores displaying over-ripe, disease-breeding wares; butcher stalls, gambling dens, pawn shops, second-hand and ready-made clothing stores, junk shops, alternating with old, ill-built, over-crowded houses, each of which now shelters several families of teamsters, rag-pickers, sailors, dock-hands, street-laborers and tailors; here and there we see narrow alleys leading to a narrow court with its filth and want and wretchedness. From this region is drawn a large proportion of the workers in the cannery whither we are bound.

these children's names do not appear on the pay-rolls of the company; they are merely "helpers" to some older member of the family regularly employed, and the labor of the children swells the weekly wage of that one; yet their hours are as long as any worker's, when the overwork is on, and time is money and fruit is money, and both are too precious to lose, the children are locked in with the rest of the toilers till the work is done, if it lasts till midnight. The overseer never has thought that any other way might be possible. If there isn't money enough to go around, the children must help to earn more.

In the centre of the room on a platform above the heads of the workers sits a tally clerk. A child carries up a box of finished work, calls up her number, and he puts down what the work is worth; it is easy to make mistakes, I judge, and indeed that is the common complaint in all canneries where the system of double checks is not in use, by which the value of the work is punched on the check at the time, and the amount received on pay day is reckoned according to the figures recorded on the daily checks. "What do these people do when the fruit season is over?" I query. The overseer does not know; he thinks that some of them have laid by enough, out of a five or six dollars weekly wage, to keep them through the dull season; "sometimes dey peddles," he suggests cheerfully. No, he does not think that many of the children go to school at all; and I am sure they do not.

The noise fairly crazes one; there is a constant whir of machinery mingled with the rhythmic beating and *clomp clomp* of the cans upon the packing table, the throbs of the engine, the shrill whistle every few moments, the rapid passing to and fro of the carriers, their slim backs straining with the weight of fifty pounds, their reiteration of "gang-way," "gang-way, please," the confusion of sounds that float in from the boiling-room, the trundling of trucks, the constant murmur of women's voices cut now and again by a sharp cry of command to the workers,—and listen, there is a child's laugh. Think of it—the laugh of a child in a room whose air at nine o'clock in the morning is heavy with the swilly odor of spoiling fruit—a child working with cut and bleeding hands, working with wet feet and chilled body, working for wages with the intensity demanded by the conditions of labor to-day,—and yet the little toilers take their life with cheerful philosophy and get what fun they can out of it.

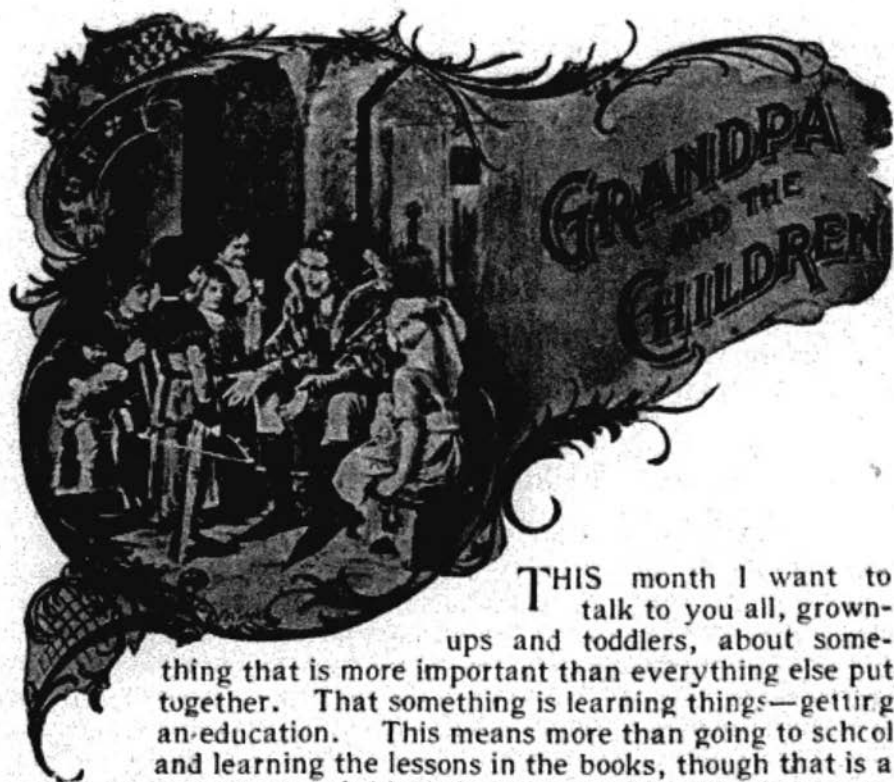
It is their very pluck, and their ignorance of what a child's

life could be and what it should be, that makes their weazened, little faces, their crooked backs, their thin, flat shoulders, their sore eyes, their gashed, gnarly hands and the pale cheeks of these abnormally-cunning child-drudges so pathetic to the onlooker.

