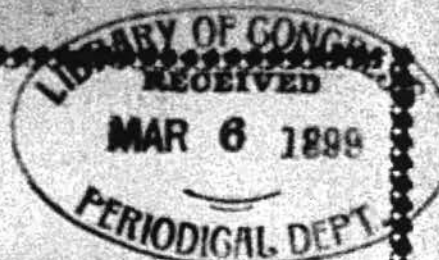


# THE COMING LIGHT



Vol. 4 MARCH, 1899. No. 4

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CORA A. MORSE and EDWARD B. PAYNE, Editors

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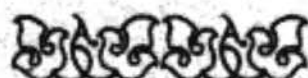


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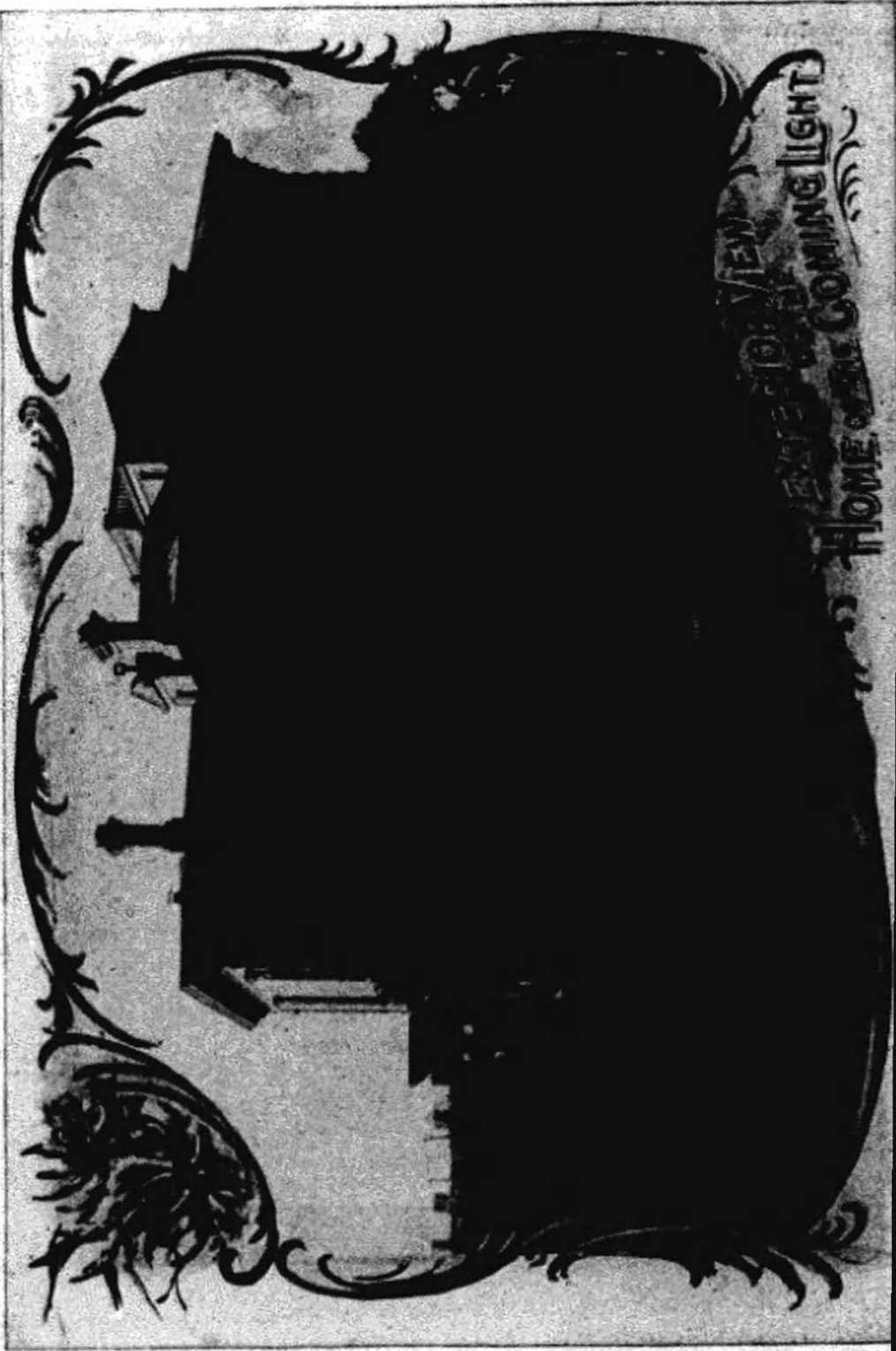
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# The Coming Light

VOL. 4

MARCH, 1899

NO. 4

## REMINISCENCES OF LIBBY PRISON.

BY CAPTAIN ELISHA MORSE.

**I**T HAVING been suggested by the Editors of THE COMING LIGHT that some of my experiences in the War of the Rebellion, and in Rebel prisons of the South, might interest the readers of the Magazine, I comply with their request for an article.

I enlisted as private in the 78th Ills. Volunteer Regiment in August, 1862, and in June, 1863, was promoted to the 1st Lieutenantcy of Co. F, same regiment. Our first fighting was done at New Haven, Kentucky, with the celebrated John Morgan's Cavalry, where we routed the enemy. We then were ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, and later, to Nashville, Tenn., and on to Franklin, Tenn., where we were engaged in several fights. Just before leaving Franklin, in August, 1863, I witnessed the hanging of two rebel spies, a Colonel Williams and his adjutant. The larger part of our Brigade had been ordered away to Murfreesboro', Tenn., leaving but a few more than our Regiment to

guard the place. One night, about sunset, two strangers, well mounted and dressed in Federal uniform, came riding into camp, presenting papers from the authorities at Washington, D. C., authorizing them to inspect our work, make suggestions, etc. Everything appearing correct, they were escorted around by the officer of the day. They made some suggestions as to changing of earth-works and guns, then started off on the road towards Nashville, twenty miles away. A certain Colonel of a Kentucky Regiment—whose name I have forgotten—having a suspicion that they were spies, took his Orderly and rode on to overtake them. He told them that it would be very dangerous to try to get through our lines at night, that they had better return with him to his tent, where they could rest comfortably until morning, then would have no trouble in getting through to Nashville in daytime. The Colonel being so kind and polite, they accepted his offer. On reaching the tent, the Colonel took them inside, then excused himself a moment, saying he would call a man to attend to the horses. He quickly summoned several of his men with muskets to surround the tent. After doing this he walked in and announced that they were his prisoners; that he suspected them of being spies.

The Colonel in command immediately called a Drumhead Court Martial, and before morning they had confessed to being spies. The Colonel's sword being drawn from its scabbard showed his name, rank and regiment of C. S. A. The Colonel confessed that his papers were forged, that he had been out on many such occasions before, but that his Adjutant had never been out with him before. He pleaded very hard for his Adjutant, but all to no avail.

A telegram was sent immediately to Major-General Rosecrans, who was at Murfreesboro', announcing the trial and confession, and asking instructions. The General replied: "Hang them at once." Two ropes were arranged over a limb of a large tree near camp, and early the next morning I was ordered to march the prisoners, inside a hollow square, to the tree. Such bravery as was manifested by those two men I had never wit-



search the prisoners for articles they might have, taking jack-knives from their pockets and shoes, where some had hidden them. I suspected we would be searched, therefore tried to save what I could. My gold watch I wrapped in a piece of paper and cutting a gash in my piece of fat bacon, buried it; then got one of the boys of my Company to exchange pieces of meat with me. He took mine through safely, and on the way to Richmond I contrived to slyly sell the watch for \$300, Confederate money. That money was expended for eatables for myself and the boys of my company before getting to Richmond, otherwise we should have suffered greatly for food. I had a few green-backs with me, but managed to conceal them about my clothing, as they were contraband of war, and eagerly sought for.

We arrived in Richmond at about midnight of the ninth day after leaving Atlanta, and were all marched to Libby Prison. Our numbers had increased some, so there were twenty-one officers on arriving at Richmond. The officers were taken into Libby, while the men were marched on farther to Belle Island. They were kept at Belle Island a few months, then were sent down to the great "Prison Pen" of Georgia—Andersonville. There were thirty-one men of our company, besides the Captain, 2nd Lieutenant and myself. Fourteen of the poor fellows perished by hard treatment at Andersonville. They were hardy, noble fellows, who had survived the battle of Chicamauga, but were unable to stand the terrible battle in that detestable prison pen, with its thirty thousand or more of men, huddled together like pigs in a pen.

After being taken into Libby, the officers were drawn up in line, and were searched for valuables, green-backs, especially. Having concealed nearly all I had, I gave up my wallet containing two or three dollars, saving about thirty dollars concealed about my person. The rebel officer seemed satisfied, and of course I was pleased to be let off without further search. We were then taken up stairs, and were shown into a room, the floor of which appeared to be completely covered with men, lying in all sorts of positions. Our guide withdrew, leaving us in total darkness.



Our fellow-prisoners moved around giving us room to sit on the floor, where we meditated until morning. We found out the next day that there were about fourteen hundred officers in the prison, with two hundred and seventeen Chicamauga captives in the room we were in. Each had an allotted space on the floor of about two feet by six, which he called home. Many of those homes I noticed, when visiting the old Libby Prison, reproduced at Chicago, were marked by a brass plate on the floor, put there I suppose in memory of the unique and lovely accommodations of that celebrated Hotel de Libby.

I occupied one of those homes for a little over seven months, lying on the bare floor, with but scant covering. The windows being all open, with heavy iron gratings, we suffered much from cold. Our rations were very poor and meagre. We were not allowed to go near the windows, as Major Turner, the Commandant of the Prison, had given orders to the guards surrounding the Prison to fire upon any one seen near the windows. One Captain was shot through the window and killed while I was there. Notwithstanding all this, we had a little fun sometimes trying to keep our spirits up. Northern papers were not allowed us, therefore we were ignorant as to what was going on, and were exceedingly anxious to know how the war was progressing. Toward the last of our stay in Libby, General Neal Dow of Maine, who had been held in prison at Mobile, was brought into Libby. As he was well posted as to what had taken place, he told us to get together as many as could in the largest room, and he would tell us what he had learned while at Mobile. As a rebel sergent would often come in to see that all was quiet, the General told us to place a sentinel at the head of the stairs to give him a wink when he saw the Sergeant coming. He then commenced his talk, and we became intensely interested, and were nerved up to the highest pitch. Soon the sentinel gave the General the wink, and he immediately turned his talk very adroitly into a temperance lecture. The Sergeant listened awhile and withdrew, saying that he thought that a pretty place to lecture on temperance when a drop of liquor could not be had to save a man's life.

During the winter of 1863-4 Colonel Thomas E. Rose, one of the prisoners, projected a tunnel for escape. A hole was made in a brick hearth under an old cooking stove in a lower room. The Colonel went through to the ground and found that by taking out some of the stones in the basement wall, an opening could be made, and a tunnel started under the street. Together with one or two others he worked hard every night in digging the tunnel, pulling out the dirt by a rope attached to a box. The tunnel was planned to run under the street and end under an old shed near the street. When all was completed, enough men were let into the secret as it was thought could pass through during the night. The exodus commenced soon after dark, and men were passing through until near daylight the next morning. One hundred and ten passed through, but about one-half were recaptured and brought back. Colonel Rose succeeded in getting within sight of our colors when unfortunately he was captured by the advanced rebel pickets, and was returned to Libby Prison. Colonel Streight of Ohio, who was a very large man, got stuck in the tunnel, delaying the crawling march considerably, but by a great deal of pushing and pulling finally succeeded in crawling through. He was also recaptured and brought back.

The prison authorities in counting the prisoners the next morning discovered that some had taken "French leave," but they did not discover the tunnel until afternoon. Those who did get through to our lines suffered great hardships, depending largely on the negroes for help and sustenance. Colonel Rose joined the regular army after the war, and<sup>is</sup> now a retired Colonel and resides with his family at Los Angeles, Cal. He was a brave soldier and deserves great credit for his part in helping as many as he did to regain their liberty.

In April, 1864, for fear of a release of the prisoners by Northern raiding parties, we were all taken South to Macon, Georgia, in old box cars, packing about seventy-five men in a car. We were too thick to lie down, or even to be comfortable standing. The car I was in had been used to carry bacon, and



was very filthy and greasy. We were four or five days on the way to Macon, from Greensboro, N. C., and were without a particle of food for two days of the time. At last they gave each a small piece of fat pork and one "hard tack." I was so nearly famished that I ate my pork raw and enjoyed it.

On arriving at Macon we were marched to a stockade. About two acres of ground were fenced by logs put closely together and sunk into the ground, leaving about fifteen feet in height sticking up. On the outside of these logs a platform was made for the rebel sentinels to march on, back and forth, day and night. Inside the stockade a Dead Line was staked off about fifteen feet from the fence and the guards were ordered to shoot any one who stepped over this Dead Line.

While in this stockade, General Stoneman, who was Governor of California, I think in 1884, was brought in a prisoner. We remained at Macon about two months, then were hastily taken to Charleston, S. C. We were put into the jail-yard there, without shelter from the hot sun. Suffered greatly from the heat and filth of the yard. Finally were moved to Columbia, S. C., and there being no stockade or secure prison, we were put into a field with a heavy guard around us. Here we had the Dead Line again. No shelter or cooking utensils, excepting what we had improvised. A few small pines grew in the field, and some of us made a little shelter from the frequent rains, out of the pines, and pine needles, which are long in that country, but our bed was the bare ground. Our rations consisted of raw corn meal, issued once in five days, one pint a day to each man. For twenty-one weeks we lived on corn meal alone with occasionally a small portion of salt, but often without even salt with the meal: I traded the buttons of my old coat to one of the rebel guards for tobacco, then exchanged the tobacco with another for a little salt, which seemed as precious to me as gold dust.

We were famishing for meat. One day a large hog came into camp. A prisoner knocked him over with a club, cut his throat, and he was soon cut into small pieces to be cooked by the fortunate ones. I heard the death squeal and ran with the others



to get a portion but with several hundred there before me, my chance was slim. Had to content myself with the squeal.

Occasionally a prisoner would pass the guard on a very dark night and escape. They had six valuable blood hounds brought up from the South to run down the escaped prisoners. Two of these dogs strayed into our camp and were killed by some of the prisoners, and were buried. The Rebel Commandant had the prisoners all taken outside the Dead Line and placed under a heavy guard, keeping us standing nearly all one day without food while they searched for the dogs. Finally they found the graves and dug them out. As they could not find out who killed the dogs they withheld our rations one day as a penalty, the innocent suffering with the guilty. But we were all glad that those dog-days were over.

I could mention many other incidents which occurred during my imprisonment of over seventeen months, but the allotted space will not allow more.

We were finally taken from Columbia, S. C., during "Sherman's Raid to the Sea," were exchanged, and set free at Wilmington, N. C., on the first day of March, 1865, which seemed the happiest day of my life. I rejoined my regiment, and was mustered out of service the following June, receiving a Captain's Commission from the Governor of Illinois, after my return from prison life.

## MORAL ENVIRONMENT.

BY LADY COOK, DOUGHTY HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY, ENG.

THE influence of environment upon every organic being is no longer a matter of doubt. The researches of recent years have thrown much light on this subject, and have proved that the processes of evolution are very largely dependent upon the conditions of the environment. We have passed from conjecture to certainty, and are now able to predicate what changes would ensue under certain given circumstances. So many students of physical phenomena, including men of the most powerful minds, have been continuously engaged in investigating and interpreting the laws of Nature during the last half century, that numbers of her most secret pages have become more or less an open book. Before this, however, the vaguest notions prevailed. An able writer of the 18th century says: "I am satisfied that every country produces people of the same bulk, features, and complexions it did two thousand years ago; and whenever a new set of people take possession of a country, they become like those who inhabited it before in a very few generations. If a swarthy Scythian or Tartar, of a short squat make, flat nose, thick lips, and little black eyes set deep in his head, were to be transported into Germany (as many nations of the Scythians were formerly) his posterity, in a hundred or two of years, would infallibly be tall, lusty fellows, of fair complexions, and regular features, as the present Germans are. . . . For notwithstanding we all sprung from one original, our features and complexions, our stature, and even tempers, vary according to the part of the world we happen to be planted in. There is something in the air, the soil, the diet, or manner of life, which makes the inhabitants of one country appear as if they were cast in a different mould from those of the other." This statement, however, was only partially correct. Locality alone would not produce these changes, because environment, powerful as it

is, is only one factor out of many in producing evolutionary changes, and can deteriorate as well as improve. It may bring about great physical alterations, may enlarge, dwarf, may metamorphose an organ, distort or beautify a structure, but the essential character of the animal or plant will remain the same. Habit and race are equally potent in effecting variations, but perhaps the most powerful of all is selection.

Nevertheless the fact remains that environment has a prodigious influence in forming physical character. It is the same in the mental and the moral world. Our intellectual culture mainly depends upon our mental environment, as our moral culture upon our moral environment. If a child of the most illiterate parents be closely associated from early infancy with persons of culture, the chances are many to one that he also will be cultured. He may not have the wide mental grasp of one born from a stock of intellectual ancestors, but he will have a certain improved grasp, and his mind will be harmonized to the tone of theirs. There are not many even amongst those of hereditary culture who rise to great intellectual heights, but all acquire an intellectual tone which adds to the refinement and enjoyment of life. The love of knowledge, for its own sake, apart from any notion of utility, is one of the most delightful of intellectual passions. And this they all possess in a higher or lower degree. Their intellectual environment elevates, as it were, and spiritualizes every sense. They see, for instance, with other eyes, and hear with other ears, than those who have not received their advantages. And their perceptions may become so refined that even the meanest things of Nature become objects of absorbing interest and beauty.

Now all this is a distinct gain, better it may be, than wealth or power, for it gives us something which we are always able to enjoy, and which no one can take from us. Nevertheless, high culture may co-exist with great vices, and many intellectual men have become abandoned voluptuaries, making their great acquirements subservient to evil. Thus splendid physical and mental powers may be destructive to their possessors unless they are



extinction if it cannot. We expect all our citizens to be well-conducted and honest. But what sort of an environment surrounds the greater part of them? Is it conducive to manliness in the men and modesty in the women? Or is it too often a circle of vice and debauchery? Our slums reek with physical and moral filth, our streets are at the mercy of drunken and foul-mouthed ruffians and abandoned women, who perambulate them at pleasure and hustle virtue from the pavement. Shall we flog them at the cart's tail, as of old, or reform them? We cannot resume obsolete punishments, but how can they be reformed? By a change of environment; by withdrawing them from their old haunts and compelling them to earn an honest living in specially arranged homes and in a moral atmosphere. We have on the one hand a vast number of notoriously immoral persons, on the other hand we have a great many intelligent and charitably disposed people with nothing to do. Here are the two forces which should come together, the vicious and the reformative. Paid agents would be useless for this remedial work; for unless done from a spirit of pure charity it could never succeed. But gentlemen and women urged by the divine impulses of the good monks and nuns of old days, could wean back many an evil and stubborn nature to the paths of decency and rectitude, and do what prisons and paid chaplains could never accomplish. At present things are going altogether wrong. The social evil is increasing, so are insanity and legal offenses. Respect on the part of the young for age, for goodness, for the sex, and for their superiors, is decreasing, and threatens to disappear altogether. The public Schools turn their pupils out with enough of superficial knowledge to make them conceited and saucy, but with the minimum of moral training. We need new environments, or rather a purifying of the present ones, and these can be gained only by general and systematic effort on the part of all concerned, and by parental and patriotic determination to eliminate or suppress, at any cost, the rapidly increasing incentives to evil.

## TAXES.

BY S. P. CHANNELL.

**T**HIS little word of five letters strikes more terror to the heart of the average citizen of the United States than any other in the English language, not excepting that other little word of five letters, death.

On every hand we hear the same annual groan go up from the masses, while the classes come around to the tax collector's office, smiling and happy, or send their checks at the last moment, a liberty not allowed their poorer brothers; for in some very conspicuous place in the office of this independent, and often autocratic, individual is displayed the sign "no checks taken under any circumstances."

Why is it that the masses, who are as a rule liberal and charitable with their hard earned money, remain forever fearful and anxious about the payment of taxes? This I shall endeavor to answer in as few words as possible and from the standpoint of one of the victims.

It does not require much research to show,  
1st, that the middle classes pay the bulk of the taxes, and  
2nd, that those who have the most benefit of the money paid into the treasury pay as a rule proportionally very little.

Real estate has been, and is being taxed until it is no longer considered an asset but a liability. People who own real estate, unless it is in central portions of our cities, are being pushed to the wall all the time because they cannot meet the taxes, while men with money—drawing in many cases large interest, those holding government bonds not taxable, and those who have princely incomes, the moment an assessor undertakes to hunt out and assess their holdings resort at once to their attorneys to find some loop-hole in the law that will enable them to avoid a part or all of their obligations.

It is needless to say that well paid lawyers and politicians will find ways of escape for such clients. The present stamp tax

is a notable instance. It is said by those competent to decide that 80 per cent of this tax is paid by the poor people. The real estate owner to get money to pay his taxes must borrow of this lord who is practically free from taxation, through some one of the many devices that these shrewd attorneys are constantly inventing. In order to do this he must stamp the note, stamp the mortgage, and should he be fortunate enough to sell a lot, or a few acres of land he must cover the deed with stamps. So whether he sells property, or borrows money he must pay for the privilege. The fat corporation in every instance possible refuses to pay the stamp tax, and if obliged to do so immediately adds it to his charges, and while he is about it adds as much more for luck:

We have been and are going through a very stringent time for money, except in instances where a man is known to have abundance. In case this man needs money he can get it at a low rate, for the reason that few such man can be found.

Men are being discharged by manufacturers and all classes of employers because they cannot sell their goods, must sell at a less profit, or perhaps at a loss. Others are cutting the salaries of their best, most faithful and competent men. Only one class escapes this general depression, and they are the political office holders. Why are not their salaries cut to correspond to that of others, just as competent, honest and faithful, to say the least? Why is it that our newspapers do not point out the injustice of paying an office holder the same old salary that prevailed under bi-metalism? Under the present gold standard their salary will buy twice as much as formerly. In other words, these politicians can live upon half their salary as well as formerly and save the balance for a rainy day. Why not cut the salaries of men employed by our cities, counties, states and the nation down one-half? Are the people afraid that all the office holders will strike and leave their jobs? If so we can assure them that plenty of men and women just as competent and honest will be glad to take their places.

Let us reduce salaries among our office holders to the same



extent as elsewhere, commencing with the President of the United States, and ending with the policeman, and that may perhaps open the eyes of these gentlemen to the fact that money is not as plenty as they thought, and that there might be something in all this cry of hard times that had not entered their sensorium. Would it not be well to turn some ray of the coming light upon these self-satisfied individuals who see this great wave of prosperity for themselves and whose attention perhaps has not been called to the fact that they seem to be about the only ones who have received any practical benefit from a two-hundred cent dollar? Would it not be a good thing for the country and a beneficial lesson to the individual, to let these office holders tramp the streets of our cities, and the dusty roads in the country, with their blankets on their backs seeking employment at any price? One season of such experience would broaden their minds, soften their hearts and perhaps awaken their moral sense to the fact that in a country in which God has given bountiful harvest and Nature has poured forth her choicest blessings, all the people should have enough to wear, and that a few who neither sow the seed nor harvest the grain should not have all the increase.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY CATHERINE HELEN SPENCE.

AS New Zealand and South Australia are the only English colonies which have given equal rights to woman, reformers all over the world are disposed to ask if there is any marked difference between the legislators and legislation in these two communities and those in similar colonies where woman suffrage is as yet but a prophecy. Just as people are asking whether Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho are purer and wiser than the other States, so they question the results of even a very short period of woman suffrage under the Southern Cross.