Leaving the squalor and the filth of Brannan street, I take my way across the palaces and dull lifelessness of Nob Hill—from drudges through idlers—to North Beach, where the tide of immigration setting in from southern Italy has reached its high-water mark. Here where the waters of the bay are fringed with crumbling sheds and worm-eaten piles, I seek entrance to another large establishment; but the orders from the down-town office are imperative, and I get only a glimpse of the foul, malodorous workroom filled with soft-tongued, brown-eyed, brown-skinned children of the tropics; wrinkled crones, like the Fates of Michael Angelo, scowl at me; scores of children with the brown beauty of the South smile up at me.

Striking towards the city, past the old church "Dedicated to the honor of God under the invocation of Saint Francis of Assisium" as the marble tablet set in the wall over the entrance proclaims, one reaches soon where Vallejo street dips into Montgomery avenue and finds himself in Little Mexico, lying against the jagged bosom of Telegraph Hill. Here are the old houses that were carried around Cape Horn in early days; the over-hanging eaves are ready to fall; from the rickety stairways and balconies flaming with scarlet geraniums and tawny marigolds, are streaming banners of bedding and parti-colored clothing; boxes of spaghetti and macaroni fill the windows adorned with pottery quaint in shape and color; but there is an absence of life in the streets, no chattering women nor playing children. Down Broadway we find them, seven hundred and fifty strong, in the largest and, perhaps, the best-managed cannery in the city. The workers here earn more per week, for the fruit canned is of a better quality and so more easily cut and peeled; thanks to the excellent check system there are fewer mistakes made on pay day. But at best the work is hard, the atmosphere unwholesome, the floors wet and sticky; the hours are long, often from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and many Sundays in succession. This pressure is required when the fruit comes in rapidly, for it must be cared for at once.

"Your interest in the children is from an artistic standpoint, I presume," says the suave, gentlemanly overseer who is show-



THIS month I want to talk to you all, grown-ups and toddlers, about something that is more important than everything else put together. That something is learning things—getting an education. This means more than going to school and learning the lessons in the books, though that is a part. The very best definition of getting an education is “learning how.” There is always a best way, a right way, a true way to do everything. And when one has learned this best, right and true way about anything one is educated so far as that particular thing goes. Looked at in this way everybody is getting more and more education all the time. It begins with the baby who lifts and feels and tastes as many things as he can, and so finds out what they are, and it is still going on with the oldest man who is asking himself what life and death are, and trying to see the meaning of the earth and everything in it.

Not only do all men go to school, but nations also have their hard lessons to learn. Whenever we say that one nation is more civilized than another we are saying simply that it knows how more nearly than the other. Some nations know enough to have clean streets and good roads and decent houses for a good many of the people. Others have dirty streets, and perfectly horrid

roads, and palaces for just a few of the people with tumble-down shacks for everybody else. None of the nations have yet learned to have good houses for all of the people. That will be a wonderful lesson when it is finally gotten perfectly; and it is the one that is being studied now. In Germany and France and England and the United States there are coming to be more and more people who think it is perfectly stupid for so many folks to live all their lives in houses that are dirty and crowded and ugly and unhealthy, when we have plenty of beautiful stone, and clay of which to make bricks, and trees of which to make lumber, and when we know to build such splendid homes for men and women out of all these things. As soon as the wideawake nations begin to see that they are acting very stupidly, and living dirty, crowded lives when they might be clean and free, that will end the old tumble-down houses. You can't imagine a man knowing that he is stupid, or a nation either. Knowing is the very opposite of stupidity.


It is the same as with you children. Once, the letters in your books didn't mean anything to you, or do you any good. Then you learned to spell little words with them, just as men first learned to make a little hut out of the branches of trees. After a while you could read a page, but you pronounced a good many of the words in every way but the right way. That is like the men of to-day, who build cities which are fairly good in many places, but which have so many dirty streets and dirty houses and dark rooms and basements with people living in them. Good stone and lumber don't spell that sort of houses, if the people learn their lesson. After a while you will know your letters so well that you will read some of William Morris's beautiful stories, or some of Browning's wonderful poems, and you will do it far more easily and happily than you now puzzle over the little sentences in your primers. That is the way people will build cities some day—beautiful cities with the roofs shining out through the trees like so many great flowers, with gardens for everybody, and with never a room that does not know pure air, the sunlight and happy human faces. When we all know enough, we will help God to answer our prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven." That kingdom has not come yet, but the stuff is all here to make it of, and I fancy God is waiting for us to put it together. Our business is to "learn how."



"HELBECK OF BANNISDALE."