In America, however, there are so many elective officers that the women's vote may make itself felt in the administration of government, state and municipal, much more directly than in the Colonies, where the governor is appointed by the English Sovereign, where all judges are appointed by the responsible colonial ministry, and where the whole civil service and the municipal officers keep their positions on good behavior. So largely does the election of administrators enter into your American conception of the ballot that I used to find it very difficult to make American women see the importance of proportional representation. If it was of no use for the election of a president, of a governor of a State, of a judge, or of a tax collector, it seemed to them to be of little value. In any colony with British traditions, the importance of having the Parliament, which virtually elects the responsible government, really representative of the whole people does not need to be dwelt upon, as is required in the United States. Nine-tenths of the women who seek the suffrage there desire it to elect honest and capable administrators, for the actual laws in the United States are much better in essence than in practice. Few of the women have made any study of history or of economics. They are quick and keen to observe symptoms,

but their diagnosis rarely goes down to the root of the diseases in the body politic, though time and experience will enlarge their views. That is to say, if they are left to work out questions for themselves; and not marshalled under party banners pledged to see only one side of great questions.

In New Zealand and South Australia (one with about 700,000 inhabitants and the other with about half the number), the proportion of the sexes is more nearly equal than elsewhere in the Australian group, and much more nearly equal than in the four American States which have given the suffrage to women. Both these colonies were founded in the fourth decade of the century, and immigration was chiefly of families. I have often reflected upon the fact that whereas much praise is given to the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed on the shore of New England, not a word is said about the Pilgrim Mothers! The silent heroism with which those women bore themselves under great privations and incessant drudgery, year in and year out, deserves a more general recognition by the descendants who have entered into the results of their labors. In our nineteenth century men were much more consciously grateful for what the women pioneers did and suffered, and that these two colonies should be the first to give equal rights to women is what might have been expected.

These colonies were both founded on the Wakefield system, which used the money paid for land for public purposes—for free immigration, and public works. This showed a dawning idea that land was different from other property, and that the public estate should be devoted to ameliorating the condition or lessening the burdens of the people who lived upon it. Henry George says the Wakefield system was intended to make landlords and wage slaves. It lasted too short a time to show all its bearings, but it brought out many families who would never have left the old country who have prospered under the more favorable conditions of a new land.

New Zealand and South Australia have long been regarded as the most democratic of the Australian group of seven self-governing communities, and have been the pioneers in many valuable



reforms. It is because they were the most democratic, that New Zealand in 1893, and South Australia in 1894, passed the adult suffrage bill in its most democratic form. What is asked for in the United Kingdom is the united suffrage, only given to women of property, tax-payers and householders. What was given under the Southern Cross is full quality with men in the use of the ballot.

In Australasia there is much more freedom in nominating candidates than in the United States, where even before the primaries the bosses of the party settle upon the candidates to be nominated, and make choice, not of the ablest, but the most subservient to the party interest and the managers.

Parties in Australia there are, and the distinction between the two main parties which struggle for ascendancy is more clear and vital than between the Republican and the Democratic parties in the States. They more nearly resemble the two great natural parties, that of progress and that of traditional order; they are the Labor-Democratic and the Conservative-Capitalistic parties. The first tends to socialism, the other holds to individualism. There is much more socialism in the Australian conditions than in those of the great Republic; for the railroads, the telegraphs, and the telephones, and, generally speaking, the waterworks are nationalized and managed for the service of the whole people by officials responsible to parliament, and bound to furnish full, true reports annually as to their stewardship. Parliament can at its will socialize other things, and in New Zealand and South Australia dozens of experiments of the kind are on their trial. These different conditions enable us to see more clearly than your women can do the supreme importance of having our legislation, which is the supreme power in the State, "broad-based upon the people's will."

But has the woman's vote made any perceptible difference in the two colonies? That is the question eagerly asked by friends and foes of equal rights. It has made a difference in the methods of candidates. They address *Ladies* and Gentlemen, and they suit a great many of their arguments to the new voters.

But, honestly speaking, I do not think there is any difference in the result. The women voters go with their husbands, brothers, and sons to such a great extent, that it simply gave a larger majority to the Labor Democratic party in the Assembly where adult franchise is given, and strengthened the Conservatism of the Legislative Council, which is elected by property qualification. The thinking women, like the thinking men, are a minority of the voters everywhere and always, and under our present clumsy, unscientific and unjust system of majority representation their voices are unable to secure a single representative. Although I have long believed that woman should have the suffrage, and that not on account of property, but because she is a human being deeply interested in the making of the laws which she has to obey, I have been so profoundly impressed with the viciousness of the present methods of representing men, that I sought to change them before the electorate was doubled by the admission of new and (generally speaking) more ignorant voters to the ballot box.

My sojourn in your country in 1893-4 emphasized my sense of the greater difficulties there that faced the earnest, conscientious, and intelligent women who asked for equal rights in the great Republic. Daily experience showed that ignorant foreigners, who knew nothing and cared less for the institutions of the United States, were induced to have their names put on the rolls by designing party politicians, who could use their votes at every election, national, state or municipal. The mooring of the "floating vote," whether of foreigners or native born—the vote of the ignorant, the apathetic or the venal—to swell the aggregate of one party and defeat the other, is considered the highest triumph of party diplomacy; and money, eloquence, and astuteness take advantage of the vicious system which gives *all* to the greater number of votes and *nothing* to a lesser number of votes.

What an inconsiderable minority do the intelligent women form in the vast number who would be enfranchised, if all the States followed the example of Colorado! And would not the politicians who make use of the ignorant and venal foreigners,



ney calls it *War by Election*. Every weapon and every strategem are employed, the bluff, the ruse, the ambush, the rush for an advantageous position, the harassing the enemy in front, in rear and in flank by regulars and free lances, and the secret service money chest at the heart of all! Now to allow the natural fall of each vote to be effective towards the return of one man of whom the elector approves in a district large enough to elect six or ten or twelve men, would put an end to all this demoralizing waste of money and effort to secure for one man a plurality over another man, or over several other men. It would liberate us from the trammels which now strictly limit nominations and elections, no matter how many candidates were in the field, the vote would travel to some one who could make use of it. It is like the case of a subscriber to a circulating library, where he has a right to a single book, but sends his *book ballot* by a messenger,—a list of six books which he would like in the order of his preference. He does not expect six books, but he expects the first on his list that he can get.

Ever since the women in this colony of South Australia have been enfranchised, I have been laboring to educate them to demand an *effective vote*, so that the wisest may not be extinguished by the numbers of the foolish, and the independent-minded may make their influence felt. If our votes are lost in a useless majority or extinguished in a defeated minority we might as well be without the suffrage. We are unrepresented when the man for whom we voted is not elected; we are often misrepresented by the man for whom we voted, because he was the best that offered; but he did not share our convictions or aim at our ideals.

While I am laboring in South Australia, the thoughts of that great Republic between the Atlantic and the Pacific are constantly in my heart. There where I made so many friends of earnest men and woman who gave their days and nights to reform work, and who were checked and defeated by the impossibility of getting any representation of their views. I felt the importance of my mission as I felt it nowhere else. In no country in the world is equity in elections more needed than in the United States of



America. Whether in the one-member districts of your congressional elections, or in the voting at large for your presidential struggle, the arena for the expenditure of money and the exercise of astuteness is unexampled in the world. The people believe they are free and that they have a free ballot, but the work is done by cunning and generalised by bosses before the people have even the show of choosing. No such blow could be given to the monopolists and the plutocrats who exploit the American people as to make it useless to buy and impossible to coerce votes; and this the enlargement of districts and the election by proportion instead of by majority would do.

The term "national expansion" has a ring in it that fascinates the American politician. It is certainly to the credit of a nation to expand in an honorable manner, with justice to all parties concerned. The expansion which draws the weaker to the stronger by force of humane attraction is the only expansion which is in harmony with the foundation principles of our government.

The Philippine Islands are in our power. We took them. We stole in upon them one dark night when the lazy, swarthy owners were off their guard, all unconscious of the existence in their waters of such a monster as an American man of war. It was at an hour when every honest Filipino is supposed to be in bed, and we caught them just as we hoped to do—napping. Under the law expressed in the military code—than which there is no higher law in times of war—we sunk their fleet, we destroyed their fortifications, and the people became our property. But to attach the Philippine Islands mechanically and by force to our Ship of State would be only to cover her hull with barnacles, and the time would not be far distant when she must be retired to the dry dock to be thoroughly scraped before venturing forth again on the broad seas.

Expansion in the manner proposed by our administration at the present time, is not growth. It is "fatty degeneration." As soon think of expanding one of the noble canine species by tying a tin can to its tail as to expand proud America by hitching on the Philippine Islands with their millions of unaffilliable inhabitants.

Home missionaries for the thorough redemption of our own country are far more needed than foreign missionaries. We have an irrational passion for doing missionary work at long range. It would be far easier to raise the money and the men to equip a reformatory in Iloilo to-day than to equip a college settlement south of Market street in San Francisco, or in any great city of the land, and the need is not one whit greater.

Now in the opinion of the present writer, the year 1898 has presented, and the year 1899 presents, a rare opportunity for the

children, finding that their fathers, husbands and sons failed to throttle the engine, threw their bodies upon the track and defied the iron horse, and it stood still. It is time that the united voice of woman should be heard on the great questions of the day. Failing to speak in times of the country's greatest stress, her voice will soon be a lost chord, and will fail to respond to the vibrations caused by even the needs of humanity.

Do women believe in war as a means of obtaining a righteous peace, leading in the end to unrighteous aggressions? Do they believe in raising sons to be shot down in battle? Do they believe in large, expensive standing armies for whose support they must be taxed? Do they believe in a policy of expansion based on the law that "might makes right?" If they do not, in the name of humanity let their voices be heard on these vital points at this decisive period in the history of our Republic of States. If they speak not now let them forever after hold their peace.

The coming century will either present America to the world as a true republic, a guiding star in the progress of nations towards human liberty, or a mongrel upon which the world shall look with pity and contempt. Which it shall be depends not solely upon the conduct of men, but upon that of women. Our solons in the halls of legislation could not withstand the united voice of the intelligent women of this country. If they can do no more, let them join the ranks of the followers of the Czar in a mighty protest against great standing armies, which so long as they exist will be a menace to civilization. Let us make better men, not better battle ships or better guns. Even behind the gun it is the man after all that accomplishes the great results. As long as we maintain a national policy that is worthy the love of men, we shall find plenty of men to die for the country. Whenever we weaken or degrade that policy, we shall have to train men who shall make it their *business* to die for it.

To maintain our national policy in its past integrity should be the earnest mission, not only of men but of women, all over our land in this the closing year of a century of national triumphs.





## WINTER IN THE TAHOE REGION OF THE SIERRAS.

Gone is the cloudless summer sun, that kiss'd Sierras brow,  
Gone, too, the drowsy, grazing kine, with tinkling bell, and low,  
Gone is the warble of the thrush, that made the days a song,  
And hush'd the singing, laughing brooks, that tripp'd the slopes  
along.

Gone is the fragrant wild rose, and the lady-tresses rare,  
And gone the wealth of stately ferns, and dainty maiden-hair,  
Gone the humbolia's gaudy tints, the gentian's matchless blue,

And, with the blushing mimulus, the violet's tender hue.  
Rubeckia's ample spread that paved the glen with starry gold,  
Whose brown eyes look and with frank appeal, from rock, and for-  
est mould.

The manzanita, dragon's-tooth, and castillea's stem  
Whose rosy standard marked the trail, by brook and mountain hem

The regal lilies, white, that graced east side of "Fallen Leaf"  
The yellow gifts of Lily Lake, that deck'd its shallow reef

The heathers, and forget-me-nots, and friendly columbine  
The brodeas, asters, golden-rod, and climbing, dangling vine.—

All gone! The guard of solemn pines, whose deep melodious swing  
Lent resonance to joyful sounds that made the mountains ring,  
Now bow beneath the burden of the heavy snowy blast,  
While still with never a failing stroke, the flakes fall thick and fast.

And now the lakes with steely glare receive the sleet and gale,  
As cold as ice fields whence they sprang, and sullen 'neath their  
mail;  
The glacier cliff mirrors its blade upon their lonely breast,  
Where love once whiled the sunny hours and toy'd itself to rest.

But now?—the snow white solitude, the voiceless, ice-locked stream;  
The trackless waste, the buried firs, with desolation teem;  
Winter has donned her crystal robe, rapt in a crystal dream—  
The white above, the white below, and silence reigns supreme.

—NELLIE E. DASHIELL.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS.

VOICES OF THE MUSE  
OUR DECEASED COUSIN.

287

To a chimpanzee (belonging to the household of *Dr. David Starr Jordan*) which died of eating fly-poison.

Our own dear kin, we mourn thy sad decease;  
Our hot tears break the floodgates of our soul;  
Fond recollections all our woes increase,  
With cypress boughs we twine thy vacant pole.

But yesterday, we climbed thy stable-loft,  
To view thy calisthenics nimbly done;  
By tail suspended, thou didst swing full oft,  
To seize the peanut and the toothsome bun!

Sweet cousin, dear departed one, gone hence,—  
To join thy loved forefathers,—and our own,  
Foremothers, sisters, and our aunts, perchance,—  
Flesh of one common flesh, bone of one bone.

If, in Celestial gardens, thou shouldst see  
What bears ourselves and you as sample fruit,—  
I mean, of course, our boasted family tree,—  
You'll know if jellyfish lies at the root!

Our protoplasmic ancestors you'll tell  
How great has been the progress of their son,  
Who grew to monkeyhood from a single cell  
And died, his evolution just begun.

Thy life has not been vain, for thou hast taught  
To us this lesson, by thy sad demise:  
That we superior beings hadn't ought  
To monkey with the victuals meant for flies.

—WINNIFRED HARPER.



## HIS SONG.

He sang. The winds without  
Breathed soft, lest they might seem to vie  
With his sweet voice's melody.

He sang, "O Promise Me?"  
Wafted like perfume on the air,  
Then changed from scent to music rare.

Of violets, fragrant in the spring,—  
Clear, limpid streams in crystal beds,  
And dainty daisies' nodding heads.

His voice rang richly forth,  
Or softened into whispers scarcely heard,  
As of a velvet-throated bird.

In mystic music murmuring,  
Of love unspeakable,—and longingly,  
Cried, "Darling, wilt thou promise me?"

In all the throng a maid,  
Sat trembling 'neath that burning gaze,  
And pondered in amaze.

Fair, moonlit visions came  
Of mossy banks and smiling skies,  
A singing, flowery Paradise.

His passion-sung tones have sunk  
Like gentle rain from heaven upon her heart,  
And low she whispers, "Mine thou art."

\* \* \* \* \*

Soft, singing chimes float out,  
A man, a maiden, wed by heaven's decree,  
Before the altar breathe, "I promise thee."

—WINNIFRED HARPER.

## TO A LITTLE STRANGER.

Where did winter, stern and cold,  
Find so sweet a morsel, dear?  
How can one as bright as gold  
Come in days so drear?  
Underneath the ice and snow  
"Snowdrops," like the baby, grow.

Who gave you the liquid eyes  
Dark and fathomless as night?  
Spanish beauties, Italy's skies  
Lands of sunsets bright?  
Ancestors of every clime  
Live in you, and bless all time.

Breath of heaven, Nature's flower!  
May you sweeter, daily grow.  
Brightening each lonely hour,  
Celestially aglow.

Why do we so worship? Maybe  
Just because you're Mamma's baby!

—WINNIFRED HARPER.

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CONTENT.

(After Poe.)

Thou wert that all to me, love,  
Of which I long had dreamed,  
A heaven, an earth, a sea, love,  
O'er all the sunlight gleamed.  
A universe in small, love,  
Thou hast forever seemed.

Then let the years fly on, love,  
I would not stay their flight,  
Let men live or die on, love,

For sometime cometh Night!  
But since our souls commingle,  
Why tremble we with fright?  
Forever thou wilt guide me,  
Forever and a day,—  
In harmony abide we,  
As bloom fair flowers in May,—  
That we may dwell as one, love,  
In purity, for aye.

—WINNIFRED HARPER.







## EDITORIALS

THE COMING LIGHT holds its pages open as a free forum for the frank expression (always under conditions of decency and courtesy) of conscientious opinions, both conservative and radical, upon all subjects involved in the welfare of mankind. Therefore, while this magazine will not encourage any merely passionate and ruffian attacks on prevailing ideas and principles, or upon established customs and institutions, it will regard nothing that is of human moment as too sacred for honest, out-spoken and fearless comment and criticism. These principles will guide the editors, both in passing judgment on manuscripts submitted and in the expression of their own views and sentiments.

### *Bacteria to the Rescue!*

It would seem, by reports from Exeter, England, that a new era is at hand as regards services rendered to man by the lower animal orders. The horse, cow, goat, sheep, dog, camel, elephant, these and other animals have long borne yokes, carried burdens, and yielded their products to mankind. But Exeter has found out that the famous and jubilant microbe is willing to help the citizens of that town to dispose of their sewage with perfect safety to health and with economy. The sewage flows into a small reservoir, under air-tight and light-tight cover, and the hilarious bacteria are turned loose for a revel therein. All the organic matter goes to feed their rapacious appetites. What remains is passed into a concrete lake, which has a filtering bed of coke dust, and flows thence to the river in a stream described as

"colorless and innocuous," so that "fish may occasionally be seen swimming in it right up to the edge of the filter." Now all this has its sanitary value and an important bearing on medical problems. If all the bacteria in existence can be diverted from their attacks on the health of human beings and interested instead in the sewage business, this will be a vast relief to the suffering world and a joy no doubt to the medical fraternity. But more than all else it will prove an encouragement to all the big-bugs of the world, who have always shrunk from menial and unpleasant tasks. The little-bugs, it seems, are quite ready to undertake all such charges, if we will give them half a chance. Let us give up for a while the attempt to discover the North Pole, and turn our entire attention to finding out the prenatal and fated inclinations, tastes and aptitudes of the insect tribes. They may prove so facile at practical tasks, and so versatile in their adaptativeness that the *genus homo* can at last cease to toil altogether.

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The *Overland Monthly* has said what was in its *Who are the Cranks?* heart. It denominates the people in opposition to the policy of national expansion as constituting "a strange union of cranks and fanatics." Political "extremists" these men are declared to be, who have "raised their voices in varying degrees of shrillness," and in "blatant" opposition to what the *Overland* admits is "a great departure from national traditions." We cite these strictures because they furnish the basis for an entirely novel and decidedly interesting definition of the words "crank," "fanatic" and "extremist." According to the *Overland's* keen and scholarly discrimination these derisive names apply fitly to men who stand by the traditions, and resist innovations, "departures," "new policies," and are not carried away by "waves of national sentiment sweeping over the country," sending "sympathetic ripples" here and there and everywhere. This view was so new and startling that we began to gather up a list—so that we might henceforth know and beware of them—of the cranks, fanatics and extremists of this country as indicated by the *Overland* branding iron. We find among



them besides those specifically named by the *Overland*, such men as Charles Francis Adams, Felix Adler, George S. Boutwell, John G. Carlisle, Theodore L. Cuyler, Henry Van Dyke, Theodore S. Woolsey, Carl Schurz, Bishop Henry C. Potter, David Starr Jordan, and many others like these. We congratulate the editor of the *Overland* upon this enlightenment of the American community, enabling us to identify unmistakably the real cranks and fanatics of our cranky and fanatical time.

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*The Tyranny of Providence.*

The same *Overland* editorial referred to above puts forward the plea that American expansion is "a natural and logical outgrowth of conditions and circumstances beyond human control." We have met with this claim frequently in the discussion of the subject, especially in the utterances of the clergy; but hardly know whether to regard it as pious, superstitious, or impious. At any rate it seems to us just a bare possibility that, if our leaders and executives were so disposed, it would still be possible for the United States to allow and enable the Porto Ricans, the Cubans and the Filipinos to become free and independent peoples, determining and administering their own governments. If there is really any extra-human Providence determined to hold us back from such a course, we propose a stiff rebellion against it. King George believed that he could keep *us* from being free, and we whipped his soldiers and won liberty. And now if some Occult Power is determined that we shall not permit other people to be free, it is a good time to show grit and defy that kind of tyranny also. We must surely vindicate our right to deal justly with even the Filipinos, and it is pretty certain that we *can*, even as against all "conditions and circumstances" except, perhaps, those of our own greedy ambitions. We must now, probably, fight and defeat the Filipinos and disperse their armed forces. But after we have done that, there is no power on earth or in the skies to prevent our turning around and say that we shall be satisfied if they will establish there what Lincoln wanted here—"a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."



*Instruction or Inspi-  
ration?*

Certain half-way reformers have been urging recently that what the people of this country most need is *instruction*; that the "way out" must be plainly indicated and then the people will gladly walk in it and so deliver themselves from the social, political and industrial difficulties which beset them. We think differently. To us it is clear that what is needed is *inspiration*, quickening the will to do. People are not yet willing to do even what they already know they ought to do in order to right matters. If all the people in the world would combine to-day to do the best they know for the common good, we should have a practically new world next morning. But the disinclination engendered by special and partial interests keeps mankind back, and this much more than ignorance. Very ignorant we are, no doubt, as touching the possibilities and the obligations of social reform, but we are a hundred times more indisposed to do what is right and just than we are ignorant of it.

*Instruction in Place  
of Education.*

Some of our educators, and other prominent citizens are disposed to urge now that for the masses of the people *instruction* should be substituted for *education*. There is a marked difference between the two. This may be illustrated by the Sunday School. In the Sunday School a class may be organized for the careful study of the Bible, to ascertain who wrote it, when it was written, how its parts are related, for what purpose it was composed and sent abroad, the history of the several books, the fortunes of the Bible as a whole, and its general purport. This would be in the nature of *education* concerning the Bible. On the other hand a class may be organized for instruction out of the Bible, *i. e.*, for an application of the Biblical precepts directly to the practical conduct of life. This distinction may apply in a more general way. Education, in the broad sense, consists of two things: (1) a discipline of the powers to give them effectiveness and facility; (2) the impartation of knowledge to give the powers tools and materials to work with. Instruction, on the other hand, implies a telling, on the part of those who are supposed to know, to those who are supposed not to know, of just what ought to be done

for the wise conduct of life. Now it is said by some in these days that too much education has been given, under our system of free schools, to the masses of the people. The diffusion of knowledge, and the general discipline of the mental powers is responsible, they hold, for the increase in immorality and crime, and also for the growing restlessness and discontent and the accompanying agitation of social and industrial problems. Therefore the privileges of education ought to be abridged; or rather, instead of so much education, the masses should receive specific, sound, safe instructions as to the way in which they ought to conduct themselves.

*Instruction Implies  
Instructors.*

It is plain to see what the above mentioned proposal to substitute instruction for education would mean. Instructions implies instructors. And the meaning is that the supposed princes and peers of wisdom and knowledge should formulate precepts of life and inculcate them to the masses, thus definitely guiding them in the way of daily doing as industrial agents and citizens. In other words, what are regarded as the upper classes in American society would assume to dictate the way of practical life to the "more common people." Therefore, if this is to be the coming order of things, it is well for the "more common" people to understand if possible what is the attitude of those who are minded thus to give them practical instruction, instead of free and impartial education.