If there is any thing that would cause one to forget "Robert Elsemere," that masterpiece of modern fiction, it is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale." Laura, the heroine, brought up by an agnostic father whom she worshiped and from whom she inherited in an extreme degree his religious beliefs, was by a strange fate brought to live under the roof of a Catholic fanatic, Helbeck of Bannisdale, upon whom she lavished as passionate a love as ever came from a fervid, intense, passionate soul. This was returned with idolatry, a love which struggled and fought for its rightful place in the heart of a man whose life was given to self-renunciation and self-sacrifice for the religion he believed in, whose house was made a home for priests, whose home was given over to pomp and religious ceremony; a man who lived in poverty to build orphanages, who sold his pictures and family possessions to build and decorate a private chapel. We turn from the fanatic but honor the man who lives true to his convictions. We pause between wonder at the author who is capable of painting so powerfully this vivid life picture and the strangely balanced natures of her characters. And yet, never was a story of such love, such pathos and power as came between these two, strange, strong souls. "She was a personality," says Mrs. Ward of her heroine, "a bundle of loves and hates, a force, not an organism." And no clearer description can be given of the girl, the passionate, untrained little creature, who struggled between her overpowering love and her hatred of her lover's religion. The growing conviction that she could not live under it, the longing to accept his views and so make their life possible and her final decision to end her life, is a powerfully told tale. "The priests," she said, "want my inmost will—want all that is I—and I know I cannot give it—nor live a lie upon his breast." From the first page to the last there is no weak point in this remarkable story and no short review can do it justice, it is the novel of the year, and not even George Eliot's "Romola" touches the heart with tenderer human love and sympathy than "Helbeck of Bannisdale."

"Sema-Kanda," (Purdy Pub. Co., Chicago, price one dollar and a quarter) is one of those mystic stories now appearing in profusion. It seems to trace the love of two through numerous transformations from the time when they were primordial entities to the time when they appear as present day humans. Its principle scenes are laid in the ancient Atlantis, in Rome, and in the United States. The story is interwoven with mystic religious elements—a romance of speculation and dreams.

"Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics," by  Alliance Pub. Co., N. Y. Cloth, one dollar and a half; 230 pp.

This volume seems to be a continuation of the "Philosophy of the Her-

metics" recently reviewed in our columns, although it carries its readers from the primary to the secondary department of the school of philosophy whose teachers are the voices from the "Silence," which subject forms a wonderful chapter, dealing with a wisdom old as the universe, deep as the sea, high as the stars, mighty as God. The author deals with man, his habits, actions, qualities of mind, and his manifold powers, in thirty or more chapters which hold the reader spellbound. It is almost impossible to quote without giving chapters entire. The desire is strong to gather THE COMING LIGHT family about me as a mother gathers her children and read the book aloud, pausing to catch the light from interested faces as the lessons instruct and inspire both reader and listeners. As this cannot be, I will venture to quote some passages that stand out in lines of boldness and strength and show the general character of the book: "Thought is a tonic stronger than wine; it has the elixir quality and fires the brain and nerves to a fine frenzy. He who can think or not, who is a fool and master in one, needs no juice of the grape, nor fume of the weed. He loads himself, fires, hits and brings in his game—sometimes dead but more often alive. The result of thought is individualism. The thinker becomes nobody else, but all that he desires becomes him. He is unlike all else, and is styled a genius because he originates. The pressure of his hand is never forgotten—it leaves an impress which is not seen, but felt."

"If you find that you cannot get rid of yourself, you have not acquired the power to think. You will never shock the world with your originality, nor overturn kingdoms. But if you should discover some time that you are a fool, be of good cheer, the sage will appear next day."

Of the men of science he says: "Through these pioneers of the world's progress man has advanced. He sucks the apple which the devotee of science climbed after to the topmost bough. He walks around at night by the light of fallen stars, as if no brain fiber had been taxed in knocking them down. He swallows his microbe killer and rests complacently on his bed of convalescence as if no martyr had given a life for his."

Of love he says: "Necessity conceived and brought forth two—a pair of twins, one black, one white—and Justice weighing found the balance struck—Stern necessity holds Cupid by the one hand and by the other Hate. Whate'er you love, be it country, object, angel or a god. Your tongue of irony is loosed, and bitter words drop from the place where honeyed measures fell."

The chapter on habit contains among others this self evident truth: "The man of habit is sterile, if he bring forth progeny they are patterned from the same mould—they will be as much alike as the faces of the bronze Buddha's. * * * Habit hardens the bones till they are as brittle as glass; it withers and wrinkles the skin to old parchment. It turns the hair to dried patches and the voice to a metallic rattle. * * * The secret of perpetual youth is versatility—the power to coax and capture the new." C. A. M.

Charles W. Close, in "Phrenopathy or Rational Mind Cure," presents a series of lessons, ten in number, which fulfill the purpose intended—"a text book of spiritual science." He is a clear reasoner, grounding his science upon the sex principle in nature manifested in the molecular action of the mineral, the generic action of the vegetable, the desire of the animal, and the love attractions of the human. He beholds the father and mother in all creative substance of whatever name or nature, and deals with the reality of things in a masterly manner. The chapters on "Form of Mind," "Soul and Body," "Brain and Mind" and "Life's Mysteries" are invaluable to students of the life of spiritual man, what he is and what he shall be. Cloth, 150 pp; price one dollar. Dunton & Potter, printers, Melrose, Mass.

"How we Master our Fate," by Ursula Gestefeld, is one more of the helping hands stretched forth to help the race to keep steadier step while climbing up from the bogs of Superstition and Slavery to the heights of Knowledge and Freedom, through mastery of self and of environment. Each chapter is a lesson on concentration versus diffusion of energy, self-reliance versus dependence. The author believes in the God in man and in the triumph of the ideal and ultimate perfection. She finds common ground in the philosophy of the Orient and the Occident, and



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