*The General Aim.*

The general purpose of the would-be instructors of the common people in America is undeniably this—namely, to keep the working forces of the land in good form, able and ready for the tasks which need to be done; and further to do away with the restlessness and discontent of the masses and make them docile and harmonized to the existing order. It is taken for granted, and as indisputable, by the fortune-favored in our land, that the social and industrial order which now prevails is the best on the whole that is attainable, and also beneficial in itself. Why, it is regarded as so excellent and so wholesome for man, that we are now talking of



it as a philanthropic duty to extend its blessings to those far-away Filipinos, forcing it upon them at all costs, so that they may enjoy the same beatitude which has providentially fallen to us. Hence it follows that their appreciation of the beneficence of our traditional system would constitute one of the items of definite instruction for the American masses.

*Evolutionary Tenets.* That the cultured and fortune-blessed in our land, if they were trusted as the authoritative instructors of the masses would thus insist on the beneficence of the existing order, is certain for another reason. They are the broadly educated classes; and education in our day is centered about the main doctrines of evolution, and especially the "struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest" (that is the best fitted by superior strength) to triumph in the struggle between men. These are the principles upon which the vegetable and animal life of the world has thus far been developed; and it is conceived that there are no better principles applicable, and indeed none others possible, for the further life of man, socially and industrially. So we shall be taught, as indeed we have been all along, that the same old pulling and hauling, the pushing, elbowing and warring, must go on forever and ever and ever.

*They Do Not Believe in Men.* Furthermore, if the free, broad, impartial education, which appears to have been arrived at hitherto, is to give way for instruction for the purposes above specified, this instruction will be given us by those who do not really trust the masses of the people. Walt Whitman counted it one of the sad spectacles of our American life to see the people being led about "by men who do not believe in men." There certainly is among the upper classes a growing distrust of the great American democracy, the toiling masses. It is even quite openly talked that a move must be made to modify and diminish the privileges of the franchise. There are too many voters, it is thought, and the voters at large have a



determining voice in too many questions. Therefore suffrage must in some fashion be curtailed. How this will be attempted is not yet determined, but it certainly is in the air, and the endeavor is likely some fine morning to be initiated.

*Our Great War.*

All the above uncovers a tendency with which this American people will be compelled to reckon.

Our *great* war will not be one waged with national armies and navies, and against the Spaniards or the Filipinos or any other claim people, but it will be a war of ideas, principles, schemes of government and conceptions of civil and social life. More specifically, it will be a war between the two ideas of oligarchy and democracy. Shall a few determine the way of life for us, or shall we all determine it? Shall only a certain portion of us reap the chief advantages, or shall we all enjoy the impartial benefits of communing and co-operation? These are the paramount questions. And for the settlement of these we need not the instruction of those who are now specially privileged and selfishly interested in the existing states, but education for all—broad, ample, open and unrestricted, upon the great lines of universal fact and truth.

# SANCTUM BRIEFS.

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We call special attention to the letter of B. F. French, which we publish among the messages. We prize this letter and shall place the original of it among our treasured gems.

A sweet poet—whose name was modestly withheld—has sent us some verses on "The Falling Snow." The first verse reads—

"Behold the wondrous snowflake fall  
Out of the frozen sky  
And clouds that float on high;  
Though white and pure it falls alike on all."

That last line is a false note. It doesn't "fall alike on all;" because some of us refuse to live under that part of the sky described as "frozen." We do not publish the verses in full because they seemed like an artificial ice bath, and altogether incongruous for our sunny clime.

We feel like coming to the defense of the churches against the insinuations of the *Atchison Globe*. That paper undertakes to say why it is that people cough in church. It is stated that "there is very little coughing in a theater," and the reason given is that "every one is so interested that he forgets he has a cold." On the other hand, "people often cough because they have nothing else to do." This gives a dubious turn to the further affirmation that "there is a great deal of coughing at every church service." We fear that the *Atchison Globe* has a bone to pick with the local church people and this accounts for its diagnosis. But all good folks should unite in sneezing at any such theory and coughing it down.





### MOSE PREACHES AGAIN.

*Ladies an' Gentlemen:* De 'casion fer again addressin' dis highly intelligent an' appreciative audience affords me much pleasure.

Fer de subjeck of dis here discou'se, I will take de word Prayer. I feels dat de airin' of my 'pinions will be mutually beneficial to us bofe.

I will say in de furs' place, dat dere is a heap more beggin' de good Lord Amighty fer de blessins dats already ourn dan dere is any use on. De most of us seems to be somnambulating roun' here in our sleep, an' I has knowed a few dat seems ter be in a sort of night-mare an' needs ter be woke up mighty bad. What we needs is ter wake np to de fack dat dese gifts is ourn, here an' now, and quit our beggin' an' begin ter give thanks.

When de Lord made man he made him in his own likeness and image, and ter have dominion over all de res' of de beasts of de fields. De difference 'tween man an' de lower animals, is dat man is made ter stan upright, ter laugh aloud, an ter speak in langwage. But man 'buses his privileges, worst way. Stead o'



standing up, fore God an man, he grovells in de dust, 'fo're his maker, cryin fer de very gifts dat is hissn, ef he on'y open his eyes an see it. Stead of usin de gift of speech fer de purpose of good, an praisin, he spends a good part of his time agrumblin and beggin fer things. As fer laffin' aloud, dere is some dat reverses de lever, and spends de time fer laughter in weepin an moanin—dats why I says dat man in busin' his privilages shameful. Stan up my friens and fergit to complain, fergit to ask, fergit ter moan, an jes re'lize dat you is a Lord of de Earf.

No matteh where you all is, what you all adoin, ner where you all goes, God Amighty penetrates all de universe, an dat means all dere is an' where God is dere is peace an plenty. You kaint git so far but God's grace an power are round you, so wake up to dat fack.

Onct dere was a man who had two sons. One went way offen got inter trouble, got hungry 'n cold, an money gone. So he turn round an go back ter his fadder's house, and lo, an behold! dere was plenty—clos, food, raiment, an all de pleasures dat one gets in dis here life. De odder one, he never leff his fadder's house, but one day he make complaint. An de fadder tooked him by the han and says ter dat boy, says he, "My son, all dat I has got is yourn."

Now, so fer as I kin see, dose two boys heads all de classes dere is. If you seems ter lack in any way, open you' eyes, and see where you is. If you has wandered away from de fadder's house, an' feels de need o' God's presence (which brings all else dere is), den come back to your Fadder's house, as it were, an' find all you wants. Ef you has simply gone to sleep in your Fadder's house, wake up an take what he has, fer its yourn. Now, de point I wants to make is dis here—sposin dat de wanderin' boy jess sit down an weep an moan fer food, stead of goin' where was plenty—I spect he might a' moaned a good while. Sposin he turn round, an seek it some odder place, sceptin in his fadder's house—he might ha' been a seeking yet. Or, sposin dot de odder son, 'stead of believing dat all was his, start

out next day a lookin fer more, in a different place—he might a been a looking yet.

Seek an ye shall find—but be sure to go to de source of supplies an don't be looking fer things where dey haint at. All good an perfect gifts is from above, an cometh from de fadder of light, with whom is no variableness, nor shadder of turnin. God said he'd supply your needs, so let him, an don't be beggin him to do what he is doin—yes, has already done.

He dat seeketh findeth—dat tells us 'tis ter be found, ready an' waiting—an don't even have ter be made ter order ter suit de casion. Jess open you' eyes an take it.

Ets a good deal de same in de matteh of prayin fer work ter do fer de Masteh. We gits on our knees an' begs fer work to do when at de same time our elbow neighbor is walkin round de worl' fast asleep, an needs ter be waked up worst way. Sometimes we runs up against a sinsick soul, an goes offen prays ter God Amighty ter save dat soul, while at de same time we stands round, an shudders, an shudders at de sight of so mush sin—sayin ter our odder neighbor—"Oh, de sight of such sin an grossness makes me feel faint—I kaint bear de thought of such grossness. It haint what I likes ter sociate wiff. Oh, my bred-derin an' my sisters, you jess stop prayin fer dat soul, and ask God to give you one small glance at you'self, as you stands dere, prayin wid your mouf an not your spirit. Betteh reach out a helpin han as did de Lord Jeses to de lepers. Did he shrink an shudder? No, sah! No, mam! Taint on record. He made em see dey was clean men, an tol dem ter go dere way.

Whedder you' brodder asks you or not, jess you reach out a helpin han—an make him ter see dat the likeness an image of God Amighty haint foul an unclean, but good an pure. Wake him up! No matteh ef it do take time—wake him up! Don't stan agrievin cause hes got de night-mare. De worse he's got it, all de more need of wakin him. Don't stop at nothing.

No need of prayin fer work or blessings, since you has bof now.

An now comes de question, Whats de use of prayin tall? an

what shall we pray for? Well, ets jess like dis—dere haint no use prayin for what you already has, is dere? Don' God say he will supply you every need? No use in askin him to do dat.

But it would do a heap of good ter open you' eyes, an see what lies at han, an den ask God fer help ter do de work. De highest and best prayer fer work to do is de proof dat you is helpin mankind.

De Lord God Amighty says dat de way ter pray is in truf, ameanin what you says. Dont go aprayin what you don't mean. Don't be hasty in your prayin. Don't ask ter have de cup pass by, till you know its his will. How you tell? Easy nuff. Ef de Lord wants you to do a thing, he give it to you to do, so you kin be pretty shore, ef it come to you, ets yours. Ef ets hard to do go ahead anyway. You kaint afford ter let it go cause ets hard. Ise athinking we all never would have been discovered, ef Christopher Columbus had a been looking out fer de easy things ter do. An I don't spose dat Massa Abe Lincoln ever looked fer de easy rails ter split—wooden or politicale—where would we have been ef he had? Where would we have been ef Jesus Christ had ooked fer de easy things ter do?

Let God manage de givin an de takin,—all you needs ter pray fer in dat line is de light ter do well what comes needen ter be done.

Dont waver—dont give you'seff ter him to-day, an to-mor-rer git ter wonderin ef God will member it, and take care of you. You kin rest assured dat since de Lord made you, he is willin an able ter take care of you. He haint agoin ter leave nothin undone, ef you dont.

When de Lord Jesus Christ prayed over Lazerous he said "Fer I knew dat thou hearest me always"—sence dat is so, rest assured dat ef you prayes aright, you is shore to be heard.

An now, in reference ter askin fer forgiveness fer sin—de most of us dont ask dat—all we asks fer is ter have de priviliage of scaping de penalty. Dont pray fer dat. Taint no use. Breff wasted. Ets jess like dis here. When you has come to de realization of sin, you has made one step—de firs'—but only de firs'.



Next step is a confession to God Amighty, an dat is shore to bring a merciful an listening ear. Shore ter do et. Now, de fergiveness rests wiff God alone. He dont give you an opiate ter ease you off a little. Oh, no sah! Oh, no mam! De way God Amighty fergives sin is ter coure et. Dats de way God fergives sin—he saves you *from* you' sin. He destroys it, root an branch. So, when you all is aprayin fer de fergiveness of sin, member dat it means ter fersake de sin you'seff, and den let God destroy it.

De wages—de penalty—of sin is deff. Ef you dont want dis penalty—deff—dat is, ter loose all sence of life—to loose all consciousness of what life brings ter man, dat is peace, plenty, truf an love, an intelligence den fersake you' sins, make a confession ter God an God will kure you' sin-sick soul.

Wake up to do realization dat you is in de likeness and imaige of a perfeck God, who never made no mistake, no failure, in man, from start to finish.

Dont waste time prayin fer blessins—where God Amighty is, (an will you please show me de place where he haint at) dere is peace an plenty.

Dont pray fer work—jess open you' eyes, and see what lies next.

No need ter pray fer de penalty ter be withheld—jess fersake you' sin, an ask God's he'p ter overcome.

An now I leaves you all fer dis time, hopin dat dese words will wake some sleepin soul, who thinks dat God is such a powerful long way off, dat you has ter moan, and cry, an call, an weep, fore you make him hear.

God is so close you kaint think but what he hears, an undehears.

A. E. T.

# SATURDAY'S CHILD

BY EVA V. CARLIN.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day

Is blythe 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,

Saturday's child must work for its living.

"All the vagabondage of the world begins with neglected children."

**L**AST month this Department announced the probable presentation to the California Legislature of two bills, each looking toward a remedy for the undue development of the institutional system in caring for dependent children.

Progress has been made. The two bills, however, have been set aside, and a substitute bill (No. 690 in the Assembly, and No. 407 in the Senate), whose provisions are in the nature of a compromise between the two original bills, has had a hearing before the Finance and Judiciary Senate Committee, which body is favorable to the bill. This act would create an Advisory Board of Charities and Corrections, composed of five members, some of whom may be women, and who are to serve without compensation for the term of four years, being appointed by the governor. They are to have the power to investigate "all charitable and correctional institutions in state, county, or city, including jails, reformatories, penitentiaries and orphan asylums."

In a year that has seen crippled agricultural and commercial prosperity, a lack of income among industrious citizens, a reduction in wages in many branches of wage-earning, these semi-private, subsidized institutions, with their ever-ready call for larger appropriations, together with the plea of churches and private educational institutions, who ask for exemption from tax-

ation, claim the careful attention of the tax-payer. A resume of the arguments urged for the adoption of the bill by Professor Frank Felter of the sociological department of Stanford, who has been a member of a similar board in an Eastern state, together with some facts relative to the loose state of affairs under our present system does not form very cheerful reading for the tax-payer, but is worthy his consideration, as is also the following proposition, by which he may see the relation of a certain phase of this problem to the school question:

#### TO INCREASE STATE SCHOOL FUND.

OAKLAND, February 14.—County Superintendent of Schools Crawford has in preparation petitions for guardianship over the inmates of all the orphans' homes in Alameda County, that the children may be included in the school census, by which the State allowance to the school fund is fixed. There are 143 children of school age in the Fred Finch Orphanage, besides those in the Masonic Home at Decoto, the Temescal Home and the West Oakland institution.

Professor Fetter claims there is crying need for judicial management of the great indigent fund which, already amounting to a princely fortune each year in almost all of the States, is upon the increase.

In 1894 California paid out \$315,000 to charitable institutions; in 1898 it paid \$534,000, about \$50,000 per month.

The men who, in 1880, introduced the law by which orphan asylums in California are given State aid, are reported as saying they never had any idea that the amount would be more than \$30,000 a year. In eighteen years the amount is more than five times that sum, more than half of which is paid for the support of *half-orphans*. The law stands as a direct inducement to orphan asylums to get as many children as possible, and to keep them in the institution to the latest possible day, and it stands as an encouragement to parents to abandon their children. As shown by the state comptroller's report of the asylums in California, the increase of half-orphans in the year from December 1897 to December 1898 was 1429, a wholly disproportionate number to our population. The keeping of our orphans in asylums, "homes," "refuges," etc., has become a profitable business when skillfully managed, for the state pays one hundred dollars a year for the



care of each orphan, which is more than it costs to keep a child under such conditions. While it may seem to be cheaper to provide for each dependent during a year by the payment of a public subsidy to a private charity, yet the number of dependents increases so rapidly that eventually the charge upon the taxpayers is greater than if the public money were spent outright by suitable officials in the home-finding method. The results are most astounding, where, as in the method of handling dependent children in New York, after which California's procedure is modeled, the managers of each institution are free to admit children and have them charged to the community. For a large institution, there is a profit in taking care of children at \$100 per year for orphans and half-orphans, and \$75 per year for foundlings and abandoned children. The distinction between orphans and half-orphans, which is recognized by the laws of California in providing money for private asylums, is said to be simply a device by which the managers of such institutions save themselves the trouble of examining into individual cases. After all, the child that must be taken from its parents is parentless, whether orphaned or half-orphaned. The larger the number of children in an institution the greater the per capita profit. Hence, skillful management includes such schemes as the following:

Some institutions borrow orphans from other institutions so as to make a good showing; probably to make the required number twenty, so that public aid may be drawn.

An *Examiner* editorial last year made the statement that "California asylums managers have actually advertised for children, and when no more could be procured in this State have imported orphans from the East." This Department has in its possession the advertisement of a struggling "Home" for children, (struggling to secure the required number of half orphans chiefly,) which reads as follows: "Children from all parts of the State are taken, such as Watsonville, Sacramento, Redding, etc." and a person connected with this "Home" travels continually throughout the State gathering up children to share "the comforts of a Refined home," to use the exact form and wording of

its advertisement. One of the inmates of this Home, a little, friendless, destitute lad of eleven years of age is employed daily in a butcher shop, and his services provide the "Home" with its supply of meat—an isolated instance of the "contract labor" system by which certain Eastern orphan asylums have increased their profits; notably in New Jersey and Ohio, where children were contracted for, a hundred at a time, to work in the glass-factories, under conditions that recall the terrible story of England's century of child wage-earning and suffering. Another device is the changing of classification of the children in order to draw the larger apportionment of public funds. By what hocus-pocus a child received into an institution as a Foundling becomes a Half-orphan, this Department does not understand, but such a change in the status of dependents sometimes occurs.

A significant fact is that the increase in the number of children admitted per year, falls far short of the increase in the total population of the institutions; or, to put it more plainly, the growth of an institution is often due largely to the longer detention of children than to a greater number of admissions; whereas, the institution, if it exist at all, should be a temporary resting-place in which children are fitted for family-life, and from which they are early transferred to families, instead of becoming a relatively permanent home, from which they are discharged, not as children, but usually as unskilled wage-earners; when frequently the parents appear and claim the child and its services.

The resources of California in the line of providing homes for its destitute little ones have never been tested. Again the experience of New York in "child storage at public expense," as some one calls the system, should be a danger signal to California. It was found when a State Board of Charities was appointed that 23 per cent of the "Children of the State" had been maintained as public charges during periods ranging from five to fourteen years. In not a few cases children received at the age of two or three years had reached the age of fifteen, and were still retained in the institution. The same power, the public hand, that has given generously but not wisely to these institutions, now reaches

within them, and has removed many a child, placing it in a normal environment, and compelling some knowledge of its natural guardians. This is the purpose of the establishment of an Advisory Board of Charities and Corrections, for whose furtherance we urge your assistance: to save from institutional life if possible; to keep institutional life at the highest standard possible under actual conditions.

The first test that should be applied to any plan of caring for destitute children is involved in the question, Is it the best for the children? Inquiry may then be made as to its effects upon the parents, and finally as to its wisdom from the tax-payers' point of view. But because the chief consideration in favoring California's policy in the care of the waifs of the State seemed to be the apparent economy of the plan, and because the first definite protest against the method is based on the practical argument that its economy is *only apparent*, and not real, this Department has voiced first the financial objections to our present system.

In other issues we shall show certain phases which are inimical to the welfare of the children. We must recognize that, as civilization advances, the functions of the State must advance into new fields. We have been slow and unwilling to learn, though seeing the slaughter of the children in institutions, the growth of our defective and criminal class, and hearing the importunate calls made upon the thrifty and the humane.



## THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

If childhood were not in the world,  
But only men and women grown;  
No baby locks in tendrils curled,  
No baby blossoms blown;  
Though men were stronger, women fairer,  
And nearer all delights in reach,  
And verse and music uttered rarer  
Tones of more god-like speech;  
Though the utmost life of life's best hours  
Found, as it cannot now find, words;  
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers,  
And flowers could sing like birds;  
But children never heard them; never  
They felt a child's foot leap and run,  
—This were a drearier star than ever  
Yet looked upon the sun.

—*Swinburne.*

# MESSAGES

[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 thing 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.]



**W**E publish the following letter verbatim as a typical specimen of the critical literature which probably floods every editorial office, and from which we find ourselves by no means exempt. Our comments are appended below, numbered to correspond with the critic's specifications.

Crown king ariz Feb

1899

Editress of The Coming Light:

My Daughter, who lives in Tucson ariz, and I, will have no use for your Magazine after our subscriptions expire, for the following eleven good reasons.

- 1st The Light is too long a coming.
- 2nd Too much Editor.
- 3d A great lack of Patriotic sentiment.
- 4th Some of your contributors are tethered to the Democratic party and the Pope of Rome.
- 5th You refuse to publish any criticism on the unpatriotic flumery of your pet contributors.
- 6th You are eternally finding fault with effects and dare not attack the real cause.
- 7th You will not publish this or any thing like it least it stick a dagger in the real culprit, and you would be called a social-

ist and loose popularity with the toadies of political and sectarian conservatism.

8th You prate about cruelty to children, there is no greater cruelty imposed on children than taking them at infancy and teaching them of an endless Hell of torment and other lying—Soul-cripling dogmas which cramps the intellect for life, all for the purpose of supporting a lazy priesthood in luxury. You do not and dare not, speak of this monster cruelty which far transcends all others.

9th 95 per cent of all you publish is only a rehash of what all reform Journals have been publishing for thirty years.

10th The blows you strike fall so obliquely and your weapons so blunt of edge, they do neither harm nor good.

11th What money I have to give for humanity must go to those who have the inspiration to know the causes of wrong and the bravery to proclaim them to the world. Respectfully yours,  
B. F. FRENCH.

1. We apologize to our friend for the failure to bring out some issues of the magazine in time to reach him promptly. With Uncle Sam's help we will endeavor to do better in future for all our readers.

2. Our well-known modesty forbids comment on this objection.

3. From the letter-writer's standpoint this is very likely true. But there are patriots and patriots.

4. Our contributors may have a chance to pick themselves out and accept this label according to their own consciousness of their alleged affiliations.

5. Not unless what is offered in the way of criticism is equally good and readable "flumery."

6. We infer from this hint from our correspondent that "the real cause" is a very scary thing, a sort of Medusa, or a hobgoblin, or a quangle-wangle. If so, we ought not to be expected to be so daring as to attack it. If we have any characteristic specially marked and prominent, it is timidity.

7. Our disposition to "toady" is unquestionable; our "sectarian conservatism" is known to everybody; and our horror of



being "called a socialist" is humbly confessed. And yet we sacrifice all our prejudices and restrain our apprehensions, for this once, and publish the letter. We have no doubt that the heart of "the real culprit" will soon be pierced and bleeding from the "dagger" that is thus stuck in him. We rejoice that the culprit isn't one of us.

8. Our severe orthodoxy and our intense love for "lying—Soul-cripling dogmas," are our special pride. It gratifies us to find that we have succeeded in making this so clear to the readers of the magazine. We would not for the world have Saturday's child, or any other, free from the fear of the interminable hell fires. We don't want *men* to abuse the children, but we stand firmly for the right of *God* to torment them forever.

9. Five per cent of entirely original reform ideas is a creditable proportion for one magazine. It would take only twenty such magazines to make up a full hundred per cent of bran new notions for this old world. We recommend that our correspondent start a publication which shall contain nothing that has ever been thought of before. Put us on the subscription list.

10. Nothing that we have ever published of our own has been any blunter, we are sure, than the words of our correspondent.

11. Amen!

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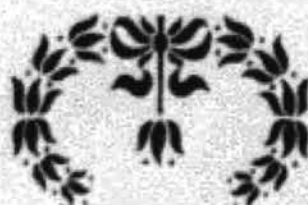
#### EDITORS OF THE COMING LIGHT:

Every man that thinks knows that there is something wrong in the social and industrial economy of the time. All current literature abounds in speculations as to just where the trouble lies. Many insist that they have solved the question, and are confident everything would be lovely if only everybody would come to their way of thinking.

There are widely divergent opinions touching the subject of general, social and industrial economies. This universally and profoundly felt disturbance is the brooding ground of societies and clubs bent on the speedy betterment of the whole social and

The aim is to keep the expense at the lowest possible minimum so as to place the benefits of these meetings within the reach of all classes. The text-book is about the only expense and in groups or clubs this can be divided up so as to make the cost nominal. The movement antagonizes no other but strives after co-operative effort, hoping to furnish or create some common upon which all can agree and in which all can join in common battle for the betterment of the social and industrial conditions not only in municipalities but among the whole people.

S. H. WELLER.



## *By the Way.*

BY C. A. M.

### *Who is to Blame?*

THE child sat looking wearily out of the window counting the ducks and goslings that were splashing around in the pools of water which the heavy rainfall had formed in the yard where the children were wont to play. The little one sighed deeply and laying the tiny hands over her heart, repeated, sometimes to herself, sometimes aloud, "O, I ache me so inside!"

The mother looked up from her work and said sharply, "you are the strangest child I ever saw. Other children play with their toys on rainy days and are satisfied. I can't imagine what ails you." The little one gave a frightened glance in the direction of her mother, closed the red lips more tightly, and began counting the ducks again.

Presently she climbed down from the chair and ran across the room to where the mother sat embroidering some dainty material in soft silken shades. "Pretty," said the child.

"Don't touch it; you'll soil it; your hands are dirty," said the mother.

"Mamma, won't you take Mabel a wee little while?" the child plead, measuring her finger just back of the nail to show how wee little she asked.

"Do go and play," carelessly said the mother; "I haven't time."

The child stood quite still a moment, then said, "Mamma, let Mabel brush hair?" The mother worked on without looking up.

"Mamma, when will Papa come? I ache me so inside!"

"Mabel, this is Monday; your papa went away last night;



he will not return until Saturday night. Don't ask me any more questions."

The child moved slowly back to the window, knelt down and laid her head in the chair. A sweet picture she was, with her snowy dress and blue sash ribbon, eyes to match the ribbon and yellow fluffy hair, her cheeks flushing and paling by turns as her busy brain kept thinking, thinking, with no one on earth to talk to!

By and by she scrambled up again and went back to the mother. She climbed on the arm of the rocker and put her hand against the mother's face, saying, "Mamma, I loves you, I wants a kiss."

"I don't want to be kissed," returned the mother, and you must quit bothering me. Get down from my chair."

The tiny mouth trembled, but bravely keeping back the tears the child picked up her doll and covered its senseless face with hungry, loving kisses, saying, "Dollie, do you ache inside?"

"Mabel, what do you mean by such nonsense? It is time for your afternoon nap. Climb into the crib now and go to sleep."

Hugging the doll to her bosom, the child pushed a chair to the crib and climbed in. After an hour or more of forced silence, the effect of training, she lay heavily sleeping.

It was Saturday night at last. The fire blazed brightly, illuminating the face of the restless baby, who watched the hands of the clock as they slowly moved from half past six toward the seven o'clock hour, at which time papa should arrive.

"Mamma, can I go to the door?" pleaded the child.

"Sit right where you are and wait until papa comes," replied the mother. "What makes you so uneasy?" The child sighed and said nothing.

Five minutes of seven—only that long measured the little fingers. Presently the well known footsteps sounded on the walk. The child flew to the door, breathlessly waiting the touch of the father's hand upon the door knob. A moment later and she was caught in the strong arms and covered with kisses.

"How is my little girl?" said the father."

"The ache is gone now," answered the child.

"How is Mamma?"

"She is making pretty pictures on a cloth," said the baby.

"Hello, here is Mamma!" and the manly form bent and kissed the wife's forehead. "Has Mabel been ill?" he asked. "No," said the wife, "she just mopes around and don't play as other children do. She is the strangest child I ever saw."

The child shyly stepped behind the father, clinging closely to his hand.

Supper is over. The child, robed for the night, is standing upon her father's lap mussing his hair with a brush, stopping to kiss his lips and eyes while screaming with delight as he returns the kisses a dozen fold.

"How can you bear to have that child walk over you, pull your hair and kiss you in the mouth? I should think her hot hands and breath would drive you crazy," said the mother.

"O we like it, don't we tot?" and he pulled her down on his foot to "ride away to Boston;" then lifted her again and folded her to his breast.

Wearying at last, the child fell asleep with her arms around his neck, a look of rest and peace indescribable wreathing the sweet flushed face. The father tenderly laid her in the crib and tucked the clothes about her, gazed long and affectionately upon her, then quietly kissed the sleeper, picked up his paper and began to read, while his helpmeet continued to stitch in silence. One more day of kisses and love for the hungry baby, then six of the "ache inside!"

Mother, is this your child? If so, what shall the harvest be?

# Minutes with the Masters



I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way."—*Ruskin, in Flors Clavigera.*

"When your ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, become revealed and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, that your 'America is here or nowhere,' the Situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by Man. Yes, here, in this poor miserable, hampered, despicable Actual wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom: and working believe, live, be free.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"It's plain enough you get into the wrong road i' this life if you run after this and that only for the sake o' making things easy and pleasant to yourself. A pig may poke his nose into the trough and think o' nothing outside it; but, if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed, an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones."—*George Eliot, in Adam Bede.*

"To a casual view social forms, above all things, seem permanent. Many cannot endure the thought that our institutions can be, and society must be, readjusted. But, as an historic fact, not anything is less stable than the relations, and forms of relations, which men bear to each other in the social groups. A state of perfection would be a state of automatism. Imagine us as nests of human ants; a race of automatons with human faculties. We breed, we war, we eat, we accumulate, we build, we trade, without a modification from century to century. Heredity absolutely triumphs; the radicals are all dead. There are no more theories, no more experiments, no more revolutions. A genius would upset things; he would be instantly killed. The ideal state of society aimed at by those who killed Socrates,



Jesus, and Savonarola, would be accomplished. Only to the list of moral martyrs must be added the Edisons, the Bells, the Whitneys—all inventors and schemers. Such seems to be essentially the desire of those philosophers and those theologians who describe the millennial reign of a God. Energy will have run down from active consciousness into absolute instinct; and men will have become one more hive of bees, or cote of doves."—*E. P. Powell.*

"We are beginning to see that the worst of the evils now afflicting the human race are man-made, and do not come into the world by decree of or fiat of God; and that which is man-made is also remediable by man. Not by man alone! For woman is about to take her place by his side as true helpmate and ally in carrying on the work of the world, so that we may look upon the fall of man as being gradually superseded by the ascent of woman."—*Gerald Massey.*

#### OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this  
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.  
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodded sand,  
And ran and snatched, and with battle-shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—*E. R. Sill.*

# Book Reviews.

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON is the author of a new book entitled *New Thought Essays*. These essays are of a metaphysical character and among the subjects treated are several which we think do the writer great credit, viz: "The Imagining Faculty," "Breath Vibration," "How we make our Environment," and "The Evolution of Power." Cloth, 103 pp., price one dollar. Published by The Alliance Pub. Co., Life Building, N. Y.

MATERNAL IMPRESSIONS, a study of child life before and after birth, by C. J. Boyer, is a treatise upon the subject of the mother's mental influence, with its effect upon the brain and structure of her offspring. It is a book that paves the way for the discussion of the subject of reproduction, and is couched in language so simple that a child can understand, but is written in such a chaste manner that the most sensitive mind will receive no shock. It deals with the question of heredity in a masterly way. Many of the author's ideas are comparatively new, opening the way to discoveries the world is much in need of. He attributes the similarities or variations in a family of children to the temperament and environment of the mother. The more nervous and excitable the mother is, the more variable the characteristics of the children. The chapter on Increase of Crime is appalling. The statement that the census of 1890, of the United States alone, shows 95,000 imbecile children, the largest number of which are the offspring of the middle and wealthy classes, is enough surely to arrest attention and set the reader to thinking. He attributes much of the crime, insanity, and imbecility among the people to a lack in the special education of mothers. "Prospective mothers should understand how to produce good brains and sound bodies. He deprecates the optimism that closes eyes and ears to the fact that the world is what we make it. The author has a keen analytical mind that dissects everything pertaining to the development of the human species and lays bare the destructive forces at work in society. His book should be read by every student of real reform. Cloth, 253 pp., price one dollar. Published by Jones & Kroeger, Winona, Minnesota.

VOL. 1, No. 1, of *Positive Thought*, a monthly magazine edited and published by Hugh O. Pentecost, 836 West End Avenue, New York, has just reached us. It is a small eight page paper, full of living truth. It strikes a strong note for freedom and the unity of things. Following are some excerpts:

"Without freedom man cannot be man; woman cannot be woman."

"Humanity is one. I am you. You are me. The shop girl lives in a palace because the duke is there. The bed of the millionaire is hard because the tramp is sleeping on a barn floor."

"Dying is merely a habit which men have acquired."

"Think light, heat, movement, health, life, goodness. These are the positives. In them is power. Live positively. Be an incessant, insistent yes."

THE DAWN, published at Calcutta, and directed to the elucidation of the philosophic and religious thought of India, drifts into our sanctum, more than a month

old eachtime; but its table of contents is always inviting and stimulating. Its editorial pages are specially worthy of mention.

WE are glad to note the establishment of a school of philosophy and occult science, known as the Chicago School of Hermetic Philosophy and Occult Science, and located at 126 Carondelet street, New Orleans, La. As an aid to the students of mysticism this should fill a much needed place. Under the tutorship of such able men as Joseph Maille and Swami Myeananda the rising generation should make good progress.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, an eight page weekly paper published at 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass., grows in strength as it grows in years. It has reached its eighty-fourth volume, and is now as ever an uncompromising advocate of all reform. It also lights the way as best it can to the shadow-land, beyond which it promises life and immortality. It is one of our most interesting and valued exchanges.

THE current number of *Health*, published by Dr. W. P. Burke, at Altruria, California, is a very creditable number, both as regards subject-matter and illustrations. We note that Dr. Burke's School of Mechanotherapy merges into the California College of Osteopathy, and that hereafter the Doctor's address will be corner of Mason and Sutter streets, his city days being Tuesdays and Fridays, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. Combination seems to be the law of success in these days, consequently we predict for Dr. Burke and his osteopathic associates a good patronage and the fame their enterprise merits.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

FROM the press of The Coming Light Publishing House is soon to issue a little booklet entitled "When the Jackson Street Cable Stopped." It is written by a street-car conductor, Walter E. Neville, and purports to be the record of a conversation between Mr. Vining, Dr. Stebbins, Taylor Rogers, Dr. Hemphill and other prominent San Franciscans, who chance to be passengers together on a car which was delayed by the "dead" cable. These gentlemen engage in animated and brilliant converse concerning the much mooted social and industrial problems of our day. We predict for the little book quite a sale, not only among the working classes, but also among the citizens of San Francisco generally. The price will be 25 cents. For sale, soon, at this office, and at the news stands.



## OFFICE CHAT.

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Lovers of war stories will be interested in Captain Morse's "Reminiscences of Libby Prison," which, to say the least, is an experience well told, reflecting credit on the partner of our joys and sorrows, both as a brave soldier, and a terse writer. Our wifely pride is further satisfied in the presentation to our readers of the image of the Captain as he is to-day.

The article by Mrs. Spence on "Proportional Representation and Woman Suffrage" will arrest the attention of many readers, we are sure, and especially of those who remember her visits and labors in this country in behalf of the cause which she has so ably championed. Despite the differences which she emphasizes in the conditions for political reform as between the United States and Australia, the great social problems are yet practically the same, or essentially identical the world over.

We welcome among our contributors Mr. S. P. Channell, whose article on "Taxes" points out some of the evils of the present system for the assessment and collection of our annual compulsory contributions to the maintenance of the government. Mr. Channell does not leave the matter without suggesting certain methods which would set right some of the injustice now suffered.

Look out for the date upon your magazine wrapper and promptly renew your subscription or the magazine will be discontinued. It is impossible to otherwise notify our subscribers.

Readers of THE COMING LIGHT should patronize COMING LIGHT advertisers. This is co-operation, the very thing we all believe in and are working for.

Special attention is called to the announcement in our advertising columns of a course of lectures on the leading themes of Walt Whitman's poems, to be given by our associate editor, Edward B. Payne. These lectures should be heard by all who appreciate Whitman, as they reach the heart of much that he has written upon the vital topics of the present time.

We, with a host of others, welcome the return of O. B. Flower to editorial responsibilities. *The Coming Age*, his new venture in the tossing sea of periodical publications, bids fair to make a prosperous voyage, if we may judge from the trim of the new sails and direction to which the pilot sets the helm. Hail to Mr. Flower! and hail to *The Coming Age*!

## BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE COMING LIGHT OFFICE,

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**SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS**, by *[author]*. This is a series of pen pastels of which the author may be justly proud, as it combines the forceful and lovely, the occult and ethical in a very helpful manner, and is destined to receive the grateful recognition of students of the truth everywhere. Cloth, 109 pp., \$1.25

**MOTHER SOUL**, a book of poems by *Laura M. Smith*, compels attention and commands the respect of every true mother. It voices in the most delicate imaginable way the great secret of generation and the holy, exalted mystery of approaching motherhood. It speaks with bated breath to the sleeping babe in the mother's arms, and weeps with mother hearts who have followed the little white hearse in anguish of spirit. Bound in wood shavings from the Hinoko tree of Japan; 30 pp., 50 cents.

**THE CONQUESTS OF LOVE**, by *Henry Frank*, is one of the author's masterpieces, being a lecture given in the Metropolitan Independent Church of New York City. It deals with basic principles and opens the understanding to the real value of human love. Bound in white and violet; 30 pp., 25 cents.

**MY SOUL AND WINTER'S**, by *Laura M. Smith*, is a rare portrayal in poetic form of the inspiration and splendor of winter scenes. "To Worship" is full of the spirit of adoration. "A Sight that Lived," "One Time in Winter" and "Win-Classic" are worthy of repeated perusal. "Frost on the Window Pane" delights with its dainty tracery the most fastidious mind. Souvenir binding, 36pp., 25 cts.

**THE VINIFICATION OF SEX**, by *Helen Wilmans*, price 25 cents, treats of the creative power and the possibility of spiritualizing these functions of life. It is a book well worth the attention of the thinking world.

**METAPHYSICAL ESSAYS**, by *C. C. Post*, price 50 cents. The great power of Mr. Post is his simplicity. These essays are logical and easy of comprehension.

**VOICES OF THE MORNING**, by *J. A. Edgerton* is a book of poems of the new time. It breathes the spirit of the present hour and sings joyously of the future of the world. It is handsomely bound in cloth, contains fifty poems, every one a gem, and is well worth the price, one dollar. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ills. Send to us for a copy; it will be a paying investment.

**FOR TO-DAY**, poems by *Frances M. Milne*, 137 pp., cloth one dollar; published by Arena Pub. Co., Boston, Mass. These poems are strong with the courage of conviction, and are alive to the issues of the hour. They are arranged to be utilized in some degree for campaign purposes, as several are adapted to well-known spirited melodies. They should have a large sale. "Cottage Gray" poems, 50 cts. "Heliotrope," a California story, one dollar, by the same author.

**IN THIS OUR WORLD**, a new edition of *Charlotte Perkins Stetson's* matchless poems. It contains all the old and many new ones, full of the fire and fervor of her zealous soul. She is too well known in California to need more mention here, and our Eastern readers are growing already too familiar with the class of work she does to need urging to purchase her book. It is cloth-bound in blue and gold, contains 220 pp., price one dollar and a quarter. Pub. by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

**THE SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD**, by *Nellie E. Dashiell*, appeared in the January No. of "The Coming Light" and has been published in souvenir form to supply the demand which the January issue has failed to supply. It rings with the spirit of true fraternity and will please all who believe in the Unity of Life. It



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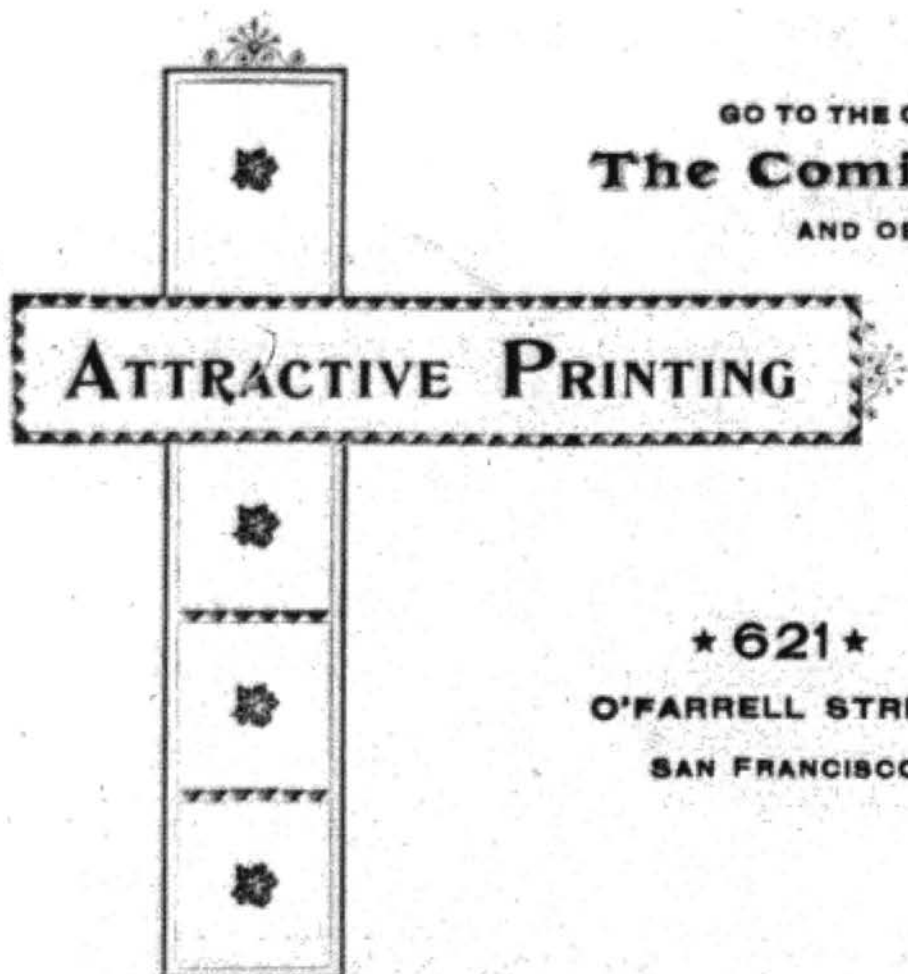
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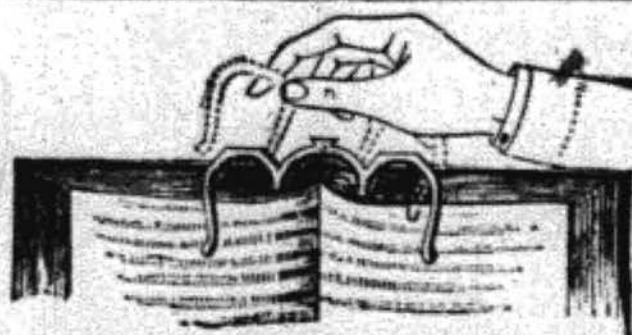
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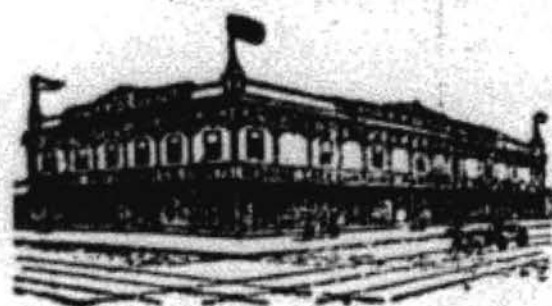
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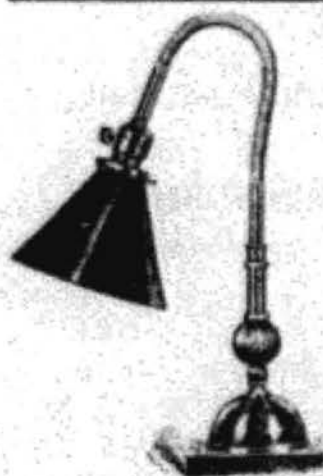
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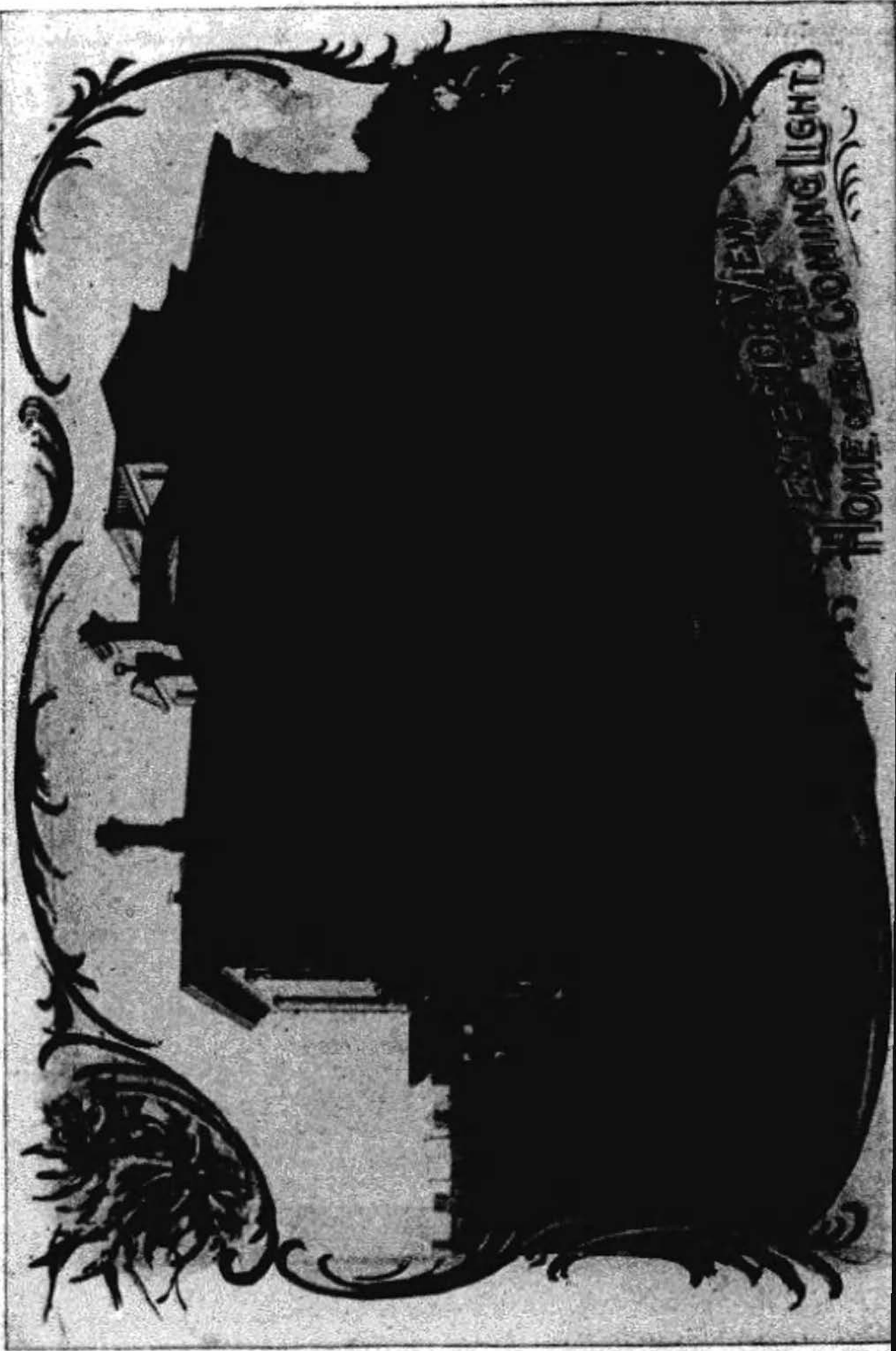
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